

The Shuttle Rins

The weaver's wife sits at the fire
And ca's the pirn wheel
She likes tae hear her ain gude man
Drive on the shuttle weel

Chorus
The shuttle rins, the shuttle rins
The shuttle rins wi speed
O sweetly may the shuttle rin
That wins the bairns' breid

Threid efter threid maks 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 fu late at nicht
He fain wad independent be
He kens what is his richt

Although he has nae dainty fare
His wages being sma
Yet he can wi his thrifty wife
Keep hungry want awa

He fondly soothes a neebor's grief
Or shares a neebor's glee
And fain tae gie his bairns lair
He gars the shuttle flee

State cormorants may craw fu crouse
And haughty be an proud
But were they paid by "ells o keels"
They wadna laugh sae loud

The proudest o the land wad pine
Wi 'oot the weavers' wark
The pampered priest, the haughty peer
Wad gang wi'oot a sark

Then cheer your hearts ye workin men
An aa like brithers be
Rise up against restrictive laws
And set industry free