

Sweet Betsy from Pike

Tom Roush

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Oh don't you remember Sweet Betsy
from Pike,

Am

Who crossed the wide mountains with
her lover Ike?

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Two yoke of cattle, a large yellow dog,

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A tall Shanghai rooster, and a one-
spotted hog.

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Singing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-oo-ra-li-ay.

One evening quite early they camped on
the Platte, 'T was near by the road on a
green shady flat. Betsy, sore-footed, lay
down to repose

With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike
County rose. *Singing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-
oo-ra-li-ay.*

Out on the prairie one bright, starry
night,

They broke out the whiskey, and Betsy
got tight.

She sang and she shouted and she
danced o'er the plain, And she showed
her bare ass to the whole wagon train.
The Injuns came down in a thundering
horde,

And Betsy was scared they would scalp
her adored. So under the wagon-bed
Betsy did crawl

And she fought off the Injuns with
musket and ball.

The wagon broke down with a terrible
crash, And out on the prairie rolled all
sorts of trash. A few little baby-clothes,
done up with care, Looked rather
suspicious, but all on the square.

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

The alkali desert was burning and bare,
And Isaac's soul shrank from the death
that lurked there. "Dear old Pike County,
I'll go back to you"--

Says Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if you
do!"

They soon reached the desert, where
Betsy gave out, And down in the sand
she lay rolling about.

Ike in great wonder looked on in
surprise,

Saying, "Betsy, get up, you'll get sand in
your eyes."

Sweet Betsy got up in a great deal of
pain.

She declared she'd go back to Pike
County again.

Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly
embraced,

And they traveled along with his arm
round her waist.

The Shanghai ran off, and the cattle all
died,

That morning the last piece of bacon was
fried.

Ike got discouraged, Betsy got mad,
The dog drooped his tail and looked
wonderfully sad.

They suddenly stopped on a very high
hill,

With wonder looked down upon old
Placerville. Ike said to Betsy, as he cast
his eyes down,

"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to
Hangtown."

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy attended a
dance.

Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants.
Betsy was covered with ribbons and
rings.

Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where
are your wings?"

A miner said, "Betsy, will you dance
with me?" "I will that, old hoss, if you
don't make too free. Don't dance me
hard, do you want to know why?"

Doggone you, I'm chock-full of strong
alkali."

This Pike County couple got married, of
course,

But Ike became jealous, and obtained a
divorce.

Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,
"Goodbye, you big lummo, I'm glad
you backed out!"