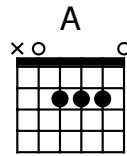
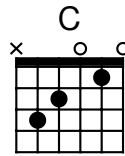
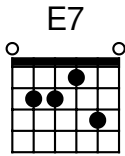
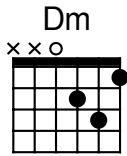
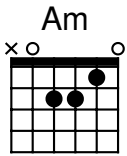


POLLY VAUGHN (an old Irish folk song)

done by Peter Paul and Mary



I shall [Am]tell of a hunter who's [Dm]life was undone
By the [Am]cruel hand of evil and the [E7]setting of the sun
His [Am]arrow was loosed and it [Dm]flew through the dark
And his [Am]true love was slain as the [E7]shaft found its [Am]mark

CHORUS: She'd her [C]apron wrapped about her and he took her for a
[E7]swan,
and [Am]oh and alas it was [Am]sh--[E7]-ee Polly [A]Vaughn

He [Am]ran up beside her and [Dm]found it was she
He [Am]turned away his head for he could not bear to [E7]see
As he [Am]lifted her up he [Dm]found she was dead
And a [Am]fountain of tears for his true [E7]love he [Am]shed

CHORUS: She'd her [C]apron wrapped about her and he took her for a
[E7]swan,
and [Am]oh and alas it was [Am]sh--[E7]-ee Polly [A]Vaughn

He [Am]bore her away to his [Dm]home by the sea
Crying [Am]father, oh father I've murdered poor [E7]Polly
I've [Am]killed my sweet love in the [Dm]flower of her life
I'd [Am]always intended that she'd [E7]be my [Am]wife

CHORUS: She'd her [C]apron wrapped about her and he took her for a
[E7]swan,
and [Am]oh and alas it was [Am]sh--[E7]-ee Polly [A]Vaughn

He [Am]roamed near the place where his [Dm]true love was slain
He [Am]wept bitter tears, but his cries were all in [E7]vain
As he [Am]looked to the lake, a [Dm]swan glided by
And the [Am]sun slowly sank in the gray [E7]of the [A]sky

CHORUS: She'd her [C]apron wrapped about her and he took her for a
[E7]swan,
and [Am]oh and alas it was [Am]sh--[E7]-ee Polly [A]Vaughn