

With You My Johnny

The Kingston Trio

Oh, do you know my Johnny, he is down in yonder lea?
He's sneakin' 'round and creepin' and he's, aye, watchin' me
He's pullin' and he's teasin' but his meanin's not so bad
If it's ever going to be, tell me now, Johnny lad

Tell me now, my Johnny laddie, tell me now, my Johnny lad
If it's ever going to be, tell me now Johnny lad

When the sheep are in the fold and the cows are in the byre
And other lads and lasses sittin' 'round a-roarin' fire
There's me, a silly lassie, just as like as if I's mad
Through the nooks and barley stooks, teasin' you, Johnny lad

Teasin' you, my Johnny laddie, teasin' you, my Johnny lad
Through the nooks and barley stooks, teasin' you, Johnny lad

Oh, Johnny's blythe and bonnie, he's the pride o' yonder lea
And I love him best of any though he's, aye, teasin' me
Though he teases me and squeezes me and tickles me like mad
None comes near me that can cheer me like my own Johnny lad

And it's you, my Johnny laddie, aye, it's you, my Johnny lad
None comes near me that can cheer me like my own Johnny lad

Oh, my Johnny's not a gentleman nor yet is he a laird
But I would follow Johnny lad, although he was a card
Oh, Johnny is a bonnie lad, he was once a lad of mine
And I've never had a better lad fthough I've had twenty-nine

And with you, my Johnny laddie and with you, my Johnny lad, oh
I'll dance the buckles of my shoes with you, Johnny lad
And with you, my Johnny laddie and with you, my Johnny lad, oh
I'll dance the buckles of my shoes with you, Johnny lad