## Steve Winwood, John Barleycorn

There were three men came out of the west, their fortunes for to try And these three men made a solemn vow

John Barleycorn must die

They've plowed, they've sown, they've harrowed him in

Threw clods upon his head

And these three men made a solemn vow

John Barleycorn was dead

They've let him lie for a very long time, 'til the rains from heaven did fall

And little Sir John sprung up his head and so amazed them all

They've let him stand 'til Midsummer's Day 'til he looked both pale and wan

And little Sir John's grown a long long beard and so become a man

They've hired men with their scythes so sharp to cut him off at the knee

They've rolled him and tied him by the way, serving him most barbarously

They've hired men with their sharp pitchforks who've pricked him to the heart

And the loader he has served him worse than that

For he's bound him to the cart

They've wheeled him around and around a field 'til they came onto a pond

And there they made a solemn oath on poor John Barleycorn

They've hired men with their crabtree sticks to cut him skin from bone

And the miller he has served him worse than that

For he's ground him between two stones

And little Sir John and the nut brown bowl and his brandy in the glass

And little Sir John and the nut brown bowl proved the strongest man at last

The huntsman he can't hunt the fox nor so loudly to blow his horn

And the tinker he can't mend kettle or pots without a little barleycorn