

**Buttermilk Hill**

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Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill  
Who can blame me, cryin' my fill  
And ev'ry tear would turn a mill,  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Me, oh my, I loved him so,  
Broke my heart to see him go,  
And only time will heal my woe,  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll sell my rod, I'll sell my reel,  
Likewise I'll sell my spinning wheel,  
And buy my love a sword of steel,  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,  
And through the streets I'll beg for bread,  
For the lad that I love from me has fled,  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Recorded by Ives et. al.