Words by CLIFFORD GREY

Music by JEROME KERN

SALLY

Piano

Moderately fast

There's someone that I can't forget.
She's somehow different from the rest,

- ever I may be; Though not of high de-

can't describe her quite; She seems to me, just

-agree. She's all the world to me. A

right, She won my heart at sight. It

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mod - est rose un - known as yet Still won - der - ful to
mat - ters not how she is dressed, I want to hold her

see: She is the dar - ling of my heart And I

tight: There is no la - dy in the land That is

(In the same tempo as the preceding 2/4)

met her in the al - ley. And on some fu - ture-
half so fair as Sal - ly. No mat - ter what - her -

poco rit.

day. To her I mean - to say:
name. I love her just the - same:

poco rit.
"Dear little girl, I love you, Dear little girl;"

Though the dress that you wear is a poor affair;

You made me care! And I know some day that

I mean to tell her all my golden schemes, We shall

T.B.H. Co. 178-4 Sally
find that world of happiness, Where the sun ever gleams;— And then I'll take my Sally, away from the alley, To my wonderful valley of dreams.