

# Traffic, Light Up Or Leave Me Alone

There were three men came out of the west, their fortunes for to try  
And these three men made a solemn vow  
John Barleycorn must die  
They've plowed, they've sown, they've harrowed him in  
Threw clods upon his head  
And these three men made a solemn vow  
John Barleycorn was dead  
They've let him lie for a very long time, 'til the rains from heaven did fall  
And little Sir John sprung up his head and so amazed them all  
They've let him stand 'til Midsummer's Day 'til he looked both pale and wan  
And little Sir John's grown a long long beard and so become a man  
They've hired men with their scythes so sharp to cut him off at the knee  
They've rolled him and tied him by the way, serving him most barbarously  
They've hired men with their sharp pitchforks who've pricked him to the heart  
And the loader he has served him worse than that  
For he's bound him to the cart  
They've wheeled him around and around a field 'til they came onto a pond  
And there they made a solemn oath on poor John Barleycorn  
They've hired men with their crabtree sticks to cut him skin from bone  
And the miller he has served him worse than that  
For he's ground him between two stones  
And little Sir John and the nut brown bowl and his brandy in the glass  
And little Sir John and the nut brown bowl proved the strongest man at last  
The huntsman he can't hunt the fox nor so loudly to blow his horn  
And the tinker he can't mend kettle or pots without a little barleycorn