

Weavers, The

"Buttermilk Hill"

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Here I sit on Buttermilk hill
Who can play me, cry my fill
And every tear and turn of milk
Johnny is gone for a soldier
I sold my rock, I sold my reel
I even sold my spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Behold my, I loved him so
Broke my heart to see him go
And only time can heal my wound
Johnny is gone for a soldier
Here I sit on Buttermilk hill
Who can play me, cry my fill
And every tear and turn of milk
Johnny is gone for a soldier

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