

The Virginia Rosebud - song lyrics

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

THE VIRGINIA ROSEBUD.

I had a bud-'twas In my garden growing-
A slip I nourished with a fathers care,
When other darkies round that plant were hoeing,
A fragrant zephyr seemed to fill the air-
Oh. how I've watched that little plant while creeping.
She, like her mother, all was blithe and gay;
One night I left her on her pallet sleeping,
And In the morning she was stole away.
One night I left her on her pallet sleeping,
And in the morning she was stole away.

Chorus.

They stole-they stole-they stole my child away;
On, hear me now calling, hear me, I pray;
My heart, my heart is breaking,
For my child, for my child they've stole away.
I hear the hoofs upon the hill,
Their footsteps growing fainter still-
They stole-they stole-they stole my child away;
They stole-they stole-they stole my child away.

And then this heart it withered, and dejected
Wandered through the fields, but all In vain;
And every plant on me a shade reflected.
My tears they flowed upon them like the rain.
The thunder-storm that breaks in horror o'er us,
Throws back the rainbow's bright refulgent rays;
Though dark the cloud that Is now hovering o'er us,
Bringing buck the light of other days-
Though dark the night that Is now hovering o'er us,
Bringing back the light of other days. Chorus.