

The Wark o' the Weavers

Traditional Scottish folksong, in the original Lallans Scots. Added hymn lyrics come from the hymn sung at the 1898 re-internment at St Kilda Cemetery of three men who died at Elwood Quarantine Station. Lyrics in Italics were added by Jeannie Marsh in 2020 for Elwood Singing Walking Trail.

The Wark o' the Weavers

We're a' met the-gither here to sit and to crack,

Wi' oor glasses in oor hands

And oor wark upon oor back;

And there's no trade amang them a' can either mend or mak'

If it wasna for the wark o' the weavers.

If it wasna for the weavers what would they do?

We wouldna ha'e claiith made o' oor woo',

We wouldna ha'e a coat, neither black nor blue,

Gin it wasna for the wark o' the weavers.

Hymn

They dared the perils of the sea

To win with hope the promised land,

To find new homes was not to be,

But lonely graves upon the strand.

Their memory lingers on,

Past the Elwood sand,

All those folk who came ashore with the weavers.

Rough translation of Lallans Scots text

We're all here together to sit and talk, with our glasses in our hands and our work upon our back. And no trade among them all could either mend nor make things, if it wasn't for the work of the weavers. If it wasn't for the weavers, what would they do? We wouldn't have cloth made of our wool. We wouldn't have a coat, neither black nor blue, if it wasn't for the work of the weavers.