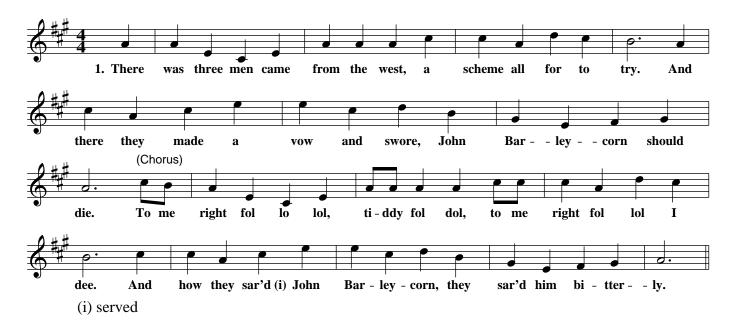
John Barleycorn



- 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.

©Gloucestershire Traditions