

5. THE WEAVER OF WELLBROOK.

BEN BRIERLEY.

Old Tune, "THE STAR."

In a jovial manner. ♩ = 84.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

Key C. | m :d :d ld :m :m | f :r :r lr :s :s | d' :t :l is :l :f }

You gen - tle - men all, with your hounds and your parks, You may gam - ble and sport till you

mf

| m :d :- | :s :f | m :d :d ld :m :m | f :r :r lr :- :s | d' :t :d' is :l :f }

dee - ee; But a qui - et house nook, a good wife and a book, Is more to the lik - ings of

f CHORUS.

| m :d :- | :s :d' | m' :d' :m' ld' :m' :m' | r' :t :r' lt :- :r' | d' :t :d' ll :r' :d' }

mee - ee. With my pick - ers and pins, And my wel - lers to th' shins My lin - der - ins, shut - tle and

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The tempo and meter are indicated as 't :s :- l :- :s'.

yeald-hook My trea-dles and sticks, My weight-ropes and bricks, What a life! said the wea-ver of Well-brook.

The Weaver of Wellbrook.

(Abbreviated for non-Lancastrians.)

- 1 You gentlemen all, with your hounds and your parks,
You may gamble and sport till you dee-ee;
But a quiet house nook, a good wife and a book,
Is more to the likings of mee-ee.

With my pickers and pins,
And my wellers to th' shins,
My linderins, shuttle, and yeald-hook,
My treadles and sticks,
My weight-ropes and bricks,
What a life! said the weaver of Wellbrook

- 2 I care not for titles, nor houses, nor land;
Old Jone's a name fitting for me-ee.
And give me a thatch, with a wooden door latch,
And six feet of ground when I dee-ee.
With my pickers and pins, etc.

- 3 You may turn up your noses at me, and th' old dame,
And thrust us like dogs to the wall-all;
But while I can labour, I'll not be a beggar,
So I care not a cuss for you all-all.
With my pickers and pins, etc.

First issued in "Chronicles of Waverlow," 1863.

"The Weaver of Wellbrook" was inimitable when given with all the grunts and grimaces of the grumbling old "wayvour." The chorus compels us to hear his looms rattling as he proclaims his independent spirit; and also fully illustrates the boisterousness required in a really popular Lancashire song. The same sturdy independence is voiced in "There was a jolly miller once," but in that case the tune is in the minor.

5712

The Weaver of Wellbrook.

(The verses complete in Lancashire dialect.)

- Yo gentlemen o with yor heawnds an' yor parks,
Yo may gamble an' sport till yo dee;
Bo a quiet heawse nook, a good wife an' a book,
Is mooar to the likins o' me-e.

Wi' mi pickers an' pins,
An' mi wellers to th' shins,
Mi linderins, shuttle, an' yea'ldhook;
Mi treddles an' sticks,
Mi weight-ropes an' bricks;
What a life! said the wayver o' Wellbrook

- Aw care no' for titles, nor heawses, nor lond;
Owd Jone's a name fittin' for me;
An' gie mi a thatch wi' a wooden dur latch,
An' six feet o' greawnd when aw dee-ee.
Wi' mi pickers an' pins, etc.

- Some folk liken t' stuff their owd wallets wi' mayte,
Till they're as reawnd an' as browsen as frogs;
Bo for me, aw'm content when aw've paid deawn mi rent,
Wi' enoof t' keep mi up i' mi clogs-ogs.
Wi' mi pickers an' pins, etc.

- An' ther some are too idle to use their own feet,
An' mun keawr an' stroddle i' th' lone;
Bo when aw'm wheelt or carried—it'll be to get berried,
An' then Dicky-up wi' Owd Jone—one
Wi' mi pickers an' pins, etc.

- Yo may turn up yor noses at me an' th' owd dame,
An' thrutch us like dogs agen th' wo;
Bo as long's aw con nayger aw'll ne'er be a beggar,
So a' care no' a cuss for yo' o-o.
Wi' mi pickers an' pins, etc.

- Then, Margit, turn reawnd that owd hum-a-drum wheel,
An' mi shuttle shall fly like a brid;
An' when aw no lunger can use hant or finger,
They'n say—while aw could do aw did-id
Wi' mi pickers an' pins, etc.