

# And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back - song lyrics

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AND HER GOLDEN HAIR WAS HANGING DOWN HER BACK.

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Written and composed by Felix McGlennon and Monroe Rosenfeld.

There was once a simple maiden came to New York on a trip,  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.  
Her cheeks were like the roses; she'd a pout upon her lip,  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.  
When she landed at the station here she took a little stroll,  
At everything she wondered 'till she lost her self-control,  
Said she, "New York is quite a village, ain't it? Bless my soul!"  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

Chorus.

But, oh Jane! Doesn't look the same,  
When she left the village she was shy,  
But alas! And alack! She's gone back  
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye!

She toddled down Broadway, a bashful smile upon her face,  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.  
A hit of nice blue ribbon kept her ringlets in their place,  
For her golden hair was hanging down her back.  
Of course, she knew her manners, she'd been taught to be polite,  
So when a gent said "Hem, good evening!" she said "Hem, good night!"  
Said she, "I am a stranger here, I hope you'll treat me right!"  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.- Chorus.

She took his arm in confidence, she liked his pleasant ways,  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.  
At all the damsels passing by she stared in great amaze,  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.  
She told him she was thirsty; "Oh, all right," said he, "good biz."  
He took her to Delmonico's and treated her to fizz.  
Said she, "I think its nicer than a glass of milk, it is!"  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.- Chorus.

They drank until the artless man so very weary grew,  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.  
She took his chain and ticker, and his diamond breastpin, too,  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.  
Then silently she left him as he slumbered in a chair,  
Into the street she wandered with a very simple air-  
She would have carried off the stove if there had been one there!  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.- Chorus.

Now, gentle folks, I warn you all to shun the simple maid  
When her golden hair is hanging down her back.  
If any such you run across just don't you be afraid,  
When her golden hair is hanging down her back.  
Just skip the gutter, cross the street, or take another lane,  
Or dodge the corner, take a cab, or catch a railway train,  
And as you're flying up the street, just sing her this refrain:  
"Oh! your golden hair is hanging down your back!" - Chorus.