

There were thin men came out of the west  
They came their fortunes for to try  
They had made a solemn oath,  
John Barleycorn must die

They ploughed him 3 furrows deep  
Laid clods upon his head  
And they had made a solemn oath,  
Sir John shall be dead

Well then came a shower of rain,  
Which from the heavy clouds did fall  
And little Sir John sprung up his head,  
He so amazed them all

And little Sir John had grown a long long beard  
He so became a man  
With a knife they cut him off his head  
And dead was John Barleycorn

They wheeled him here,  
They wheeled him there  
They wheeled him into a barn  
And little Sir John he laughed with them  
Loud and proud they sang:

"Hey, hey, it's a lucky day,  
John Barleycorn is dead."