

Polly On The Shore

Robyn Hitchcock

Come all you wild young men
And a-warnin' take by me
Never to lead your single life astray
And into no bad company
As I myself have done
It been in the merry month of May
When I was pressed by a sea captain
And on board a man of war I was sent
When I was pressed by a sea captain
And on board a man of war I was sent
Our ship it did set sail
And our bonny, bonny flag we did fly
Let every man stand true to his gun
For the Lord knows who must die
Let every man stand true to his gun
For the Lord knows who must die
Our captain was wounded full sore
Likewise the rest of his men
Our main mast rigging
It was shattered all about
So that we were obliged to give in
And the blood in streams did flow
And so loudly the cannon did roar
And thousands of times have I wished meself at home
And all along with me Polly on the shore
And thousands of times have I wished meself at home
And all along with me Polly on the shore
She's a tall and a slender girl
With a dark and a roving eye
And here am I lie a-bleeding on the deck
And for her sweet sake I would die
And here am I lie a-bleeding on the deck
And for her sweet sake I would die
So farewell to my parents and friends
Likewise, my dear Polly, too
I ne'er would cross the salt sea so wide
If I hadn't been moved by you
I ne'er would cross the salt sea so wide
If I hadn't been moved by you