

SALLY COME UP

Send 25 cents to Johnson, No. 7 N. 10th Street, and he will send you
BROOKS' BALL ROOM MONITOR.

Massa's gone to town the news to hear,
And he has left de overseer
To look to all the niggers here,
While I make love to Sally.
She's such a belle,
A real dark swell
She dresses so slick and looks so well
Dar's not a gal like Sally!

Chorus.—Sally come up! oh, Sally go down!
Sally, come twist your heel around;
De old man he's gone to town—
Oh, Sally, come down de middle.

Last Monday night I gave a ball,
And I invited de niggers all,
The thick, the thin, the short, the tall,
But none can come up to Sally!
And at the ball
She did lick dem all;
Black Sal was de faires' gal ob all—
My lubly, charming Sally!

De fiddle was played by Pompey Jones,
Uncle Ned he shook de bones,
Joe played on the pine-stick stones;
But dey couldn't play to Sally!
She's got a foot,
To fill out de boot,
So broad, so long, as a gum tree root,
Such a foot has Sally!

Sally has got a lubly nose,
Flat across her face it grows,
It sounds like thunder when it blows,
Such a lubly nose has Sally!
She can smell a rat,
So mind what you're at;
It's rader sharp, aldough it's flat,
Is de lubly nose ob Sally!

De oder night I said to she,
"I'll hab you, if you'll hab me,
"All right," says she, "I do agree;"
So I smash up with Sally,
She's rader dark,
But quite up to de mark;
Neber was such a girl for a lark,
Such a clipper girl was Sally!