

# To The Weaver's Gin Ye Go

[Andy M. Stewart](#)

My heart was ance as blithe and free  
As simmer days were lang,  
But a bonie, westlin' weaver lad  
Has gart me change my sang. To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,  
To the weaver's gin ye go,  
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,  
To the weaver's gin ye go. My mither sent me to the town,  
To warp a plaiden wab,  
But the weary, weary warpin o't  
Has gart me sigh and sab.  
To the weaver's. A bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Sat working at his loom;  
He took my heart as wi' a net,  
In every knot and thrum.  
To the weaver's I sat beside my warpin-wheel,  
And aye I ca'd it roun';  
But every shot and evey knock,  
My heart it gae a stoun.  
To the weaver's The moon was sinking in the west,  
Wi' visage pale and wan,  
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.  
To the weaver's But what was said, or what was done,  
Shame fa' me gin I tell;  
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon  
Will ken as weel's myself!  
To the weaver's

Songwriters

ROBERT BURNS, SERGE HOVEY Published by

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