

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Crayfish

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Fisherman, fisherman, standing by the sea
Have you got a crayfish that you can sell to me
By the way side high diddly aye do

Yes sir, yes sir, that indeed I do
I have got a crayfish that I can sell to you
By the way side high diddly aye do

Well, I took the crayfish home, and I thought he'd like a swim
So I filled up the chamber pot, and I threw the bugger in
By the way side high diddly aye do

In the middle of the night, I thought I'd have a fit
When my old lady got up to a-wash her face
By the way side high diddly aye do

Husband, husband, she cried out to me
The devil's in the chamber pot, and he's got hold of me
By the way side high diddly aye do

Children, children, bring the looking glass
Come and see the crayfish that bit your mother's a-face
By the way side high diddly aye do

Children, children, did you hear the grunt
Come and see the crayfish that bit your mother's a-nose
By the way side high diddly aye do

It's the ending of me story; I don't have any more
I've an apple in me pocket, and you can have the core
By the way side high diddly aye do

I heard this on "The Folk Show" with Mary Cliff on WETA in the late 70's. I don't know who the author or performers were.
Note: Recorded by Roberts and Barrand : Across the Western Ocean
DC