

Sweet Betsy From Pike

Folk Song - John A. Stone - c. 1848 (?) First published in a San Francisco songster, 1858, sung to "Villikins and His Dinah", a waltz tune with a refrain of vocables.

C **G7** **C**
 Oh don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike,
G7
 Who crossed the wide prairie with her lover Ike,
C **F** **C**
 With two yoke of oxen, a big yellow dog,
G7 **C**
 A tall Shangai rooster, and one spotted hog?

Singing dang fol dee dido,
G7 **C**
 Singing dang fol dee day.

C **G7** **C**
 One evening quite early they camped on the Platte.
G7
 'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat.
C **F** **C**
 Where Betsy, sore-footed, lay down to repose --
G7 **C**
 With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

C **G7** **C**
 The Shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died;
G7
 That morning the last piece of bacon was fried;
C **F** **C**
 Poor Ike was discouraged and Betsy got mad,
G7 **C**
 The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

C **G7** **C**
 'Twas out on the prairie one bright starry night,
G7
 They broke out the whiskey and Betsy got tight,
C **F** **C**
 She sang and she howled and she danced o'er the plain,
G7 **C**
 And showed her bare legs to the whole wagon train.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire of the way,
 Where Brigham declared that sweet Betsy should stay;
 But Betsy got frightened and ran like a deer
 While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

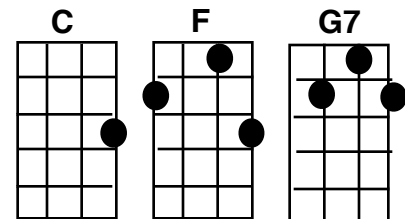
They swam wild rivers and climbed the tall peaks,
 And camped on the prairies for weeks upon weeks,
 Starvation and cholera, hard work and slaughter,
 They reached Californy, spite of hell and high water.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,
 With wonder looked down upon old Placerville;
 Ike sighed when he said, and he cast his eyes down,
 "Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

A miner said, "Betsy, will you dance with me?"
 "I will, you old hoss, if you don't make too free.
 But don't dance me hard, do you want to know why?
 Doggone ye, I'm chock full of strong alkali."

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy got married, of course,
 But Ike, getting jealous, obtained a divorce,
 While Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,
 "Goodbye, you big lummoxx, I'm glad you backed out!"

Ukulele



Baritone

