



## John Barleycorn

By Robert Burns

There was three kings into the east,  
Three kings both great and high,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,  
Put clods upon his head,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,  
And show'rs began to fall;  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong;  
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,  
When he grew wan and pale;  
His bending joints and drooping head  
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,  
He faded into age;  
And then his enemies began  
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee;  
Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgell'd him full sore;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim;  
They heaved in John Barleycorn,  
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him farther woe;  
And still, as signs of life appear'd,  
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,  
The marrow of his bones;  
But a miller us'd him worst of all,  
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,  
And drank it round and round;  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,  
Of noble enterprise;  
For if you do but taste his blood,  
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;  
'Twill heighten all his joy;  
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,  
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
Each man a glass in hand;  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

