

Betsy Baker

Bellowhead

Verse 1

From the noise and bustle far away, While I passed o'er each acre,
I never knew what 'twas to sigh, Till I saw Betsy Baker.

Verse 2

At church I met her, dressed so neat, One Sunday in hot weather;
With love I found my heart did beat, As we sang psalms together.

Verse 3

When church was over out she walked, And I did overtake her;
Determined I would not be balked, I spoke to Betsy Baker.

Verse 4

She blushed, and seemed too shy to talk, But quickly I did make
her; Says I - "My dear, will you take a walk?" "I shan't," says
Betsy Baker.

Verse 5

At last she got acquainted with A ramping, mad play actor;
He gammed her to run away, So I lost Betsy Baker.

Verse 6

My mother said, "'Twould ease my mind, All quickly to forsake her;"
But I think all day, and dream all night, About that Betsy Baker.