

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Johnny Blunt

Johnny Blunt

There liv'd a man in yonder glen,  
And John Blunt was his name, O;  
He maks gude maut, and he brews gude ale,  
And he bears a wondrous fame, O.

The wind blew in the hallan ae night,  
Fu snell out o'er the moor, O;  
'Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie,'he says,  
Rise up and bar the door, O.'

They made a paction tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure, O,  
Wha'er sud speak the foremost word.  
Should rise and bar the door, O.

Three travellers that had tint their gate,  
As thro the hills they foor, O,  
They airted by the line o light  
Fu straught to Johnie Blunt's door, O.

They haur'l'd auld Luekie out o her bed,  
And laid her on the floor, O;  
But never a word auld Luckie wad say,  
For barrin o the door, O.

'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae druken my ale,  
'And ye'll mak my auld wife a whore, O'  
Aha, Johnie Blunt! he hae spoke the first word.  
Get up and bar the door, O.

Child #275

ARB