

8. SALLY GRAY.

As sung by Mr. TOM SOWERBY, at Dalston, Cumberland.

R. ANDERSON.

Moderato. ♩ = 72.

VOICE.

Lah is F#. { :m, }
Come,

PIANO.

*mp**p*

|| l, :l, :l, | d :l, :s, | l, :d :-| :-: d | m :f :m | r :d :l, | s, :-| :-| :-: :l, }
 Dav - id, I'll tell you a se - cret, But you must lock't up in your breast, I

|| m, :l, :l, | d :l, :s, | l, :d :-| :-: r | m :f :m | r :d :l, | l, :-| :-| :-: m :f }
 would - n't, for all Dal - ston par - ish, It came to the ears of the rest. Now I'll

|| s :f :m | m :r :d | r :d :-| :-: d | m :f :m | r :d :l, | s, :-| :-| :-: :l, }
 hold you a bit of a wa - ger, A groat to your two-pence I'll lay, You

I can not guess whom I'm in love with, And on - ly keep off Sal - ly Gray.

Sally Gray.

(Selected verses for general use.)

- 1 Come, David, I'll tell you a secret,
But you must lock't up in your breast,
I wouldn't, for all Dalston parish,
It came to the ears of the rest.
Now I'll hold you a bit of a wager,
A groat to your twopence I'll lay,
You cannot guess whom I'm in love with,
And only keep off Sally Gray.
- 2 I was seventeen last Collop-Monday,
And she's just the very same age;
For one kiss of the sweet lips of Sally
I'd give up a seven years' wage.
For in long winter nights when she's spinning
And singing about "Jemmy Gay,"
I peep by the hay-stack, and listen,
For fain would I see Sally Gray.
- 3 Oh, was I but lord of the manor,
A nabob, or Parliament man,
What thousands on thousands I'd give her,
Would she only give me her han'.
A coach and six horses I'd buy her,
And order folk out of the way,
Then I'd jump up behind like a footman—
Oh! the world for my sweet Sally Gray.
- 4 They may brag of their fine city lasses,
Their feathers; their gew-gaws, and lace;
God help them, poor death-looking creatures,
Without a bit red on their face!
But Sally's just like alabaster,
Her cheeks are two rose-buds in May.
O lad! I could stand here for ever,
And talk about sweet Sally Gray.

This is the best-known of the songs of the Cumberland Burns. The phrase "I was seventeen last Collop-Monday," recalls somewhat the song "I am seventeen come Sunday." Collop-Monday is the first Monday before Lent; and the first Tuesday is called Pancake Tuesday, because on those two days collops and pancakes form the chief repast of the country people. Another tune, taken down by Miss Wakefield, has been published with these words, but it has not the old modal ring about it. It was said of the old man who used to sing the annexed version that "Robert Anderson himself could not have sung it better." It was learnt from him fifty years ago by my mother-in-law, who was a farmer's daughter near the "Dalston parish" referred to in the song. A picture of "Sally Gray's" home appears in Ellwood's Centenary Edition of Anderson's Cumberland Ballads. The song is founded on a real bit of autobiography of the poet.—J. G.

5712

Sally Gray.

(The verses complete, in Cumberland dialect.)

- Come, Deavie, I'll tell thee a secret,
But thou mun lock't up i' thee breast,
I waddn't, for aw Dalston parish,
It com' to the ears of the priest.
Now I'll hod te a bit of a weager,
A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,
Thou cannot guess whee I's in luive wi',
An nobbet keep off *Sally Gray*.
- There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,
Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,
An monny mair cums i' the county,
But nin wi' Cumdivock can match;
It's sae neyce to luik owre the black pasture,
The fells abuin aw, far away—
There is nee sec pleace, nit in England,
For there lives the sweet *Sally Gray*.
- I was sebetteen last Collop-Monday,
An she's just the varra seame age;
For ae kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally
I'd give up a seebem years' weage.
For in lang winter neets when she's spinnin',
And singing about "Jemmy Gay,"
I keek by the hay-stack, and lissen,
For fain wad I see *Sally Gray*.
- Had thou seen her at kurk, lad, last Sunday,
Thou cou'dn't ha'e thought o' the text;
But she sat neest to Tom o' the Lonnin,
Thou may think that meade me quite vext.
Then I pass'd her gawn owre the lang meadow,
Says I, "Here's a canny wet day!"
I wad ha'e said mair, but how cou'd a'
When luikin' at sweet *Sally Gray*.
- I caw'd to sup cruds wi' Dick Miller,
An hear aw his cracks and his jwokes;
The dumb wife was tellin' their fortunes,
What! I mud be like other fwokes.
Wi' chalk on a pair of aul bellows,
Twee letters she meade in her way,
S means *Sally* the weyde warl aw owre,
An G stands for nowt else but *Gray*.
- O was I but lward o' the manor,
A nabob, or parliment man,
What thousands on thousands I'd gi' her,
Wad she nobbet gi' me her han'.
A cwoach and six horses I'd buy her,
An gar fwok stan' out o' the way,
Then I'd lowp up behint like a footman—
Oh! the warl for my sweet *Sally Gray*.

They may brag o' their feyne Carel lasses,
Their feddors, silks, durtment, an leace;
God help them! peer deeth-luikin' bodies,
Widout a bid reed o' their feace!
But Sally's just leyke allyblaster,
Her cheeks are twee rwose-buds in May—
O lad! I cou'd stan here for ever,
An talk about sweet *Sally Gray*.

Robert Anderson, July 24, 1802.