

Oh, Polly Pretty Little Polly - song lyrics

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Oh, Polly! Pretty Little Polly.

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Written by Harry Castling. Composed by F. W. Venton.

You may talk about your ladies, you may talk about your belles,
I'll bet you'll never find a girl to equal Polly Wells;
She's not a stuck up fairy, no, she's sensible and bright,
She drinks a little whiskey and she dresses out o' sight.
She's up to every sort of spree, and good for any lark,
Lor'! see her on a holiday, that's just about her mark.
But, there I've just remembered that I've come to take her out,
I can see her at the window, so I'll give the usual shout.

Chorus.

Oh, Polly! pretty little Polly,

Throw up the sash and tell me if it's right;

Don't put yourself about, I've come to take you out,

So, Polly, are you coming out to-night?

What say Polly? you want to know who plays the villain's part,
I've got the programme, here it is, I'll tell you precious smart;
It's that same man that played it when we saw it here before,
You know, the one that kissed you, and I nearly broke his jaw.
Oh, no, I wasn't jealous, no, not a little bit,
I felt as though I'd like to throw that fellow in the pit.
There now, she's shut the window down, I think that's quite unkind,
No, no, she ain't, she's there And she's a peeping thro' the blind.- Chorus.

Now I've not got many dollars, but bear in mind I've got a few,
And I'll have a fortune left me in about a year or two;
Lor', then won't I be happy with my Polly by my side,
I don't think I can wait till then for her to be my bride.
As soon as we come from the play I'm going straight up stairs,
To ask her dad's consent for Poll to share my joys and cares
And if he will only give it, 'twill fill my heart with bliss,
For then I will not stand outside here and have to shout like this.-Chorus.