

## Fairport Convention "John Barleycorn"

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There were three men come out of the west, their  
fortunes for to try  
And these three men made a solemn vow, John  
Barleycorn would die  
They've ploughed, they've sown, they've harrowed,  
thrown clods upon his head  
Till these three men were satisfied John Barleycorn was  
dead

(Chorus)

There's beer all in the barrel and brandy in the glass  
But little Sir John, with his nut-brown bowl, proved the  
strongest man at last

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've let him stand till midsummer's day and he  
looks both pale and wan

Then little Sir John's grown a long long beard and so  
become a man

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

They've hired men with the sharp-edged scythes to cut  
him off at the knee

They've rolled him and tied him around the waist,  
treated him most barbarously

They've hired men with the sharp-edged forks to prick  
him to the heart

And the loader has served him worse than that for he's  
bound him to the cart

So they've wheeled him around and around the field till  
they've come unto a barn

And here they've kept their solemn word concerning  
Barleycorn

They've hired men with the crabtree sticks to split him  
skin from bone

And the miller has served him worse than that for he's  
ground him between two stones

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

And 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

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