Her golden hair was hanging
down her back

Words and Music by FELIX MCGLENNON

1. There was once a country maiden came to London for a trip, And her
2. She had a country accent and a captivating glance, And her
3. And London people were so nice to artless little Flo, When her
4. She met a young philanthropist, a friend of Missus Chant, And her

golden hair was hanging down her back; She was
golden hair was hanging down her back; She
golden hair was hanging down her back; That
golden hair was hanging down her back; He
weary of the country so she gave her folks the slip, And her
wore some little diamonds that came from sunny France, And her
she had been persuaded to appear in a tableau Where her
lived in Peckham Rye with an extremely maiden aunt, Who had

golden hair was hanging down her back; It was once a vivid auburn but her
golden hair was hanging down her back; She wandered out in London for a
golden hair was hanging down her back; She posed beside a marble bath up-
not a hair a-hanging down her back; The lady looked up on him in her

rivals called it red, So she thought she could be happier with an-
breath of evening air, And strayed into a Palace that was
-on some marble stairs, just like a water nymph or an ad-
fascinating way, And what the consequences were I

-other shade instead. And she stole the washing soda and ap-
fine and large and fair—It might be in a Circus or it
-verisimilitude of Pears! And if you ask me to describe the
really cannot say. But when his worthy maiden aunt re-
plied it to her head; And some golden hair was streaming down her back.

might be in a Square—But her golden hair was hanging down her back.

costume that she wears—Well, her golden hair is hanging down her back.

marked his coat next day. Well, some golden hairs were hanging down the back.

But oh! Flo! such a change you know, When she left the village she was shy; But a-

 alas and a-lack! she's gone back With a naughty little twinkle in her eye!