

# Andy M. Stewart, To The Weaver's Gin Ye Go

My heart was ance as blithe and free  
As simmer days were lang;  
But a bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Has gart me change my sang.

Chorus.-To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,  
To the weaver's gin ye go;  
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,  
To the weaver's gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,  
To warp a plaiden wab;  
But the weary, weary warpin o't  
Has gart me sigh and sab.  
To the weaver's, &c.

A bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Sat working at his loom;  
He took my heart as wi' a net,  
In every knot and thrum.  
To the weaver's, &c.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,  
And aye I ca'd it roun';  
But every shot and evey knock,  
My heart it gae a stoun.  
To the weaver's, &c.

The moon was sinking in the west,  
Wi' visage pale and wan,  
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.  
To the weaver's, &c.

But what was said, or what was done,  
Shame fa' me gin I tell;  
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon  
Will ken as weel's myself!  
To the weaver's, &c.