

Words by
Jeff Branen

Virginia Lee

Music by
Arthur Lange

Lento *Till Ready*



Can't you hear me call - ing, call - ing all the while? Hon - ey, I am feel - ing might - y
Hon - ey, you re - mem - ber, once up - on a time, Both of us were seat - ed on a



blue.____ Come to me, come to me; Seems to me I hear you call - ing
stile.____ You and I, 'neath the sky, Stars a - bove a - twink - ling all the



too.____ Folks up north don't love you half so much as I,
while.____ I said some - thing to you, you gave your con - sent,



They don't un - der - stand Vir - gin - ia Lee.____ You and "Old Do - min - ion,"
Think you said the day would be in June.____ Then they took you from us;



both in my o - pin - ion Mean the world to me.____
if you keep your prom - ise, You must come back soon.

Chorus

Vir-gin - ia Lee, my own Vir - gin - ia, come to me.____

I'm as lone - some as can be;____ I've been wait - ing,

wait - ing to win y'u, win y'u Vir - gin - ia, Here in Nor - folk by the sad, sad

sea. If there's a soul with - in y'u, pack your lit - tle grip, Vir - gin - ia, come

ad lib.
back to me. Vir - gin - ia me._____