I shall tell of a hunter whose life was un-done
He ran up be-side her and found it was she
He bore her a-way to his home by the sea
He roamed near the place where his true love was slain

By the cruel hand of evil at the setting of the sun
He turned away his head for he could not bear to see
Cryin' "Father, oh father, I murdered poor Pol-ly!
He wept bitter tears, but his cries were all in vain.

His arrow was loosed and it flew through the dark,
He lifted her up and found she was dead,
I've killed my fair love in the flower of her life!
As he looked on the lake, a swan glided by

And his true love was slain as the shaft found its mark. Chorus
A fountain of tears for his true love, he shed. Chorus
I'd always intended that she be my wife. No Chorus
And the sun slowly sank in the grey of the sky. Chorus X2

Chorus:

She'd her apron wrapped about her and he took her for a swan

And it's oh, and a-las it was she, Polly Von
POLLY VON-Peter, Paul and Mary
4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro:  Dm Asus4 (X4)

Dm          Dm7         Gm         Gm6
I shall tell of a hunter whose life was un-done
   He ran up be-side her and found it was she
   He bore her a-way to his home by the sea
   He roamed near the place where his true love was slain

Dm          Dm7         BbMA7       A7
By the cruel hand of evil at the setting of the sun
   He turned away his head for he could not bear to see
Cryin' "Father, oh father, I murdered poor Pol-ly!
   He wept bitter tears, but his cries were all in vain.

Dm          Dm7         Gm         Gm6
His arrow was loosed and it flew through the dark,
   He lifted her up and found she was dead,
   I've killed my fair love in the flower of her life!
   As he looked on the lake, a swan glided by

Dm          Dm7         Bb A7       Dm
And his true love was slain as the shaft found its mark. (Chorus)
   A fountain of tears for his true love, he shed. (Chorus)
I'd always in-tended that she be my wife." (No Chorus)
   And the sun slowly sank in the grey of the sky. (Chorus X2)

Chorus:

F                               A7
She'd her apron wrapped about her and he took her for a swan

Dm          Dm7         Bb A7       Dm
And it's oh, and a-las it was she, Polly Von