The Work O' The Weavers

We're all met together here to sit and to crack,
Wi' our glasses in our hands and our work upon our backs;
There's nay a trade among 'em that can mend or can mack
If it wasn'a for the work o' the weavers.

If it wasn'a for the weavers, what would ye do?
Ye wouldn'a hae a cloth that's made o' wool.
Ye wouldn'a hae a coat o' the black or the blue,
If it wasn'a for the work o' the weavers.

There's soldiers and there's sailors and glaziers and all,
There's doctors and there's ministers and them that live by law;
And our friends in South America, though them we never saw,
But we ken they wear the work o' the weavers.

Chorus

Now weavin' is a trade that never can fail,
As long as we need clothes for to keep another hale -
So let us all be merry o'er a pitcher o' good ale,
And drink to the health o' the weavers.

Chorus