

[Faint, illegible text and musical notation visible through the paper]

no 6

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Sung by

M^r. Incedon and by M^r. Brabam

at the *THEATRES and CONCERTS*

Engraved Printed and Sold by H. ANDREWS, N^o 11, Little Canterbury Place, LAMBETH WALK.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a bass line. The lyrics are as follows:

Of all the Girls that are so smart, There's
none like pret - ty Sal - ly, She is the dar - - - ling of my heart, She
lives in our - - - - Al - - - ley; There is no La - - - dy
in the Land, is half so sweet as Sal - ly, She is the dar - ling



2
 Her Father, he makes Cabbage nets,
 And through the streets does cry'em,
 Her Mother, she fells 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 feverly;
 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;
 Would 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.



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