

Irish Song Lyrics

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John Barleycorn

There were three farmers in the North and as they were passing by
They swore an oath, a mighty oath that John Barleycorn must die
One of them says we'll drown him and the other says hang him high
A whiff of the stick of the barley grain and a-beggin we will die
With me fal-er-a-lind-a-me too-ra-lunda-me whack-fal-diddle-di-ay

They put poor barley into the sack on that cold and rainy day
They carried him off to the garden field, they buried him in the clay
The frost and snow began to melt and the dew began to fall
And barley grain rolled up he said that he'd soon surprise them all
With me fal-er-a-lind-a-me too-ra-lunda-me whack-fal-diddle-di-ay

Bein' in the summer season with the harvest comin' on
He stands up in the field with a beard like any man
The reaper came to wield his sickle he used me barbarously,
He cut me by the middle so small, he cut me above the knee
With me fal-er-a-lind-a-me too-ra-lunda-me whack-fal-diddle-di-ay

Then next came master binder and he looked on me with a frown
For in the middle there was a thistle, which bowled his courage down
The farmer came with his pitchfork, he pierced me thru the heart
Like a thief and robber or highwaymen they tied me to the cart
With me fal-er-a-lind-a-me too-ra-lunda-me whack-fal-diddle-di-ay

The thresher came with his big flail, he nearly broke me bones
T'would grieve the heart of any man just to hear me sighs and moans
The next thing that they done to me was to drown me in the well
They left me there for a day and a half or until I began to swell
With me fal-er-a-lind-a-me too-ra-lunda-me whack-fal-diddle-di-ay

The next thing that they done to me was they dried me in the kiln
They used me ten times worse than that when they ground me in the mill
The used me in the kitchen and the used me in the hall
They used me up in the parlor, among the ladies all
With me fal-er-a-lind-a-me too-ra-lunda-me whack-fal-diddle-di-ay

The barley grain is a comical grain he makes men sigh and moan
For when they take a glass of me they forget their wives at home
The drunkard he is a dirty man and he uses me worst of all
He takes me up in his dirty mouth and he stumbles against the wall
With me fal-er-a-lind-a-me too-ra-lunda-me whack-fal-diddle-di-ay

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