

## **„Watching The Bobbins“**

Watching the bobbins  
Go up and down  
Fine Irish linen  
For a ladies gown

One shirt a penny  
Seven in a tag;  
Ten hours a day  
And her heart begins to drag

This never ending cycle goes on  
But she promised she would never stay...  
For long

Rocking the treadle  
Ache in her soul  
She keeps the rhythm  
And it takes a toll

Threading the needle  
Strains in her eyes  
Old withered fingers  
Steal her young girl's pride

She's saving every penny she earns  
Because the passion for her freedom  
Still burns