1. My brother and I were out hunting, a stray bullet made him its mark,  
   I carried him back to the cabin, his life nothing more than a spark.  
   He whispered to me very softly, dear brother I'm going away,  
   So listen and come to me closely, there's so much that I have to say.

2. My sweetheart, her dear name is Sally, her mother and father have died,  
   She's waiting alone in the valley, when I left her, oh how she cried.  
   I promised to bring her my fortune, return to the valley and wed,  
   But I've had a call from my maker, so I'll have to go there instead.

3. He gave me the ring he had bought her, and told of the plans they had made,  
   He spoke of how long she had waited, and for his return, how she prayed.  
   He gave me a small piece of paper, the will he had made for this day,  
   I promised to do as he wanted, the good Lord would show me the way.

4. He gave me his home in the valley, and all of the money he had,  
   He asked me to marry his Sally, and promise she'd never be sad.  
   But once long ago we were rivals, for I loved her too from the start,  
   I'd made up my mind to stay single, for Sally had broken my heart.

5. My dear brother went up to heaven, and I went to our valley home,  
   But Sally had married another, so what's left for me but to roam?  
   I pray the good Lord up above me, to keep brother's faith in me still,  
   His Sally was fickle, unfaithful, that's why I broke my brother's will.