

I Wish That The Wars Were All Over



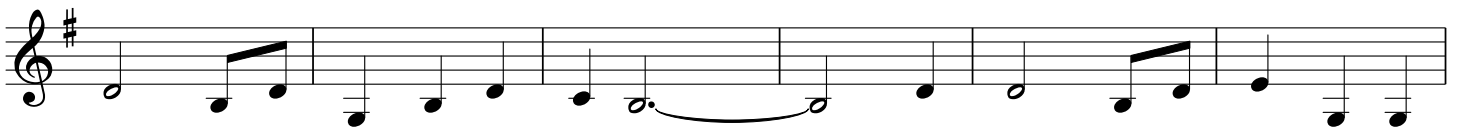
In the mea-dow one morn-ing when pear - ly with dew A fair pret - ty
 I'll - pluck the red rob - in so jaun - ty and gay. Well I had my
 Ten - thou-sand of blue-bells now wel-come the spring Oh when will the



maid - en she plucked vio - lets blue, And I heard a clear voice mak - ing
 rob - in but he flew far a - way. His little jack - et was red and his
 church bells of this vic - tory ring When will our sold - iers re - turn, - when



all the woods ring My love he's in Flan - ders to fight for the king. How I
 cheeks as the rose How he sings of his girl as to ba - ttle he goes. How I
 will we re - joice And when will I wed to the love of my choice How I



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