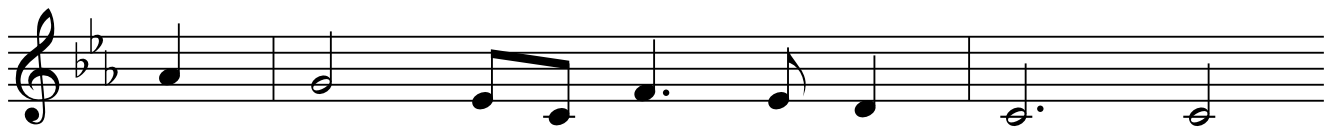



# My Johnny



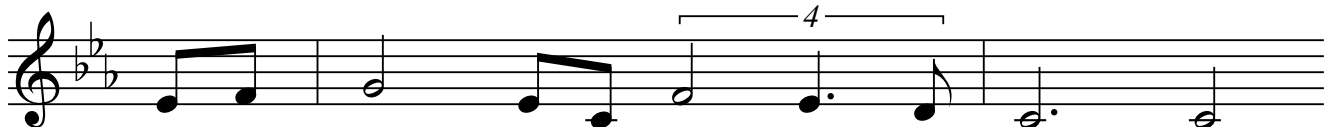
He's gone, I am now sad and lone - ly \_\_\_\_\_




He's left me to cross the deep sea \_\_\_\_\_




I know that he thinks of me on - ly \_\_\_\_\_



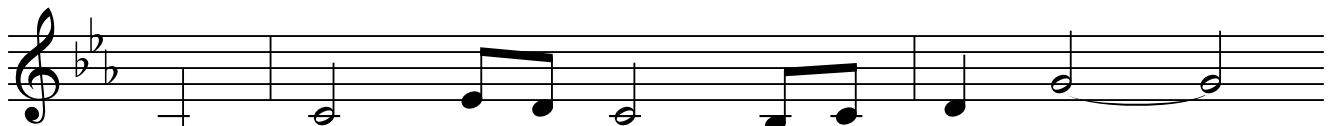
And will soon be re - turn - ing to me \_\_\_\_\_



My eyes they are filled with de - - vo - tion \_\_\_\_\_



For my hus - band he said he would be \_\_\_\_\_



Blow gent - - ly the winds of the o - cean, \_\_\_\_\_



And send back my John - - ny to me

He's gone, I am now sad and lonely  
He's left me to cross the deep sea  
I know that he thinks of me only  
And will soon be returning to me.  
My eyes they are filled with devotion  
For my husband he said he would be  
Blow gently the winds of the ocean,  
And send back my Johnny to me.

Each night as I lay on my pillow  
My bosom it heaves with a sigh,  
I think of each angry willow (? billow)  
And I'm watching the clouds in the sky.  
Some say that my love is returning  
To his own native country and me,  
So blow gently the winds of the ocean  
And send back my Johnny to me.

He's gone for his fortune to better  
I know that he's gone for my sake.  
I'll soon be receiving a letter  
Or else my poor heart it will break.  
Some say that my love is returning  
To his own native country and me,  
So blow gently the winds of the ocean  
And send back my Johnny to me.