

Wars Of Germany

Judy Collins

Oh, woe be to the orders
That marched my love away
And woe be to the bitter tears
I shed upon this day

And woe be to the bloody wars
Of high Germany
For they've carried off my own true love
Left a broken heart to bleed

The drums beat in the morning
Before the break of day
And the wee, wee pipes played loud and shrill
While yet the morn was gray

And the bonnie flags were all unfurled
Was a gallant sight to see
But sorrow for my soldier lad
Who marched to Germany

Oh, woe be to the orders
That marched my love away
And woe be to the bitter tears
I shed upon this day

And woe be to the country
Where our men are forced to be
And woe be to the foreign wars
That stole my love from me