

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Long John Moore

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Now Long John's from the mountain gone, He's to London town.
And the king's daughter in fair London, she fell in love with him.
Now Long John was a giant born. He was fourteen in height
And the king's daughter, she wept for him as she bayed alone at night

And when our king heard of this, an angry man was he.
Says this mighty man shall stretch the rope that hangs on the
gallows tree.

So he sent men and cunning men around him they did creep
They give him drops of laudanum and they laid him fast asleep

So that when he's awaked up from his sleep, a sorry man was he.
With his jaws and hands in iron bands and his feet in fetters
three.

So he's bribed him a servant, Long John, he's given him meat and fee.
To run to his uncle, Old John, to come and rescue he.

And the first mile the little boy walked and the next few miles
he ran.

And he run till he come to the broad water where he lay down and swam.
And when he's come to the mountain high he cried out aloud.
And there he spied him Jackie North with Old John by his side.

And there as these two giants stood a grisly sight to see.
They were tall as the eagles call and broad as the oaken tree.
Oh rise, rise, Old John and Jackie North, come see
For Long John's in prison strong and hanged he must be

So they went over hill and they went over dale and they went over
mountain high.

They come down to London town at the dawning of the day
They cried upon yon city gates come open at my call.
And they up with their feed and they kicked a hole straight into
London wall

And they trampled down by Drury lane, the crowd before them ran
Their they spied them Long John stood under the gallows bin
They said "Is it for murder, is it for rape, is it for robbery?
For it's any heinous crime we'll stand and watch you die."

He said: "Not for murder, not for rape, it's not for robbery,
But it's all for the love of a gay lady their here to see me die."

So they took him from the gallows bin. Before the king went they
Their armor bright cast such a light it fair dazzled his eye.

"Good day to you." cries Jackie North, "Good day to you." cries he
We've come down for your daughter's wedding add down from the
mountains high

And when the king he seen 'em come, a sorry man was he
Cries, "One of you is bold enough, what shall I do with three"

Oh cursed be that little boy the tiding brought to thee
For I too far well I do swear, high hanged he shall be
Oh if you hang that little boy, the tidings brought to me
We three shall come to his burial and pained you'll surely be

"A priest, a priest," Long John he cries, "to wed my love and me.
A priest, a priest," Long John he cries, "for married we shall be."
"Oh take my daughter, Long John, my curse upon you fall
And take my serving boy also lest all my city fall."

They've taken the lady by the hand. Set her prison free
And the drums did beat and the fifes did play they spent the
night with glee.
And then Long John, and Old John, and Jackie North, all three
One new bride and the serving boy ran back to the mountains high

Saying "If we'd known what we know now, great ones like you see
We'd have brought our sister, Jean of the Sign, she's twenty feet
and three.

Child #251

This version of the old Scots song, Lang Jonnie Moore, was sung
by Martin Carthy at the Ten Pound Fiddle in East Lansing
Michigan.

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