Johnny Is Gone For A Soldier - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Johnny is Gone for a Soldier

I'll trace these gardens o'er and o'er,
Meditate on each sweet flower,
Thinking of each happy hour-
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.

Chorus.
Shool, shool, shool, agrah!
Time can only ease my woe,
Since the lad of my heart from me did go,
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.

Some say my love is gone to France,
There his fortune to advance,
And if I find him it's but a chance-
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.-Chorus.

I'll sell my frock, I'll sell my wheel,
I'll buy my love a sword of steel.
So in the battle he may reel-
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.-Chorus.

I wish I was on yonder hill,
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill,
So every tear may turn a mill-
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.-Chorus.

I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,
All over the world I'll beg my bread,
So my parents may think me dead-
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.-Chorus.