Johnnie

Chad Mitchell Trio

Album:(The Chad Mitchell Trio Collection)When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all be there,
When Johnny comes marching home.When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all be there,
When Johnny comes marching home.With drums and guns and guns and drums, hurroo, hurroo
With drums and guns and guns and drums, hurroo, hurroo
With drums and guns and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew ye,
Darling John, it's been so long,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.Tis glad I am to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
Tis glad I am to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
Tis glad I am to see ye home
My darling John, so pale and worn
So low in check, so high in bone
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all be there,
When Johnny comes marching home.Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild
When my poor heart you first beguiled
Why did ye run from me and the child
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,

Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all be there,
When Johnny comes marching home.Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run
When first you went to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.Ye haven't an arm, and ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, and ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, and ye haven't a leg
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
And Ye'll have to put with a bowl to beg
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all be there,
When Johnny comes marching home

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