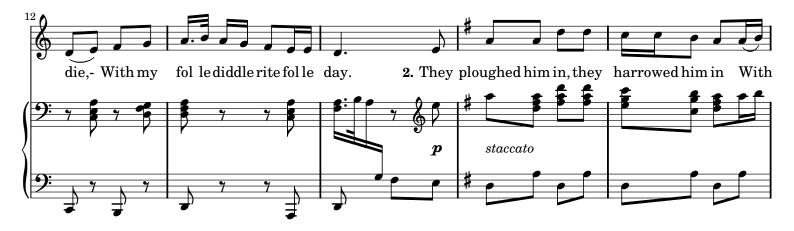
John Barleycorn

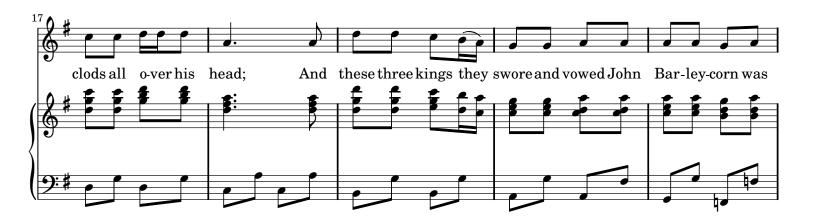
trad. (coll. G. B. Gardiner), arr. Gustav von Holst







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- 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.
- 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.
- 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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