

# 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

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