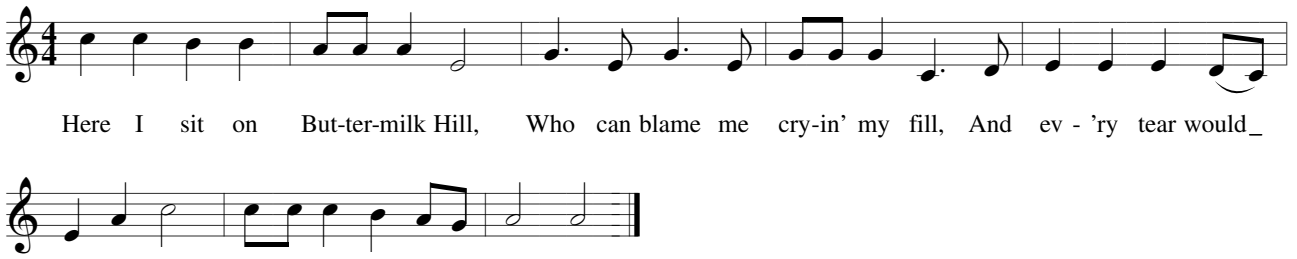
Here I sit on But-ter-milk Hill, Who can blame me cry-in' my fill, And ev - 'ry tear would_
turn a mill, John-ny has gone for a sol - dier.