

# Horo Johnny

trad

3

Am G

Ho - ro John - ny won't you come home soon

Win - ter is com - ing and I'm all a - lone \_\_\_\_\_ A

5

Am G

Can - dle is burn - ing in my win - dow love and the

7

Am G Am

Wild geese they are go - ing home. \_\_\_\_\_

A young man's love is something to behold, First it burns, and then it soon grows cold.  
He'll whisper in the moonlight, and your hand he'll hold, Then he'll vanish with the morning dew

He'll court you in the meadow in the summertime, When first you love, 'tis the sweetest time  
He'll promise a golden ring, and then one day, He'll vanish with the morning dew.

You'll be waiting by the window in a lonely room, Listen for his footsteps, he'll be coming soon,  
You're heart it will be breaking by the early dawn, For he'll vanish with the morning dew.

So come all you young men who are in your prime, A young maiden's love is like the rarest wine.  
When first you taste it, 'tis the golden time, Sweeter than the morning dew.