

A sailor from Dover, from Dover he came
Proud Sally
From F.J. Child, #295

A sailor from Dover, from Dover he came
He courted lovely Sally and Sally was her name;
But still she walked so lofty and her fortune was so high,
That she on a sailor would scarce cast an eye.

2. A few months being over and a few months being past,
This fair she began to grow sick at the last
She grew sick at the last and she couldn't tell for why
And she sent for the sailor that she oftentimes did deny.

3. "Am I the doctor, that you sent for me?
Or am I the young man that you sent for me?"
"Oh yes, you're the doctor, you can either kill or cure,
The pain that I feel, dear, is hard to endure."

4. "Where does the pain lie, does it lie in your head?
Or where does the pain lie, does it lie in your side?"
"Oh indeed, young man, you're not far off the guess
The pain that I feel lies under my left breast."

5. She took the gold rings off her fingers, by one, two or three,
Saying, "Take you these, dear Willie, in remembrance of me,
In remembrance of me, my dear, when I am dead and gone
And perhaps you'll be sorry then for what you have done."

6. "Oh Sally, dearest Sally, oh Sally dear," said he
"Don't you remember when you first slighted me?
You mocked me with cruelty and slighted me with scorn
And now I'll reward you for what you have done."

7. "Oh Willie, dearest Willie, forget and forgive
And grant me a little while longer to live."
"O no, dearest Sally, as long as I breathe
I'll dance on your tomb while you lie underneath."

8. Now Sally's dead and got buried at last,
And Willie's lamenting for all that is past
Saying, "Sally, lovely Sally, if you were yet alive
It's you I would wed and all others deprive."