

High Germany

The Pentangle

Oh Polly love oh Polly the rout is now begun
And we must march away at the beating of the drum
Go dress yourself in all your best and go along with me
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.

I fear the treacherous journey bitter cold and burning
heat
Rough roads and stony mountains they will wound my
tender feet
To your kinsmen I might prove untrue if from them I do
go
For maids must bide at their parents' side while the
men do face the foe.

I'll buy for you a horse my love and on it you will
ride
Then all of my contentment will be riding at my side
We'll stop at every ale house and drink when we are dry
So quickly on the road my love we'll marry by and by.

Oh Billy love oh Billy now mind what I do say
My feet they are so tired I cannot go away
Besides my dearest Billy I am with child by thee
Not fitting for the cruel wars in High Germany.

Oh Polly love oh Polly I love you very well
There are few in any place my Polly can excel
And when your babe is born and sits smiling on your
knee
You will think on your Billy that's in High Germany.

Oh cursed be the cruel wars that ever they began
For they have pressed my Billy and many a clever man
For they have pressed my Billy likewise my brothers
three
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.