

# The Weaver's Sweet Home

I am a poor weaver and forced for to roam  
Far from my country, my own native home  
Farewell to my family, my shuttle and loom  
Which once made me sing there is no place like home

*Home, home sweet home*

I've travelled this country employment to find  
But fortune was cruel and to me proved unkind  
I've left wife and children in sorrow to mourn  
When shall I return to my sweet native home

In Lancashire, Yorkshire and Cheshire also  
They're in a wretched state as you well know  
The want of employment it makes us to moan  
With many a poor family starving at home

We once were as happy as happy could be  
But now we're distressed as you may plainly see  
The want of free trade it makes thousands to mourn  
And wander strange countries so far from their home

Now trade is so bad as you plainly may see  
Which makes us to wander in sad poverty  
My shuttle through the slayboard it used for to run  
But now it lies still and I'm far from my home

So now to conclude and to finish my song  
I hope trade will flourish and better times come  
Then the weavers and spinners may no longer moan  
And go back to their looms in their own native home

*Tune: Brian Peters; Words: Traditional; Arranged: Coe, Peters, Smyth*

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