

Between Me and the Wall (part 2 of 2)/Pretty Sally (part 1 of 2)

Between Me and the Wall (part 2 of 2)

AFS 1608 B1

What is the worst thing in the world, When not kept in control? Can rob you of [this life and next?], Yes of your very sole.

Oh, many things that I could say, But these you must know all. Before I lie one night with you, Between me and the wall.

The worst thing in the world is tongue, When set on fire by hell. To rob and steal, just murder too, With words thou shall not dwell.

I know of this, there is no end, We know each other's call. And step, by step, we'll go through life, No matter what the wall.

Pretty Sally (part 1 of 2)

AFS 1608 B2

There was a rich lady from London she came, She called herself Sally, pretty Sally by name. Her wealth it was more than the king he possess, Her beauty was more then her wealth at the best.

There was a poor doctor was living nearby, Who on this fair damsel, in love [cast?] his eye. He courted her nightly, a year and a day, But still she refused him and ever said nay.

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“Oh, Sally, oh, Sally, pretty Sally,” said he, “Can you tell me the reason, our love can't agree? Your cruel unkindness my ruin will prove, Unless all your hatred will turn into love.”

“No hatred I bear you, nor no other man, But truly to fancy you, I never can. Give over your courting, I pray you be still, For you I'll ne'er marry of my own free will.”

But soon after this here a year had passed by, Pretty Sally grew sick and she feared she would die. She tangled was in love and herself she accused, So sent for the doctor she once had refused.

“Oh, where my the doctor's whose skill you would ??? For am I the young man you once did deny?” “Yes you are the doctor can cure, can cure, Unless you will help me I'm dying to sure.”

“Oh Sally, oh, Sally, oh, Sally,” said he, “Oh, don't you remember, how you slighted me? You treated me lightly, my love you did scorn, So now you must suffer for the past you have done.”

“If they're past and gone love, forget and forgive, And suffer me longer, in this world to live. I ne'er can forgive you, until my dying day, On you're grave I will dance and your laid in cold clay.”

She...

[Note:recording ends abruptly.]