

# My Pretty Quadroon - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://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'd 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.