The Wark o' the Weavers



We're a' met thegither here to sit and to crack,

Wi' oor glasses in oor hands and oor wark upon oor back; And there's no' a trade amang them a' can either mend or mak' If it was-na for the wark o' the weavers. (Chorus)

If it wasna for the weavers what would we do? We wouldna ha'e claith made o' oor woo', We wouldna ha'e a coat, neither black nor blue, Gin it wasna for the wark o' the weavers.

The hireman chiels the mock us and crack aye about 's, They say that we are thin-faced, bleached like cloots, But yet for a' their mockery the canna do without 's Na! They canna want the wark o' the weavers.

There's oor wrichts and oor slaters and glaziers and a'
Oor doctors and oor ministers and them that lives by law.
And oor friends in South Americay, though them we never saw
But we ken they know the wark o' the weavers.

There's oor sailors and oor sodjers, we ken they're a' bauld, But if they hadna claithes, faith, they couldna fecht for cauld; The high, the low, the rich, the puir, a' body young and auld, They winna want the wark o' the weavers.

There's folk that's independent o' other tradesmen's wark, The women need nae barbers and the dyker needs nae clerk; But nane o' them can dae without a coat or a sark, Na! They canna want the wark o' the weavers.

The weaving is a trade that never can fail, As lang's we need ae cloot to keep anither hale; So let us aye be merry ower a bicker o' guid ale, And drink tae the wark o' the weavers.