

## Pentangle

### "High Germany"

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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.

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