POLLY PERKINS OF ABINGTON GREEN.

Maestoso pempso.

Written and Composed by HARRY CLIFTON.

INTRODUCTION.

1. I'm a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm arrayed, Through keeping of the company of a young servant maid, Who lived on board wages, the house to keep
clean, In a gentleman's family, near Abington Green. Oh! she was as

CHORUS.

Beautiful as a butterfly, and as proud as a queen, Was

pretty little Polly Perkins, of Abington Green.
2d. Her eyes were as black as the pips of a pear, No
3d. When I'd rat-ile in a morning, and cry "milk be-

low," At the

rose in the garden with her cheeks could com-
pare, Her

sound of my milk cans her face she would show, With a

hair hung in "ringlets" so beau-

ti-ful and long, I

smile up on her coun-
tenance and a laugh in her eye, If I

thought that she lov'd me, but found I was wrong. Oh! she was as

thought she'd have lov'd me, I'd have laid down to die, For she was as

Ad lib.
4th Verse.

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 same time I'd been very kind, But to marry a milkman she didn't feel inclined. Oh! she was as

CHORUS and SYMPHONY, as before.

5th Verse.

"Oh 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 his whiskers as big as a brush for clothing." Oh! she was as

CHORUS and SYMPHONY, as before.

6th Verse.

The words that she uttered went straight through my heart, I sobbed, I sighed, and straight did depart With a tear on my eyelid as big as a bean, Bidding good bye to Polly and Abington Green. Ah! she was as

CHORUS and SYMPHONY, as before.

7th Verse.

In six months she married this hard-hearted girl, But it was not a 'Wicount,' and it was not a 'Neck,' It was not a 'Baronite,' but a shade or two 'wuz,' 'Twas a bow-legged Conductor of a Two-penny 'Bus. In spite of all she was as

CHORUS and SYMPHONY, as before.