

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Henry Carey (1687-1743)

17th or 18th Century English Folk Song

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty Sal - ly; She
 2. Of all the days with - in the week— I dear - ly love but one day; And
 3. My mas - ter and the neigh - bours all— Make game of me— and Sal - ly; And

is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley: There
 that's the day that comes be - tween The Sat - ur - day and Mon - day: Oh,
 but for her I'd ra - ther be— A slave, and row a gal - ley. But

is no la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as Sal - ly; She is the
 then I'm dress'd all in my best, To walk a - broad with Sal - ly; She is the
 when my sev'n long years are out, Oh, then I'll mar - ry Sal - ly; And then how

dar - ling of my heart,— And lives in our al - ley.
 dar - ling of my heart,— And lives in our al - ley.
 hap - pi - ly we'll live— But not in our al - ley.