



The Devil in York



The North Wind blew across Wheeldale moor,
All on a winter's day.
And he met with the Devil who was there before,
So the folks all say.

There they met and there they talked,
All on a winter's day.
Said the Devil "Let's away to the city of York,
So the folks all say.

We'll travel the streets and houses through
All on a winter's day.
To frighten the people and clergymen too"
So the folks all say.

So the Wind and the Devil they set off at speed
All on a winter's day.
Never thought to the outcome of their wicked deed.
So the folks all say.

Over forest and field they travelled so far
All on a winter's day.
'Till they blew through the gates of Micklegate bar.
So the folks all say.

Then all of a sudden the Devil stopped short
All on a winter's day.
And he cried "What's this that the people have wrought"
So the folks all say.

"It's a church" said the Wind "with a great West door,
All on a winter's day.
And it's called York Minster, of that I'm sure."
So the folks all say.

"A curse on their churches." Devil he cried,
All on a winter's day.
"Are you coming with me for I'm going inside"
So the folks all say.

"Not I" said the Wind "for I carry no doubt
All on a winter's day.
That if I went in there I could never get out"
So the folks all say.

Well the Devil he laughed, the Devil he scorned
All on a winter's day.
Saying "You wait here - I'll be back before dawn"
So the folks all say.

So the Wind he stayed, round that door blew about
All on a winter's day.
For day after day the Devil never came out
So the folks all say.

Now if ever you stand by that great West Door,
All on a winter's day.
You'll not tarry long of that I'm sure.
So the folks all say.

For around that door a great Wind blows about
All on a winter's day.
As he waits for the Devil, who never came out.
So the folks all say.

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