

## Partans in His Creel

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Oh I laid in bed o'er lang this morning,  
heedless o' my mother's scorning,  
turned and twisted all last night and never closed an e'e.  
While outside a million stars were winkin',  
sleep it would nae come for thinkin',  
O' the threes my lovin' words that Willy said to me.

Willy's tall and Willy's bonny,  
Willy has nae muckle money,  
Oh but siller matters when I ken I lo'e him weill.  
So I think I'd better tarry,  
Bide a wee afore I marry,  
No 'til Willie catches Maven Partans in his creel.

For me mother ca's me young and silly,  
Far too young tae marry Willy,  
Seventeen comes Christmas day tae Willy's twenty three  
And I dou' he's ever saved a scriven,  
wouldna gie the cock (?) ta livin',  
A' the work that Willy does is runnin' after me.

Willy's slow and Willy's lazy,  
Willy tak's things o'er easy,  
Faither says he's nothin' but a trowie ne'er-dae-weel  
So I think I'd better tarry,  
Bide a wee afore I marry,  
No 'til Willie catches Maven Partans in his creel.

There's a peedie croft amang the heather,  
Whar' he says we'll bide taegether,  
whiles he'll mak a livin' wi' his body an the sea,  
There's a wee bit house his faither biggit,  
Stoutly thatched and snugly riggit,  
Waitin' tae be taken o'er by Willy and by me.

Willy stands around and whistles,  
when his fields are full o' thistles,  
Thistles never brought a worry any mark o' weel  
Now I think I'd better tarry,  
Bide a wee afore I marry,  
Oh 'til Willie catches Maven Partans in his creel.

From an album of folk songs from the Orkney Isles

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