

Polly Oliver - Mr Walter 'Skipper' Debbage



One night as Pol - ly O - li - ver lay mus - ing on her bed a co - mi - cal -



fan - cy - came in - to her head; nei - ther fa - ther or mo - ther shal



meke me false - prove, I'll list - for a sol - dier and fol - low my love.

1

One night as Polly Oliver lay musing on her bed
a comical fancy came into her head;
neither father or mother shall make me false prove,
I'll list for a soldier and follow my love.

2

Early the next morning this fair maid arose,
and dressed herself in a suit of man's clothes;
coat waistcoat and breeches, and sword by her side,
on her father's black gelding like a dragoon she did ride.

3

She rode till she came to fair London town;
she dismounted her horse at the sign of the Crown.
The first to come down was a man from above;
the next that came down was Polly Oliver's love.

4

'Good evening, good evening kind Captain,' said she,
'here's a letter from your true love, Polly Oliver,' said she.
He opened the letter and a guinea there was found,
'For you and your companions to drink her health round.

5

Supper being ended she held down her head
and called for a candle to light her to bed.
The Captain made this reply, 'I have a bed at my ease;
you may lie with me, countryman, if you please.'

6

'To lie with a Captain is a dangerous thing;
I'm a new listed soldier to fight for our King;
to fight for our King by sea and by land;
since you are our Captain I'll be at your command.'

7

Early next morning this fair maid arose
and drest herself in her own suit of clothes.
And downstairs she came from the chamber above,
saying, 'Here is Polly Oliver, your own true love.'

8

He at first was surprised, then laughed at the fun,
and then they were married and things were all done.
'If I lay with you the first night, the fault it was mine;
I hope to please you better love, for now it is my time.'