

## Johnstons

### "The Barleycorn"

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The Barleycorn

There were three farmes in the north  
As they were passing by  
They swore an oath a mighty oath that Barleycorn  
should die  
One of them said drown him  
And the other said hang him high  
For whoever will stick to Barleygrain a-begging that he  
will die

They put poor Barley into a sack  
On a cold and rainy day  
And brought him up to cumfield  
And buried him in the clay  
Frost and snow began to melt  
And the dew began to fall  
Then Barleygrain put up his head  
And he soon surprised them all

Being in the summerseason  
And the harvest coming on  
Is the time he stands up in the field  
With his beard like any man  
The reaper then came with his sickle  
And used me barberously  
Oh he cut me by 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  
But in the middle there was a thistle  
Which pulled his courage down  
The farmer came with his pitch fork  
And pierced me to the heart  
Like a thief, a rouge 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  
And they left me there for a day and a night  
Until I began to swell

And the next thing that they've done to me  
They dried me in the kiln  
They used me ten times worse than that  
They ground me in the mill  
They used me in the kitchen  
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  
But when they take a glass or two  
They forget their wives at home  
The drunkard is a dirty man he used me worst of all  
Oh he drank me up in his dirty mouth and he tumbled  
against the wall

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