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The Girl With the Waterfall

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If you go out about the town upon a winter's day,
You'll see the lads and lassies dress'd out in fashions gay.
Some are short and some are stout, others lean and tall;
But the only one who takes my eye is the girl with the waterfall.

She goes about dresses out in silk, suspended by a hoop
She wears a comely jockey cap shaped like
And on its side it's fastened to things like billiard balls
It's the only sign for you to follow, the girl with the waterfall.

One day I strolled into the park to chance upon a lark,
My feelings were beyond control, I thought it but a dream.
This angel she came strolling in to me did loudly call
I thought it was a vulgar sign for the girl with the waterfall.

The way she shoveled down the fruit, I tell you, it wasn't slow
And when she thought she had enough, she rose and turned to go,
But something dropped right from her hand, 'twas neither light nor small
Pepper had caused this girl to sneeze And she dropped the waterfall.

I very politely picked it up, "It skidded here." I said,
She took it with an angry frown and slapped it on her head;
She turned around, gave me a look which caused my flesh to crawl,
"Beware, young man, sir, how you play with a lady's waterfall.

From Folk Songs Out of Wisconsin, Peters
note: Tune is variation of Yellow Rose of Texas RG

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