

# Kristin Hersh, Pretty Polly

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