

Little Octoroon - song lyrics

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

LITTLE OCTOROON.

Near the old plantation, at the close of day,
Stood the weary mother and her child,
List'ning to the sounds along the valleys way,
While their hearts with hope were throbbing wild.

Chorus.

Glory! glory! how the freedmen sang!
Glory! glory! how the old woods rang!
'Twas the loyal army sweeping to the sea,
Flinging out the banner of the free.

Fly, my precious darling, to the Union camp,
And I will keep the hounds and hunters here;
Go right through the forest, though 'tis dark and damp,
God will keep you, dear one, never fear.-Chorus.

When the blazing camp fires gleam'd amid the wood,
And the boys were halting for the night,
In her wond'rous beauty little Rosa stood,
Trembling and alone before their sight.-Chorus.

Then the brave old gunner took her in his arms,
Thinking of his own dear ones at home,
And through all the marches, and their rude alarms, r
Softly brought the little Octoroon.-Chorus.