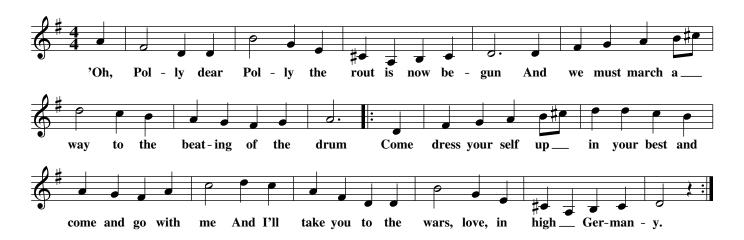
## High Germany



- [2 lines missing]
   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. [2 lines missing]
  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.

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