# JOHN BLUNT

There was an old couple lived under a hill,  
And Blunt it was their name-o,  
They had good beer and ale for to sell,  
And it bore a wonderful name-o.

John Blunt and his wife drank free of this ale,  
Till they could drink no more-o,  
Then it’s off to bed this old couple went,  
And forgot to bar the door-o.

Then they a bargain, bargain made,  
They made it strong and sure-o,  
Whichever of them should speak the first word,  
Should go down and bar the door-o.

Then there came travellers, travellers three,  
Travelling in the night-o,  
No house, nor home nor fire had they,  
Nor yet no candle light-o.

Then straight to John Blunt’s house they went,  
And gently opened the door-o,  
The devil a word the old couple spoke,  
For fear which should bar the door-o.

They went to the cellar and drank up his drink,  
Till they could drink no more-o,  
They went to his cupboard and ate up his meat,  
Till they could eat no more-o.

Then quickly they procured a light,   
And gently walked upstairs-o,  
They pulled the old woman out of her bed,  
And put her on the floor-o.

Up speaks John Blunt, “You’ve ate of my meat.  
And laid my wife on the floor-o,”  
“You’ve spoke the first word, John Blunt, “ she said,  
“Go down and bar the door-o.”