

High Germany

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Em G Am Em G G C G Em

G Bm G Am Em G Am Em

Chorus:

Oh Colleen, love, oh Colleen love 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 tre to one another and get married by and by.

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

My friends I do not vale 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