

Weave, brothers, weave !—Swiftly throw  
The shuttle athwart 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 colours of sunset glow !  
Let grace in each gliding thread be hid !  
Let beauty about ye blow !  
Let your stem be long, and your silk be fine,  
And your hands both firm and sure,  
And Time nor chance shall your work untwine ;