

Polly Von

Words & Music:
Traditional/Peter, Paul & Mary

I shall tell of a hunter whose life was undone
By the cruel hand of evil, at the setting of the sun.
His arrow was loosed & it flew through the dark.
And his true love was slain as the shaft found its mark.

CHORUS:

She'd her apron wrapped about her & he took her for a swan.
And it's, oh, and alas, it was she--- Polly Von.

He ran up beside her and found it was she.
He turned away his head for he could not bear to see.
He lifted her up & found she was dead.
A fountain of tears for his true love he shed.

CHORUS:

He bore her away to his home by the sea
Crying, "Father, oh, Father, I've murdered poor Polly.
I've killed my fair love in the flower of her life.
I'd always intended that she'd be my wife.

CHORUS:

He roamed near the place where his true love was slain.
He wept bitter tears, but his cries were all in vain.
As he looked on the lake, a swan glided by.
And the sun slowly sank in the gray of the sky.

CHORUS: