Sally In Our Alley

Henry Carey

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G          Am7   G    Am     G
Of all the girls that are so smart,
        C          D7     G
There's none like pretty Sally;
           Am7  G   Am    G
She is the darl ing of my heart,
    C        D7  G
And lives in our alley;
        G       G7   C
There's ne'er a lady in the land
E7 Am   E7 Am    A7 D
Is half so sweet as Sally;
D7            Em  Am    G
She is the d arl ing o f my heart,
    C     Am D7  G
And lives in our alley.
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Of all the days within the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday:
O, then I'm dressed all in my best
To walk a-broad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll save it up, and box and all
I'll give unto my honey;
And when my sev'n long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally,
And then how happily we'll live!
But not in our alley.