

## Polly Vaughan

Anne Briggs

come all you young fellows that handle a gun  
beware you shoot as the nights drawing on  
young jimmy met his true love  
mistook her for a swan  
and he shot her and killed her  
by the setting of the sun

then home ran young jimmy  
with his dog and his gun  
crying uncle oh uncle  
have you heard what I've done  
I met my own true love  
mistook her for a swan  
and now I've shot her and killed her  
by the setting of the sun

so out runs jimmy's uncle  
with his locks hanging gray  
crying jimmy oh dear jimmy  
don't you run away  
don't your own country  
till the trial do come on  
sure they never will hang you  
for the shooting of a swan

all of this country  
are glad we know  
to see young polly vaughan  
brought down so low  
and you can take all them cruel girls  
and set them in a row  
and her beauty would outshine 'em  
like a fountain of snow  
and her beauty would outshine 'em  
like a fountain of snow