

Johnny, Get Your Gun - song lyrics

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JOHNNY, GET YOUR GUN.

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One evenin' in de month of May,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
I met old Peter on de way,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun;
Moses wept and Abram cried,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Satan's coming, don't you hide,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.

Refrain.

Johnny, get your gun, get your gun to-day,
Pigeons a-flyin' all de way;
If you want to get to heaven in de good old way,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.

Chorus.

Rolling on, rolling on to glory, children,
Rolling on, Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.

Oh, now, good children, do yo' best,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
And button on your golden vest,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun;
Tell your uncles and your aunts,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Fetch along their linen pants,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.-Refrain and Chorus.

The way am rough wid briar roots,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
We'll shoot ole Satan 'fore he scoots,
Johnny', get your gun, get your gun;
When you hear de rascal yell,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Aim your musket, give him-well,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.-Refrain and Chorus.

I looked ole Satan in de eye,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Said he, "I'll want you by-an'-by,"
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun;
Fetch me up an alderman,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Put him in my frying pan,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.-Refrain and Chorus.