

John Barleycorn

1. There was three men came from the west, a scheme all for to try. And
there they made a vow and swore, John Bar - - ley - - corn should
(Chorus)
die. To me right fol lo lol, ti - ddy fol dol, to me right fol lol I
dee. And how they sar'd (i) John Bar - ley - corn, they sar'd him bi - tter - - ly.
(i) served

2. They ploughed him in a furrow deep
With clods upon his head.
And how they did rejoice and sing,
John Barleycorn is dead.
3. He laid there for a very long time
Till the rain from heaven did fall,
And Barleycorn sprung up again
And soon surprised them all.
4. They hired men with scythes so sharp
To cut him off at knee
And so they sar'd John Barleycorn
They sar'd him bitterly.
5. They hired men with picks so sharp
To stab him in the heart
And the carter sar'd him worse than that
For they bound him to a cart.
6. They hauled him round and
round the ground
Till they came to a barn
And there they made a mow of him
To keep him from all harm.
7. They hired men with crabsticks hard
To byet ["beat"] him flesh from bones
And the millard [sic]
sar'd 'n ["him"] worse than that
And 'un ground ["him" = he] 'n
between two stwuns ["stones"].

Source: Sung by Charles Phelps, 7 Council Houses, Avening. Learnt as a lad.
Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.