Traditional Irish Music
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The Work Of The Weavers

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        G                          C          G
We're all met together here, to sit and to crack.
                                                        D7
With our glasses in our hands and our work upon our back.
             G
And there's not a trade among them all
       C                  G
  can neither mend nor mak'
                                  D7   G
If it wasna' for the work of the weavers.
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Chorus :

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      G                D7        Em                 Bm
If it wasna' for the weavers, what would they do ?
C               G            Am           D7
We wouldna' have cloth made of our wool.
G                            C                  G
We wouldna' have a coat, neither black nor blue,
                                  D7   G
If it wasna' for the work of the weavers.
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The hireman chiels (mill-owners), they mock us
and crack aye aboot's,
They say that we are thin-faced,
bleached like cloots (cloths);
But yet for a' their mockery they canna do wi'oots,
No! They canna want the work of the weavers.

There's our wrights and our slaters and glaziers and a',
Our doctors and our ministers and them that live by law;
And our friends in South America,
though them we never saw,
But we know they wear the work of the weavers.

There's our sailors and our soldiers,
we know they're a' bald,
But if they hadna clothes, faith,
they couldna live for cauld;
The high and low, the rich and poor,
a'body young and auld—
They winna want the work of the weavers.

There's folk that's independent of other tradesman's work,
The women need no barbers and dykers need no clerk;
But none o' them can do without a coat or a shirt,
No! They canna want the work of the weavers.

The weaving is a trade that never can fail,
As long's we need a cloth to keep another hale;
So let us aye be merry over a bicker of good ale,
And drink to the health of the weavers.

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