

Henry Carey (?1687-1743)

1 *The Ballad of Sally in our Alley*

OF all the Girls that are so smart
 There's none like pretty SALLY,
She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.
There is no Lady in the Land 5
 Is half so sweet as SALLY,
She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

HER Father he makes Cabbage-nets,
 And through the Streets does cry 'em; 10
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, 15
 And she lives in our Alley.

WHEN she is by I leave my Work,
 (I love her so sincerely)
My Master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely; 20
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, 25
 I dearly love but one Day,
And that's the Day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest, all in my best,
 To walk abroad with SALLY; 30
She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch, 35
As soon as Text is named:
I leave the Church in Sermon time,
And slink away to SALLY;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley. 40

WHEN Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have Money;
I'll hoard it up, and Box and all
I'll give it to my Honey:
And, would it were ten thousand Pounds; 45
I'd give it all to SALLY;
She is the darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My Master and the Neighbours all,
Make game of me and SALLY; 50
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, 55
But not in our Alley.

1737

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