John Barleycorn


1. There were three kings came
from the North, Came from the North so high; They all did make a so-lern vow, John
Barleycorn should die,— 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

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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.