Polly Von

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, and it flew through the dark
And his true love was slain as the shaft found its markShe'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan
And it's oh and alas, it twas she - Polly VonHe 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 shedShe'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan
And it's oh and alas, it twas she - Polly VonHe 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 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 twas she... Polly Von!"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 skyBut she'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan
And it's oh and alas, it twas she - Polly Von

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