

My Johnny was a Shoemaker

My — John-ny was a shoe - mak - - er, and — dear - ly he loved me;

My — John-ny was a shoe - mak - - er, but — now he's gone to sea;

With — nas - - ty pitch to soil his hands,

And sail up - on the storm - - y sea —

My — John - ny was a shoe - - mak - - er.

My Johnny was a shoemaker, and dearly he loved me;
My Johnny was a shoemaker, but now he's gone to sea;
With nasty pitch to soil his hands,
And sail upon the stormy sea
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

His jacket was a deep sky blue, and curly was his hair,
His jacket was a deep sky blue, it was I do declare;
To reef the topsail now he's gone
And sail upon the stormy sea
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

And he will be a captain by and bye, with a brave and gallant crew
And he will be a captain by and bye, with a sword and spyglass too,
And when he is a captain bold,
He'll come back and marry me,
My Johnny was a shoemaker.