

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Lang Johnny Moir

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There lives a man in Rhyne's land and another in Auchendore,  
But the bravest lad amang them a' was lang Johnny Moir.  
Young Johnny was an airy blade, fu' sturdy, stout and strang,  
And the sword that hung fae Johnny's side was just full ten feet lang.  
Ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-da-da, ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-day.

Young Johnny's gane tae London toon in the springtime o' the year,  
And there he's met and fa'en in love wi' the king's ain daughter dear,  
And word has gone tae the king himsel' and an angry man was he.  
We'll pit her in a prison, strang high hangit he will be.  
Ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-da-da, ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-day.

The English dogs were cunning rogues and about him they did creep,  
And they gave him drops of laudamy that laid him fast asleep.  
And when Johnny awakened frae his sleep, a sorry heart had he,  
Wi' his twa hands in iron bands and his feet in fetters three.  
Ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-da-da, ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-day.

And he has got a little wee boy would work for meat and fee.  
"Gae rin tae my auld uncle there at the fit o' Bennachie."  
When the wee boy came tae Bennachie, he did neither chap nor call,  
But he went straight tae auld Johnny there, three feet abune them a'.

Auld Johnny 's read the letter then sealed wi' Johnny's faith and troth,  
And he's cried fae the tap o' Bennachie for his kinsman Jock o' North.  
Then on the plain these champions met, twa grisly sights tae see.  
There were three feet between their brows, their shoulders were yards three.  
Ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-da-da, ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-day.

And when they came tae London toon, the yetts were locked wi' bands,  
And guarded weel wi' armed men wi' broadswords in their hands.  
"Ye'll open the yetts" says Jock o' North "Ye'll open them at my call",  
And wi' his fit he has drave in three brave yards o' the wall.

And then they gaed doon by Drury lane and doon by the town ha',  
And they have freed young Johnny Moir and for the king did call.  
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Ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-da-da, ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-day.

Then they have gaen before the king wi' courage bold and free,  
Their armour bright cast such a light, it almost dimmed his e'e.  
"Now where's the lady" cries Jock o' North "for fain I would her see,

For we are come tae her weddin' fae the fit o' Bennachie."  
Ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-da-da, ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-day.

"Oh tak' the lady" says the king "The boy too shall go free".  
"A priest, a priest" then Johnny cries "tae join my love and me."  
Then they've ta'en the lady by the hand and they've set her prison free,  
And wi' drums beatin' and fifes playin', they've spent the night wi' glee.  
Ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-da-da, ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-day.

The auld Johnny Moir, and young Johnny Muir and Jock o' North, all three,  
The English lady and the little wee boy went a' tae Bennachie.  
Ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-da-da, ha-diddle-da, ha-diddle-day.

Child #251

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