

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 solemn vow, John Barleycorn should

12

die,- With my fol lediddle rite folle day. 2. They ploughed him in, they harrowed him in With

p *staccato*

17

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

22

dead, With my fol lediddle rite folle 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.