

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Weaver and the Factory Girl

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Oh, when I was a tailor I carried my bodkin and shears
When I was a weaver I carried my roods and my gear
My temples also, my small clothes and reed in my hand
And wherever I go, it's a jolly bold weaver again.

I'm a hired weaver to be trained
I fell in love with a factory maid
And if I could but her favor win
I'd stand beside her and we'd be (?)

Me father to me strongly said
How could you fancy a factory maid
When you could have girls fine and gay
Dressed like unto the Queen of the May

As for your fine girls I don't care
If I'm (?) and join my dear
I'd stand in the factory all the day
And she and I'd be (?) shuttles in (play?)

I went to my love's bedroom door
Where often times I had been before
But I could not speak nor yet get in
The pleasant bed that my love lay in

How can I say it's a pleasant bed
When (wi nowt??) lies but a factory maid,
And the factory noise aill about you be
Blessed be the man that enjoys she

Oh, pleasant thoughts come to me mind
As I turn down there sheets so fine
And I see now two breasts standing so
Like two whitw hills all covered with snow.

The reed goes click and the (f?) goes clack
And then the shuttle flies forward and then flies back.
The weaver saw then things might be black
Such a wearisome trade is the weaver

Thank God, it's made into cloth at last
The ends of the work they are made quite fast

The weaver's labors are now all past
Such a wearisome trade is the weaver.

Where are the girls? I will tell ya boy
The girls have gone to leave to sleep
And if you'd find them you must rise up boy
And trudge to the mill in the early morn,

Oh, when I was a tailor I carried my bodkin and shears
When I was a weaver I carried my roods and my gear
My temples also, my small clothes and reed in my hand
And wherever I go, it's a jolly bold weaver again.

Recorded on Parcel of Rogues

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