

John Barleycorn

trad. (coll. G. B. Gardiner), arr. Gustav von Holst

Moderato maestoso.

1. There were three kings came

6

from the North, Came from the North so high; They all did make a so-lemn vow, John Bar-ley-corn should

12

die,- With my fol le did-dle rite fol le day. 2. They ploughed him in, they har-rowed him in With

17

clods all o-ver his head; And these three kings they swore and vowed John Bar-ley-corn was

2
22

dead, With my fol le did-dle rite fol le day. 3. There

1. 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.

3. 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.