

John Barleycorn *Trad. (arr. Fairport Convention)*

5

1) There were three men come out of the West, Their for - tunes for to try, And
 2) They've let him lie for a long lo - ng time, 'Til the rains from heaven did fall, And
 3) They've hir - ed men with the sharp edg-ed scythes, To cut him off at the knee, They've
 4) So they've wheeled him a-round and a - round th - e field, 'Til they've - come un - to a barn, And

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these three men made a sol - emn vow, John Bar - ley - corn must die, They've
 little Sir John sprang up his head, And so a - mazed them all, They've
 rolled him and tied him a - round the waist, Treated him most barb' - rous - ly, They've
 here they've kept their sol - emn word, Con - cer - ning Bar - ley - corn, They've

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ploughed, They've sown, They've har - rowed, Thrown clods u - pon his head, 'Til
 let him stand 'til midsum - mers day, Though he looks both pale and wan, Then
 hir - ed men with the sharp - edged forks, For to prick him to the heart, And the
 hir - ed men with the crab - tree sticks, To split him skin from bone, And the

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these three men were sa - tis - fied John Bar - ley - corn was dead. There's
 little Sir John's grown a long long beard and so be - come a man. *(Chorus X2!)*
 load - er has served him worse than that, For he's bound him to the cart. *(NO Chorus!)*
 mil - ler has served him worse than THAT... For he's ground him be - tween two stones. *(Chorus X2!)*

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beer all in the bar - rel, And bran - dy in the glass, But

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lit - tle Sir John with his nut brown bowl, Proved the stron - gest man at last. And the

25

far - mer he can't sow his crops, Nor the hedg - er lay his thorn, And the

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tin - ker he can't mend his pots, With - out John Bar - ley - corn.