

High Germany

Trad. (ireland)

$\text{♩} = 200$

Em G Am Em G G C G Em

9 G Bm G Am Em G Am Em

Chorus:

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 your self all in your best and come along with me
And I'll take you to the wars, me love, in High Germany.

Oh Willie, love, oh Willie, come list what I do say:
My feet they are so tender, I can not march away
And besides, my dearest Willie, I am with child be thee
Not fitted for 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.

Chorus