

The Byrds

"Pretty Polly"

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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 found

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

She 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 below

They 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 by

Oh, 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 astray

Pretty 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 night

Then 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 go

Now 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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