

Polly: Air 68 (One Evening as I lay.)

lyr. John Gay (March 1729)

Polly

Voice

Harp

$\text{♩} = 120$

mp

5

9

13

18

22

My Heart fore-bodes he's dead, That thought how can I
bear? He's gone, for ever fled, My soul is all de-
- spair! He's gone, for e - ver fled, My soul is all de-
- spair! I see him pale and cold, The noose hath stop'd his
breath, Just as my dream fore - told, Oh had that sleep been
death!