Weave, brothers, weave!—Swifly throw
The shuttle a'hwart the loom,
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
That have beauty but no perfume!
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes,
The lily, that hath no spot;
The violet, deep as your true love's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not!

Sing, sing, brothers! weave and sing!
'Tis good both to sing and to weave;
'Tis better to work than live idle;
'Tis better to sing than grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Weave, and bid
The secrets of sunset glow!
Let glossy be each gliding thread be hid!
Let breezy about ye blow!
Let your ears be long, and your silk be fine,
And your hands both firm and sure,
And Trueman's chance shall your work untwine;