

Con Spirito.

POLLY.

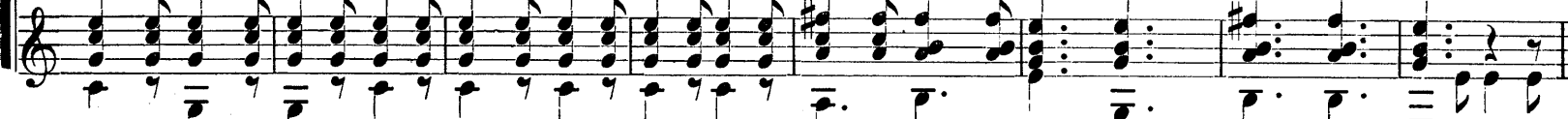
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.



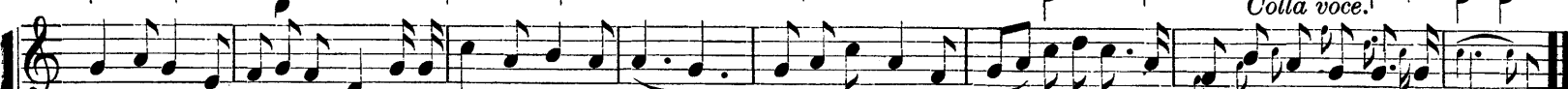
1. Do you want to know the smartest craft as ev - er put from port? Well, that's my Pol - ly, the live - ly Pol - ly, and she's a rare good sort. Do you
 2. Do you want to know the sweetest wife as lives in this here place? Well, that's my Pol - ly, my lit - tle Pol - ly, and bless her heart and face. Do you
 3. Do you want a toast to - night, my lads, a - fore we say good - bye? Well, that's my wife and the live - ly Pol - ly, and bless 'em both, say I: Do you



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Open the window, and look, my lads, she's ly - in' a - gen the quay, The smart - est craft a - fore and a - baft, as ev - - er went to sea. A -
 Come, you'll al - ways find her there, in our bit of a house by the quay, Her hands full of work, and her heart of love, and all for the sake of me. A -
 Fill your glass - es high, my lads, an' drink it three times three, Here's to my wife, the pride of my life, and the boat as I steers to sea. A -



Colla voce.

poco ritard:

- float, a - float I sing in my boat, When the sails are set and furl'd, Pol - ly, my Pol - ly, she's so jol - ly, The jol - li - est craft in the world.
 Pol - ly, my Pol - ly, she's so jol - ly, The jol - li - est wife in the world.
 Pol - ly and Pol - ly, they're so jol - ly, The jol - li - est pair in the world.

