

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Pretty Polly

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I dream of pretty Polly forever lying free**
Hard has been my fortune, sad has been my fate
Came unto my love's door, expecting to get in
Instead of finding pleasures, my troubles did begin

Stood their one hour as patient as Job
Polly, pretty Polly, come open the door
I saw another man enjoy within room
I walk-ed away by the light of the moon

I took to my heels just as hard as I could go
Rambled way down by the far shady grove
There I sat down with a bottle in my hand
Drinking of brandy and thinking of that man

In the morning so early pretty Polly passed me by
Red rosy cheeks and her dark sparkling eye
Her hair was so dark and here eyes they were the same
I'm wounded in the heart did you ever feel that pain

I wish I was a fisherman on yon river side
And Polly my object come floating down the tide
I'd throw my net around her and haul her to the shore
I'd have my darlin' and we'd quarrel no more

Green grows the laurel and likewise the rue
Sugar is sweet but not like you
Since it is no better, I'm glad it is no worse
Brandy in my bottle and money in my purse

** I missed recording the first verse and made up this one.

DC