

The Factory Girl's Song

Come all you cotton factory girls,
Attend to what I say,
And I will represent a factory life
As it appears to-day.

CHORUS. (To be sung after each verse.)

It is farewell my overseer,
I must be off to-day,
For a gentleman has asked me if
I will marry him right away.

The machinery has the best of care,
Well oiled the same to save,
While we that work in a cotton mill,
Oft fill an early grave.

Through Wintery blasts and drenching rain,
We travel through them all,
Knowing full well we have got to go
When the old mill bell doth call.

The beds we have are rather poor,
They don't afford the best,
And then the bed bugs are so thick,
That we cannot get our rest.

The bread is stale, and the butter, too.
The meat is old and tough:
In fact the whole is very poor
And we don't get half enough.

The rules are strict, they don't allow
At table any loud talk:
At night you always must be in
As soon as ten o'clock.

About three years ago, I think,
They first cut down our pay:
And they have been a cutting down
Until the present day.

The overseers have a good time,
In their easy chairs are perched
Or, else a strutting around the room
Dressed good enough for church.

Goodbye to all I'll be married soon,
Am going to do first rate
And will remember all of you
When I cut my wedding cake.

From an 1840s broadside, written by M. Young, to the tune of "Old Lang Syne."