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## Andy M. Stewart "To The Weaver's Gin Ye Go"

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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.

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