High Germany

The Waxies

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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