

High Germany

The Dubliners

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

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

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 wars, me 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 smiling on my knee
I'll think of lovely Willy in High Germany

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