

The Cruel War Is Raging

G C D7
 The cruel war is raging and Johnny has to fight,
 G C D7 G
 I want to be with him from morning till night.
 G C D7
 I want to be with him, it grieves my heart so,
 G C D7 G
 Oh, let me go with you; no, my love, no.

I'd go to your captain, get down upon my knees,
 Ten thousand gold guineas I would give for your release;
 Ten thousand gold guineas, it grieves my heart so,
 Won't you let me go with you ?—no, my love, no.

Tomorrow is Sunday and Monday is the day
 Your captain calls for you and you must obey;
 Your captain calls for you, it grieves my heart so,
 Won't you let me go with you ?—no, my love, no.

Your waist is too slender, your fingers are too small,
 Your cheeks are too rosy to face the cannon ball;
 Your cheeks are too rosy, it grieves my heart so,
 Won't you let me go with you ?—no, my love, no.

Johnny, oh Johnny, I think you are unkind,
 I love you far better than all other mankind;
 I love you far better than tongue can express,
 Won't you let me go with you ?—yes, my love, yes.

I'll roach back my hair, men's clothing I'll put on,
 I'll pass for your comrade as we march along;
 I'll pass for your comrade and none can ever guess,
 Won't you let me go with you ?—yes, my love, yes.