

Kristin Hersh

"Pretty Polly"

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Polly, pretty polly, come go along with me
Polly, pretty polly, come go along with me
Before we get married some pleasure to see
She got up behind him and away they did go
She got up behind him and away they did go
Over the hills to the valley so low
They went up a little farther and what did they spy?
They went up a little farther and what did they spy?
A newly dug grave with a spade lying by
He stabbed her through the heart
Her heart's blood it did flow
He stabbed her through the heart
Her heart's blood it did flow
And into the grave pretty polly did go
He threw something over her and turned to go home
He threw something over her and turned to go home
With nothing behind him but the girl there to mourn
Little birdy
Little birdy, little birdy
What makes you fly so high?
It's because I am a birdy
And I'm not afraid to die

Little birdy, little birdy
Come sing me your song

I've a short time to be here with you
And a long time, to be gone

Little birdy, little birdy
What makes your wing so blue?
It's because I've been a-grievin'
Grievin' after you

Little birdy, little birdy
Come sing me your song
I've a short time to be here with you
And a long time, to be gone

Little birdy, little birdy
What makes your head so red?
After all that I have been through

It's a wonder I ain't dead

Little birdy, little birdy
Come sing me your song
I've a short time to be here with you
And a long time, to be gone

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