

Traffic, John Barleycorn

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.
Theyve ploughed, theyve sewn, theyve harrowed him in,
Threw clods at Barleys head,
And these three men made a solemn vow:
John Barleycorn was dead.
Theyve 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.
Theyve let him stand till midsummers day,
Till he looked both pale and worn,
And little Sir Johns grown a long, long beard,
And so become a man.
Theyve hired men with the scythes so sharp,
To cut him off at the knee,
Theyve rolled him and tied him by the waist,
Servin him most barbarously.
Theyve hired men with the sharp pitchforks,
Who pricked him to the heart,
And the loader he has served him worse than that,
For hes bound him to the cart
Theyve wheeled him around and around the field,
Till they came unto a barn,
And there they made a solemn oath,
On poor John Barleycorn.
Theyve hired men with the crab-tree sticks,
To cut him skin from bone,
And the miller he has served him worse than that,
For hes ground him between two stones.
And little Sir John and the nut-brown bowl,
And hes brandy in the glass;
And little Sir John and the nut-brown bowl,
Proved the strongest man at last.
The huntsman, he cant hunt the fox,
Nor so loudly to blow his horn,
And the tinker he cant mend kettle nor pots,
Without a little Barleycorn