

Polly Von

traditional (adapted by Peter Paul and Mary)

Am Am Dm Dm Dm
I shall tell of a hunter, whose life was undone
Am Am Am E E
By the cruel hand of evil, at the setting of the sun.
Am Am Dm Dm Dm
His arrow was loosed, and it flew through the dark,
Am Am7 F E7 Am Am(½) Dm(½) Am Am(½) Dm(½) Am
And his true love was slain as the shaft found its mark

C C C E E
she'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan
Am Am7 F E7 Am Am(½)Dm(½) Am Am(½)Dm(½) Am
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 couldn't bear to see.
He lifted her up and found she was dead.
A fountain of tears for his true love he shed.

He bore her away to his home by the sea-
Cried 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.

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.

C C C E E
she'd her apron wrapped about her, and he took her for a swan
Am Am7 F E7 Am Am(½)Dm(½) Am Am(½)Dm(½) Am
And it's oh and alas, it was she Polly Von