

## June Tabor

### "Four Loom Weaver"

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I'm a four loom weaver, as many a man knows,  
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out m' clothes  
M' clogs are all broken, and stockings I've none.  
Thee'd hardly gi's tuppence for all I've gotten on.

Old Billy O' Bent, he were telling us long  
We mayn't had better times if I'd nobbut held m'  
tongue.

Well, I held m' tongue til I near lost m' breath,  
And I feel in m' hear that I'll soon clem to death

I'm a four loom weaver, as many a man knows.  
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out m' clothes.  
Old Billy were right, but he ne'er were clemmed,  
He ne'er picked o'er in his liie.

We held out for six weeks, thought each day were the

Last.

We tarried and shifted til we were quite fast.  
We lived upon nettles while nettles were good.  
And Waterloo Porridge were best to us (as) food.

Our Margaret declares, if hoo'd clothes to put on,  
Hoo'd go up t' London and see the great man  
And if things didn' alter when there hoo'd been  
Hoo' swears hoo'd fight til there blood up to th' e'en.

I'm a four loom weaver as many a man knows.  
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out m' clothes  
Stockings I've none, nor looms to weave on,  
I've woven m'sen to far end.

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