

## High Germany

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Oh Polly, love, oh Polly, the rout has now begun  
And we must go a-marching at the beating of the drum  
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me  
I'll take you to the war, me love, in high Germany

Oh Willy, love, oh Willy, come list what I do say  
My feet they are so tender, I cannot march away  
And besides, my dearest Willy, I am with child by thee  
Not fitted for the war, me love, in high Germany

I'll buy for you a horse, me love, and on it you shall ride  
And all my delight shall be it, riding by your side  
We'll stop at every alehouse and drink when we are dry  
We'll be true to one another, get married bye and bye

Oh, cursed be them cruel wars that ever they should rise  
And out of merry England press many a man likewise  
They pressed my true love from me, likewise my brothers three  
And sent them to the wars, me love, in high Germany

My friends I do not value nor my foes I do not fear  
Now my love has left me I wander far and near  
And when my baby it is born and smiling on my knee  
I'll think of lovely Willy in High Germany

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