

Heather Alexander, John Barleycorn

Let me tell a tale of my father's kin
For his blood runs through my veins
No man's been born that could best John Barleycorn
For he's suffered many pains
He's suffered many pains

We've buried him well beneath the ground
And they've covered over his head
And these men from the west did solemnly attest
John Barleycorn was dead
John Barleycorn was dead

But the warm spring rains came a-pouring down
And John Barleycorn arose
And upon that ground he stood without a sound
Till he began to grow
Till he began to grow

They've hired a man with a knife so sharp
For to cut him through the knees
And they've pitched Barleycorn and tied him down with thorn
And served him barbarously
They've served him barbarously

And they've hired some men with crabtree sticks
For to beat him high and low
And the skin on his back they then began to smack
Till the place began to blow
The place began to blow

And they've ground his bones in between two stones
And they've served him worse than that
For they've tossed him into an oaken mashing bin
And sealed him in a vat
They've sealed him in a vat

But John Barleycorn proved the stoutest man
Though they did all that they could
So raise up your horn and praise to Barleycorn
And we shall drink his blood
Yes, we shall drink his blood!