

Young Johnny's Gone to fight Dropped D Tuning Capo II
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 D C D C D
It was in the winter, cold and stark, a thick mist hid the moon
 D C D C D
The marine recoiled at the guard dog's bark and summoned his platoon
 C D C D C D
The captain said, "Get him out of his bed, his ship it sails the next night"
 D C D C D
Jenny cried in dismay as the door gave way, young Johnny's gone to fight.

In the ale house, Saturday night, the drinking had begun
The recruiting sergeant, in his fine red coat, put five guineas on the drum
Young Johnny, full of the landlord's best ale, gazed wide-eyed at the sight
Just one more drink and a kiss on the book, young Johnny's gone to fight

The crackling radio tells the news, Lord Kitchener gives the shout
The nation's youth must now enlist its enemies to rout
Fifteen years old, barely a man, his mother's fears he'll spite
He's off and answered the nation's call, young Johnny's gone to fight.

Religious bigotry simmers beneath a thin veneer of calm
But Paddy and Billy are secretly planning each other's foes to harm
Young Johnny's papers arrive the next day, in South Armagh he'll alight
Pig-in-the-middle, despised by both sides, young Johnny's gone to fight

But have we learned our lessons yet? The wars roll on and on
John the marine, all callow and keen, is off to join the throng
Put his life on the line as a roadside mine sees his life blood slip away
Young Johnny our man, in Afghanistan, is coming home today.