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My pretty quadroom.

Dodge, Mary; Dodge, Mary

Chicago: H.M. Higgins (117 Randolph St.), 1863

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My Pretty Quadroon

Words & Melody by

MRS. MARY DODGE

ARRANGED BY

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

OF THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.

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CHICAGO

Published by H. M. HIGGINS 117 Randolph St.

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MY PRETTY QUADROON.

SONG & CHORUS.

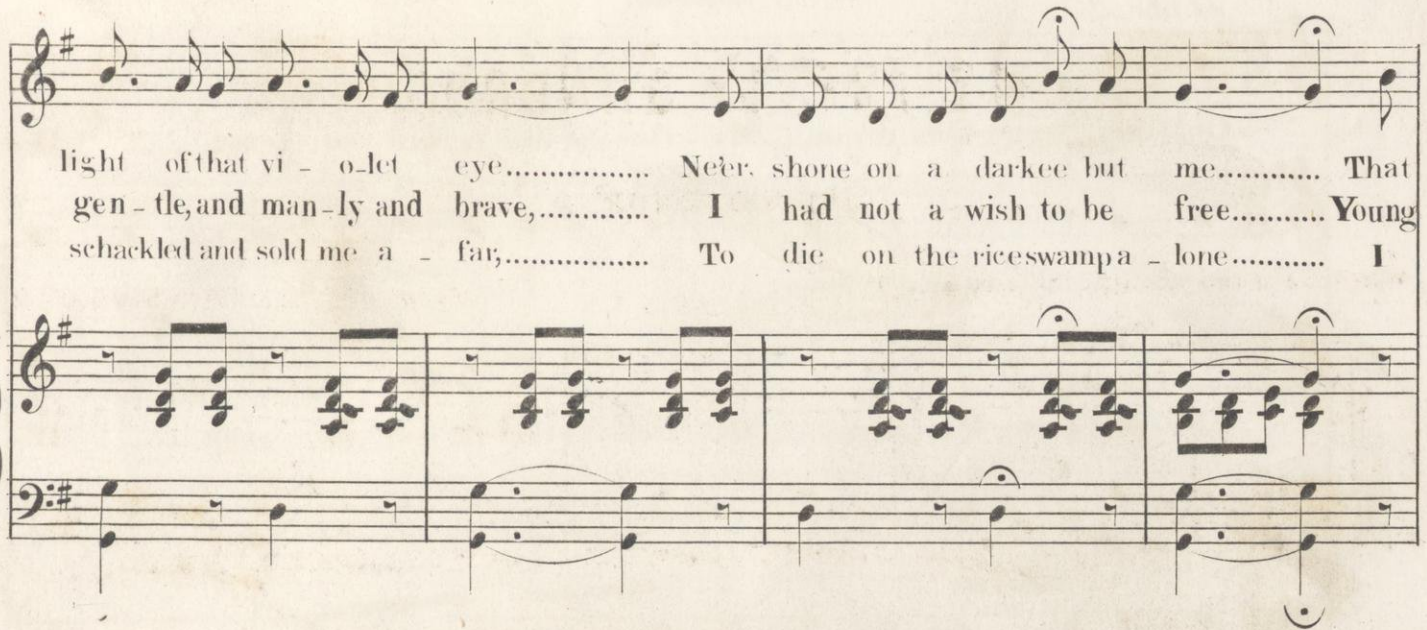
Words and Melody by MRS. MARY DODGE.

