

Fiddler's Green, Creel

A fair young maid went down the street
Some fresh fish for to buy
And a bonnie young clerk fell in love with her
And he followed her by and by

How will I get to your chamber love
How will I get to your bed
When your father he locks the door at night
And the keys lie under his sleepy head

Get a ladder newly made
Both forty steps and three
And put it against the chimney top
Come down in a creel to me

They hadn't been there five minutes or more
When the old one said below
There's more than one in my daughter's bed
And it's up the stairs I lightly go

The old one took a peep inside
To see if it be true
When her foot gave a shot to the chamber pot
And into the creel she flew

Rise up and help me, husband dear
You hear me scream and yell
For the devil has got me in his cart
And fear I'll go to a fiery hell

Hold your tongue you daft old wife
Or ill death may be thine
For between yourself and your daughter dear
It's time for the sun to rise and shine