

Dan McCafferty, Sally Mary

Hey Harry McCullough
Come sing us a song
'bout the highlands so misty and green
Your song about Sally the hills and the rain
We never will see again

When I was a tiny young highland boy
In Scotland the green the green
I played in the hills with my Sally Mary
Winners and losers we've been

She was riding a pony of silk and white
And I rode a wooden stick
We hounded the horses and we followed the birds
And grew up as you'd say in "Gluck";

I called her Sally my love
And she said Harry my man
As we lay at the Mulltire lake
Entwined in the night forever young
Until the morning came

And when we grew older
And the grass no more green
The lake lost its clear blue shade
I left her for sailing the mighty Sea
Ooh Sally our love it did fade

I called her Sally my love
And she said Harry my man
As we lay at the Mulltire lake
Entwined in the night forever young
Until the morning came

April 10, 1990: Early in the morning...