Wicked Polly

Wicked Polly

Young people, hark while I relate
The story of poor Polly's fate.
She was a lady young and fair
And died a-groaning in despair.

To balls and parties she would go
In spite of all her friends could do.
"I'll turn," said she, "when I am old
And God will then receive my soul."

One Friday morning she fell sick.
Her stubborn heart began to quake.
She cried, "Alas, my days are spent.
It is too late now to repent."

She called her mother to her bed.
Her eyes were rolling in her head.
A ghastly look she did assume.
She cried, "Alas, I am undone.

"My loving father, you I leave.
For wicked Polly do not grieve,
For I must burn forever more
When thousand thousand years are o'er."

"Your counsels I have slighted all
My carnal appetite to fill
When I am dead, remember well
Your wicked Polly groans in Hell."

She wrung her hands and groaned and cried
And gnawed her tongue before she died.
Her nails turned black, her voice did fail
She died and left this lower vale.

May this a warning be to those
That love the ways that Polly chose.
Turn from your sins, lest you like her
Shall leave this world in black despair.

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