# Pretty Polly

## The Byrds

There used to be a gambler who courted all around
There used to be a gambler who courted all around
He courted pretty Polly, such beauty never been foundPretty Polly, pretty Polly, come go along with me
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come go along with me
Before we get married, some pleasures to seeShe jumped up behind him and 'way they did go
She jumped up behind him and 'way they did go
Down into the valley that was far belowThey went a little further and what did they spot
They went a little further and what did they spot
But a newly dug grave with a spade lying byOh, Willy, hey, Willy, I'm afraid of your ways
Oh, Willy, hey, Willy, I'm afraid of your ways
I'm afraid you will lead my poor body astrayPretty Polly, pretty Polly, you've guessed it just right
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you've guessed it just right
I dug all your grave the better part of last nightThen he stabbed her in the heart till her heart's blood did flow
He stabbed her in her heart till her heart's blood did flow
Down into the grave pretty Polly did goNow a debt to the devil, that Willy must pay
A debt to the devil, that Willy must pay
For killing pretty Polly and running away

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