

Irish Song Lyrics

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Johnny has gone for a soldier
(also called "Shule Agra")

With fife and drum he marched away
He would not heed what I did say
He'll not come back for many a day
Johnny has gone for a soldier

Chorus:
Shule shule shule shule agra
Sure a sure and he loves me
When he comes back he'll marry me
Johnny has gone for a soldier

I'll go up on Portland hill
And there I'll sit and cry my fill
And every tear should turn a mill
Johnny has gone for a soldier

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
I'll sell my flax and spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
Johnny has gone for a soldier

I'll dye my petticoats crimson red
Through the world I'll beg my bread
I'll find my love alive or dead
Johnny has gone for a soldier