

T H E

Arraigning and Indicting

O F

Sir John Barleycorn

NEWLY COMPOSED

By a well-wisher to Sir John
and all that love him.



S T I R L I N G :

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2
JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE was three kings into the east
Three kings, both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him
Put clods upon his head, (down,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the chearful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And fore surpriz'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale :
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 He faded into age;
 And then his enemies began
 To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee.
 Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
 And cudgell'd him full sore.
 They hung him up before the storm,
 And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit,
 With water to the brim,
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him farther woe,
 And still, as signs of life appear'd,
 They tofs'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame,
 The marrow of his bones;
 But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
 He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood
 and drank it round and round ;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 their joy did more abound,

A N O T H E R.

ALL you that be good fellows,
 come listen unto me,
 If that you love the alehouse
 and merry company.

Attend unto my story,
 which I fear is too true ;
 It makes my heart full sorry,
 and many doth it rue.

'Tis of a gallant noble Knight,
 which many know full well,
 An honest man I witness can,
 if I the truth may tell.

His name is Sir John Barleycorn
 who makes both beer and bread,
 What would do all that now are born,
 if Barleycorn was dead ?

For as I abroad did walk,
 I heard a piteous cry,

And many a man did talk,
that Barleycorn must die

His enemies increase so fast,
at board and eke at bed,
I fear their malice will not cease
till they cut off his head.

For Smut the honest blacksmith
with many tradesmen more;
And Snip the nimble taylor,
doth vow he'll live no more.

And Will the Weaver doth complain
and many thousands more;
I hope their labour is in vain,
Therefore they may not roar.

Yet now a while give ear,
you that are standers by,
And you presently shall hear
Sir John condemn'd to die.

All you that love poor Barleycorn,
a good word for him give,
And he that speaks against him,
I wish he may not live.

THE

INTRODUCTION

Sir John Barleycorn's Trial.

Gentlemen,

IF you please but give so much attention and you shall presently hear Sir John Barleycorn called to the bar, and all his accusers appear, giving in their bills against him; and also his friends, who appear in his behalf, and thereby saved his life after he was condemned to die.

The TRIAL of

Sir John Barleycorn.

Cryer.

O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, If any man or woman in country, town, or city; have any writs or bills of indictment against Sir John Barleycorn, let them appear this day, and they shall either hear or be heard.

Vulcan the blacksmith appears, and gives in his Bill.

Be it known to you all, Gentlemen, that this Sir John Barleycorn hath been a fore enemy to me and many of my fellows. For many a time, when I have been busy at my work, not thinking any manner of harm to any man, but having a fire spark in my throat, and one time going to the sign of the Cup and Kan for one penny worth of ale, there I found Sir John, and thinking no harm to any one

I set me down to spend my two-pence ; but in the end Sir John began to pick a quarrel with me, and then I started up thinking to go about my business ; but then Sir John had got such fast hold of me by the top of my head, that I had no power of myself ; and by his strength and power threw me down, broke my head, and bruised other parts of my purse, and left me not a penny ; and therefore he deserves to die.

Will the Weaver.

Now Gentlemen I beseech you hear me speak, I am but a poor man and have a wife, and a charge of children, and am but a poor weaver by my trade ; and this unkind companion will never let me alone, but always enticing me from my work, and will not be quite till he hath me to the alehouse, and when there, he always quarrels with me, and abuses me most basely, and sometimes he binds me both hand and foot and throws me into a ditch, stays with me all night, and next morning leaves me without a penny in

my pocket and therefore if you hang him
I shall never grieve.

The Taylor comes.

And I shall never be sorry if you either
hang drown or banish him; for he hath
been a great enemy to me this many years
past; I always loved Mr. Wheat better
than Sir John, yet one time as I was com-
ing home from my work, I espied Sir
John and two or three good fellows quar-
relling. I skipped among them, thinking
to make them good friends. For why,
thought I, should neighbours fall out;
but as soon as Sir John saw me take my
neighbours' part, he straightway began
to quarrel with me, and gave me such a
thump on the teeth, that I fell backward
and broke both my elbows and my yard
wand. Nay, worse than that, the very
same day my wife met with him, and he
like an ill conditioned knave abused her,
insomuch that she learned of him some of
his mischievous tricks and come home fo

drunk, that though she could scarcely stand, she beat my back and sides blue. Nay she has got the way so perfect, that I am persuaded she will never leave it; and therefore by my consent you should put him to the same death that many of my enemies have been put to, that is, to snap off his head.

Mr. Wheatly.

