My Pretty Quadroon - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MY PRETTY QUADROON.

Oh, my pretty, my pretty quadroon,
My flowers have faded too soon.
My heart, like the strings of my banjo,
Will break for my pretty quadroon.-

I never thought I was a slave,
But that was found out too soon.
I'll gather one handsome wild rose,
And call it my pretty quadroon.

My troubles will now soon be o'er,
And I find rest in the tomb,
My spirit will then soar above,
And watch o'er my pretty quadroon.