MY FEET THEY ARE SO TENDER

The historical setting of this ballad is most likely either the <u>War of the Spanish Succession</u> (1701-1714) or the <u>Seven Years War</u> (1756-1763). High Germany refers to the mountainous, Alpine southern part of Germany. Cecil Sharp collected a version of this song in 1906, and it was actually recorded on phonograph by Percy Grainger in 1908. You can hear the great English folksinger Martin Carthy perform this song at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S59lpPAu2iM, or at https://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/AudioArchives. If you want to play along with Martin, Capo IV. Otherwise, move the capo up or down to suit your voice range.

HIGH GERMANY

Am	С	G	Am
"Oh Polly lov	e, oh Polly, t	he rout has nov	v begun,
Am	С	G	Am
And we mus	t go a-marchi	ing to the beatir	ng of the drum.
Am	С		G
Go dress you	urself all in yo	our best and co	me along with me;
Am	С	G	Am
I'll take you t	o the war, my	/ 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, my love, in High Germany."

"I'll buy for you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride And all my delight shall be a-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 by and by."

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 war, my 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 a-smiling on my knee I'll think on lovely Willy in High Germany.

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