

Polly

Kate Rusby

Polly, she is fine, and she's kind,
She's fallen for a sailor, and he to her proved kind,
He said, I'm sorry for to say, Polly I must sail away,
Oh but I will take you dancing upon our wedding day.

Seven years are o'er, seven years or more,
Polly's waiting for her sailor, she weeps there on the shore.
At length a man came by, weeping Polly he did spy,
Maiden let me take you dancing and let your tears be dry,
Maiden let me take you dancing and let your tears be dry.

Polly in surprise, she wipes her tear and then she sighs,
I fear that my young sailor on the ocean bed lies,
For you I've not a care, for my heart is with him there,
And I'll never go a-dancing with you I do declare,
No I'll never go a-dancing with you I do declare.

Polly don't you see, oh that happy now we'll be,
For I am your young sailor who's come home from the sea,
And here with you I'll stay and no more I'll sail away,
But we will go a-dancing upon our wedding day,
We will go a-dancing upon our wedding day,
Oh and let me take you dancing upon our wedding day.