

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## HIGH GERMANY

cho: 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.

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 nmarried 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.