

John Barleycorn

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There were three men came out of the west
Their fortunes for to try
And these three men made a solemn vow
 John Barleycorn must die
They've ploughed, they've sown, they've harrowed him in
 Threw clouds upon his head
And these three men made a solemn vow
 John Barleycorn was dead
They've let him lie for a very long time
 Till the rains from heaven did fall
 And little Sir John sprung up his head
 And so amazed them all
They've let him stand till midsummer's day
 Till he looked both pale and wan
 And little Sir John's grown a long, long beard
 And so become a man
They've hired men with the scythes so sharp
 To cut him off at the knee
They've rolled him and tied him by the way
 Serving him most barbarously

They've hired men with the sharp pitchforks
 Who pricked him to the heart
And the loader he has served him worse than that
 For he's bound him to the cart
They've wheeled him around and around the field
 Till they came unto a barn
 And there they made a solemn oath
 On poor John Barleycorn
They've hired men with the crab-tree sticks
 To cut his skin from bone
And the miller he has served him worse than that
 For he's ground him between two stones
 And little Sir John and the nut-brown bowl
 And he's brandy in the glass
 And little Sir John and the nut-brown bowl
 Proved the strongest man at last
 The huntsman, he can't hunt the fox
 Nor so loudly to blow his horn

And the tinker he can't mend kettle nor pot
Without a little Barleycorn

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