

# Factory Girl

## Rhiannon Giddens

As I went a-walkin' on a fine summer's mornin'  
The birds on the bushes did whistle and sing  
The lads and the lassies in couples were sportin'

Then back to the factory their work to begin I saw one amongst them she was fairer than any

Her cheeks like the roses that bloom in the spring  
Her skin like the lily that grows in yon valley

She was only a hard workin' factory girl I stepped up to her more closely to view her

When on me she cast a look of destain

Saying, "Young man, stand off me and do not come near me  
I work for my living and think it no shame"

The next morning I was there ready and waiting

And begged her to talk to me just for a spell

And each morning after she lingered still longer

And then hurried away at the sound of the bell Then came the morning when silence did greet me

The birds on the bushes were stricken and still

So I stepped on the path where she often did meet me

And I walked to the factory up on the hill The crowd gathered round, couldn't hide the destruction

I cast my eyes on it in such disbelief

A truth of the world settled into the ashes

The rich man's neglect is the poor man's grief

As I stood there a whisper it did caress me

A faint scent of roses my senses begun

I lifted my face and I saw that above me

A thousand young butterflies darkened the sun

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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