

Serving Girls Holiday

Kate Rusby

I've waited longing for today,
Spindle, bobbin and spool away,
In joy and bliss I'm off to play,
Upon this high holiday.

And spindle, bobbin and spool away
Oh joy that it's a holiday!

The dirt upon the floor's unswept,
The fireplace isn't cleaned or kept,
I haven't cut the rushes yet,
Upon this high holiday.

And spindle, bobbin and spool away
Oh joy that it's a holiday!

In pails the milk has got to go,
I ought to spread this bowl of dough,
It clogs my nails and fingers so,
As I knead this high holiday!

And spindle, bobbin and spool away
Oh joy that it's a holiday!

The cooking hearths I must fetch in,
And fix my kerchief under my chin,
Darling Jack, lend me a pin
To fix me well this holiday!

And spindle, bobbin and spool away
Oh joy that it's a holiday!

But when we stop beside the track,
At the inn, this Sunday, Jack.
We'll whet my whistle and pay my whack
As on ev'ry holiday.

And spindle, bobbin and spool away
Oh joy that it's a holiday!

I've waited longing for today,
Spindle, bobbin and spool away,
In joy and bliss I'm off to play,
Upon this high holiday.