

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.