

Kingston Trio, The "With You My Johnny"

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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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