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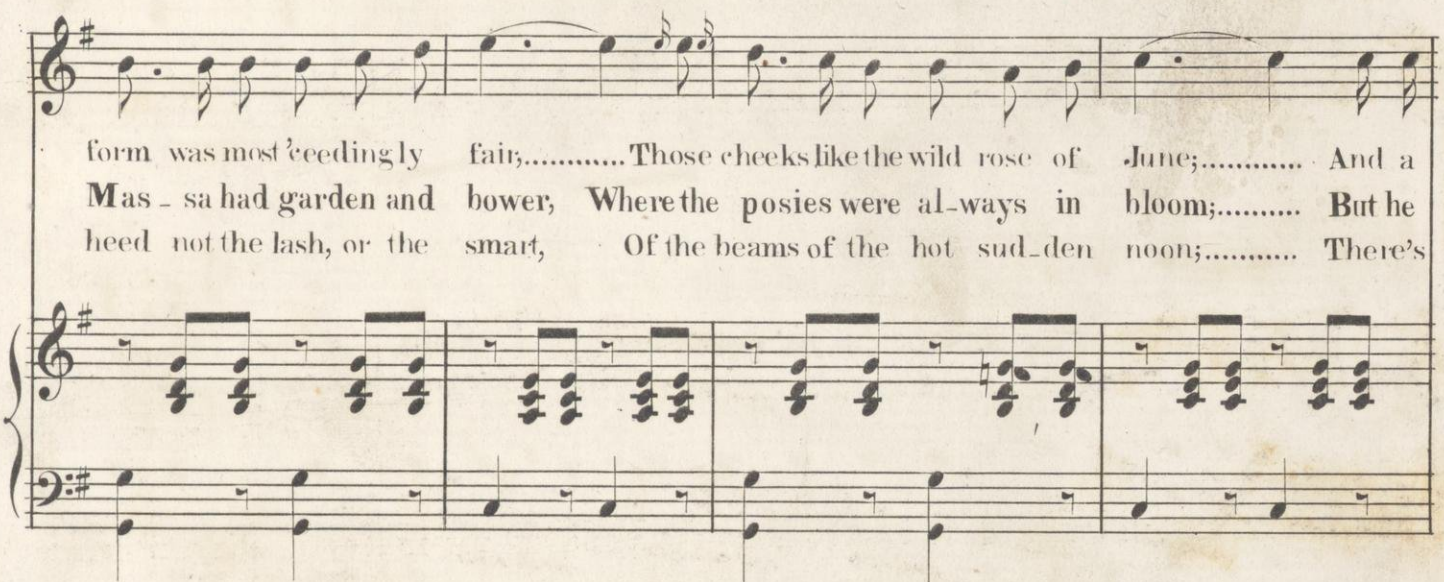
ALLEGRETTO.

- 1. O
- 2. I
- 3. And

who was so hap-py as I,.....When those lips like the blossoming pea,..... And the
 knew notthat I was a slave,..... So kind was young Massa to me;..... So
 'cause I with grief tore my har,..... This hand, that was white as his own;..... He



light of that vi - o - let eye..... Near shone on a darkee but me..... That
 gen - tle, and man - ly and brave,..... I had not a wish to be free..... Young
 schackled and sold me a - far,..... To die on the riceswamp a - lone..... I



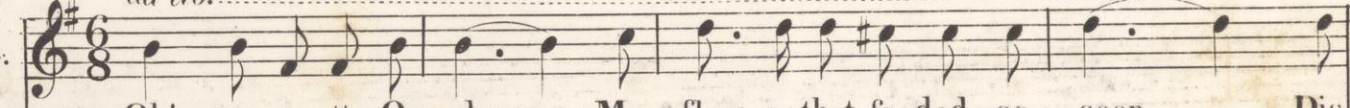
form was most beedingly fair,..... Those cheeks like the wild rose of June;..... And a
 Mas - sa had garden and bower, Where the posies were al - ways in bloom;..... But he
 heed not the lash, or the smart, Of the beams of the hot sud - den noon;..... There's

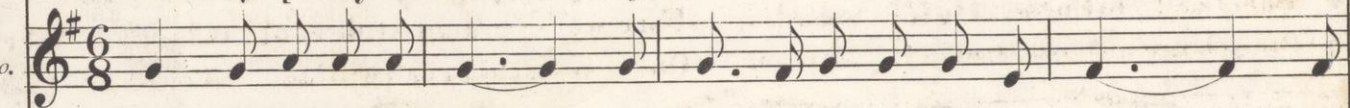


wavelet of dark glossy hair..... Were the curls of my pret - ty Qua - droon.....
 grudge me one lit - tle wild flower..... My Co - la, my pret - ty Qua - droon.....
 nothing I feel but dis heart,..... Dat breaks for my pret - ty Qua - droon.....

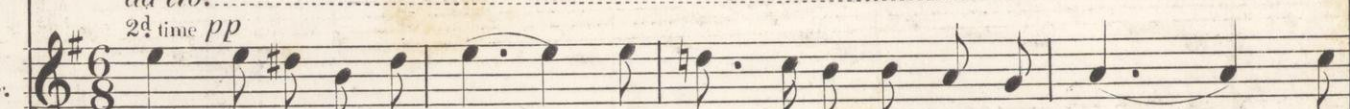
Chorus.

