

# Subway To Sally, Barleycorn

There were three farmers in the north, as they were  
passing by  
they swore an oath so mighty oh that Barleycorn should  
die  
one of them said: drown him and the other sad: hang  
him high  
for whoever will stick to Barleycorn a-begging he will die

they put poor Barley into a sack an a cold an rainy day  
and took him out to cornfields and buried him in the clay  
frost and snow began to melt and dew began to fall  
when Barleygrain put up his head and he soon surprised  
them all

being in the summer season and the harvest coming on  
it's the time he stands up in the field with a beard like  
any man  
the reaper then came with his sickle and used me  
barberously  
he cut me in the middle so small and he cut me above  
the knee

the next came was the binder and he looked at me with  
a frown  
for in the middle there was a thistle which pulled his  
courage down  
the farmer came with his pitch fork and he pierced me to  
the heart  
like a thief, a rogue or a highwayman they tied me to the  
cart

the thresher came with his big flail and soon he broke  
my bones  
could grieve the heart of any man to hear my sighs and  
moans  
the next thing that they've done to me they steeped me  
in the well  
they left me there for a day and night until I began to  
swell

and next thing that they've done to me they dried me in  
a kiln  
they used me ten times worse, than that they ground  
me in the mill  
they used me in the kichen, they used me in the hall  
oh they used me in the parlour among the ladies all

the Barleygrain is a comical grain, it makes men sigh  
and moan  
for when they drink a glass or two they forget their wives  
and home  
the drunkard is a dirty man, he used me worst of all  
he drank me up in his dirty mouth an he tumbled against  
the wall