

Henry King  
Benjamin Arnold, Easton Nov 1906

# John Barleycorn

1085

H293. Henry King, Lyndhurst  
coll. George Gardiner June 16 1906. Roud 164

There was three kings come from the North,  
*They bu - ried him with plough the irons,*

Come from the North so his high,  
*With clods the all over his head,*

They all did they make a so - lemn vow,  
*And then they all re - joiced and said,*

John Bar - ley - corn should die.  
*John Bar - ley - corn was dead.*

**Chorus**  
With my fol - le - rid - dle rite fol - le day.

And then after a week or two,  
Rain from the skies did fall,  
John Barleycorn sprung up his head,  
And he soon surprised them all.

He growed along till Midsummer,  
And he looked both pale and wan,  
John Barleycorn got him a beard,  
And he soon became a man.

The farmer hiréd men with scythes  
To cut him off at knee,  
And then they served poor Barleycorn,  
They served him bitterly.

He hiréd men with pitchforks,  
To prick him through the heart,  
The carter served him ten times worse,  
For he bound him to a cart,

He hiréd men with crabsticks,  
To beat him skin from bone,  
The miller served him ten times worse,  
For he ground him between two stones.

Here's brandy, ale and wine, my boys,  
Here's cider in a can,  
John Barleycorn in our brown bowl,  
He'll throw the strongest man.