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 cradl e

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 knac k

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

They were young and strong and able and destined from the cradl e

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

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

They were young and strong and able and destined from the cradl e

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

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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