

High Germany

O Pol - ly, love, O Pol - - ly, the rout has now be - gun
And we must be a - - march - ing at the beat - ing of the drum,
Go dress your - self all in your best and come a - long with me
I'll take you to the cru - el wars in High Ger - man - y

O Polly, love, O Polly, the rout has now begun
And we must be 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 cruel wars in High Germany.

O Harry, love, O Harry, you hearken what I say,
My feet are all too tender, I cannot march away,
Besides, my dearest Harry, though man and wife we be,
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany?

O cursed are the cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise,
They pressed my Harry from me, as all my brothers three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.