

## Mia Sable

### "Factory Girl"

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As I went out walking  
One fine summer morning  
The birds in the bushes  
Did whistle and sing  
The lads and the lassies  
In couples were courting  
Going back to the factory  
Their work to begin

I spied one among them  
She was fairer than most  
Her cheeks like the red rose  
That blooms in the spring  
Her hair like the lily  
That grows in yon valley  
She was only a hard working  
Factory Girl

I steps up aside her more closely to feel her  
She says my young man  
Don't stare me so  
She said I've got gold in my pocket  
And silver as well  
No more will I answer  
That factory call

Now the years have all passed  
From the days of our youth  
Our home is now teeming  
With children at play  
Life goes on in the village  
You can still hear the whistle  
Hey there goes the lad  
With his factory girl

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