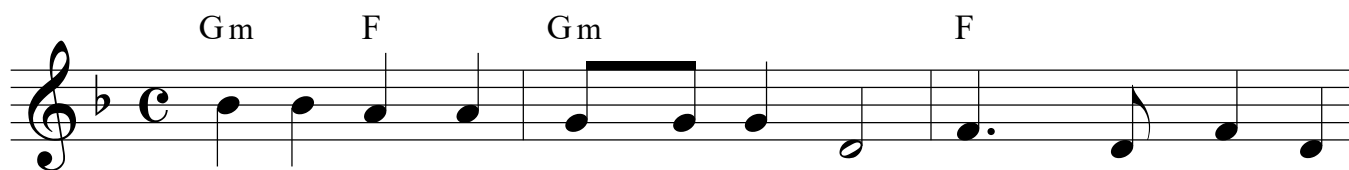
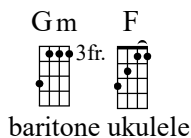
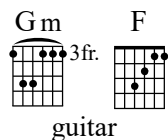
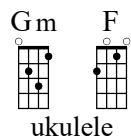
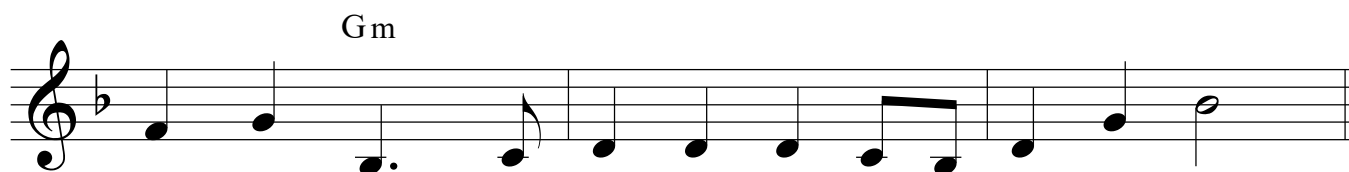


# Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier

Traditional



Here I sit on But - ter-milk Hill, Who could blame me  
Me, oh my, I loved \_\_\_ him so, Broke my heart to  
Sell my flax, I'll sell \_\_\_ my wheel, Buy my love a  
Dye my petti-coats crim - son red. Through the world I'll



cry my fill, And ev - 'ry tear would turn a mill,  
see him go, And on - ly time will \_\_\_ heal my woe.  
sword of steel So it in bat - tle \_\_\_ he may wield.  
beg my bread To find my love a - live or dead.



John-ny has gone for a sol - dier.

This song has been performed by  
male artists by changing the lyrics to:  
"There she sits on Buttermilk Hill,  
Who could blame her cry her fill . . ." etc.