

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Fincairn Flax

Fincairn Flax  
(Hasson-Collins)

Its like a thousand years ago i first left out me pen  
With brogan boots and wrinkled coat i went to join the men.  
For one and six a day we worked and broke our backs  
Pulling fields of lint to make the Fincairn flax.

We wash our hands and faces and we disinfect our clothes  
We scrub behind our kneecaps and we clean between our toes  
We douse our hair with hair oil and run it down our backs  
But sure as hell you still can smell the Fincairn flax.

We steeped it and we spread it and we dried it in the sun  
And we lifted it and tied it and the work was never done  
We only wanted rest, for we were dropping in our tracks,  
But the ladies wanted hankies made of Fincairn flax.

Well our hands were cut and blistered our knees were all in red  
And the achin' in our muscles ah you might as well be dead  
But the farmer stood and glowered as we built the linten stacks  
And he thought about the money from the Fincairn flax.

And when we meet Saint Peter he'll say come right through  
For its pointless giving penance to a man who worked liked you  
To ask you to do penance is to ask you to relax  
For Hell is fun compared with working Fincairn flax.

This is off an old Barley Bree album titled No Mans Land (Shanachie 52012)

FX  
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