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Sally and her True Love Billy

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SALLY,

AND HER

TRUE LOVE BILLY.

IS of a young sailor, from Dover he came,
He courted pretty Sally, pretty Sally was her name,

But she was so lofty, and her portion so high,
That she on a sailor would scarce cast an eye.

O Sally ! O Sally ! O Sally ! says he,
I fear that your false heart will my ruin be,
Unless that your hatred should turn into love,
I'm afraid that your false heart will my ruin prove.

My hatred's not to you or any other man,
But to say that I love you is more than I can,
So keep your intention, and hold your discourse,
For I never will marry you unless I am forced.

When seven long weeks were gone and past,
This pretty fair maiden fell sick at last,
Entangled in love and she knew not for why,
So sent for the sailor whom she had denied.

Oh, am I the doctor that you sent for me ?
Or am I the young man that you wished to see ?
Oh, yes, you're the doctor that can kill or cure,
The pain that I feel, love, is hard to endure.

O Sally ! O Sally ! O Sally ! says he,
Pray don't you remember how you slighted me ?
How you slighted my love, and treated me with scorn,
So now I'll reward you for what you have done.

For what is gone and past, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me a little while longer to live :
No, my dear Sally, as long as I've breath,
I'll dance upon the grave when you lay underneath.

She took rings from her fingers by one, two, and three,
Saying, here my dearest Billy in remembrance of me ;
In remembrance of me, my love, when I am dead and gone,
Perhaps, you may be sorry for what you have done.

So adieu to my daddy, my mammy and friends,
And adieu to the young sailor, for he will make amends,
Likewise this young sailor will not pity me,
Ten thousand times over my folly I do see.



THE

WARRIOR

AND

BLUE.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer
and Publisher, 177, Union-street, Borg', S E

BRITANNIA the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
At thy mandate heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark of freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm ;
With her garland of victory round her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim :
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

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