

Factory Girl

Traditional Irish Ballad

6/8 timing

D D D C C
As I went out walkin' one fine summer's mornin'

D D C D D
The birds in the branches they did gaily sing

D D D C C
The lads and the lasses together were sportin'

D D C D D
Goin' down to the fact'ry their work to begin

D C
I spied a fair damsel far fairer than any

D C D
Her cheeks like the red rose that none could excel

D C
Her skin like the lily that grows in yon valley

D C D
She's my own bonnie Annie my factory girl

I stepped it 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

This song has been recorded since the 1950s by many traditional and folk performers. I learned this version from a recording by "The Roches" in 1980.

Some form of the lyrics go back as far as the 1830s in England and it is presumed to have come from Northern Ireland before that time.

All of the pauses are at your discretion. You may choose to omit some or all of the extra measures at the ends of each line, and may choose to insert pauses in the middle of some lines. These pauses tend to be 6 beats, hence my choice of 6/8 rather than 3/4 .

