

## 47. PRETTY POLLY OLIVER

17th-century English song

**VOICE** *Moderato* *mp*

1. As pret-ty Pol - ly O-li-ver lay mus-ing in bed, A  
2. The drums they did beat and the trum-pets did blow When

**PIANO** *mp*

com-i-cal fan-cy came in-to her head: "Nor fa-ther nor moth-er shall  
Pol-ly in un-i-form to the war she did go, Her lo-ver was wound-ed and-

make me false prove, I'll 'list for a sol-dier and fol-low my love."  
fell by her side, And, as Pol-ly lift-ed him, she knew that he had died.

*D.C.*

- 3 Poor Polly sat crying, dead soldiers all around,  
When up came the Captain, who said as he frowned:  
"A soldier here weeping, a soldier afraid?"  
"Oh, Sir! I'm no soldier," said Polly, "I'm a maid."
- 4 "A maid?" said the Captain, "then throw her in jail."  
"Oh, no," pleaded Polly, who told her sad tale,  
And when a great vic-t'ry had ended the strife  
The Captain took Polly and made her his wife.