Buttermilk Hill

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Am     Em     Am
Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill,
C                        Am
Who can blame me, cry my fill,
    C               Am     F
And every tear will turn a mill,
Am         E          Am
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll sell my rod, I'll sell my reel,
Likewise I'll sell my spinning wheel,
And buy my love a sword of steel,
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Me, oh my, I love him so,
Broke my heart to see him go,
And only time can heal my woe,
Johnny has gone for a soldier.
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