

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. [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.