

[PRICE TWO CENTS.]

NEW SONG OF



The Factory Girl.

[May be sung to the tune of "Rory O'More."]

Let us list to the song of the factory girl,
As she sings 'mid the hum, and the clack, and
the whirl;
Tho' her task it be hard, yet her heart it is light;
And she sings at her "loom," from the morn till
the night.

Tell me why should she not, if her health is but
good,
And her pay gives her plenty, for dress, and for
food?

For the most independent of women is she,
Who has plenty of cash, who from care is quite
free.

At her "dresser" she sings, where the "warp"
is in size,

At the "speeder," and "spooler," the song doth
arise;

Go to this room, or that room, or which one you
will,

Still you hear it, as follows: the "song of the
mill."

Who so blithe, or so gay, in the city or town?
Ah the girl of the mill, in her "Merrimack" gown,
As she hies to her work, at the dawning of day,
And from morning till night, still keeps working
away.

When the sound of the bell, at the set of the sun,
Tells to her, and to all, that the day's work is done;
Then released from her toil, as the wind she is free,
And may go to a party, or "social levee."

Then if healthy and merry, the factory girl be,
Who this life can enjoy, any better than she?
And to you-let us whisper a word ere you go;
If we have a good offer, we marry, you know.

Such the "song of the mill," by the factory girl
sung;

Who's a merrier heart, or more musical tongue?
O, then list to her "yarn" as she "spins" it along,
And confess, that there's joy in the factory girl's
song.