

## Get Up and Bar the Door (4)

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The wind blew high, the wind blew cold,  
It blew across the moor,  
When John Jones said to Jane, his wife,  
"Get up and bar the door."

"Oh, I have worked all day," said she,  
"I've washed and scrubbed the floor,  
You lazy man, get up, I say,  
Get up and bar the door."

"Oh, I have worked so hard," said he,  
"I know I can't do more;  
So come, my own, my dearest wife,  
Get up and bar the door."

Then they agreed between the two,  
A solemn oath they swore,  
That the one who spoke the very first word  
Would have to bar the door.

The wind blew east, the wind blew west,  
It blew all over the floor,  
But neither one would say a word  
For barrin' of the door.

Three robbers came along that way,  
They came across the moor;  
They saw Light and walked right in,  
Right in through the open door.

"Oh, is the owner of this house  
A rich man or a poor?"  
But neither one would say a word  
For barrin' of the door.

They ate the bread, they drank the ale,  
Then said, "Come, give us more."  
But neither one would say sword  
For barrin' of the door.

"Let's pull the old man's beard" said one,

"Let's beat him till he's sore."  
But still the old man wouldn't speak  
For barrin' of the door.

"I'll kiss his pretty wife," said one,  
"Oh, her I could adore."  
And then the old man shook his fist  
And gave a mighty roar.

"Oh, you'll not kiss my wife," said he,  
"I'll throw you on the floor."  
Said she, "Now, John, you've spoken first,  
So get up and bar the door."

Child #275

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