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## The Kingston Trio "With You, My Johnny"

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Dave GuardNick ReynoldsBob Shane Oh, do you know my Johnny, he is down in yonder lea? He's sneakin' 'round and creepin' and he's, aye, watchin' me. He's pullin' and he's teasin' but his meanin's not so bad. If it's ever going to be, tell me now, Johnny lad. Tell me now, my Johnny laddie, tell me now, my Johnny lad. If it's ever going to be, tell me now Johnny lad. When the sheep are in the fold and the cows are in the byre and other lads and lasses sittin' 'round a-roarin' fire. There's me, a silly lassie, just as like as if I's mad, through the nooks and barley stooks, teasin' you, Johnny lad. Teasin' you, my Johnny laddie, teasin' you, my Johnny lad. Through the nooks and barley stooks, teasin' you, Johnny lad. Oh, Johnny's blythe and bonnie. He's the pride o' yonder lea and I love him best of any though he's, aye, teasin' me. Though he teases me and squeezes me and tickles me like mad. None comes near me that can cheer me like my own Johnny lad. And it's you, my Johnny laddie, aye, it's you, my Johnny lad. None comes near me that can cheer me like my own Johnny lad. Oh, my Johnny's not a gentleman nor yet is he a laird but I would follow Johnny lad, although he was a card. Oh, Johnny is a bonnie lad. He was once a lad of mine and I've never had a better lad though I've had twenty-nine. And with you, my Johnny laddie, and with you, my Johnny lad, oh, I'll dance the buckles of my shoes with you, Johnny lad. And with you, my Johnny laddie, and with you, my Johnny lad, oh, I'll dance the buckles of my shoes with you, Johnny lad.

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