

Martin Carthy, High Germany

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

I'll buy for you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride
And all my delight shall be a-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 by and by.

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 war, my 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 a-smiling on my knee
I'll think on lovely Willy in High Germany.

(repeat first verse)