

Subway To Sally

"John Barleycorn /&hellip"

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There were three farmers in the north, as they were
passing by
They swore an oath so mighty oh that Barleycorn
should die
One of them said: drown him and the other sad: hang
him high
For whoever will stick to Barleycorn a-begging he will
die

They put poor Barley into a sack an a cold an rainy day
And took him out to cornfields and buried him in the
clay
Frost and snow began to melt and dew began to fall
When Barleygrain put up his head and he soon
surprised them all

Being in the summer season and the harvest coming
on
Its the time he stands up in the field with a beard like
any man
The reaper then came with his sickle and used me
barberously
He cut me in the middle so small and he cut me above
the knee

The next came was the binder and he looked at me
with a frown
For in the middle there was a thistle which pulled his
courage down
The farmer came with his pitch fork and he pierced me
to the heart
Like a thief, a rogue or a highwayman they tied me to
the cart

The thresher came with his big flail and soon he broke
my bones
Could grieve the heart of any man to hear my sighs
and moans
The next thing that they've done to me they steeped
me in the well
They left me there for a day and night until I began to

swell

And next thing that they've done to me they dried me
in a kiln

They used me ten times worse, than that they ground
me in the mill

They used me in the kichen, they used me in the hall

Oh they used me in the parlour among the ladies all

The Barleygrain is a comical grain, it makes men sigh
and moan

For when they drink a glass or two they forget their
wives and home

The drunkard is a dirty man, he used me worst of all

He drank me up in his dirty mouth an he tumbled
against the wall

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