



THE WEAVERS' LAMENTATION

O Lord look down with pitying eye,
Attend unto our mournful cry,
And bless us with reviving trade,
That we might have both work and bread.

Our children round about us cry,
For bread but we cannot supply
Their wants and every other aid,
For we have neither work nor bread.

O Lord in mercy undertake
Our cause and some way for us make,
That all our children may be fed,
That we might have both work and bread.

The earth with all its fulness Lord,
Was made by thy most powerful word,
When thou had its foundation laid,
There seemed to be no need of trade.

But man in disobedience grew,
And all God's vengeance on him drew ;
So sin on all a curse has laid,
And we cry out for want of trade.

Remember Job, that patient man,
What great afflictions he did stand,
In his distress he found a friend,
And so shall we when trade doth mend.

Good people all attend awhile,
And lend an ear we pray ;
While I unfold the reason why
We're travelling here to-day.

It is because we're out of work,
And bread cannot procure,
To see our children starve for food,
What parent can endure ?

A trifle from you though e're so small,
Will greatly us befriend ;
We hope you will no poorer be,
But richer in the end.

All you that giveth to the poor,
Lendeth to the Lord ;
So now kind friends on us bestow,
Whatever you can afford.



THE WEAVERS' LAMENTATION

O Lord look down with pitying eye,
Attend unto our mournful cry,
And bless us with reviving trade,
That we might have both work and bread.

Our children round about us cry,
For bread but we cannot supply
Their wants and every other aid,
For we have neither work nor bread.

O Lord in mercy undertake
Our cause, and some way for us make,
That all our children may be fed,
That we might have both work and bread.

The earth with all its fulness Lord,
Was made by thy most powerful word,
When thou had its foundation laid,
There seemed to be no need of trade.

But man in disobedience grew,
And all God's vengeance on him drew ;
So sin on all a curse has laid,
And we cry out for want of trade.

Remember Job, that patient man,
What great afflictions he did stand,
In his distress he found a friend,
And so shall we when trade doth mend.

Good people all attend awhile,
And lend an ear we pray ;
While we unfold the reason why
We're travelling here to-day.

It is because we're out of work,
And bread cannot procure,
To see our children starve for food,
What parent can endure ?

A trifle from you though e're so small,
Will greatly us befriend ;
We hope you will no poorer be,
But richer in the end.

All you that giveth to the poor,
Lendeth to the Lord ;
So now kind friends on us bestow,
Whatever you can afford.

