

August 2019

# Pretty Poll

Charles Deane

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## Recommended Citation

Deane, Charles, "Pretty Poll" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1312.  
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# PRETTY POLL.

Sung by CHARLES DEANE.

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At a fancy dress ball in the height of the season  
I met a young lady by chance,  
Whom I adored madly without rhyme or reason,  
As we whirled around in the dance ;  
When she spoke, with joy I was nearly demented,  
Her face was so awfully sweet—  
Her dress was unique, and I think represented ;  
A parrot with feathers complete.

Pretty Poll ! Pretty Poll !

CHORUS :

She told me her name was Polly, Pretty Poll, Pretty Polly  
I swore that my love would never, never grow stale ;  
Though Polly was awfully jolly, Pretty Poll, Pretty Polly,  
Oh ! what sport ! I was caught with a wee bit of salt on my tail.

When the dance was completed she asked for some ices—  
So up to the buffet we went ;  
She seemed to have no thought at all of the prices,  
So quickly my loose cash was spent.  
She then asked if I'd lead the way to her carriage—  
I took on the job, you can guess ;  
Once inside the brougham, I offered her marriage,  
She blushed and then softly said " Yes ! "

Pretty Poll ! Pretty Poll !

CHORUS—She told me her name, &c.

I left her at last, but before I departed,  
I kissed her again and again ;  
But, Great Scott ! I didn't feel quite so light-hearted,  
When I missed my watch and my chain.  
My breast-pin was gone, and the rings on my finger  
Had vanished with Poll far away ;  
I vowed that no more at a ball would I linger—  
Oh my !—What a pie ! what a jay !

Pretty Poll ! Pretty Poll !

CHORUS—She told me her name, &c.