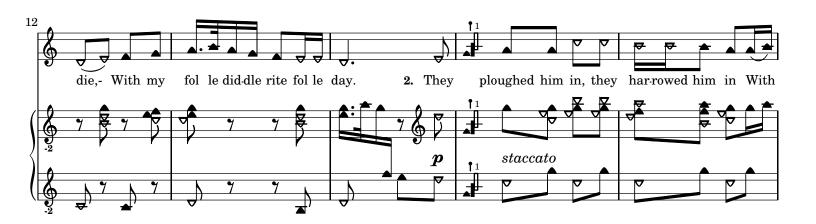
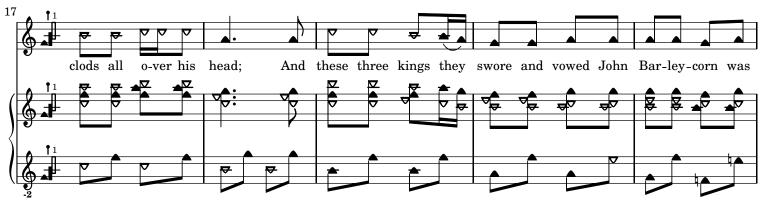
## John Barleycorn









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- There were three kings came from the North, Came from the North so high,
   They all did make a solemn vow, John Barleycorn should die,
   CHORUS. - With my fol le diddle rite fol le day.
- 2. They ploughed him in, they harrowed him in, With clods all over his head;
  And these three kings they swore and vowed, John Barleycorn was dead,
  CHORUS. With my &c.
- There he lay sleeping in the ground, Till rain from heaven did fall;
   Then Barleycorn sprung up his head, And so amazed them all,
   CHORUS. - With my &c.
- 4. There he remained till midsummer, And looked both pale and wan;Then Barleycorn he got a beard, And he became a man,CHORUS. - With my &c.

- 5. Then they sent men with scythes so sharp
   To cut him off at knee;And then poor little Barleycorn,
   They served him barbarously,CHORUS. With my &c.
- 6. Then they sent men with pitchforks strong
  To pierce him through the heart;And like a dreadful tragedy,
  They bound him to a cart,CHORUS. With my &c.
- 7. They hir-ed men with crab-tree sticks, And whipped him skin from bone; The miller served him worse than that, And ground him 'twixt two stones, CHORUS. - With my &c.
- 8. O! Barleycorn's the choicest grain
  That ever was sown on land;
  It will do more than any grain,
  By the turning of your hand,
  CHORUS. With my &c.