

Polly Von

Peter, Paul and Mary

1. 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 and it flew through the dark,
And his true love was slain as the shaft found it's mark.

R: She'd her apron wrapped about her and he took her for a swan
But it's oh and alas it was she, Polly Von

2. 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 and found she was dead,
A fountain of tears for his true love, he shed.

R:

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

"But she'd her apron wrapped about her
And I took her for a swan,
And it's oh and alas it was she, Polly Von."

4. 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 grey of the sky.

R: