

Betsy Baker - song lyrics

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BETSY BAKER.

From noise and bustle far away, hard work my time employing,
How happily I passed each day, content and health enjoying;
The birds did sing, and so did I, as I trudged o'er each acre;
I never knew what 'twas to sigh till I saw Betsy Baker;
I never knew what 'twas to sigh till I saw Betsy Baker.

At church I met her, dressed so neat, one Sunday in hot weather;
With love I found my heart did beat as we sung the psalms together;
So piously she hung her head, the while her voice did shake, ah!
I thought if ever I did wed, 'twould be with Betsy Baker;
I thought if ever I did wed, 'twould be with Betsy Baker.

From her side I could not budge, and sure I thought no harm on't,
My elbow then she gave a nudge, and bade me mind the sarment;
When church was over, out she walked, but I did overtake her;
Determined I would not be baulked, I spoke to Betsy Baker.

Her manners were genteel and cool, I found, on conversation,
She'd just come from a boarding-school, and finished her education;
But love made me speak out quite free; says I, "I've many an acre;
Will you give me your company?" "I shan't," says Betsy Baker.

All my entreaties she did slight, and I was forced to leave her;
I got no sleep all that their night, for love had brought a fever;
The doctor came, he smelt his cane, with long face like a quaker;
Said he, "Young man, pray, where's thy pain?" Says I, "Sir, Betsy Baker."

Because I was not bad enough, he bolused and he pilled me;
And if I'd taken all his stuff, I think he must ha' killed me;
I put an end to all the strife 'twixt him and the undertaker,
And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life? why thoughts of Betsy Baker.

I then again to Betsy went, once more with love attacked her,
But meantime she got acquainted wi' a ramping mad play-actor.
If she would have him, he did say, a lady he would make her;
he gammoned her to run away, and I lost Betsy Baker.

I fretted very much to find my hopes of love so undone,
And mother thought 'twould ease my mind if I came up to London.
But though I strive another way, my thoughts will ne'er forsake her;
I dream all night And think all day of cruel Betsy Baker.