

Factory Girl

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As I was a walking one midsummer morning
The birds in the branches so sweetly did sing
The lads and the lasses together were sporting
Going down to yon factory their work to begin

I spied one amongst them more fairer than any
Her lips like red roses that none could excel
Her skin like the lily that blooms in the valley
And besides she's a hard working factory girl

I stepped up to her, it was for to view her
When on me she cast a bright look of disdain
"Oh young man have manners and do not insult me
For although I'm a poor girl I think it no shame"

"It's not for to scorn you, fair maid I adore you
Come grant me one favor, love where do you dwell?"
"Oh young man, excuse me, for now I must leave you
For yonder's the sound of my factory bell"

"Oh I have fine houses adorned with ivory
Gold in my pocket and silver as well
And if you'll come with me, a lady I'll make you
And no more will you heed yon poor factory bell"

"Oh love and temptation are our ruination
Go find you a lady and may you do well
For I am an orphan with ne'er a relation
And besides, I'm a hard working factory girl"

recorded by Frankie Armstrong on the Music Plays So Grand
SOF