

# John Barleycorn

## Winterfylleth

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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