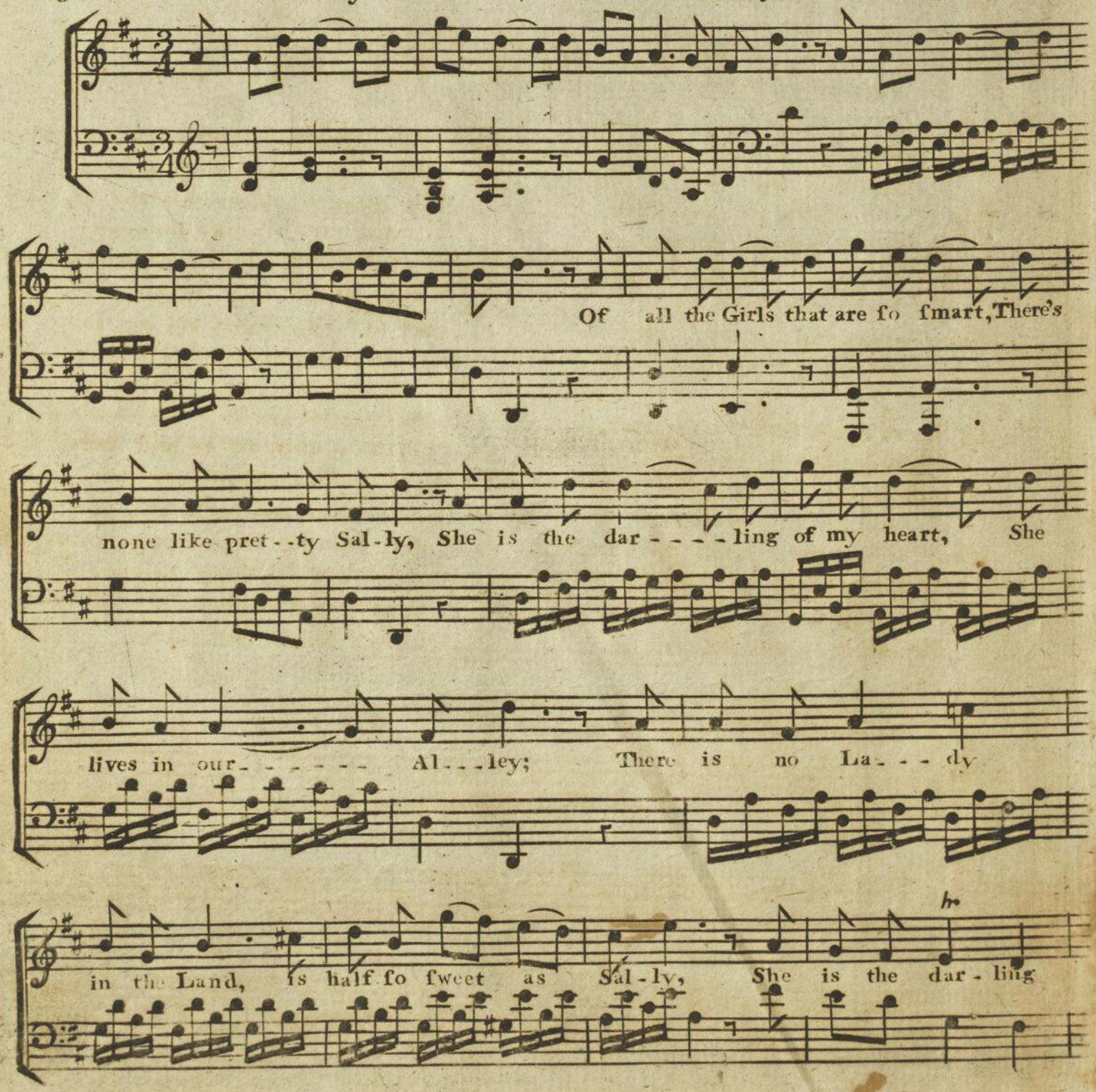
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

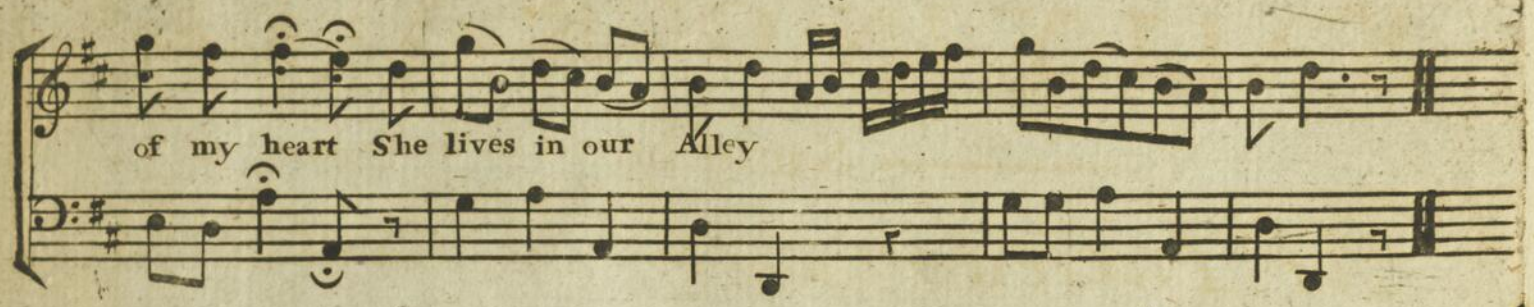
Sung by

Mr. Incledon and by Mr. Braham

at the THEATRES and CONCERTS

Engraved Printed and Sold by H. ANDREWS, No. 11, Little Canterbury Place, LAMBETH WALK.





2

Her Father, he makes Cabbage nets,
And througth the ſtreets does cry'em,
Her Mother, ſhe ſells Laces long,
To ſuch as please to buy em;
But ſure ſuch Folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
She lives in our Alley.

3

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely,
My Master comes, like any 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,
She lives in our Alley.

4

Of all the days that's in the week,
I deerly love but one day,
And that's the day, that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
She lives in our Alley.

5

My Master carries me to Church,
And often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as Text is named;
I leave the Church in Sermon time,
To walk abroad with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
She lives in our Alley.

6

When Christmas comes about again,
O! then I ſhall have money,
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
And give it to my honey;
Wou'd it were twice Ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
She lives in our Alley.

7

My Master and the Neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her, I'd better be
A Slave, and row a Galley;
But when my ſeven long years are out,
O! then I'll marry Sally,
O! then we'll wed and then we'll bed,
But not in our Alley.

For the German Flute.