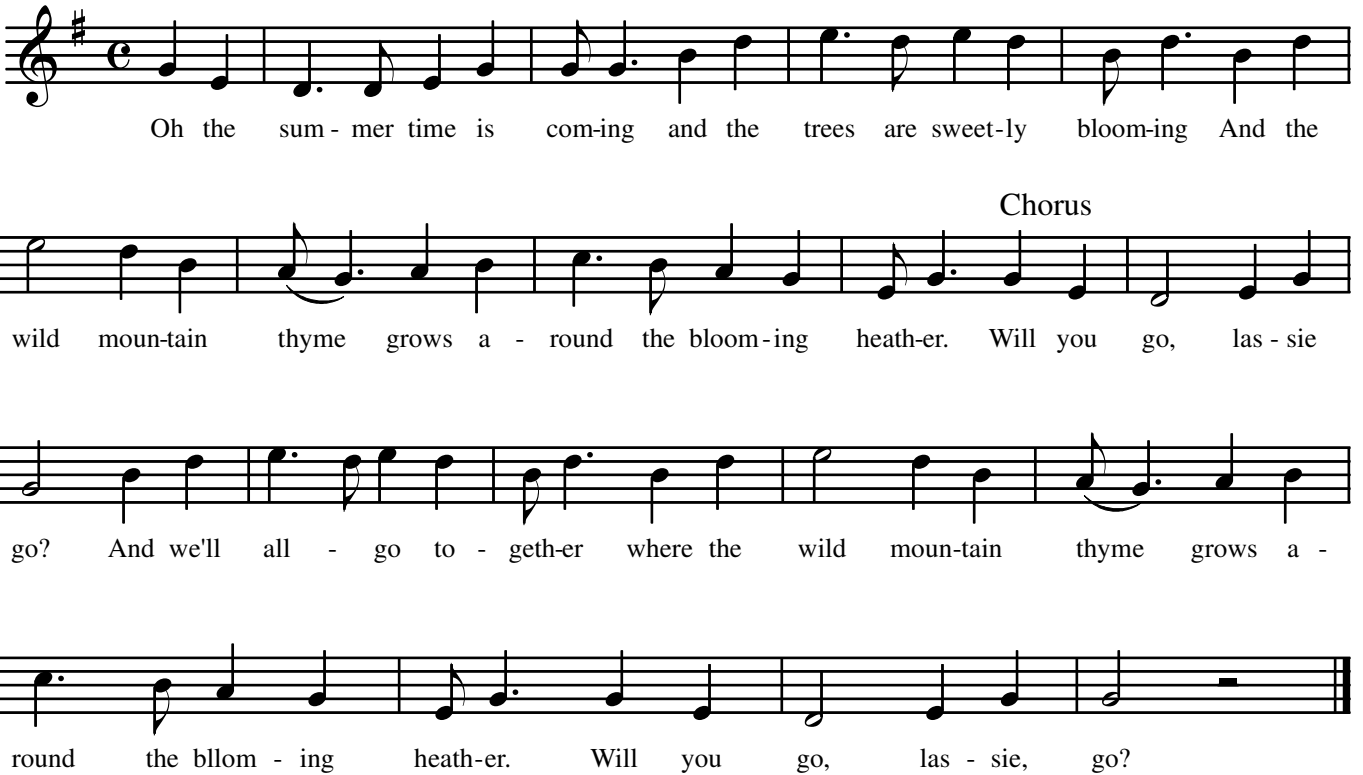


# WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Jimmy McPeake

Whistle



Oh the sum - mer time is com - ing and the trees are sweet - ly bloom - ing And the

5 Chorus  
wild moun - tain thyme grows a - round the bloom - ing heath - er. Will you go, las - sie

10  
go? And we'll all - go to - geth - er where the wild moun - tain thyme grows a -

15  
round the bloom - ing heath - er. Will you go, las - sie, go?

I will build my love a bower  
By yon cool, crystal fountain,  
And on it I will pile  
All the flowers of the mountain.

If my true love will ne'er go with me,  
I will surely find another  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather.

Oh, the summer time is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather.

# THE WORK OF THE WEAVERS

David Shaw

Whistle

We are met - to - geth - ere here to sit and to crack With our glass - es in our

6

hands and our work up-on our backs And there's not a trade a - mong them all can

11

Refrain

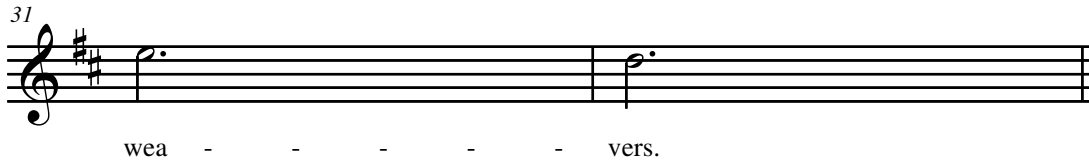
nei-ther mend nor mack If it was-na for the work of the wea - vers. If it was-na for the

18

wea - vers, what would ye do? — Ye would-na hae a coat neir black na blue — Ya

25

would-nay-ha'e the cloth that's made fra' the wool if it was nay for the work of the



The hireman chiels, they mock us and crack aye aboots  
 They say that we are thin faced, bleached like cloots  
 But yet for all their mockery, they canna do wi oots  
 No they canna want the work o the weavers

There's our rights and our slaters and glaziers and a'  
 Our doctors and ministers and them that live by law  
 And our friends in South America, tho them we never saw  
 But we know they wear the work of the weavers

There's our sailors and our soldiers, we know they're all bauld  
 But if they hadna clothes, faith they couldna live for cauld  
 The high and low, the rich and poor, a'body young and auld  
 They widna want the work o the weavers

There's folk that's independent of other tradesman work  
 The women need no barbers and dykers need no clerk  
 But none o them can do wi out a coat or a shirt  
 No, they canna want the work o the weavers

The weaving is a trade that never can fail  
 As longs we need a cloth to keep another hale  
 So let us aye be merry over a bicket of good ale  
 And drink a health to the weavers