

Barbour Mill

They came off the buses they came off the train
 They walked and they cycled in the wind and the rain
 2000 in all through the gates they would go
 Answering the call of the Barbour Mill horn
*It's five minutes to eight we'd better move on
 Got to get there by the eight o'clock horn*

The old mill she stands neglected and sad
 The grand chimney gone leaving ghosts of the past
 No faces at windows no sounds from within
 No hackling no spinning just the sound of the wind
*It's five minutes to eight we'd better move on
 Got to get there by the eight o'clock horn*

The seasons of nature they come and they go
 Just like the friends that I once used to know
 The bare footed doffers and spinners all gone
 No more do they answer the Barbour Mill horn
*It's five minutes to eight we'd better move on
 Got to get there by the eight o'clock horn*

Down past the mill the Lagan she flows
 Where bogey men black they once wheeled the coal
 To the mill where the lovely blonde ladies wait groomed
 Combed from the flax in the hackling room
*It's five minutes to eight we'd better move on
 Got to get there by the eight o'clock horn*

Barbour Mill threads the best ever spun
 Thread to be used throughout the whole world
 A rainbow of colours strong yet so fine
 Used for to sow all manner of gown
*It's five minutes to eight we'd better move on
 Got to get there by the eight o'clock horn*

*It's five minutes to eight no need to move on
 Gone is the sound of the Barbour Mill horn*

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