



CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Marziale.

dear? For they say he loves an - oth - er 'Way up
 dear, In his arms he holds an - oth - er 'Tis not

North, Vir - gin - ia dear; He is false to you, my
 you, Vir - gin - ia dear; But she proud - ly says "He's

girl - ie And he won't re - turn, don't fear, Can't you
 faith - ful" I can feel his pres - ence near, Hearts are

love me just a lit - tle, Won't you try Vir - gin - ia dear.
 true in old Vir - gin - ia, He will find me waiting here.

CHORUS.

My Vir-gin-ia, from Vir-gin-ia sweet-er than the flow'rs that grow,

I am com-ing home to wed you, let the folks all know, Don't you

lis-ten to the tales they tell you, don't you weep or sigh For I

love you, my Vir-gin-ia, love you till I die. die.

My Virginia. 3.