

## The Shuttle Rins



The wea-ver's wife sits at the fire\_and\_ works the pirn\_ wheel\_



She likes to hear her own good man\_Drive\_ on the shut-tle weel.



The shut-tle rins, the shut-tle rins, The shut-tle rins wi' speed;



Oh sweet-ly may the shut-tle rin, That wins the bairns\_ bread.

The weaver's wife sits at the fire  
And works the pirn wheel.  
She likes to hear her own good man  
Drive on the shuttle weel.

(Chorus)

The shuttle rins, the shuttle rins,  
The shuttle rins wi' speed;  
Oh sweetly may the shuttle rin,  
That wins the bairns' bread.

Thread after thread makes up the claith  
Until the wage he wins,  
And ilka weaver maks the mair,  
The mair his shuttle rins.

He rises early in the morn  
He toils till late at night  
He fain would independent be,  
He knows what is his right.

The proudest o' the land would pine  
Without the waever's wark  
The pampered priest, the haughty peer  
Would go without a sark.