

Wars of Germany (High Germany) traditional

D $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A
Oh, woe be to the orders that marched my love away
 $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#m^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A
And woe be to the bitter tears, I shed upon this day
 $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#m^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bm^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C^{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$
And woe be to the bloody wars of High Germany
 D $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Em7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $A^{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $A^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Em7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $A^{(\frac{1}{4})}$
For they carried off my own true love, left a broken heart to me

The drums begin the mournin', afore the break of day
And the wee, wee fifes play loud and shrill while yet the morn was gray
And the bonny flags were a' unfurled 'twas a gallant sight to see
But sorrow for my soldier lad who marched to Germany

Long, long is the traveling to the bonny pier of Lieth
And bleak it was to gang there with a snowstorm in your teeth
And aye, the wind blew sharp and strong and a tear rose in my eyne
I gang there to see my love embark for Germany

As I gazed over the cruel, cruel sea for as long as could be seen
The wee small sails upon the ship my own true love was in
And aye, the wind blew sharp and strong and the ship sailed speedily
Cruel the raging wars have torn my bonny boy from me

Woe be to the orders that took my love away
And woe be to the cruel cause that bid my tears to fall
Woe be to the bloody wars of high Germany
They have taken my love and left a broken heart to me

Oh Colleen, love, oh Colleen, love, the rout has now begun
And I must go a marching, to the beating of a drum
Come dress yourself in all your best and come along with me
And I'll take you to the wars, me love, in High Germany

I'll buy for you a horse, my love, and on it you will ride
And all of my delight will be in riding by your side
We'll stop at every ale-house, and drink when we are dry
We'll be true to one another and get married by and by.

Oh cursed be those cruel wars that ever did they rise
And out of merry England, pass many a man likewise;
They took my true love from me, likewise my brothers three
And sent them to the wars m'love in High Germany.

My friends I do not value and my foes I do not fear
For now my fine love's left me and wanders far and near
But when my baby it is born and smiling on my knee
I'll think of handsome Willie in High Germany.