

Polly Von

Paul Clayton

All you brave huntsmen who follow the gun

Beware the shooting at the setting of the sun

For her true love went hunting and he shot in the dark

But oh, and alas Polly Von was his mark

For she had her apron rapped about her

And he took her for a swan

But oh, and alas it was she Polly Von

He ran up beside her when he found it was she

His legs grew weak and his eyes scarce could see

He embraced her in his arms when he found she was dead

And a fountain of tears for his true love he shed

For she had her apron rapped about her

And he took her for a swan

But oh and alas it was she, Polly Von

He took her in his arms and home ran he

Crying "Father dear Father I shot fair Polly, I shot that fair female in the bloom of her life, and I
always intended to make her my wife."

For she had her apron rapped about her

And I took her for a swan

But oh and alas it was she Polly Von

At midnight in his chamber Polly Von did appear crying "Jimmy dear Jimmy you have nothing
to fear, but stay in your country till your trial comes on you will not be convicted for you have
done."

For she had her apron rapped about me

And you took me for a swan

But oh and alas it was I Polly Von

In the midst of his trial Polly Von did appear crying "Uncle dear Uncle Jimmy Randall must be clear."

The judges and lawyers stood around in a row, Polly Von in the middle like a fountain of snow

For she had her apron rapped about me

And you took me for a swan

But oh and alas it was I Polly Von

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