

# Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier

American Revolutionary War



1. Here I sit on But-ter-nut Hill, Who could blame me cry my fill? And  
3. (I'll) sell my rod, I'll sell my reel, Like - wise sell my ,spin -ning wheel, And

Piano



ev' - ry drop would turn a mill, John-ny has gone for a sol - dier.  
buy my love a sword of steel, John-ny has gone for a sol - dier. 4. I'll

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2. Me, oh, my, I loved him so, Broke my heart to see him go. And  
 (4) dye my dress, I'll dye it red, and through the streets I'll beg my bread. I'll

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on - ly time will heal my woe, John-ny has gone for a sol - dier. 3. I'll  
 find my love a - live or dead, John-ny has gone for a sol - dier.

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