Pretty Polly
Written by B. F. Shelton

1. Polly, Pretty Polly come go along with me,
Polly, Pretty Polly come go along with me,
Before we get married some pleasures to see.

2. He took her over mountains and valleys so deep,
He took her over hills and valleys so deep,
Pretty Polly mistrusted and she began to weep.

3. Willie, oh Willie, I'm afraid to of your ways,
Willie, oh Willie, I'm afraid of your ways,
The way you've been rambling you'll lead me astray.

4. Well they rode a little further and what did she spy,
They rode a little further and what did she spy,
A new dug grave with a spade lying by.

5. Polly, Pretty Polly, your guess is about right,
Polly, Pretty Polly, your guess is about right,
I dug on your grave the best part of last night.

6. She knelt down before him pleading for her life,
She knelt down before him pleading for her life,
Please let me stay a single girl if I can't be your wife.

7. He stabbed her to her heart and her heart's blood did flow,
He stabbed her to her heart and her heart's blood did flow,
And into the grave Pretty Polly did go.

8. He threw a little dirt over her and turned to go home,
He threw a little dirt over her and turned to go home,
Leaving nothing behind but the girl left alone.

9. Now ladies and gentlemen I'll bid you farewell,
Ladies and gentlemen I'll bid you farewell,
For killing Pretty Polly will send my soul to hell.