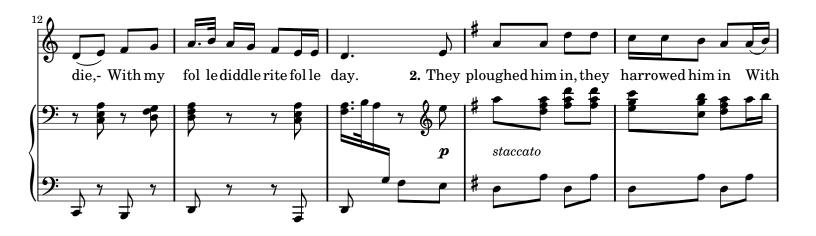
John Barleycorn

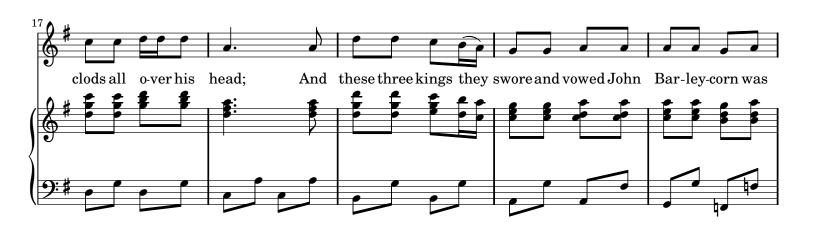
trad. (coll. G. B. Gardiner), arr. Gustav von Holst





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- There were three kings came from the North, Came from the North so high,
 They all did make a solemn vow, John Barleycorn should die,
 CHORUS. - With my fol le diddle rite fol le day.
- They ploughed him in, they harrowed him in, With clods all over his head;
 And these three kings they swore and vowed, John Barleycorn was dead,
 CHORUS. - With my &c.
- 3. There he lay sleeping in the ground,
 Till rain from heaven did fall;
 Then Barleycorn sprung up his head,
 And so amazed them all,
 CHORUS. With my &c.
- 4. There he remained till midsummer,
 And looked both pale and wan;
 Then Barleycorn he got a beard,
 And he became a man,
 CHORUS. With my &c.

- 5. Then they sent men with scythes so sharp
 To cut him off at knee;And then poor little Barleycorn,
 They served him barbarously,CHORUS. With my &c.
- 6. Then they sent men with pitchforks strong
 To pierce him through the heart;And like a dreadful tragedy,
 They bound him to a cart,CHORUS. With my &c.
- 7. They hir-ed men with crab-tree sticks,
 And whipped him skin from bone;
 The miller served him worse than that,
 And ground him 'twixt two stones,
 CHORUS. With my &c.
- 8. O! Barleycorn's the choicest grain
 That ever was sown on land;
 It will do more than any grain,
 By the turning of your hand,
 CHORUS. With my &c.