

Strawbs

"Higher Germanie"

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strawbs - Higher Germanie

Polly, dearest Polly
The war is now begun
And I must ride away
At the beating of the drum
Come dress yourself
All in your best
Come go along with me
I will take you
To the cruel wars
In Higher Germanie

Oh Harry, dearest Harry
Mind what I do say
My feet they are so tired
I cannot go away
Besides, my dearest Harry
Though I'm in love with thee
I am not fit for cruel wars
In Higher Germanie

I'll buy for you a horse, my love
And on it you shall ride
And all of my contentment
Shall be rarching by your side
We'll stop at every alehouse
And drink when we are dry
So quickly on the road, my love
We will marry by and by

Oh cursed be those cruel wars
That ever they should rise
And out of Merry England
Take many a lad likewise
They took my dearest Harry
Also his brothers three
And sent them to the cruel wars
In Higher Germanie

