

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

by Patrick Gilmore (whose pseudonym was Louis Lambert (1863) The song appealed to families on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line by offering hope that their sons and brothers and fathers would return safely from the combat.

Em *Em* *Bm* *Bm*
When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah! Hurrah!
Em *Em* *G* *B7*
We'll give him a hearty welcome then. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Em *D* *C* *B7*
The men will cheer and the boys will shout; the ladies they will all turn out
*Em*_(½) *D*_(½) *C*_(½) *B7*_(½) *Em*_(½) *D*_(½) *Em* *Em*
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy. Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy. Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say with roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee. Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three. Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now to place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest pleasures then display. Hurrah! hurrah!
And let each one perform some part, to fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

Johnny We Hardly Knew Yeh

Joseph B. Geoghegan

wrote this haunting song. Published in London in 1867, it used the same tune as the popular American song, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," written by Patrick Gilmore four years earlier. Gilmore's tune was not exactly original. It was based on a 17th century English ballad, "Three Ravens" (Child #26).

Em *Em* *Bm* *Bm*
While going the road to sweet Athy, Haroo! Haroo!
Em *Em* *G* *B7*
While going the road to sweet Athy, Haroo! Haroo!
Em *D* *C* *B7*
While going the road to sweet Athy, with a stick in my hand a tear in my eye,
Em(½) *D(½)* *C(½)* *B7(½)* *Em(½)* *D(½)* *Em(½)* *Em(½)* *Em* *Em*
A doleful damsel I heard cry, Johnny I hardly knew yeh.

Em *Em* *Bm* *Bm*
With drums and guns and guns and drums, Haroo! Haroo!
Em *Em* *G* *B7*
With drums and guns and guns and drums, Haroo! Haroo!
Em *D* *C* *B7*
With drums and guns and guns and drums the enemy nearly slew you,
Em(½) *D(½)* *C(½)* *B7(½)* *Em(½)* *D(½)* *Em(½)* *Em(½)*
You look so queer my darling dear, Johnny I hardly knew yeh

Where are the legs with which you run? Haroo! Haroo!
Where are the legs with which you run? Haroo! Haroo!
Where are the legs with which you run, when you went to shoulder a gun?
Indeed your dancing days are gone. Johnny I hardly knew yeh!

You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg. Haroo! Haroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg. Haroo! Haroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg; you're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg.
You'll have to be put with a bowl to beg. Johnny I hardly knew yeh!

I'm happy for to see you home Haroo! Haroo!
I'm happy for to see you home Haroo! Haroo!
I'm happy for to see you home, from the island of Sullon.
So low in the flesh so high in the bone, Johnny I hardly knew yeh!

They're rolling out their guns again. Haroo! Haroo!
They're rolling out their guns again. Haroo! Haroo!
They're rolling out their guns again, but they'll never take our sons,
No they'll never take our sons again, Johnny I hardly, knew, yeh