

# Factory Girl

Rhiannon Giddens

As I went 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 disdain  
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 bade 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 around 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