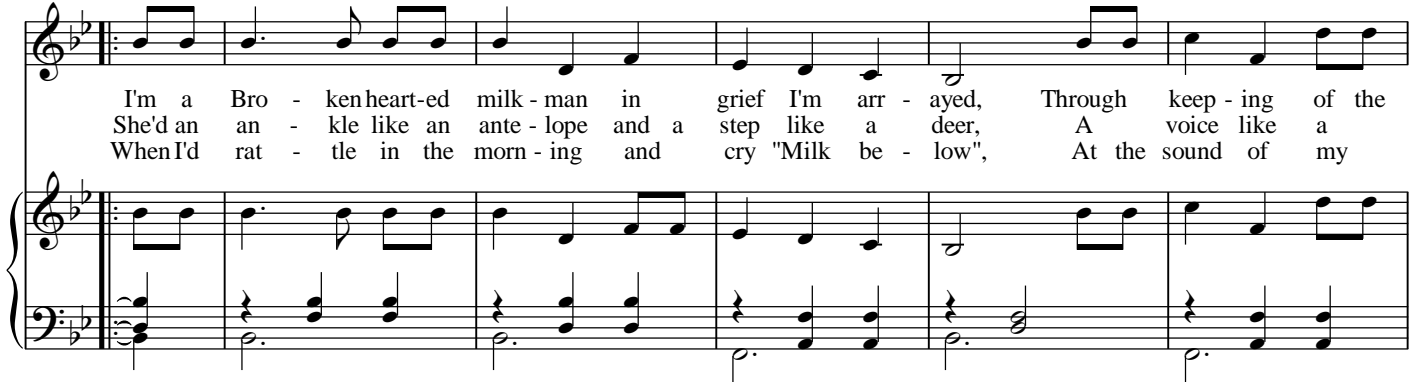


Polly Perkins of Paddington Green

Harry Clifton
arr. Jim Paterson

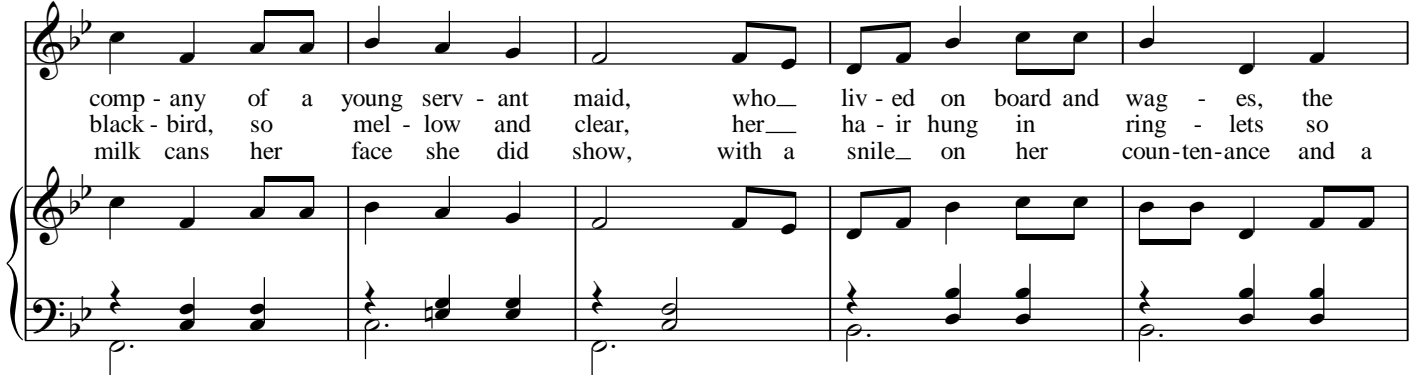


8 Verse:



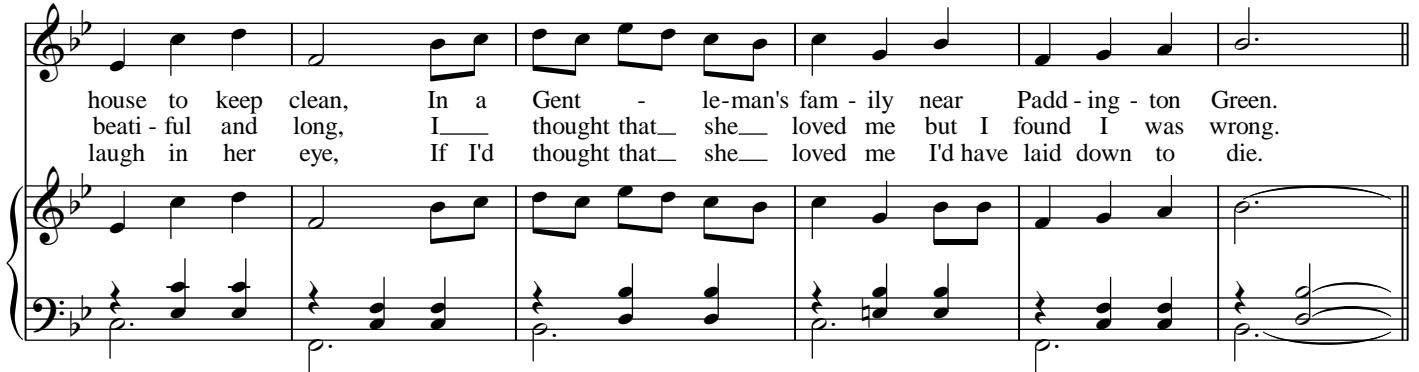
I'm a Bro - ken heart-ed milk - man in grief I'm arr - ayed, Through keep - ing of the
She'd an an - kle like an ante - lope and a step like a deer, A voice like a
When I'd rat - tle in the morn - ing and cry "Milk be - low", At the sound of my

14



comp - any of a young serv - ant maid, who liv - ed on board and wag - es, the
black - bird, so mel - low and clear, her ha - ir hung in ring - lets so
milk cans her face she did show, with a snile on her coun - ten - ance and a

19



house to keep clean, In a Gent - le - man's fam - ily near Padd - ing - ton Green.
beati - ful and long, I thought that she loved me but I found I was wrong.
laugh in her eye, If I'd thought that she loved me I'd have laid down to die.

2 25 Chorus:

Oh, she was as beaut-i-ful as a but-ter-fly and proud as a

31

Queen, was pret-ty lit-tle Pol-ly Per-kins of Padd-ing-ton Green.

Verse 4:

When I asked her to marry me, she said "Oh what stuff"
And told me to drop it, for she'd had quite enough
Of my nonsense... At the time, I'd been very kind
But to marry a milkman she didn't feel inclined
(Chorus)

Verse 5:

"The man that has me must have silver and gold
A chariot to ride in and be handsome and bold
His hair must be curly as any watch-spring,
And whiskers as big as a brush for clothing"
(Chorus)

Verse 6:

The words that she uttered went straight through my heart
I sobbed and I sighed, and I straight did depart
With a tear on my eyelid as big as a bean
I bid farewell to Polly and to Paddington Green
(Chorus)

Verse 7:

In six months she married, this hard-hearted girl
But it was not a Wi-count, and it was not a Nearl
It was not a Boronite, but a shade or two wuss
I was a bow-legged conductor of a tuppenny bus
(Chorus)