

Pretty Polly Oliver

17th century tune



1. As pret-ty Pol - ly O - li-ver sat mus- ing,
2. So in sol - dier's at - tire to the wars she
3. Now Pol ly he knew in a mo - ment's
4. The ser - geant, he sent for the par - son



'tis said, A co - mi - cal fan- cy
set out, And bore a brave part in
quick glance, And he cried: "Why my dear,
to come, And cou - ple the lo - vers



came in - to her head; Nor fa - ther nor
both raid and in rout; In the bat - tle
sure I've met you in France;" But the ass, she
who'd fol - low'd the drum; And Pol - ly re -



mo - ther shall make me false prove, I'll
she found him slight - ly wound - ed and low On
said: "nay, he was sure - ly mis - took", But
stored to her wo - man - ly state, Found



list for a sol - dier and fol - low my love.
the ground where he lay with his face to the foe.
her words were be - lied by the love in here look.
all she had sought in a home and a mate.

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Weise aus dem 17. Jh.

1

As pretty Polly Oliver
sat musing, 'tis said,
A comical fancy came
into her head;
Nor father nor mother
shall make me false prove,
I'll list for a soldier
and follow my love.

Als die hübsche Polly Oliver
sinnend saß, sagt man,
ein komischer Gedanke kam
in ihren Kopf;
weder Vater noch Mutter
werden mich veranlassen, untreu zu werden,
ich werde mich als Soldat melden
und meinem Liebsten folgen.

2

So in soldier's attire
to the wars she set out,
And bore a brave part
in both raid and in rout;
In the battle she found him
slightly wounded and low
On the ground
where he lay with his face
to the foe.

Deshalb in Soldatenkleidung
ging sie in den Krieg
und gab eine gute Figur ab
in Angriffen und Schlachten;
im Kampf fand sie ihn
leicht verwundet und tief
auf dem Boden,
wo er lag mit seinem Gesicht
dem Feind zugewandt.

3

Now Polly he knew
in a moment's quick glance,
And he cried:
„Why my dear,
sure I've met you in France;“

Er erkannte Polly
mit einem schnellen Blick
und er rief:
„Ach, meine Liebe,
ich habe dich sicher in Frankreich
[getroffen,“

But the lass, she said:
„nay, he was surely mistook“,
But her words were belied
by the love in her look.

aber das Mädchen sagte:
„Nein, er irrt sich,“
aber ihre Worte wurden Lüge gestraft
durch die Liebe in ihrem Blick.

4

The sergeant,
he sent for the parson to come,
And couple the lovers
who'd follow'd the drum;
And Polly,
restored to her womanly state,
Found all she had sought
in a home and a mate.

Der Feldwebel
ließ den Pfarrer kommen,
und die Liebenden vereinen
die der Trommel gefolgt waren;
und Polly,
wieder als Frau,
fand alles, was sie gesucht hatte:
Ein Haus und einen Partner.

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Polly Oliver - Poem by A. P. Grave (19th Century)

- 1 As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,
A sudden, strange fancy came into her head;
“Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove!
I’ll list for a soldier and follow my love!”
- 2 So early next morning she softly arose,
And dress’d herself up in her dead brother’s clothes;
She cut her hair close and she stein’d her face brown,
And went for a soldier to fair London town.
- 3 Then up spake the sergeant one day at his drill:
“Now who’s good for nursing? a Captain lies ill!”
“I’m ready!”, said Polly: to nurse him she’s gone,
And finds ’tis her true love all wasted and wan.
- 4 The first week the doctor kept shaking his head:
“No nursing, young fellow, can safe him”, he said.
But when Polly Oliver had nursed back his life,
He cried, “You have cherish’d him as if you were his wife!”
- 5 Oh then Polly Oliver she burst into tears,
And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears;
And very soon after, for better for worse,
The Captain took joyfully his pretty soldiers nurse!