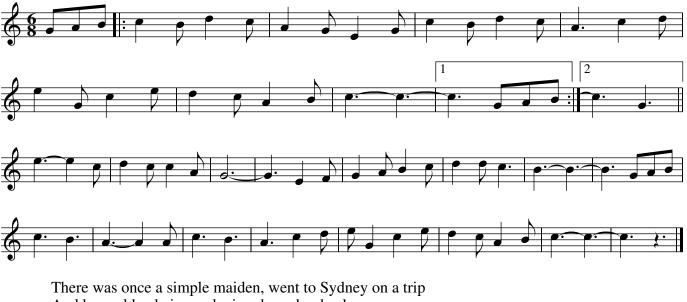
Golden Haired Girl



And her golden hair was laying down her back.

Oh Jane, you never looked the same - since you left the village you were shy.

Alas and alack, she came back - with a nasty little twinkle in her eye!

Rhythm: Jig

Source: collected from Sally Sloane, Lithgow, NSW collected by John Meredith, NLA Bib ID: 4581820 Tune transcribed & arranged by Ian Hayden, 2022