

## My Pretty Quadroon.

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Oh, who was so happy as I,  
When those lips like the blossoming pea,  
And the light of that violet eye,  
Ne'er shone on a darkee but me;  
That form was most 'ceedingly fair,  
Those cheeks like the wild rose of June;  
And a wavelet of dark glossy hair,  
Were the curls of my pretty Quadroon.

CHORUS—Oh! my pretty Quadroon,  
My flower that faded so soon,  
Dis heart like de strings of my Banjo,  
Am broke for my pretty Quadroon.

I knew not that I was a slave,  
So kind was young Massa to me;  
So gentle and manly and brave,  
I had not a wish to be free;  
Young Massa had garden and bower,  
Where the posies were always in bloom;  
But he grudge me one little wild flower,  
My Cola, my pretty Quadroon. (CHORUS.)

And 'cause I with grief tore my ha'r,  
This hand, that was white as his own,  
He shackled and sold me afar,  
To die on the rice-swamp alone.  
I heed not the lash, or the smart,  
Or the beams of the hot summer noon;  
There's nothing I feel but dis heart,  
Dat breaks for my pretty Quadroon. (CHORUS.)

Farewell to the beautiful shades,  
Farewell to dem little cool rills,