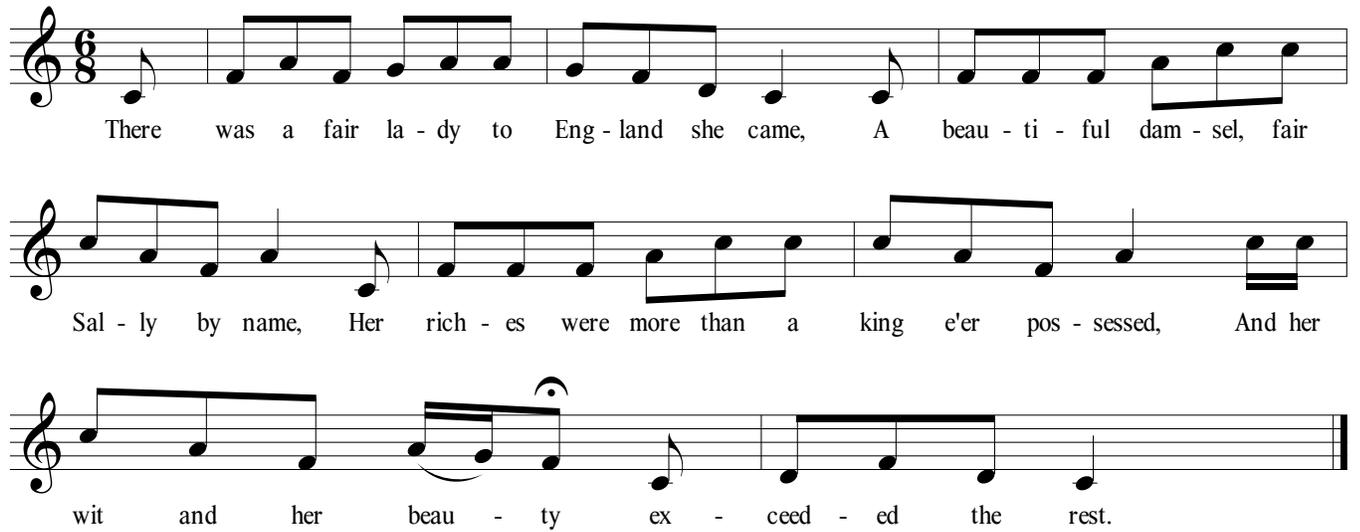


Fair Sally



There was a fair la - dy to Eng - land she came, A beau - ti - ful dam - sel, fair
Sal - ly by name, Her rich - es were more than a king e'er pos - sessed, And her
wit and her beau - ty ex - ceed - ed the rest.

A noble young squire that lived in that place
Would have courted this lady of beauty and grace,
But she was so haughty, so proud and so high,
That on this young squire she would scarce cast an eye.

“Oh Sally, oh Sally, oh Sally,” said he,
“I am sorry that your love and mine can’t agree.
Unless that your hatred is turned into love
I’m sure that your beauty my ruin will prove.”

“I’ve no hatred for you or for no other man,
But as for to love you, it is more that I can,
Therefore, I would have you leave off your discourse,
For I never will have you unless I am forced.”

When seven long weeks they were over and passed
This beautiful lady grew lovesick at last.
Entangled in love and she knew not for why,
She sent for this young man whom she had denied.

“Oh, I am the young man you sent for,” said he,
“Oh, am I a doctor that you send for me?”
“Oh, you are the doctor who can kill or can cure,
For without your assistance I will die, I am sure.”

“Oh Sally, oh Sally, oh Sally,” said he,
“Now don’t you remember when you slighted me?
When I asked you to have me, you refused me with scorn
And now I’ll reward you for what you have done.”

“Oh, what’s past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
But grant me a little while longer to live.”
“Oh, I may forgive, but I’ll never forget
And I’ll dance on your green grave when you lie in the earth.”

Note: At least ninety years ago, when my mother was a very young girl, she heard this song sung by a young man singing it to her oldest sister, whose name was Sallie, on the occasion of her leaving Nova Scotia to make her home in Massachusetts. Mother did not remember all the words, but over fifty years ago, when I first came to Maine, I heard the same song sung to the same tune by a neighbor in Newry, Maine, a blacksmith by the name of Bartlett Knapp. The verses mother sang were worded exactly the same as those sung by Mr. Knapp.