

Where's The White Horse - song lyrics

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WHERE'S THE WHITE HORSE?

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Words and Music by Willie Wildwave.

I am a young maiden of bashful sixteen,
I'm troubled* I'm angry, I'm sad;
I don't like the many expressions I hear-
The latest one makes me so mad.
My hair, you must know, is of bright golden hue.
To term it a red is language quite gross;
If I ride in a car some fool will shout, ah!
There's a red-headed girl, so where's the white horse?

Chorus.

Where's the white horse? Have you seen the white horse?
To account for this saying I'm sadly at loss;
When I go on the street, my appearance they'll greet,
There's a red-headed girl, so where's the white horse?

Why people poke fun at a maiden so shy,
And call her a "bright shining light,"
Is something I hardly can answer myself,
I'm sure you do not think it right.
These men about town are the plague of my life.
Their jokes are vulgar, their wit is so coarse,
They'll laughingly cry, when me they espy,
There's a red headed girl, so where's the white horse.-Cho

Now some folks imagine they're showing their wit.
When they speak of a lady's hair;
I'd advise them to stop or else we might take
From their heads a not modest share:
Young ladies, you know, are propriety's saints,
Sometimes you rile them, make them very cross
When you shout out aloud before a whole crowd.
There's a red-headed girl, so where's the white horse?-Cho