Lewiston Factory Girl

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When I set out for Lewiston,
Some factory for to find,
I left my native country,
And all my friends behind.

The factory bell begins to ring
And we must all obey;
And to our old employment go,
Or else be turned away.

Come all ye weary factory girls
I'll have you understand,
I'm going to leave the factory
And return to my native land.

No more I'll lay my bobbins up,
No more I'll take them down,
No more I'll clean my duty work
For I'm going out of town.

No more I'll oil my picker rods,
And scour up my loom;
No more I'll say to my overseer,
"May I stay out till noon?"

And since they've cut my wages down,
To nine shillings per week,
If I cannot better wages make,
5Some other place I'll seek.

Now soon you'll see me married
To a handsome little man,
'Tis then I'll say to you factory girls,
Come see me when you can.

From Jim Douglas
Collected from Susie Carr Young, Annie Marsden and Mary E. Hindle