



Jowan Bunt a lammas yn gwely, Kepar del wre kens henna; Mes un dra ef a ankevys, -Yth o an darras dhe brenna. Rey folara, tedy folara, rey folara ledo, Rey folara, tedy folara, rey folara ledo.

Coth of-vy yeyn an gwyns,
A wheth dres oll an mene'; (meneth)
'meth mestres Bunt dhe Jowan Bunt,
Ke yn mes an darras dhe brenna.'
Rey folara.

'meth Jowan Bunt dhe Vestres Bunt,
'Genes y whraf bargenya,
Nep a lavarro an kensa ger
A wra mos an darras dhe brenna.'
Rey folara

Y teth try tremenyas drok, Dres an Hallow ow tremena; Ha chy y'n bys ny welsons-y, Bys yn darras ena. Rey folara.

Y kemersons y dhewasr y vos ynweth, Ha'y goth wrek rak gorfena; Mes ger-vyth ny leverys-hy, Rag own an darras dhe brenna. Rey folara....

'Why re gafas ow dewas, ow bos ynweth, Ha'm coth wreth rak gorfena.' 'meth mestres Bunt Re gewssys ger, Ke-dhejy an darras dhe brenna!' Rey folara Mister John Bunt jumped into bed, As oft he'd done before - o; But one thing he forgot to do, It was to bar the door - o. Rey folara tedy folara, rey folara ledo, Rey folara, tedy folara, rey folara ledo.

'The wind is cold and I am old, It bloweth across the floor - o;' Says Mister John Bunt to Mrs John Bunt 'Get out and bar the door - o.' Rey folara

Says Mrs John Bunt to Mister John Bunt,
'A bargain I'll make with you - o;
That the one who speaks the very first word
Shall get out and bar the door - o.'
Rey folara

There came three travellers travelling by, They travelled o'er the moor - o; But ne'er a house they did light ori, Till they came to John Bunt's door - o. Rey folara

They pulled his old wife out of bed, They rolled her on the floor - o; But never a word did the old soul speak, For fear of baring the door - o. Rey folara

'You've eaten my victuals you've drunk up drink, You've rolled my wife on the floor - o;' Says Mrs Bunt 'John you spoke the first word Get up and bar the door - o.'

Re folara

Trelyes gans Julyan Holmes 1983

Merv Davey, "Hengan" (Redruth, Dyllansow Truran, 1983) songs notes:

"As Mr John Bunt, this song was published in "Old Cornwall", (Old Cornwall Vol. 4 (St Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, 1943 p. 22). It had been sent in by a Mr de Castro Glubb as heard by him fifty years earlier in Liskeard. The idea of the story has had a widespread currency in Europe and turned up in a collection of Breton Folk tales called 'Eur Zac' had Marvaillou' (A Sackfull of Stories). Bronson discusses this song as part of his analysis of the "Child Ballads" and comments: 'It seems odd that this ballad has acquired no traditional currency in England. It has been popular in Scotland and is known in various forms, fabliau or folk tale, in many parts of Europe and the near East. From Scotland it has been brought to the United States ...'(Bronson, Bertrand H. The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads: With Their Texts, According to the Extant Records of Great Britain and America, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1959, Vol. 4. Song no 275)."