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## Her golden hair was hanging down her back.

London: Frank Tousey's Publishing House, 1894

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The Reigning Comic Hit of  
England and America

“And Her  
Golden  
Hair was  
Hanging  
Down  
Her Back”



As sung by the Charming Comedienne,  
**Miss EUNICE VANCE.**

“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!”

Composed by  
**Felix McGlennon**

S. E. STROH,  
DEALER IN  
Music, Stationery, &c.  
37 MAZLE AVENUE,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

**FRANK TOUSEY'S PUBLISHING HOUSE**

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and at

165 Stamford St., London, Eng.

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.



# AND HER GOLDEN HAIR WAS HANGING DOWN HER BACK.

Written and Composed by FELIX McGLENNON and Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

*Moderato.*

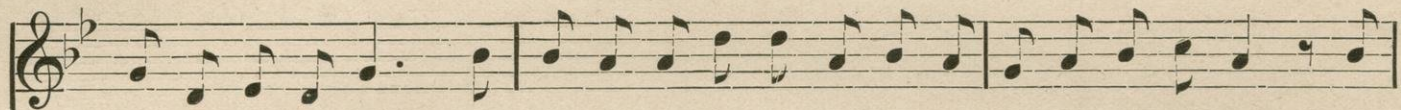
Intro. *f*

1. There was once a sim - ple maid-en came to New York on a trip, And her  
2. She tod-dled down Broadway, a bash-ful smile up - on her face, And her

gold - en hair was hang-ing down her back..... Her cheeks were like the ro - ses, she'd a  
gold - en hair was hang-ing down her back..... A bit of nice blue rib - bon kept her



pout up - on her lip And her gold-en hair was hanging down her back... When she landed at the station here she ringlets in their place, For her gold-en hair was hanging down her back... Of course, she knew her manners she'd been



took a lit - tle stroll At ev - ery - thing she wondered till she lost her self - con - trol, Said  
taught to be po - lite, So when a gent said "Hem, good evening!" she said "Hem, good night!" Said



she "New York is quite a village, ain't it? Bless my soul!" And her golden hair was hanging down her back.....  
she "I am a stranger here, I hope you'll treat me right!" And her golden hair was hanging down her back.....



Chorus.

But, oh Jane! does - n't look the same, When she left the vil - lage she was

*f*

shy;..... But, a - las! and a - lack! She's gone back, With a

*f* *ff* *mf*

*accel.* *D.C.*

naugh - ty lit - tle twin - kle in her eye!..... (Last time only.)

*D.C.* *f*

## AND HER GOLDEN HAIR WAS HANGING DOWN HER BACK.

---

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 bit 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.

But, oh Jane! etc.

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 it's nicer than a glass of milk, it is!"  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

But, oh Jane! etc.

They drank until the artless man so very weary grew,  
And her golden hair was hanging down her back ;  
She took his chain and tucker, 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.

But, oh Jane! etc.

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 ! you're golden hair is hanging down your back !"

But, oh Jane ! etc.

# TRY THESE ON THE PIANO.

## HE WAS SUCH A FUNNY OLD MAN.

Written by TOM CONLEY.  
CHORUS.

Composed by FELIX McGLENNON.

And he was such a fun - ny old man,..... He was such a naugh - ty old boy,..... He stood me some "Cham" and called me a lamb, And swore I was his on - ly joy;..... He gave me a squeeze at the door..... For - get him, I'm sure I ne'er can,..... He said: "pret - ty Miss" and then took a kiss, Oh, he was such a fun - ny old man!.....

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## DOWN AT THE FARM-YARD GATE.

CHORUS.

By FELIX McGLENNON.

Oh, that farm - yard gate! John - ny was there, ear - ly and late, Whis - tling and sing - ing, Are you com - ing out, Kate? Down at the farm - yard gate!

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## HER PAPA WAS THERE.

CHORUS.

By Felix McGlennon.

For her pa - pa was there, her pa - pa was there, I saw his tin whisk - ers and bald head of hair, He's a foot that can kick and a tongue that can swear, So I did - n't call, for her pa - pa was there!

Copyright, 1892, by Frank Tousey.

## THE KICK-UP-A-ROW BRIGADE.

Words by HARRY BODEN and GUS WILLIAMS.

CHORUS.

Music by FELIX McGLENNON.

All of us did the same,..... All of us played the game;..... Ev' - ry one was a good old chum, rum - ti - id - dly - um - ti - um! None of us cared a hang,..... how much noise we made,..... We were all boys, good boys, of the "Kick - up - a - row bri - gade.....

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## I HANDED IT OVER TO RILEY.

CHORUS.

By Felix McGlennon.

For Ri - ley and I were chums, and we al - ways shared, Black eyes or su - gar-plums, the div - il a hair we cared, When there was a - ny - thing nice a - bout, take my word, That when I had done, I hand - ed it on to Ri - - ley!

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