

***Gallant Weaver* (2002) by James MacMillan**

Words by Robert Burns

Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is the gallant Weaver.

Oh I had woers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine,
And I was feared my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd the tocher-band
To gie the lad the has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the Weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I love my gallant Weaver.