

# High Germany

## Cherish The Ladies

Woe be to the orders  
That took my love away  
And woe be to the cruel cause  
That bid my tears to fall  
Woe be to the bloody wars of high Germany  
They have taken my love and left a broken heart to me

The drum beat in the morning  
Before the break of day  
The small wee fife played loud and clear  
While yet the morn was gray  
And aye, the bonny flag unfurled  
’Twas a gallant sight to see  
Woe to me, my soldier lad was marched to Germany

Long, long is the traveling  
To the bonny pier of Lieth  
And bleak it was to gang there  
With a snowstorm in your teeth  
And aye, the wind blew sharp and strong  
And a tear rose in my eyne  
I gang there to see my love embark for Germany

As I gazed over the cruel, cruel sea  
For as long as could be seen  
The wee small sails upon the ship  
My own true love was in  
And aye, the wind blew sharp and strong  
And the ship sailed speedily  
Cruel the raging wars have torn my bonny boy from me

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