HIGH GERMANY

Oh Polly love, oh Polly, the rout has now begun,
And we must march away to the beating of the drum,
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me,
I’ll take you to the wars, my love, in High Germany.

Oh Billy, love oh Billy, come list what I do say,
My feet they are so tender, I cannot march away,
And besides my dearest Billy, I am with child by thee,
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany ?

I’ll buy for you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride,
And all my heart’s delight shall be in riding by your side,
We’ll call at every ale house, and drink when we are dry,
Go quickly on the road, my love, we’ll marry by and by.

Oh cursed were the cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England pass many a lad likewise,
They pressed young Billy from me, likewise my brothers three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.