

John Barleycorn

Steeleye Span

They have laid him in three furrows deep
Laid clods upon his head
Then these three men made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn was dead, John Barleycorn was dead
They have let him lie for a very long time
Till the rain from heaven did fall
Then little Sir John sprang up his head
And he did amaze them all, he did amaze them all
They let him stand till the midsummer day
Till he looked both pale and wan
Then little Sir John he grew a long beard
And he so became a man, he so became a man
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Sing fa, la, la, lay, oh
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Fa, la, la, la, lay, oh
So they have hired the men with the scythes so sharp
To cut him off at the knee
And they rolled him and they tied him around the waist
They've served him barbarously, they have served barbarously
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Sing fa, la, la, lay, oh
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Singing fa, la, la, lay, oh
And they have the hired men with the crab-tree sticks
To cut him skin from bone
And the miller he has served him worse than that
He's ground him between two stones, he's ground him between two stones
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Sing fa, la, la, lay, oh
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Singing fa, la, la, lay, oh
And they have wheeled him here, and they have wheeled him there
They've wheeled him to a barn
And then they have served him worse than that
They've bunged him in a vat, they've bunged him in a vat
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Sing fa, la, la, lay, oh
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Singing fa, la, la, lay, oh
And so they worked their will on John Barleycorn
But he lived to tell the tale
Now we pour him out of an old brown jug
And they call him home brewed ale, they call him home brewed ale
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Sing fa, la, la, lay, oh
Fa, la, la, la, it's a lovely day
Singing fa, la, la, lay, oh

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