

Irish Song Lyrics

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Barly Corn

There was three farmers in the North,
As they were passing by,
They swore an oath a mighty oath
That Barley corn should die,
One of them said drown him
And the other said hang him high,
For whoever will stick to barley grain
A-begging he will die,
With me fal-la-la-the-dee, Toor-a-lay,
A-begging he will die.

2. They put poor barley into a sack
Of a cold and rainy day,
And brought him off to culm fields
And burned him in the clay.
Frost and snow began to melt
And the dew began to fall,
When barley grain put up his head
And soon surprised them all.
With me fal-la-la-the-dee, Toor-a-lay,
And soon surprised them all.

3. 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 hook
And used me barbarously,
He caught me by the middle so small
And cut me above the knee.
With me fal-la-la-the-dee, Toor-a-lay,
And cut me above the knee.

4. The next came was the binder
And look'd on me with a frown
But in the middle there was a thistle
That pulled his courage down.
The farmer came with his pitchfork
And pierced me to the heart
Like a thief, a rogue or highwayman,
They tied me to the cart.
With me fal-la-la-the-dee, Toor-a-lay,
They tied me to the cart.

5. The trasher came with his big flail
And soon he broke my bones,
'Twould grieve the heart of any man
To hear my sighs and groans,
The next thing that they done to me
They steep'd me in a well
They left me there for a day and a night
Until I began to swell.
With me fal-la-la-the-dee, Toor-a-lay,
Until I began to swell.

6. The next thing that they done to me
They dried me in a kiln
They used me ten times worse than that,
They ground me in a mill

They used me in the kitchen,
They used me in the hall
They used me in the parlour,
Among the ladies all.
With me fal-la-la-the-dee, Toor-a-lay,
Among the ladies all.

7. The barley grain is a comical grain
It makes men sigh and moan,
For when they take a glass or two
They forget their wife and home,
The drunkard is a dirty man
He used me worse than all
He drank me up in his dirty maw
And tumbled against the wall.
With me fal-la-la-the-dee, Toor-a-lay,
And tumbled against the wall.