

Polly On The Shore
Fairport Convention

How many British folk traditionals are there about that promising young man who becomes a pirate and then leads a short and wretched life before suffering a cruel death? This is one of them. I could only figure out the basic chords, however, and not the beautiful guitar part as it was played by Jerry Donahue on the original recording.

C **G** **Am**
Come all you wild young men
C **F** **G**
And a warning take by lead
C **F** **C** **G**
Never lead your single life astray
C **G** **Am**
Or into bad company

As I myself have done
Being all in the month of May
When I was pressed by a sea captain
A privateer to tray

To the East Indies we were bound
To plunder the region main
And it s many a brave and a gally and ship
We sent to a watery grave

Off a freeport we did steer
Our provisions to renew
When we did spy a bold man of war
sailing three feet toward too

And she fired in cross our bow
Heave through and don t refuse
Surrender now into our command
Or else your lives you ll lose

And our decks they were splattered with blood
And our canons did loudly roar
And broadside and broadside a long time we laid
Until we could fire no more

C **D** **G**
And a thousand times I quested myself again
C **G** **Am**
For the love of me Polly on the shore

(Instrumental break. Ominous sounds by Jerry on the Tele, Swarb on the strings)

and Pegg

on the bass, with a slow and steady basis laid bij Dave the drums and Trevor on acoustic.

Do try this at home)

She s a tall and a slender girl

With a dark and a golden eye

And here am I am bleeding on the deck

And for us we say must lie

And farewell me family and friends

Likewise my Polly too

I would never have sailed the salt sea wide

If I had been ruled by you

And a thousand times I saw myself again

For the love of me Polly on the shore