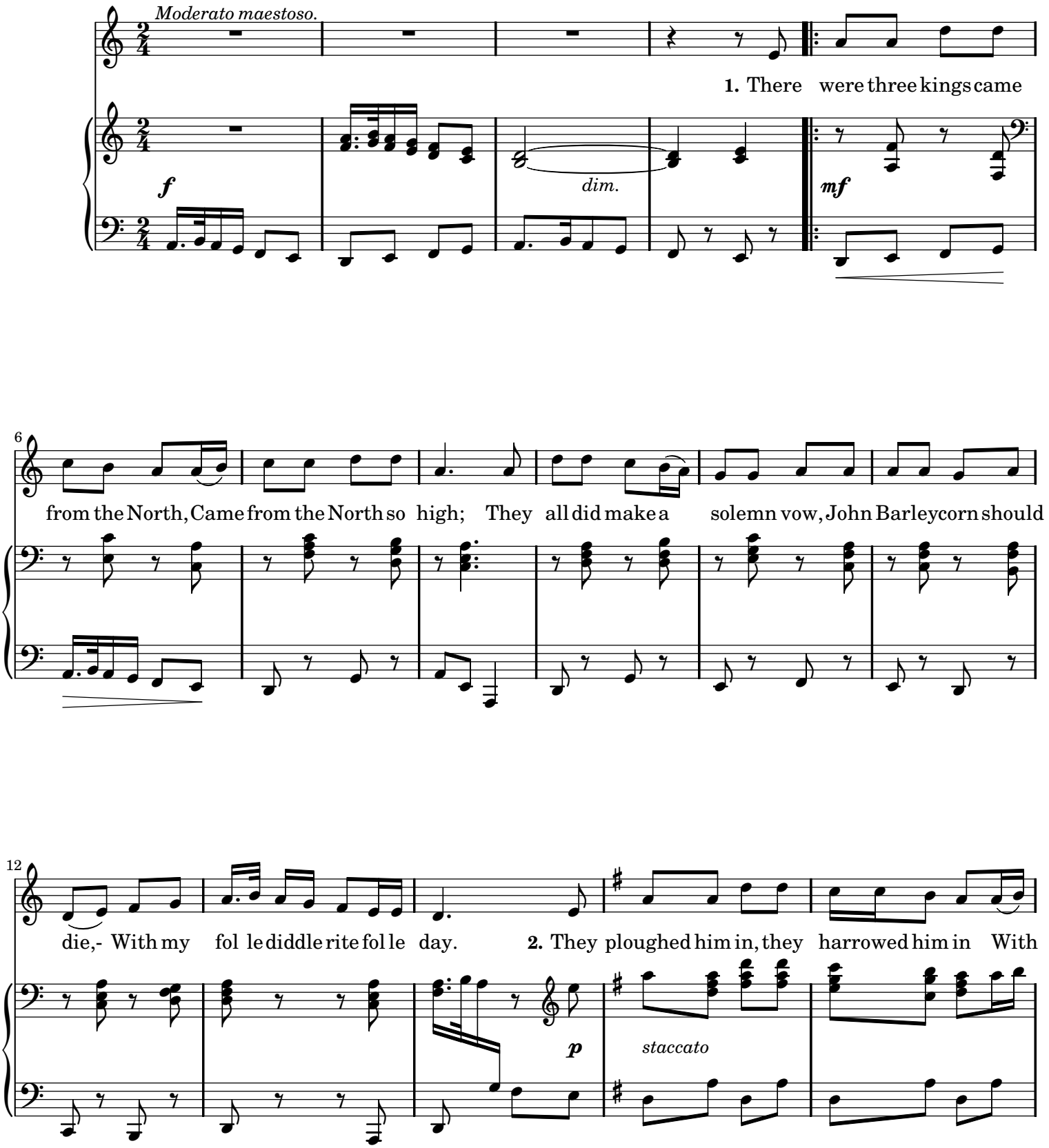
# John Barleycorn

trad. (coll. G. B. Gardiner), arr. Gustav von Holst

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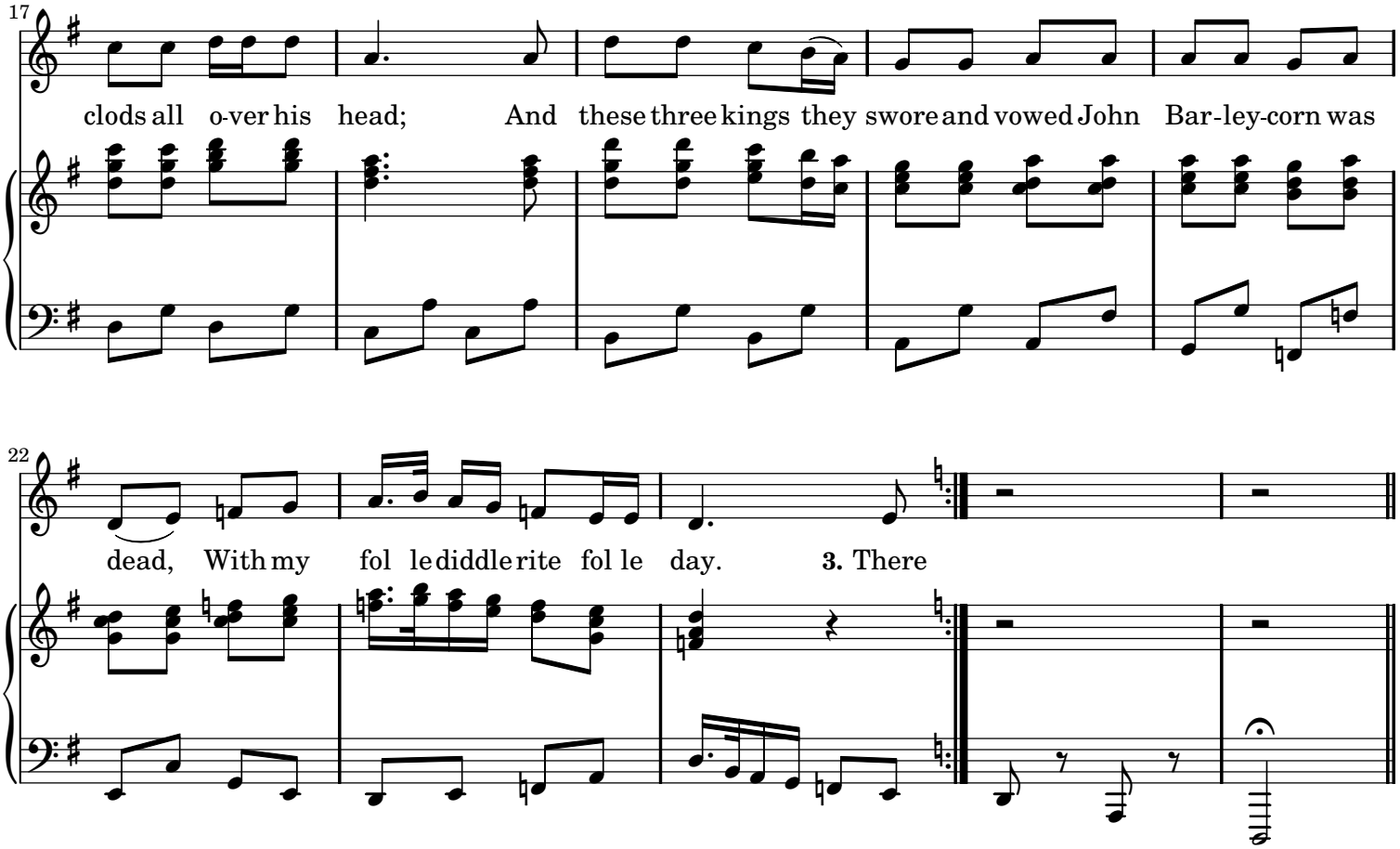


**1.** There were three kings came from the North,
Came from the North so high,
They all did make a solemn vow,
John Barleycorn should die,
*CHORUS.* - With my fol le diddle rite fol le day.

**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.

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