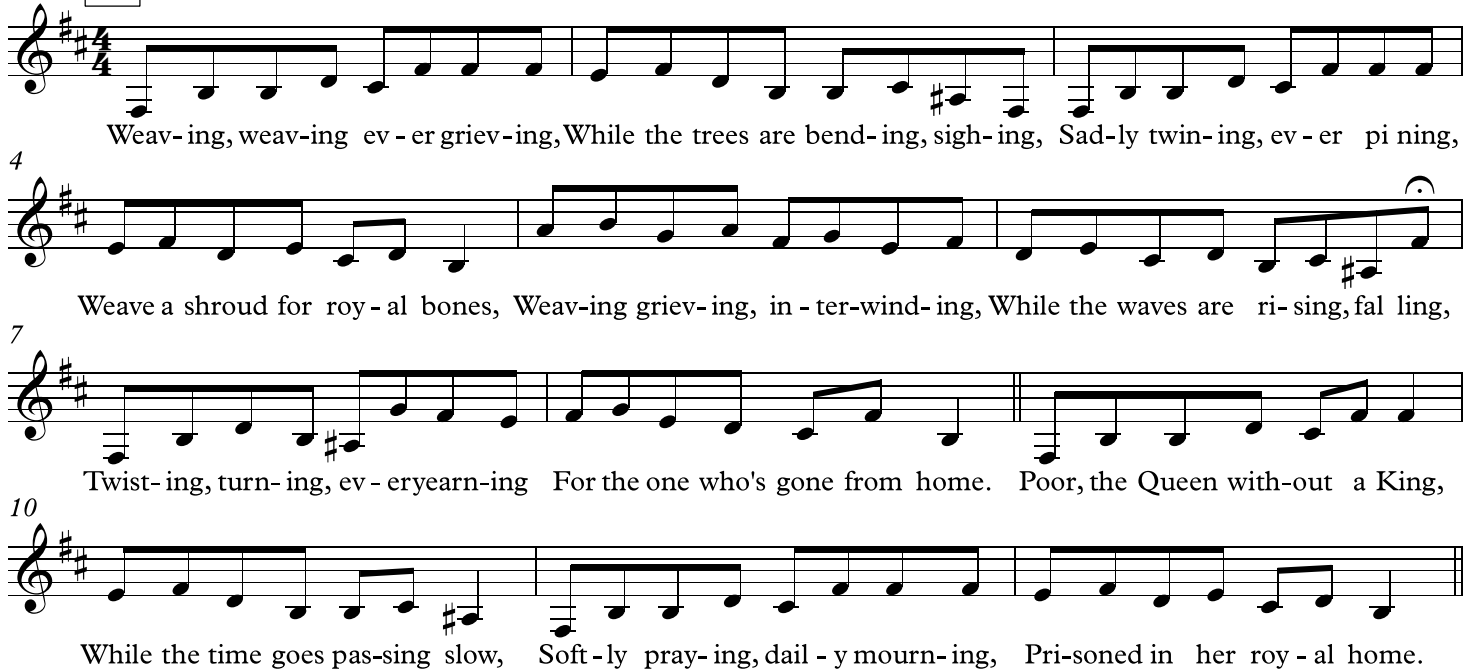


# Weaving Song

## The Penelopiad

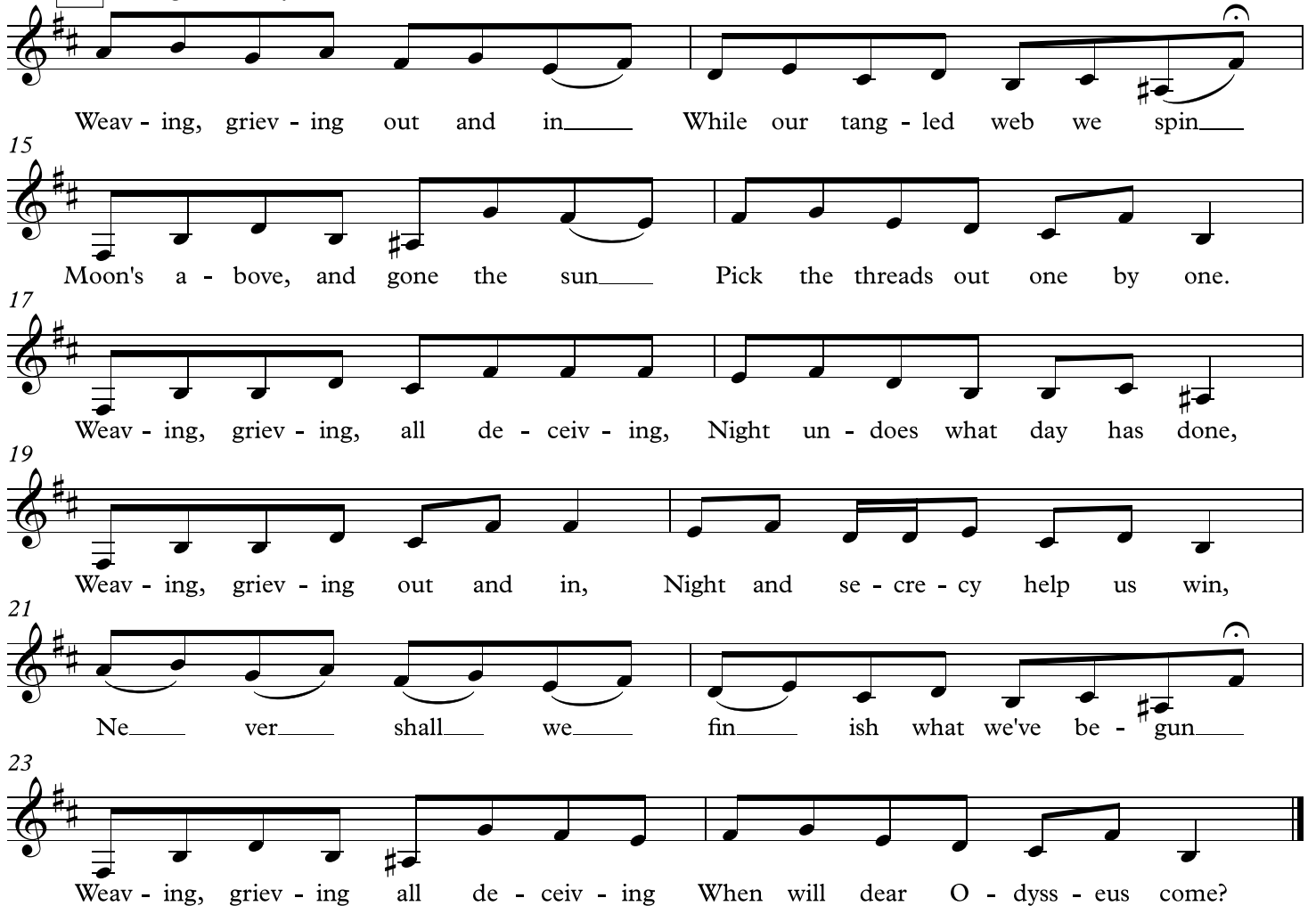
**A**


4 Weav-ing, weav-ing ev - er griev-ing, While the trees are bend-ing, sigh-ing, Sad-ly twin-ing, ev - er pi ning,

7 Weave a shroud for roy - al bones, Weav-ing griev-ing, in - ter-wind-ing, While the waves are ri-sing, fal ling,

10 Twist-ing, turn-ing, ev - eryearn-ing For the one who's gone from home. Poor, the Queen with-out a King,

While the time goes pas-sing slow, Soft - ly pray-ing, dail - y mourn-ing, Pri-soned in her roy - al home.

**B** *Straight, slower feel*


13 Weav - ing, griev - ing out and in\_\_\_ While our tang - led web we spin\_\_\_

15 Moon's a - bove, and gone the sun\_\_\_ Pick the threads out one by one.

17 Weav - ing, griev - ing, all de - ceiv - ing, Night un - does what day has done,

19 Weav - ing, griev - ing out and in, Night and se - cre - cy help us win,

21 Ne\_\_\_ ver\_\_\_ shall\_\_\_ we\_\_\_ fin\_\_\_ ish what we've be - gun\_\_\_

23 Weav - ing, griev - ing all de - ceiv - ing When will dear O - dyss - eus come?