

Fine Sally

Bellowhead

There was a young lady, from London she came,
Fine Sally, Fine Sally, Fine Sally was her name,
She had more gold than a king could posess
and her whit and her beauty was above all the rest.

There was a young doctor, he lived close by
and on this and on this young girl he cast his keen eye.

One night as they courted, he went to his knee,
Saying Sally, Fine Sally will you marry me?

I don't hate you Billy, nor no other man,
but to say that I love you is more than I can, than I can.

Fine Sally got sick and she knew not for why,
she sent for the young man to come to her side,
saying are you the doctor can kill or can cure?
Or are you the young man that I have denied?

Yes, I am the doctor can kill or can cure
and I will reward you for what's past and gone.

What's past and gone be forgive and forget
and spare me a little while on this world for to live.
I won't spare you Sally, more than you did my heart,
I'll dance on your grave, yes I'll dance on your grave,
I'll dance on your grave, yes I'll dance on your grave,
When you're laid in the earth.

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