

# THE WORK OF THE WEAVERS

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I can just see this bunch of tradesmen sitting around drinking, reassuring themselves of how the world can't get along without them.

Moderately

ows  
de-

the  
bly

We're all met to-gether here to sit and to crack with our  
glass - es in our hands and our work up - on our back. There's  
nay a trade a - mong them that can mend or can mack, If it  
was -n't na for the work of the weav - - - ers.

CHORUS

If it was -n't na for the weav - ers what would ye do? You  
would - n't na have a cloth that's made of wool. You  
would - n't na have a coat of the black or the blue If it  
was - n't na for the work of the weav - - - ers.

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 of the weavers.

(CHORUS)

The weaving's a trade that never can fail,  
As long as we need clothes for to keep another hale,  
So let us all be merry oh a pic'ure of good ale,  
And we'll drink to the health of the weavers.

(CHORUS)

