

# Polly Johnson's Holler

Pamela Cardullo Ortiz

Chord diagrams: C, C/B, Am, Em, F, G, C, C, C/B, Am, Am/G, F, G, Am, F

1. Down in Poll - y John  
 2. Three or four a-band  
 3. Rough hewn logs, a litt-  
 4. A wood en spoon, an old

5  
 son's Holler, a two hour hike from here, Just when you reach the long lost vill - age.  
 oned hous - es, a pan - try and a barn, Who built these hous - es and then left them  
 le mor - tar ooz - ing in be - tween, Plast - ered with some old news - pa - pers  
 tin pitch - er, a jar of berr - y jam, Crack the lid and dip my - fing - er,

8  
 of the an - cient pi - o - neers, You'll know it by the long tall grass - es,  
 look - ing so for - lorn, With to - bac - co hang - ing in the raft - ers,  
 From nine - teen sev - en - teen, News of Eu - rope's war a dist - ant rumb - le,  
 trans - port - ed where I am, You leave a leg - a - cy of stone and marb - le,

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. The voice part is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). Chord diagrams are placed above the voice staff at the beginning of each measure. The score is divided into three systems, with measure numbers 5 and 8 indicated at the start of the second and third systems respectively. The piano accompaniment features triplet patterns in both hands.

10

C C/B Am G Am

Voice

Emp - ty hous - es with a vac - ant stare, But by the side of  
 Squash and beans on the pant - ry shelf, I'd run a - way and  
 Hints of chang - es in a mirr - ored glass, How it freez - es  
 Pro - clam - a - tions in a dust - y will, But you give more by

Pno.

12

F C C/B Am

Voice

that a - ban - doned mount - ain, Grow the sweet - est kind of berr - ies  
 hide out in this holl - er, But when you're grown your can't run from your - self,  
 time in one still mom - ent When your life is pa - pered with the past,  
 leav ng hints and guess - es, Unpicked berr - ies on a bramb - led hill,

Pno.

14

G Am F C G C

Voice

there, But if you batt - le the bramb - les, And give it your best, Well, the birds might  
 — Still I'd live off these berr - ies, And give it my best, And the birds might  
 — It's here they batt - led those bramb - les, And gave it their best, And the birds would  
 — So we can batt - le the bramb - les, And give it our best, and the birds might

Pno.

17

C/B Am F G C C C/B Am G<sup>3</sup>

Voice

3 3 3 3

get the sweet - est ones, But you'll get all the rest.  
 get the sweet - est ones, But I'd have all the rest.  
 get the sweet - est ones, But they had all the rest.  
 get the sweet - est ones, But we'll have all the rest.

Pno.

3 3 6 3

20

F G C C

Voice

1. 2.

Pno.

3 3 3 3