

High Germany



'Oh, Pol - ly dear Pol - ly the rout is now be - gun And we must march a way to the beat - ing of the drum Come dress your self up in your best and come and go with me And I'll take you to the wars, love, in high Ger - man - y.

2. [I'll buy for you a pony, love, and on it you will ride
And all of my delights will be a-riding by your side.]
We'll call at every alehouse and drink when we are dry
And we'll keep up on the road, love, and marry by and by.'
3. 'Oh Billy, oh Billy, you mind what I do say
My feet they are so tender, I cannot march away
Likewise my dearest Billy, I am in child by thee
I'm not fitting for the wars, love, in High Germany.
4. [My friends I do not value, my foes I do not fear
But since my love has left me I wander far and near.]
But when my baby it is born and smiling on my knee
I shall always think on Billy in High Germany.
5. Oh cursed be those wars, would they never have begun
And out of old England press many a brave man.
They took my Billy from me, likewise my brothers three
And they sent them to the wars, love, in High Germany.

Source: Sung by George "Daddy" Lane, Winchcombe. Collected by Percy Grainger on 8 April 1908.