# 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.”