

# 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 mark  
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  
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  
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  
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 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 sky  
But 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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