

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Pretty Betsey

Pretty Betsey

There was a young lady in London did dwell.
She had a true lover most wonderful well,
And when her old father this news came to know
He beat her so fearfully, he heat her so sore
Till Betsey was thrown in the bed to rise no Inore.

One day when the old man was down stairs asleep
So softly to the window did sweet William creep.
Saying, "Betsey, pretty Betsey, I'd freely come to thee,
But your old cruel father is quite over me."

One day when the old man was upstairs asleep
So softly downstairs the old woman did creep
For to turn in sweet William pretty Betsey to see.

When William had entered in Betsey's bedroom
Betsey turned over, saying, "My doctor has come."
"I'm not your doctor," sweet William replied,
"But I'm your own true lover, and always shall be."

Then Betsey turned over and unto him did cry,
"Oh, William, sweet William, pray what shall I do?
You see what I'm suffering over loving you.'

Then William laid down on Betsey's bedside.
Betsey turned over, in his arms she died.
"There's no other lady a-liking I'll take
For thinking of pretty Betsey who died for my sake."

From North Carolina Folklore, Brown

Reported by L. W. Anderson of Nag's Head from Alva Wise, one of
his pupils in the school there.

DT #722

Laws M18

RG

oct96