

The Braidwater Mill

The Irish Rovers

They worked from morn til night and they seldom saw the light
'Twas hearty souls a-working at the mill upon the braid
They toiled their lives away just to earn their daily pay
Learning all about the linen trade

They were young and strong and able and destined from the cradle
To follow kin before them and learn the weaving skill
Their backs were bent and burning a pittance they were earning
But they kept the wheels-a-turning at the Braidwater Mill

When you work the golden flax then you'll soon pick up the knack
At the scutching and the hackling to produce the finest thread
And when the bobbin's full then you change another spool
To keep the spinners happy in the shed

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There was flax dust in their lungs, in their eyes and on their tongues
Drifting in the air like a mist upon the sea
The din was everywhere and the heat was hard to bear
As they worked away in water to their knees

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Now they've shut it down they've knocked it to the ground
For a hundred years and more the finest linen came from here
We praise them one and all down at the linen hall
For giving us their blood, sweat and tears

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