

To The Weaver's Gin Ye Go

My heart was ance as blythe and free (once)
As simmer days we lang; (summer, long)
But a bonny, westlin weaver lad (western)
Has gart me change my sang (made, song)

Chorus:
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, (should)
To the weaver's gin ye go,
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night (warn, go)
To the weaver's gin ye go. (should)

My mither sent me to the town, (mother)
To warp a plaiden wab (cloth)
But the weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab (made, sob)
Chorus

A bonny, westlin weaver lad (from the West)
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart, as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum. (hum of the loom)
Chorus

I sat beside my warpin - wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun'; (always, drove)
And every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun. (gave, thump)
Chorus

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

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell; (fall on, if)
But O! I fear the kintra soon (countryside)
Will ken as weel's mysel! (know, as well as)