

The Factory Girl - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE FACTORY GIRL.

If there's any young man here in love,
I think that I can cure him;
I once thought women angels wore,
But now I can't endure them;
For I've been sold by a heartless maid
Who made of me a martyr.
She worked in a straw hat factory.
And her name was Kitty Carter.

Spoken-She was the nicest little bundle of deceit that a man
ever met with-she lived with her parents; her father was a brakes
man in an oyster saloon, and her mother was book-keeper at an
apple stand; but she, oh!

Chorus.
Her eyes were bright, her footsteps light,
Her teeth as white as pearls;
She'd jet black hair and face as fair.
My pretty little factory girl;
I never shall forget the day
When first I chanced to meet her,
She looked so nice, I surely thought
I never saw one sweeter.

What lots of presents for her I bought:
Rings, pins, sacks, shawls and bonnets;
And I hired a poet at ten cents a line
To write some sweet love sonnets.

Spoken-Yes, I became highly extravagant, and desperately in
love. I actually paid a dollar and a half for a love poem which
I presented to her; it ran as follows:

Oh' Kitty Carter, the brakeman's darter,
No girl is smarter; to you I'm a martyr;
All The world I'd barter for a string of your garter,
And if you don't prove a tarter,
I'll love you forever and long alter-for-Chorus.

I sparked her for three months or more,
At last I was delighted;
I pressed her and she named the day
When we should be united;
O'erjoyed, upon her I bestowed
Such soft and fond caresses,
And I gave her all the cash I had
To purchase wedding dresses.

Spoken-Yes, I was "rejoiced when she named the day, I
rushed straight to the bank, drew all the money I had (twenty-
seven dollars), and deposited it on her lap; I couldn't help it,
because-Chorus.

At last the happy day came round,
To her house I did repair;
The door was locked and no one home,
The bride she wasn't there.
I searched all round, she couldn't be found,
With horror I was wrapt in,
When I learned that she had eloped that night
With a big canal boat captain!

Spoken--I was thunderstruck; the idea of her serving me so
after I had given her all I had in the world! My first thought was
suicide. I rushed to the nearest saloon and called for a glass of
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brandy and water and drank it to the last drop, and all through
her-for-Chorus.

Since then I've wandered all alone,
With grief I am confounded,
The canal boat got wrecked last week
And the faithless girl was drowned.
I went to a friend, her burial to attend,
And I nearly lost my senses,
When the captain ran away, and I had to pay
All of her funeral excuses!

Spoken-Yes, I made myself very prominent as a mourner.
The undertaker called on me to foot the bill; I had to do it.
Since then I have carefully avoided the entire sex. I'll never go
near one of them, even if- Chorus.