##  JOHN BARLEYCORN

There were three men came out of the west,
Their fortunes for to try,
And these three men made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn should die.
They ploughed, they sowed, they harrowed him in,
Throwed clods upon his head,
And these three men made a solemn vow
 John Barleycorn was dead.

They let him lie for a very long time,
Till the rain from heaven did fall,
Then little Sir John sprung up his head,
And so amazed them all.
They let him stand till midsummer,
Till he looked both pale and wan,
And little Sir John he grew a long beard,
And so became a man.

They hired men with the scythes so sharp,
To cut him off at the knee,
They rolled him round and round the waist,
And served him barbarously,
They hired men with the sharp pitchforks,
Who pricked him to the heart,
And the loader he served him worse than that,
For he bound him to the cart.

They wheeled him round and round the field,
Till they came unto a barn,
And there they made a solemn mow
Of poor John Barleycorn.
They hired men with the crab-tree sticks
To cut him skin from bone,
And the miller he served him worse than that,
For he ground him between two stones.

Here’s little Sir John in a nut-brown bowl,
And brandy in a glass,
And little Sir John in the nut-brown bowl
Proved the stronger man at last,
For the huntsman he can’t hunt the fox,
Nor so loudly blow his horn,
And the tinker he can’t mend kettles or pots,
Without a little Barleycorn.