John Barleycorn





- 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.