

## Traffic

# "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 ploughed, they've sown, they've harrowed him  
in  
Threw clouds 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  
Till the rains from heaven did fall  
And little Sir John sprung up his head  
And so amazed them all

They've let him stand till midsummer's day  
Till 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 the 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 the sharp pitchforks  
Who 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 the field  
Till they came unto a barn  
And there they made a solemn oath  
On poor John Barleycorn

They've hired men with the crab-tree sticks  
To cut his 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 he's 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 nor pot  
Without a little Barleycorn

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