

# The Weaver

Oh, as I roved out one moon - light night, The  
stars were shin - - ing and all things bright. I  
spied a pret - ty maid by the light of the moon, And  
un - - der her ap - - ron she car - ried a loom.  
To me right wack fal the doo - a - - di - - do - day,  
Right whack fal the doo - a - - di - - do - - day,  
Too - - ra loo - - ra loo - - ra lay, To me  
right wack fal the doo - a di - - do - - day.

Oh, as I roved out one moonlight night,  
The stars were shining and all things bright,  
I spied a pretty maid by the light of the moon,  
And under her apron she carried a loom.

Chorus:

To me right whack fal the doo-a-di-do-day,  
Right whack fal the doo-a-di-do-day,  
Too-ra loo-ra loo-ra lay,  
To me right whack fal the doo-a-di-do-day.

She says, "Young man, what trade do you bear?"  
Says I, "I'm a weaver, I do declare.  
I am a weaver, brisk and free"  
"Would you weave upon my loom, kind sir?" said she.

There was Nancy Right and Nancy Rill:  
For them I wove the Diamond Twill;  
Nancy Blue and Nancy Brown:  
For them I wove the Rose and the Crown.

So I laid her down upon the grass,  
I braced her loom both tight and fast,  
And for to finish it with a joke,  
I topped it off with a double stroke.