

The Weavers Hands

Written by Norrie MacIver

VERSE 1

In the loom shed by the peat-stacked wall,
The warp and weft obey the call,
Threads of colours, threads of years,
The hum of work drowns out our fears.
Father's hands are worn and true,
Guiding mine as fathers do.

CHORUS

The weaver's hands, they know the way,
Through storms of life, they'll never stray.
From croft to shore, the cloth will stand,
The heart and soul of the weaver's hands.

VERSE 2

The smell of wool, the clatter's song,
A rhythm steady, hard and long.
Through heather hills where wild winds blow
The Harris tweed begins to grow.
Each thread a tale, each spool a time,
Bound in the loom, forever mine.

BRIDGE

And when he's gone, his chair sits still,
But I'll keep weaving, I always will.
For in this cloth, his voice remains,
A father's love through woollen strains.

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