

# Wareham Whaler's Songbook

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## **Sally Free and Easy**

*By Cyril Tawney*

Sally, Free and easy, that should, be her name  
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Took a sailor's loving, for a nursery game

But the heart she gave me, was not made of stone  
But the heart she gave me, was not made of stone  
It was sweet and hollow, like a honey comb

Think I'll wait 'till sun set, see the ensign down  
Think I'll wait 'till sun set, see the ensign down  
Then I'll take the tide way, to my burying ground.

Sally, Free and easy, that should, be her name  
Sally, Free and easy, that should, be her name  
When my Body's landed, hope she dies of shame