

# Whoa, Emma - song lyrics

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

WHOA, EMMA!

I took my girl one day  
A sailing down the bay,  
And Emma was the darling creature's name;  
While standing on the pier.  
Some chaps at her did leer,  
And one and all around her did exclaim:

Chorus.  
Whoa, Emma! whoa, Emma!  
Emma, you put me in quite a dilemma!  
Oh, Emma! whoa, Emma!  
That's what I hear wherever I go.

I asked them "what they meant?"  
When some one at me sent  
An egg which nearly struck me in the eye;  
The girl began to scream,  
Saying, "Fred, what does this mean?"  
I asked again and this was their reply:-Chorus.

I thought they'd never cease,  
So shouted out, "Police!"  
And when he came he looked at me so sly;  
The crowd they then me chaffed,  
And said, "I must be daft,"  
And once again they all commenced to cry:-Chorus.

An old man said to me,  
"Young man, can't you see  
The joke?" and I looked at him with surprise:  
He said, "Don't be put out,  
It's a saying got about,"  
And then their voices seemed to rend the skies.-Chorus.

Some Girls Do, and Some Girls Don't.  
. As sung by Wallace Foy.

Of all the strangest girls on earth,  
I think my girl's the one;  
You know she has peculiar ways,  
And quite devoid of fun.  
She never sees a joke of mine,  
Whenever humor flows,  
But gives me a disdainful look,  
And quite turns up her nose.

Spoken.-Some girls like a little joke, you know, but mine  
don't, she turns her nose up at it, I think she works on the same  
principle as this, [turning up nose with finger.]

Chorus.  
Some girls do, and some girls don't.  
Some girls will but my girl won't;  
I tried very hard to see if she would,  
She said she really couldn't,  
And I don't think she could.

I took my love to see the play,  
As other fellahs do;  
And thought that she'd enjoy herself,  
She cried the whole night through.  
And when we reached the street again,  
Some oysters I proposed;  
But she said, "No, net me, young man!"  
Still turning up her nose

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Spoken.-Up it went again at three dozen of the best Dutch natives, just think of that. To see a girl turn up her nose at two pence a time, I said: Well, my love, if you won't have any supper, we will have a cab and go home. " She said: "No, young man, no four-wheel cabs for me at this time of night. " -Chorus.

We met one Sunday afternoon,  
For a day at Greenwich Park;  
And when we mounted "One-tree Hill,"  
We had, well, say a lark.  
Georgiana said. "You know, young man,  
Some girls prefer a stroll;  
Not me. when I'm in Greenwich Park  
I dearly love a roll."

Spoken.-Now there's an extraordinary girl for you; of course wanted to take her for a nice quiet lover's walk in some shady lane, but she said she'd prefer a roll. Then I wanted to talk to her of love, romance and poetry, but no, she said she'd rather have a good dinner. Well,-Chorus.

Not long ago my uncle died  
And left me fifty pounds,  
As soon as I received the news,  
My joy it knew no bounds.  
I thought, well, I will marry now,  
So I at once proposed;  
! But when I mentioned the amount,  
Up went her lovely nose.

Spoken.-The bad girl said she ought to have five hundred with such a man as me, I thought she would have jumped at me, for-Chorus.