John Barleycorn


Moderato maestoso.

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.

Barleycorn should die— With my fol le did-dle 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

Mutopia Project
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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.