

care for them, you know. Leave the corn up - on the stalk, John, The fruit up - on the
 coun - try's off - 'ring still. Would I shame the brave old blood, John, That flow'd on Mon-mouth
 work'd them with great care. A rose in ev - 'ry corner, John, And here's my name you

tree, And all our lit - tle stores, John, Yes, leave them all to
 plain? No, take your gun and go, John, Tho' I ne'er see you a -
 sec, On the cold ground they'll warm - er feel, Be - cause they're made by

CHORUS.

Alto.
 me. gain. Then take your gun and go, Yes, take your gun and go, For
 me.

Alto.
 Then take your gun and go, Yes, take your gun and go, For

Tenor.
 Then take your gun and go, Yes, take your gun and go, For

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