

Robert Burns, To The Weavers Gin Ye Go

TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO

(Robert Burns)

My heart was ance as blythe 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.

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

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun'.
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.

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

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 mysel!

tune: To the Weaver's gin ye go (194)

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