

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Weaver Had a Wife

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The weaver had a wife and the major loved her dearly;
And to her bed-side he appeared both late and early.

The weaver a-being away from home, away from home a-drinking,
The major come in with his gay gold guineas jingling.

The weaver come home within the night, which made them hurry, scurry.
"Where must I hide" the major cried, "This is too bold a venture."

"You may hide under my bed-side Before I let him in."

....

"Oh, ho! my loving husband, for you I have been longing.
I have rolled my bed from side to side for the want of you, my darling."

He got up late in the night And through a grand mistake
He surely made, he put on the major's breeches.

As he rode along he spied a gold watch by his side, and guineas he had twenty.
He clasped his [= hand] in his pocket and found he had money plenty.

And then he saw his mistake: that he had on the major's breeches:
"And now I will return to my wife; perhaps she has got better."

He jumped and caroused all over the floor "Good Lord, how my breeches does
glitter!"

My wife lay sobbing on the old -- -- "With you I have been evil."

She cursed them breeches in her heart and wished [L them] to the devil.

"Oh, ho! my dear wife, unto [= you] I wager, I'm as fit to wear these breeches
as you are for the major."

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