Barring of the Door

Barring of the Door

It fell upon the Martinmas time
And a gay time it was then, oh
When our goodwife got puddings to make
And she's boiled them in the pan, oh.

The wind so cold blew south and north
And blew into the floor, oh
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife
Get up and bar the door, oh

My hand is in my hussyfskap
Goodman, as you may see, oh
If it shall never be barred this hundred year
It will ne'er be barred by me, oh

They made the pact betwixt them twa
They made it firm and sure, oh
That the first that ever a word should speak
Should rise and bar the door, oh

Then by there came two gentlemen
At twelve o'clock at night, oh
And they could neither see house nor hall
Nor coal nor candle light, oh

Now whether is this a rich man's house
Or whether it is a poor, oh
But never a word has one of them spoke
For the barring of the door, oh

So first they ate the white puddings
And then they ate the black, oh
Though muckle thought the goodwife to herself
Yet ne'er a word she spoke, oh

Then said the one unto the other
Here man, take ye my knife, oh
Do ye take off the old man's beard
And I'll kiss the goodwife, oh

But there's no water in the house

And what shall we do then, oh
What ails ye at the pudding brew
That boils into the pan, oh

Oh, up then started our goodman
And an angry man was he, oh
"Will ye kiss my wife before my eyes
And scald me with pudding brew, oh"

Then up and started our goodwife
Gave three skips upon the floor, oh
"Goodman ye spoke the foremost word
Ye must rise and bar the door, oh"

Child #275
sung by Jean Redpath on Skipping Barefoot and Nye on Early English Ballads
SOF

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