

Polly Vaughan

One midsummer's evening the sun being gone down
Young Polly went a-walking by the side of a pond
She sat under a shady tree a shower for to shun
With her apron wrapped around her as white as a swan

Young William went a-hunting with his dog & his gun
Young William went a-hunting as the evening came on
Down among those green rushes as the evening came on
Young William shot his true love in the room of a swan

He throwed down his gun and away he did run
Crying Father dear father, can you believe what I've done
Down among those green rushes as the evening came on
I shot my own true love in the room of a swan

Stay at home my dearest William till your trial do come on
That you may not be banished to some foreign land
On the day of your trial your father will appear
With fifty bright guineas if that will you clear

On the day of his trial young Polly did appear
Crying People oh people let William go clear
With my apron wrapped around my head as the evening
came on
He shot his own true love in the room of a swan