Tae the Weaver's Gin Ye Go

Andy M. Stewart

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

Chorus:
Tae the weaver's gin ye go fair maid,
Tae the weaver's gin ye go,
I rede ye richt, gang ne'er at nicht,
Tae the weaver's gin ye go.

My mither sent me tae the toon
Tae warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

Chorus

A bonnie westlin weaver lad
Sat workin at his loom
He took my heart as wi a net

In every knot and thrum.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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