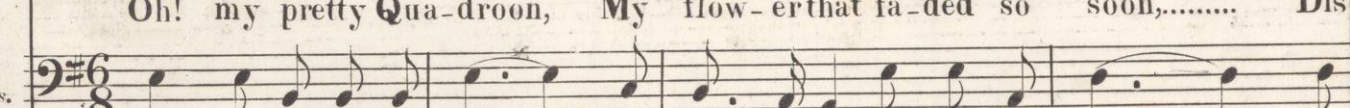
ad lib:

Tenor.  Oh! my pretty Qua-droon, My flow-er that fa-ded so soon,..... Dis


Alto. 

ad lib:
2^d time *pp*


Sopr.  Oh! my pretty Qua-droon, My flow-er that fa-ded so soon,..... Dis

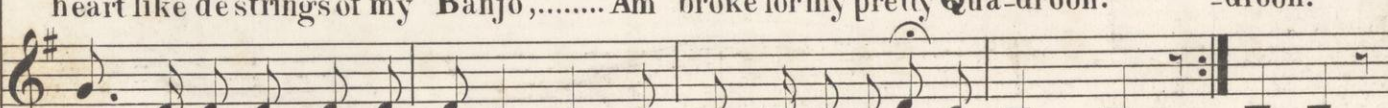
Bass. 

ad lib:

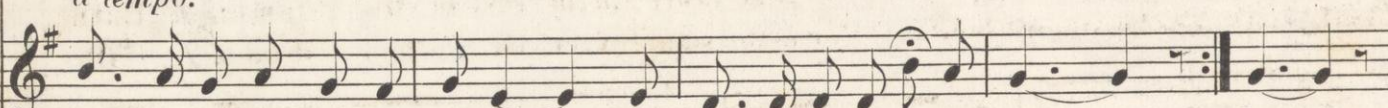
PIANO. 

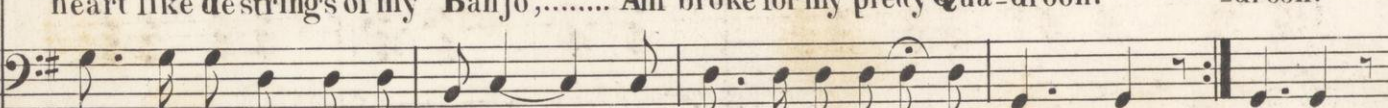
a tempo.

 heart like de strings of my Banjo,..... Am broke for my pretty Qua-droon. -droon.

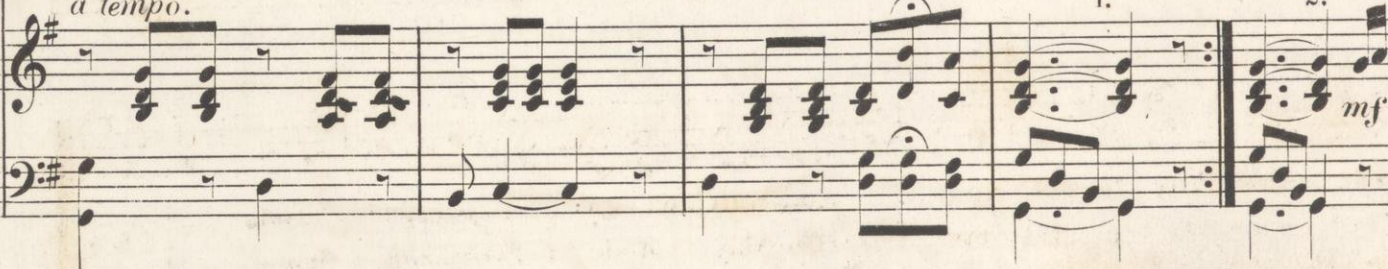


a tempo.

 heart like de strings of my Banjo,..... Am broke for my pretty Qua-droon. -droon.



a tempo.

PIANO.  *mf*



My pretty Quadroon.

4. Fare-well to the beauti-ful shades, Fare-well to dem lit-tle cool rills;..... Where
 5. One plunge in the dark muddy stream, One struggle and all will be o'er;..... And

Co - la and I so oft - strayed, Fare - well to old Kentuck's green hills..... My
 life flit away like a dream, With the voice of the dri-ver no more..... Hark!

sor - rows will soon be for - got,..... And dis heart will find rest in de tomb;..... But my
 hark! on the cool northern breeze, Comes the sound of the bu - gle and drum;..... Oh

spi - rit shall fly to dat spot,..... And watch o'er my pret - ty Qua - droon.....
 Lord! can it be the glad day,..... The day of de - li - ver - ance come?..... *Chor?*

My pretty Quadroon.