

# 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!