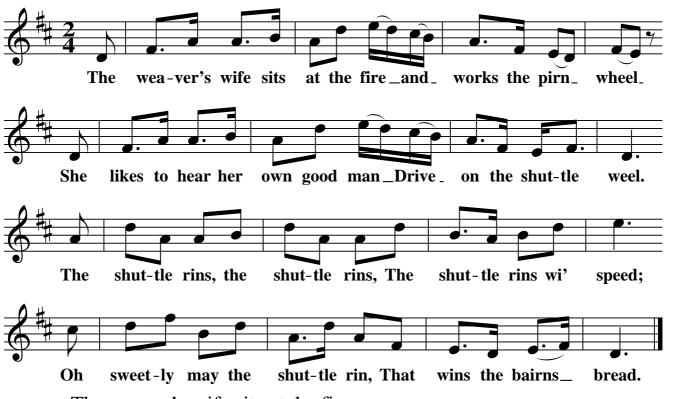
## The Shuttle Rins



The weaver's wife sits at the fire And works the pirn wheel. She likes to hear her own good man Drive on the shuttle weel.

## (Chorus)

The shuttle rins, the shuttle rins, The shuttle rins wi' speed; Oh sweetly may the shuttle rin, That wins the bairns' bread.

Thread after thread makes 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 till late at night
He fain would independent be,
He knows what is his right.

The proudest o' the land would pine Without the waever's wark
The pampered priest, the haughty peer Would go without a sark.