

Steeleye Span, The Weaver And The Factory Ma

When I was a tailor I carried my bodkin and shears
When I was a weaver I carried my roods and my gear
My temples also, my small clothes and reed in my hand
And wherever I go, here's the jolly bold weaver again

I'm a hand weaver to my trade
I fell in love with a factory maid
And if I could but her favour win
I'd stand beside her and weave by steam

My father to me scornful said
How could you fancy a factory maid
When you could have girls fine and gay
Dressed like unto the Queen of May

As for your fine girls I don't care
If I could but enjoy my dear
I'd stand in the factory all the day
And she and I'd keep our shuttles in play

I went to my love's bedroom door
Where often times I had been before
But I could not speak nor yet get in
The pleasant bed that my love laid in

How can you say it's a pleasant bed
Where nowt lies there but a factory maid?
A factory lass although she be
Blest in the man that enjoys she

O pleasant thoughts come to my mind
As I turn doen the sheets so fine
And I seen her two breasts standing so
Like two white hills all covered with snow

The loom goes click and the loom goes clack
The shuttle flies forward and then flies back
The weaver's so bent that he's like to crack
Such a wearisome trade is the weaver's

The yarn is made into cloth at last
The ends of west they are made quite fast
The weaver's labour are now all past
Such a wearisome trade is the weaver's

Where are the girls I will tell you plain
The girls have gone to weave by steam
And if you'd find them you must rise at dawn
And trudge to the mill in the early morn

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