

John Barleycorn

Jethro Tull

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 Well, they've ploughed, they've sown, they've harrowed him in
Threw clods upon his head
Till these three men were satisfied
John Barleycorn was dead They've let him lie for a long, long time
Till the rains from heaven did fall
And little Sir John sprang up his head
And so amazed them all They let him lie till the midsummer's day
Till he looked both pale and wan, oh
Then little Sir John has grown a long long beard
And so became a man They have hired men with the scythes so sharp
To cut him off at the knee
They rolled and they tied him around the waist
Serving him most him barbarously They hired men with the sharp pitchforks
to prick him to the heart.
And the loader he has served him worse than that,
for he's bound him to the cart. Well, they've wheeled him round and round the field
Till they came onto a barn
And there they made their solemn oath
Concerning a Barleycorn They hired men with the crab tree sticks
to split him skin from bone, yeah,
but the miller he has served him worse than that
for he ground him between two stones. Well, there's beer all in the barrel and brandy in the glass
But little old Sir John with his nut-brown bowl
Proved the strongest man at last
John Barleycorn, throw him up, throw him up Now the huntsman, he can't hunt the fox
Nor loudly blow his horn
And the tinker, he can't mend his pots
Without John Barleycorn John Barleycorn, John Barleycorn
Barleycorn, Barleycorn
John Barleycorn, John Barleycorn

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