

Tuning: a E A C# E

Factory Girls Come All Ye

Tab by Kasey Jessop

Handwritten musical score for "The Ballad of the Green Berets". The score is written on three systems of five-line staves. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in G major, indicated by one sharp (F#) on the first staff. The time signature is 2/4, indicated by a '2' over a '4' on the first staff. The score includes various musical notations such as whole notes, half notes, quarter notes, and eighth notes, as well as rests and accidentals. The lyrics are: "Come all ye Lewiston factory girls, I want you to understand, I'm going to leave this factory and return to my native land. Sing dum-dee-wickery dum-dee way, sing dum-dee wickery dum-dee way." The score is written in a clear, legible hand.

Break / Intro

Break/Intro

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a guitar break or intro. It is written on three systems of staves. The first system consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and contains notes on the 2nd, 3rd, and 5th lines, with fingerings '2', '3', and '5' written above them. The bottom staff has a bass clef and contains notes on the 2nd, 3rd, and 5th lines, with fingerings '2', '3', and '5' written below them. The second system also consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and contains notes on the 2nd, 3rd, and 2nd lines, with fingerings '2', '3', and '2' written above them. The bottom staff has a bass clef and contains notes on the 2nd, 3rd, and 2nd lines, with fingerings '2', '3', and '2' written below them. The third system consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and contains notes on the 2nd, 3rd, and 2nd lines, with fingerings '2', '3', and '2' written above them. The bottom staff has a bass clef and contains notes on the 2nd, 3rd, and 2nd lines, with fingerings '2', '3', and '2' written below them.

Factory Girls Come All Ye – Lyrics

Come all ye Lewiston Fact'ry girls.
I want you to understand.
I'm going to leave this fact'ry and
Return to my native land.

Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way,
Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way.

No more I'll take my shaker and shawl
And hurry to the mill.
No more I'll work so pesky hard
To earn a dollar bill.

Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way,
Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way.

No more will I take the towel and soap
And go to the sink to wash.
No more will the overseer say,
"You're making a terrible splosh!"

Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way,
Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way.

No more I'll take my bobbins out.
No more I'll put them in.
No more the overseer'll say,
"You're weaving your cloth too thin."

Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way,
Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way.

No more I'll eat cold pudding.
And no more I'll eat hard bread.
No more I'll eat them half-baked
beans.
I vow they're killing me dead.

Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way,
Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way.

I'm going back to Boston town.
I'll live on Tremont Street.
And I want all ye fact'ry girls
To come to my house and eat.

Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way,
Sing, dum-dee-wickerty, dum-dee-way.