Sally - song lyrics

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SALLY.
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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

Dar's a colored lady-goodness, how I love her-oh, my lovely Sal;
Oh, my love, I cannot keep it under cover, my own yaller gal;
While the banjos am a-ringing, and the darkies am a-singing,
See the pickaninies winging, oh, my gal;
How I love you: I could eat cher: be my wife, I now beseech yer;
We'll be buckled by the preacher, oh, my nifty Sal.

Chorus.
Sally, dis coon am true, so true to you. my honey:
Sally, I loves but you, I do; I feel so funny, Sally;
Come, marry me, Vase I've got lots of money, Sal;
My yaller gal, my Sal; my nifty Sally.

Oh, my honey girl, you treats me mighty seedy, oh, my lovely Sal;
'Case you knows I love you dearly, yes, indeedy, my own yaller gal;
Got a gun, I'll pull the trigger if I find some other nigger
With my Sally cuts a figure, on, my gal:
Honey, dear, you are the sweetest-yes, indeed, you are the neatest
Of the girls the most "peteetesl," oh, my nifty Sal.- Chorus.