Sally Marone



Me name it is Tom Dixey, I'm a blacksmith by my trade. It's from the town of Newry where I was bred and born. From the town of old Belfast, you all might plainly know, Is my bonny Irish lassie they call Sally Marone.

I sit down and wrote a letter, I signed it with a pen, And I give it to a young man I took to be my friend. Instead of being a friend to me, to me he proved unkind, He never give that letter to young Sally Marone.

It's nine long months and better, I thought it very queer, I never see that bonny girl, that girl I love so dear, Till last Monday morning I walked down Sally's lane, And it's who do you think I met with, was young Sally Marone.

He told her ageing mother dear to be aware of me; He said I had a wife and family in my own country. "If that's the way, the way," said she, "with him I'll never go." But I never did enjoy myself with Sally Marone.

So I paid her passage to Belfast, as you might plainly know, And with five hundred, two abreast, the ship went down below. There was one number on the ship, as you might plainly know, Was my bonny Irish lassie they called Sally Marone.

Source: Harry Brazil, Gloucester, 1978. Collected by Mike Yates.

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