Head him, aye hang him too, if you please, you shall have my consent, for I am sure he doth deserve it; for I am certain he doth daily and hourly abuse me. I am sure I have been a man that hath oftentimes been highly esteemed both by Lords, Knights and Squires, and none could please them so well as James Wheatly the Baker. But now the case is altered, Sir John Barleycorn is the man that is highly esteemed in every place. I am still but plain James Wheatly, and he is now Sir John Barleycorn in every one's mouth, though he has ruined many an honest man in England; for the company of our John Barleycorn I can prove it to be true, has surely caused many an

honest man to waste and consume all that ever he had, and more if he can but get it. Nay he hath caused many a man to sell house and land, and all that ever he had, to maintain riot with Sir John Barleycorn. Nay when men have done all that ever they can, sold all spent all, and left nothing, yet the fancy they bear to Sir John Barleycorn makes them rob and steal for money. Nay, robbing and stealing will not serve sometimes, but they kill and slay, murdering one another for money to keep Sir John Barleycorn company, till at last the hangman gets part of them. And this Sir John Barleycorn is the great foundation of all this mischief, and therefore he deserves to lose his head

Old Noll and Old Nick the Judges.

Well, what answer can you make for yourself, Sir John? You hear the complaints made against you, wherein you are strongly accused both of felony and murder.

Sir John.

I beseech you, Gentlemen, to let me have the benefit of the law to speak for myself, if it shall please you to hear me, I hope I shall clear myself.

You know, Gentlemen, every man is willing to make his case as good as he can, although he himself is in the fault, and as the old proverb goes. Some had better steal a horse than others look over the hedge; and so it is by me in the present case; but as I am not accused by only one of the persons, but by all of them, so I intend to make answer to them all at once.

These men complain that Sir John Barleycorn hath undone them all, which is false, as I doubt not but to make appear.

I confess my name is Sir John Barleycorn, but you never knew Barleycorn do any harm, but always good, and has relieved as many poor people as any man,

and will do so still if they do not abuse me and my name as they have done. for this sometime past I have been used very badly; and it is Mr. Malt if any one has done us all this wrong, which they say that I have done.

Mr. Malt.

Who I, brother John? Indeed, but only thou art my brother, and I love thee well, or I should hit thee one slap on thy teeth, but time will come when we shall meet again.

Gentlemen, as for my own part I will put the matter to the bench. But first I pray you consider with yourselves, that all tradesmen should live, and although I Master Malt do sometimes make a cup of good liquor, and many men come to taste it, yet the fault is neither in me nor my brother John. No, no, the fault is in such as these who make this complaint against us, as I shall make appear to you all.

As in the first place, which of you all can say, but Master Malt can make a cup of good liquor, with the help of a good brewer? and when it is made it must be sold. The fault is not in the drink or the maker; for I pray which of you can live without it; but when such as these as complain of us, find it to be good, when then they have such a greedy mind, that they think they shall never have enough for their money; and so Will overcomes Wit, and then they begin to quarrel first with each other, and then they abuse me and my brother Sir John, so that in the end we are forced to take them down fast asleep. Then I pray you judge whether we or they are in the fault.

The Judges.

Truly we cannot see that you are much in the fault; however you must give bail, for your good behaviour to Mr. Mault. — And as for you, Sir John, you must appear at the next Sessions, to answer what may be further objected to you, and make your defence, and so fare you well for this time.

Now Sir John Barleycorn and his brother Malt marched off together in triumph, and for joy that they got so well off, they went along singing the following song.

A New Song.

ALL you who are good fellows,
Come listen unto me,
If you do love the alehouse,
And keep good company.

My name is Sir John Barleycorn,
Which many know full well,
My brother's name is Master Malt,
As many one can tell.

Tho' Smut the honest blacksmith,
Of me doth fore complain,
Ere long I know I shall not miss
To shoot him thro' the brain.

And honest Will the Weave,
 For all he is so stout,
 I know he will endeavour
 to have the other bout.

The' Master Wheat the baker,
 he'll be my younger brother,
 He'll not deny a bout to try,
 with me or any other.

And Dick the nimble taylor,
 will venture his best shears,
 Till Barleycorn and Master Malt,
 do take them by the ears!

There's not a tradesman in the land,
 that ever yet was born,
 But will take a touch sometimes too much
 of Sir John Barleycorn.

Therefore all honest tradesmen,
 a good word for me give,
 And pray that Sir John Barleycorn
 may always with you live.

Master Malster.

Hark you brother John. you know you are to appear again to make answer for yourself; therefore I would advise you to provide some honest men to speak for you, or else you will be in great danger of losing your head and then we are all undone.

Sir John Barleycorn:

O brother Malt take you no care for me, for my part I do not fear but I shall have enough to speak for me; no man in the nation is better beloved than I am, therefore welcome luck, live or die I fear nothing so fare you well for this time.



