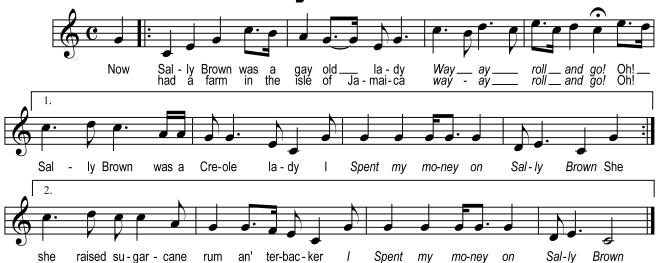
Sally Brown



Now Sally Brown was a gay old lady Way ay roll and go! Now Sally Brown was a Creole lady I Spent my money on Sally Brown

She had a farm in the isle of Jamaica

Way ay roll and go!

Where she raised sugarcane rum an' terbacker

I Spent my money on Sally Brown

Also she had a fine young daughter And that's the gal that I was after

For seven long years I courted Sally And when I asked her if she'd marry

She would not have a tarry sailor!
Oh now my troubles they're almost over

She got married to a nigger soldier He beat her up and he stole her money

And he left her with a nigger baby Oh Sally dear, why didn't you have me