

## Steve Wiggins

### "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 must die  
They've plowed, they've sown, they've harrowed him in  
Threw clods upon his head  
And these three men made a solemn vow  
John Barleycorn was dead

They've let him lie for a very long time, 'til the rains  
from heaven did fall  
And little Sir John sprung up his head and so amazed  
them all  
They've let him stand 'til Midsummer's Day 'til he  
looked both pale and wan  
And little Sir John's grown a long long beard and so  
become a man  
They've hired men with their scythes so sharp to cut  
him off at the knee  
They've rolled him and tied him by the way, serving  
him most barbarously  
They've hired men with their sharp pitchforks who've  
pricked him to the heart  
And the loader he has served him worse than that  
For he's bound him to the cart

They've wheeled him around and around a field 'til  
they came onto a pond  
And there they made a solemn oath on poor John  
Barleycorn  
They've hired men with their crabtree sticks to cut him  
skin from bone  
And the miller he has served him worse than that  
For he's ground him between two stones

And little Sir John and the nut brown bowl and his  
brandy in the glass  
And little Sir John and the nut brown bowl proved the  
strongest man at last  
The huntsman he can't hunt the fox nor so loudly to  
blow his horn

And the tinker he can't mend kettle or pots without a  
little barleycorn

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