

His Heart Was True To Poll - song lyrics

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HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POLL

I heard my aunt once sing a chant.
Which now p'r'aps isn't new,
Of Billy Kidd, who, whatever he did,
To his Poll was always true.
He sailed away in a gallant ship,
Frqm the pretty shore of jovial Bristol;
And the last words he uttered,
While his handkerchief he fluttered,
Were: "My heart is true to Poll."

Chorus.

His heart was true to Poll,
His heart was true to Poll;
No matter what you do,
If your heart is ever true,
And his heart was true to Poll.

They were wrecked, William to shore he swam,
And he looked about for an inn;
When a noble, savage lady, of a color rather shady,-
Came up with a cheerful grin.
Says she: " Marry me and a king you'll be,
And in a palace loll,
Or they'll eat you like a fillet."
So he gave his hand, did Billy,
But his heart was true to Poll.-Chorus.

So William Kidd a happy life led
As the king of the Kikaroos;
He had nothing but a hat upon his head,
And a pair of over-shoes.
They made him a present of twenty wives,
Which their beauties I cannot now extol;
But, one day they all revolted,
So he back to Bristol bolted,
For his heart was true to Poll.-Chorus.