

## Skadi's Hammer

### The Longest Johns

Lord of the harvest, master of scythe  
Open the fields and collect your prize  
Woe to you, John Barleycorn  
Rest in peace upon the millers stone

Oh the harvest's got sharp teeth and it's dragging me under  
Put down the sword, turn the millstone round  
Oh Demeter's embrace holds the sun to the land  
Until Skadi brings her hammer down

Until Skadi brings her hammer down  
Until Skadi brings her hammer down

Reaper man, reaper man is coming to tear  
Through your fields, to strike the corn down  
Reaper man, reaper man, lay them all to rest  
And let the land sleep at winter's behest

Oh the harvest's got sharp teeth and it's dragging me under  
Put down the sword, turn the millstone round  
Oh Demeter's embrace holds the sun to the land  
Until Skadi brings her hammer down

I thought I heard the old man say  
John Barleycorn will soon lie in his grave  
One for the rook, one for the crow  
One will wither and one will grow

Oh the harvest's got sharp teeth and it's dragging me under  
Put down the sword, turn the millstone round  
Oh Demeter's embrace holds the sun to the land  
Until Skadi brings her hammer down

Until Skadi brings her hammer down  
Until Skadi brings her hammer down