

Fred Darian

"Johnny Willow"

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Johnny Willow was a soldier
In the U.S. Infantry
And they sent him
Off to battle in 1943

Now Johnny had a girl back home
Her name was Jenny May
And he made a solemn promise
That he'd write to her each day

Was early Monday morning
And the sun began to shine
And Johnny thought he'd rest a while
And drop his girl a line

He took his pen and began to write
My dearest darling, May
And a shot rang out and he turned around
And he heard somebody say

The enemy's coming up the hill
There's a thousand if there's one
A meaner bunch you've never seen
Come on, we better run

But Johnny jumped out to his feet
He held the letter tight
Come on, you dog faced soldiers
We're gonna stay and fight

Well, he dropped his pen
And he grabbed his gun
And he said, I'll show you
How to get them on the run

Then he started in a-running
And a-shooting down the hill
Come on, you men, just fire at will

I'm gonna keep the promise
That I made to Jenny May
You can bet I'll finish this letter

And I'll finish it today

Well, the bullets were a-coming
From as far as you could see
The hill was alive with the charging

But Johnny kept a-shooting
A a-yelling just the same
The more he kept a-shooting
Well, the more and more they came

Then he looked down at the letter
Still held in his hand
And he said, we won't move back an inch
We're gonna make a stand

Well, he looked around
And his heart did pound
When he saw his regiment holding ground

Old Glory was a-flying
And a-waving in the breeze
Ain't never been an enemy
To bring her to her knees

And we ain't gonna let it happen
Not now or ever more
Besides, I got a letter to write
And mail it out by four

Well, the cannon was a-booming
And the mortars were a-zooming
And it looked the 4th of July

And the hill was a-burning
But the battle was turning
Cause I heard Johnny yell
It's do or die

Now the regiment stepped forward
Some hung their heads to pray
Then Johnny held his gun up high
And the charge was on it's way

Well, they ran down the hill
Just a-shooting and a-yelling
And mowing down the enemy
As fast as I'm a-telling

Like a river over rapids
Just a-flowing and a-going

While a drummer was a-drumming
And a bugle was a-blowing

Til the enemy was defeated
And they ran with all their might
From the brave young men
With a letter in his hand
And a carbine in his right

Well, Johnny is a hero
Johnny is a hero
The regiment did claim
Cause he led the way
And he saved the day
And he won for him, this fame

Of a soldier without equal
In the U.S. Infantry
And it's men like Johnny Willow
That keep our country free

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