

John Barleycorn

(The Drunken Idiot)

*tune by Stan Rogers
words by Jon Berger*

♩ = 132

A



1. John Bar-ley - corn to the sea has gone in a ship both stout and new, the
2. John Bar-ley - corn's to the court - ing gone all dressed in fine ar - ray, in
3. John Bar-ley - corn's to the hang - man gone and the rea - son I'll un - fold: 'Tis for



thirst to slake of Cap-tain Drake and all his loy - al crew. To ven - ture brave o'er -
pew - ter clad from toe to head to win a la - dy gay. The po - e - try that
rob - bing hon - est Eng - lish - men of their sil - ver and their gold. In a grave un - known by



wind and wave, the Span - iard for to halt, and though he die of
he dec - laims will stand him in good stead, for the la - dies fair do
cross nor stone John Bar - ley will be lain, 'til the rain - y days have



Span - ish grape, he'll live as Eng - lish malt.
all de - - clare they love it more than bread.
gone their ways and he ris - - es up a - - gain.

B



So we'll cut him down and we'll bind him round and we'll serve him worse than that, for we'll



grind his bones be - tween two stones and we'll bung him in a vat. Then we'll drink his health in



nut - brown ale, and we'll raise our glas - ses high, for be - fore that he can live a - gain John



Bar - ley - corn must die!