

# Sally In Our Alley - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none I love but Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.  
There's not a lady in the land that's half so sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

Her father makes cabbage nets, and thro' the streets doth cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long to such as please to buy 'em.  
But sure such folks could never own so sweet a girl as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work, I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes like a Turk, and bangs me most severely.  
But let him bang his belly full, I'll bear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes between Saturday and Monday.  
For then I'm drest all in my best, to walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart and she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church, and often I get blamed.  
Because I leave him in the lurch as soon as the text is named.  
I leave the church in sermon time, to walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again, oh! then I shall have money;  
I'll hoard it up, and box and all, and give it to my honey.  
And would it were ten thousand dollars, I'd give it all to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all. make game of me and Sally;  
And but for her I'd rather be a slave, and row a galley.  
But when my seven long years are out, oh! then I'll marry Sally;  
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed, but not in our alley.