

John Barleycorn

John Barleycorn is a hero bold, as any in this land
His fame has stood for ages good, and shall forever stand.
The whole wide world respects him, no matter friends or foe
And where they be that makes too free, he's sure to lay them low.

*Hey John Barleycorn, Ho John Barleycorn,
Old and young thy praise is sung
John Barleycorn.*

To see him in his pride of growth, his robes are rich and green
His head is speared with goodly beard, fit nigh to serve a queen.
And when the harvest time comes round, and John is stricken down,
He'll use his blood for England's good, and Englishman's renown.

*Hey John Barleycorn, Ho John Barleycorn,
Old and young thy praise is sung
John Barleycorn.*

The Lord in courtly castle, the squire in stately hall,
The great of name, of birth and fame, on John for succour call.
He bids the troubled heart rejoice, gives warmth to nature's call,
Makes weak men strong, and old men young,
and all men brave and bold.

*Hey John Barleycorn, Ho John Barleycorn,
Old and young thy praise is sung
John Barleycorn*