

## Watching the Bobbins

Camel

Watching the bobbins,  
go up and down.  
Fine Irish linen  
for a ladies gown.

One shirt a penny,  
seven in a tag;  
ten hours a day  
and her heart begins to drag.

This never ending cycle goes on.  
But she promised she would never stay...  
for long.

Rocking the treadle,  
ache in her soul.  
She keeps the rhythm  
and it takes a toll.

Threading the needle,  
strains in her eyes.  
Old withered fingers  
steal her young girl's pride

She's saving every penny she earns,  
because the passion for her freedom  
still burns.