

Wee Weaver

Steeleye Span

I am a wee weaver confined to my loom
My lover she is fair as the red rose in June
She's loved by all young men and that does grieve me
My heart's in the bosom of lovely Mary

As Willie and Mary rode by yon shady bower
Where Willie and Mary spent many a happy hour
Where the thrush and the blackbird do constantly call
The praises of Mary round Locherin's shore

As Willie and Mary rode by yon river side
Said Willie to Mary: "Will you be my bride?"
This couple got married and they'll roam no more
Their pleasures and treasures round Locherin's shore