Pretty Polly

Sandy Denny

Polly, pretty Polly, come go along with me
Polly, pretty Polly, come go along with me
Before we get married some pleasure to seeShe got up behind him and away they did ride
She got up behind him and away they did ride
Over the hills and the valleys so wideThey rode a little further and what did they spy
They rode a little further and what did they spy
But a new-dug grave with a spade lying byOh Willy, oh Willy, I'm scared of your ways
Oh Willy, oh Willy, I'm scared of your ways
Scared you might lead my poor body astrayPolly, pretty Polly, you've guessed just about right
Polly, pretty Polly, you've guessed just about right
I've dug on your grave the best part of last nightAnd he stabbed her in the heart and the heart-blood did flow
And he stabbed her in the heart and the heart-blood did flow
Into her grave pretty Polly did goHe threw a little dirt over her and started for home
He threw a little dirt over her and started for home
Leaving nothing behind but the wild birds to moanAnd it's debt to the devil, and Willy must pay
And it's debt to the devil, and Willy must pay
For killing pretty Polly and running away.

Songwriters
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