

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Keach on the Creel

Keach on the Creel

A fair young maid went up the street  
Some white fish for to buy  
And a bonnie clerk's fallen in love with her  
And he's followed her by and by

Rickity too dum da  
Too dum da  
Rickity too dum da

O where live you my bonny lass  
I pray you tell me true  
And though the night be ne'er so dark  
I will come and visit you

My father locks the door at night  
My mother keeps the key  
And though you were ne'er such a roving blade  
You canna win in to me

But the clerk he had a young brother  
And a wily wight was he  
And he has made a long ladder  
With thirty steps and three.

He has made a cleek but and a creel  
And the creel he's put on a pin  
And he's away to the chimbley top  
And he's letten the bonny clerk in

Now the old wife couldna sleep that night  
Though late late was the hour  
I'll lay my life, says the silly old wife  
There's a man in our daughter's bower

The old man he got out of bed  
To see if the thing was true  
But she's taken the bonny clerk in her arms  
And covered him with the blue

O what are you doing my daughter dear  
What are you doing my doo?

I'm praying on my prayer book  
For my silly old mammy and you.

Pray on pray on my ae daughter  
And see that you do it right  
For if ever a woman went out of her reason  
Your mother'll go this night

The de'il take you you silly old wife  
An ill death may you die  
She has the good book in her arms  
And she's praying for you and me

The old wife still lay waking yet  
Then something more was said  
I'll lay my life says the silly old wife  
There's a man in our daughter's bed

Rise up again my old goodman  
And see if this be true  
If you're wanting rising, rise yourself  
For I wish the old chiel had you

Then up she rose and down she goes  
And into the creel she flew  
And the clerk's brother at the chimbley top  
He found the creel was fu'

He's hauled her up he's hauled her down  
He's gi'en her a right down-fall  
Till every rib in the old wife's side  
Played nick-nack on the wall

O help me now my old goodman  
O help me now my doo  
For him that you wished me with this night  
I think he's gotten me now

Gin Old Nick has caughted you now  
I wish he may hold you fast  
For atween you and your ae daughter  
I never get any rest

O hey the blue the bonny blue  
And I wish it may do well  
And every old wife that wakes at night  
I wish her a keach in a creel

Child #281

From Seeds of Love, Sedley.

Note: the story dates back to European folk tales of the 14th century.

RG, SOF