

## 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