

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!