

Johnny Come Over The Hill

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*Johnny come over the hill,
Johnny come down by the river
Johnny sit snug by the fire in the pub
While the horses trudge home with your dinner*

On a smallholding lived Johnny Webb
Johnny Richards he lived on another
Old Johnny Phillips was friends with them both
And they'd all go to market together
They'd load all their goods in a trap
They'd rattle along without fear-o
There was Johnny and Johnny and old Johnny Webb
And they called them the three musketeer-oes
(Chorus)

They'd sell off their 'tatoes and beet,
And cabbages three, four and five-o
They'd bring back the bacon and mustard and bread
And cockles alive-o, alive-o
When they'd get back to the pub
They'd send on the horses for home-o
Then settle snug by the fire in the pub
To fill up their whiskers with foam-o
(Chorus)

When the old horses got home,
They'd find the old womenfolk talking,
Standing around by their gates in the sun
Tutting and clucking and squawking
Each old woman would run
To see what the horses had brought her,
Then load up the cart with a barrel or two
And send them back down for some water
(Chorus)

In the back yard of the pub
You'd find our own three musketeer-oes
One for all and all over the place
Through blowing the foam off their beer-oes
They'd tumble about in the stream
Trying to fill up the bowsers
Then stagger off home at the end of the day,
But they'd carry more wet in their trousers.
*Johnny come over the hill,
Johnny come down by the river
Johnny sit snug by the fire in the pub
While the horses trudge home with your dinner*