

Factory Girl Song Lyrics

(Different Versions)

Version #1

As I went out walking one fine summer's morning
The birds in the bushes did whistle and sing
The lads and the lassies in couples was courting
Going back to the factory their work to begin

I spied one among them, she was fairer than any
Her cheeks like the red rose that blooms in the spring
Her hair like the lily that grows in yon valley
And besides she's a hardworking factory girl

I stepped up to her, more closely to view her
When on at me she cast her bright look of disdain
"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 favour, love, where do you dwell?
"Young man excuse me for now I must leave you
For yon there's the sound of my factory bell"

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

"Oh, love and temptation, are our ruination
Go find you a lady, and may you do well
For I am a poor girl, with ne'er a relation
And content, I'm a hardworking factory girl"

Version #2

As I was a-walking one fine summer's morning,
The birds on the bushes did warble and sing,
Gay laddies and lasses, and couples were sporting,
Going down to the factory their work to begin.

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

I stepped up beside her to view her more closely,
When on me she cast such a look of disdain.
"Oh, young man, have manners and do not come near 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,
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 land I have houses, I adorned them with ivory,
I have gold in my pockets and silver as well,
And if you'll come with me, it's a lady I'll make you,
And no more may you heed yon factory bell."

With these words she turned and with that she had left me,
And all for her sake I'll go wander away,
And in some deep valley, where no one shall know me,
I shall mourn for the sake of my factory girl.

Version #3 (From Songs of the People, Sam Henry)

Early one morning as the sun was adorning,
The birds on the bushes did warble and sing,
Gay lads and young lasses in couples were sporting
In yonder green valley, their work to begin.

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

I stepped up to her, more closely to view her,
When on me she cast a look of disdain,
Saying, "Young man, stand off me and do not come near me
I work for my living and think it no shame."

"It's not for to scorn you, fair maid, I adorn you,
But grant me one favour, love: 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 adorned with ivy,
I have gold in my pocket and silver as well,
And if you'll go with me, a lady I'll make you,
So try and say yes, my dear factory girl."

"Love and sensation rules many a nation,
To many a lady perhaps you'll do well;
For I am an orphan, neither friend nor relation,
I'm only a hard-working factory girl."

It's true I did love her, but now she won't have me,
And all for her sake I'll go wander a while
Over high hills and valleys where no one shall know me,
I'll mourn for the sake of my factory girl.

Now this maid she's got married, become a great lady,
Became a rich lady of fame and renown,
She may bless the day and the bright summer's morning
She met with the squire and on him did frown.

It's now to conclude and to finish those verses:
It's may they live happy and may they do well,
Come fill up your glasses and drink to the lasses
That attend the sweet sound of the factory bell.