

The Poor Old Weaver's Daughter

TYG 48

As I rode out one May morn - ing - a-cross yon fields so ear - ly, —

I spied a maid, — a most beau ti ful maid, — as sweet as an - y

fair - y. — Said I, "My pret - ty maid, where art thou go - ing?" And

by the hand I took her. She blushed and she said, "I'm

go - ing home, I'm a poor old weav - er's - daught - er."

1. As I rode out one May morning across yon fields so early,
I spied a maid, a most beautiful maid, as sweet as any fairy.
Said I, "My pretty maid, where art thou going?" And by the hand I took her.
She blushed and she said, "I'm going home, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter."
2. "May I come with thee, my pretty maid, for gold and silver I've plenty?"
She turned her head, she blushed and she said, "Oh no, kind sir, I thank thee.
My mother she is dead and lay in her grave and the early lesson she taught me,
Was to marry for love and not for gold," cried that poor old weaver's daughter.
3. "My father is old and is nearly blind and almost past his labour,
It would break his heart for us to part for he's been such a good old master,
So parted from him I never shall be for he's been such a good kind father,
So until he's laid in his peaceful grave I'm a poor old weaver's daughter."
4. "Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well, my own pretty maid, may thy prospects ever be brighter,
And the lad thou loves shall be constant and true, and happily you'll be united;
For friendship's sake this gold ring take." What a lovely maid I thought her,
And as long as I live I never shall forget that poor old weaver's daughter.