

# John Barleycorn

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

*Moderato maestoso.*

1. There were three kings came

6

from the North, Came from the North so high; They all did make a solemn vow, John Barleycorn should

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die,- With my fol le diddle rite fol le day. 2. They ploughed him in, they harrowed him in With

17

clods all o-ver his head; And these three kings they swore and vowed John Bar-ley-corn was

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dead, With my fol le diddle rite fol le day. 3. There

1. 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.

2. 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.