

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Polly Vaughn

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Dm Gm
I shall tell of a hunter whose life was undone

Dm A
By the cruel hand of evil at the setting of the sun

Dm Gm
His arrow was loosed and it flew thru the dark
Dm Dm7 A7 Dm G Dm G Dm
And his true love was slain as the shaft found its mark

F
For she'd her apron wrapped around her

A
and he took her for a swan
Dm G7 A7 Dm G Dm
and it's o and alas, it was she, Polly Vaughn

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

He bore her away to his home by the sea
Crying Father, o 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

He roamed near the place where his true love was slain
He wept bitter tears, but his tears 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

DT #308

Laws O36

recorded by

Frankie Armstrong on Here's a Health

John and Tony Dark Ships

Tony Rose Green Willow

SOF