

The factory girl Grace Toland

As I went a walking one fine summers morning
The birds on the bushes did warble and sing
Gay lads and young lasses in couples were sporting
Going down to you factory their work to begin

I spied one among them more fairer than any
Her cheeks like the red rose than none could excel
Her skin like the lily that grows in yon valley
And she was a hard-working factory girl

I stepped up beside more closely to view her
But on me she cast such a look of disdain
Saying young man have manners and do not come near me
For although I'm a poor girl think it no shame

It's not for to scorn you fair maid I adore you
But grant me one favour say where do you dwell
Kind sir you'll excuse me for now I must leave you
For yonder's the sound of my factory bell

I have lands I have houses adorn them with ivy
I have gold in my pocket and silver as well
And if you'll come with me a lady I'll make you
No longer you'll hear your factory bell

With those words she turns and with less she had left me
And all for sake I'll go wander alone
And in some deep valley where no one shall know me
I'll mourn for the loss of my factory girl