

# Lull me beyond thee

from the English Dancing Master, 1651 Sir John Barley-corne

Lyrics by John Wright  
From the Roxburghe Ballads

Am Am Dm E Am E A

As I went through the North Coun-trey, I heard a mer-ry greet-ing; A  
Whose name was Sir John Bar-ley-corne; he dwelt down in a dale; Who  
Some of them fought in a Blacke-Jacke, some of them in a Can; But

Am Dm E Am E A

plea-sant toy and full of joy-two no-ble men were meet-ing:  
had a kins-man dwelt him nigh, they cal'd him Tho-mas Good-ale.  
the chief-est in a Blacke-pot, like a worth-y no-ble man.

Am Am Dm C G

And as they walk-ed for they to sport up-  
An-oth-er nam-ed Rich-ard Beere was  
Sir John Bar-ley-corne fought in a boule, who

C G C G C G

on a sum - mer's day, Then with a - noth - er  
 read - y at that time; An - ot - her worth - y  
 wonne the vic - to - rie, And made them all to

Am E Am E A

no - ble - man they went to make a fray:  
 knight was ther, call'd Sir Wil - li - am White  
 fume and swear that Bar - ley - corne should die. Wine.

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,  
 he came with mickle might,  
 And there he tooke their tongues away,  
 their legs, or else their sight,  
 And thus Sir John, in each respect,  
 so paid them all their hire,  
 That some lay sleeping by the way,  
 some tumbling in the mire.

Some lay groning by the wals,  
 some in the streets downe right;  
 The best of them did scarcely know  
 what they had done ore-night.  
 All you good wives that brew good ale,  
 God turne from you all teene;  
 But if you put too much water in,  
 The devill put out your eyne!