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Old Weaver's Daughter

Author Unknown

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Old weaver's daughter

As I walk'd out one sweet May morn,
Across the fields so early,
O there I met with a bonny maid,
More bright than any fairy,
Where are you going, sweet maid, said I,
As by the hand I caught her,
I'm going home, kind sir she said,
I'm the poor old weaver's daughter,

I said sweet maid will you be mine?
I've gold and silver plenty
I'll make you a fine lady gay,
O no kind sir, I thank you,
My mother's dead, and in her grave;
An early lesson she taught me,
To marry for love and not for gold,
Cried the poor old weaver's daughter,

My father he is nearly blind,
And he is past his labour,
It would break his heart with me to part.
Cried the poor old weaver's daughter,
Parted from him I never will be,
For he's been a good kind father,
Until he's in his peaceful grave,
Cried the poor old weaver's daughter,

Farewell sweet maid, said I, farewell,
May you always be happily united,
May the lad you love always constant prove
And your prospect ne'er be blighted:
For friendship's sake this gold then take,
For bonny maid I thought her,
And while I live I shall ne'er forget
The poor old weaver's daughter,