

Weaver's Curse

Warp and wind, shift and spin
Weaving thread thick and thin
Red as blood and black as sin
Working at the loom

For a maid my love you spurned
When at last the truth I learned
How my heart with vengeance burned
Working at the loom

Chorus

Saw you ride in dawn's first light
Shining in your armour bright
How I loved my new made knight
Working at the loom

Weave a curse in silken thread
May this cloth be soaked in red
May your foeman strike you dead
Working at the loom

Chorus

Chorus

Proud to weave the banners you bore
Though my hands were red and sore
Never loved so much before
Working at the loom

Love her well who loves you first
Love for better or for worse
Else you court a weaver's curse
Working at the loom

Chorus

Chorus

