

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Sherat Weaver

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Confound it I never were so open before.
Me hands are nearly breaking and me fingers are sore.
I've been rooting and scratching amongst the Sherat
Till I'm very near getting as blind as a bat.

I wish I were far enough up out o' t' road
For in weaving this rubbish I'm getting right stowed.
I've nowt in this world to lie to down on but straw
And I've only eight shillings a fortnight to draw.

And I haven't my family under me heart
I've a wife and six children to keep out of harm.
So I'm rather amongst it at present, you see.
Ee, if ever a feller were troubled, it's me.

If I went out to steal folks'd call me a thief
And I haven't the nerve for to ask for relief.
As I said in our house t'other night to me wife
I've never done owt of this sort in me life.

Ee dear, if yon Yankees could only but see
How they're clemming and starving poor weavers like me
I think they'd soon settle their battles and strife
And send us some cotton to keep us alive.

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Sherat is a province in India which supplied cotton to the mills of Lancashire during a cotton famine caused by a dispute with the USA. The cotton from Sherat was "a right load of old sherit" - it was very coarse stuff and it kept breaking when they were weaving it. Hence this weaver's lament. MU

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