THE court being again assembled,
 Sir John Barleycorn was brought
 to the bar.

The Judges.

Sir John Barleycorn, answer to what
 has been laid to you charge; such high
 crimes: as if you cannot clear yourself, I
 fear you must loose your head.

Sir John Barleycorn.

A very sharp piece of business truly,
 gentlemen. I hope, gentlemen, you are

to hear my witness speak, who I fear
not will make it plainly appear that I am
falsely accused.

The Judges.

Thou shalt have any favour that can
be had, therefore bring in your witnesses
and let us hear what they can say in your
behalf.

The Ploughman enters.

Gentlemen, I pray a man may speak
without offence, who intends to say the
truth, and nothing more.

The Judges.

Yes, thou mayest be bold to speak the
truth, and nothing more, for that is the
cause we sit here for; so therefore now
speak up boldly, that we may understand
thee.

Ploughman.

Gentlemen, in the first place let me
hear what bold impudent rogue dare to
say one word against Sir John Barley-

corn; whoever he is he is no better than a Rogue a thief a traitor to the brown loaf the brass pot the oven and the spit; nay he is a traitor to the whole world, that would take away the life of so noble a man as Sir John Barleycorn, for he is a man of an ancient and honorable house and is come of noble spirited race, there is neither Lord Knight nor Squire but loves his company, and he theirs, as long as they do not abuse him; and in the first place very few ploughmen can live without him, for if it were not for him we could not pay our landlords their rent, and then what would such men as you do for money and fine cloaths? Nay your gay ladies would care but little for you, if you had not your rents coming in to maintain them, and we could never pay but that Sir John Barleycorn finds us with money, and yet would you seek to take away his life; for shame, let your malice cease and spare his life, for if you do not we are all undone.

General...
 or...
 ...

Enter Bunch.

Gentlemen I beseech you hear me, I am a Brewer and I believe few of you can live without a cup of liquor; any more than I can live without Sir John; and for my own part I maintain a great charge; I pay forty pounds a week, taxes to his Majesty (God bless him) and all this is maintained by Sir John. Then now can any man for shame want to take away his life.

Enter Mistress Hostess.

Take his life! pray who is it that would attempt to take away his life?— If they taste off his head, they shall take off mine too. What sad impudent rogues are they who say so? I am persuaded that they are none who love the poor commonality: surely they are none but some miserable rogues, that make their bags their God, heaping up their chests with money to stop the devils mouth when he comes to fetch them; such as these would have nobody live

but themselves. Indeed such as these would take off the head of any man, if they could enrich themselves by it. Away you vagabonds ! away you muck-worms of the world you would have nobody live but yourselves. I hope Sir, John Barleycorn will thrive amongst us, when Old Nick shall fetch such as you away by ten at a burden. Gentlemen, I beseech you to take no notice of what such fellows say, for they care not what blood they shed.

As for Sir John Barleycorn I know him to be an honest man, and never affronted any man, if they do not abuse him first ; and in so doing, they abuse themselves, for all they say he abuses them. I do protest, Gentlemen, that before you take his life you shall take mine. Nay, I beseech you to give me leave to speak to you ; if you put him to death, all England will be undone ; for there is not such another in the land, that can do what he can and hath done ; for he can make a cripple to go, he can make a coward to fight with a valiant soldier ; nay, he can make a good soldier to see neither hunger nor cold. Besides for

valour in himself there are few that can encounter with him, for he can pull down the strongest man in the world, and lay him fast asleep, therefore I beseech you gentlemen to let him live, or else we are all undone.

Enter a Farmer.

Gentlemen, all this is true the woman speaks, for if you put Sir John Barleycorn to death, I and mine are all undone, for I pay a great rent for my farm, and keep a great many servants under me, which stand me in great charges, and if you put Sir John Barleycorn to death, I and mine are all undone, so I pray let him live, if you love the Common Wealth.

The Judges.

Well we see no cause of death in this man therefore he shall not die.

Sir John, your life is now your own henceforth and for evermore; therefore down on your knees and pray for the King.

Sir John.

I will Sir, and curse on his heart that will not say amen to my prayer.

Sir John's Prayer:

O Heaven protect our gracious King,
 his parliament also,
 Lord grant them long time to be seen,
 in spite of every foe.

From traitors that seek their lives,
 and them for to destroy,
 Defend them Lord with one accord,
 Unto their subjects joy.

That while sun and moon doth last,
 we may enjoy a King,
 And when death comes provide him
 with angels for to sing.

And He or She, whoe'er they be,
 that will not say Amen,
 Sir John doth pray both night and day,
 They ne'er may speak again:

F I N I S.