

Polly Willis

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *Thomas Augustine Arne* (1710–1778) [Br]

Attend, ye nymphs and tuneful swains,
[ə.'tɛnd ji nɪmfs ænd 'tjun.fəl swe:ɪnz]

Who in persuasive lulling strains
[hu ɪn pɛ.'swe:ɪ.sɪv 'lʌ.lɪŋ stɹe:ɪnz]

Of Chloe sing, or Phyllis;
Tho' rude my voice and mean my verse,
Upbraid me not, while I rehearse
The charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I and poor in thought
No simile shall e'er be brought
From roses, pinks, or lilies;
Some common beauties they may hit,
But surely no simile e'er can fit
The charms of Polly Willis.

She's not as Venus on the flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal Amaryllis.
Frame all that's beauteous, gay, and fair,
With pleasing mien and winning air,
And that is Polly Willis.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription and translation is available for download.

Thank you!

