

Wyndfall

"John Barleycorn"

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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 plowed, they sowed, they harrowed him
Threw clods upon his head
Then these three men made their solemn vow;
John Barleycorn was dead

They let him lie for a long, long time
'Til the rains from heaven did fall
Then little Sir John threw up his head
And so amazed them all

They let him stand 'til a mid-summer's day
'Til he looked so pale and wan
Then little Sir John grew a long white beard
And so became a man

They hired men with scythes so sharp
To cut him off at the knee
They rolled him and tied him at the waist
Serving him most barbarously

They hired men with sharp pitch forks
To prick him through the heart
But the drover served him worse than that
For he's bound him to a cart

They wheeled him around and around the field
'Til they came into a barn
And there they made their final vow
On poor old Barleycorn

They hired men with crab tree sticks
To strip him skin from bone
But the miller has served him worst of all
For he's ground him between two stones

There's beer all in the barrel

And there's whiskey in the glass
But little Sir John of the nut-brown bone proved
The strongest man at last

Now the huntsman, he can't hunt the fox
Or loudly blow his horn
And the tinker can't mend his cobble or his horn
Without a little barleycorn

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