

A new SONG,
CALL'd THE
Loyal Weavers.

COME all ye brave Fellows, I pray now attend,
Give ear to my song I so lately have pen'd,
To honourable Weavers I mean for to sing,
Who scorn to submit to an Arbitrary King.

C H O R U S.

*Here's Success to the Weavers, we'll drink to their Cause,
With Confusion to all that dishonour their Laws.*

We thought it expedient an Act for to pass,
And bind ourselves in an Article fast,
That no Man amongst us, Apprentice should take,
Except Weavers' Sons, for his Family's Sake.
Here's Success, &c.

Within a short Time, Information there came,
That a Rascal at BORTON, had broken the fame;
We found he stood Guilty, we fin'd him with speed,
He said he'd make no Satisfaction indeed.
Here's Success, &c.

To his Master we hasten'd, and Posted the Man,
To stop him from Working, it was our Plan,
But Pride and Ambition, so reign'd in his Breast,
He swore he'd employ him, although 'twas unjust.
Here's Success, &c.

With that One and All, we agreed to turn Out,
Which pinches the SNOW BALL, far worse than
the Gout,
Like true Hearted Soldiers, we'll ne'er quit the Field
Until that we make our Enemies yield.
Here's Success, &c.

Like Brother and Brother, then let us unite,
And stand by each other for what is our Right;
Our Articles stick to, all Slavery scorn,
Our Deeds will be honour'd by thousands unborn.
Here's Success, &c.

Here's a hearty Success unto Great GEORGE's
Name.
For Virtue and Honour, he's worthy of Fame;
May his Family flourish, while here they endure,
And Himself ever happy, when Time is no more.

*Here's Success to the Weavers, we'll drink to their Cause,
With Confusion to all that dishonour their Laws.*

