

# John Barleycorn

(The Drunken Idiot)

tune by Stan Rogers  
words by Jon Berger

♩ = 132

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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.



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!