

## **Roches**

# **"Factory Girl"**

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As I went out walkin' one fine summer's mornin'  
The birds in the branches they did gaily sing  
The lad and the lasses together were sportin'  
Goin' down to the fact'ry their work to begin

I spied a fair damsel far fairer than any  
Her cheeks like the red rose that none could excel  
Her skin like the lily that grows in yon valley  
She's my own bonnie Annie my factory girl

I stepped did up to her just thinkin' to view her  
But at me she cast a proud look of disdain  
Sayin' "Stand off me young man and do not insult me  
For although I am poor sure I think it no shame"

"It's not to insult you fair maid I adore thee  
Ah pray grant me one favor it's where do ya dwell?"  
"Kind sir forgive me it's now I must leave you  
For I hear the dumb sound of the factory bell"

Now love is a thing that does rule every nation  
Good mornin' kind sir and I hope ya do well  
My friends and relations would all frown upon it  
Besides I'm a hardworkin' factory girl

Oh it's true I do love her but now she won't have me  
For her sake I'll wander through valley and dell  
And for her sake I'll wander where no one can find me  
I'll die for the sake of my factory girl

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