

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

3/4

Many of the pioneers used oxen instead of horses to pull their wagons because they were stronger and needed less water. "Yeller dawg" is the regional pronunciation of "yellow dog".

C **G7** **C**
Oh do you remember Sweet Betsy from Pike
Am **G**
Who crossed the wide prairies with her lover Ike
Am **Em** **F** **C**
With two yoke of oxen, a big yeller dawg
G7 **C**
A tall shanghai rooster, and one spotted hog
G7 **C**
Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray



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G7 **C**
One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,
Am **G**
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat;
Am **Em** **F** **C**
Where Betsy, quite tired, lay down to repose,
G7 **C**
While Ike gazed with wonder at his Pike County rose.
G7 **C**
Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

G7 **C**
Out on the prairie one bright starry night
Am **G**
They broke the whiskey and Betsy got tight,
Am **Em** **F** **C**
She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the plain,
G7 **C**
And showed her bare arse to the whole wagon train.
G7 **C**
Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

G7 **C**
The Injuns came down in a wild yelling horde,
Am **G**
And Betsy was skeered they would scalp her adored;
Am **Em** **F** **C**
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy did crawl,
G7 **C**
And there she fought Injuns with musket and ball.
G7 **C**
Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

They soon reached the desert where Betsy gave out,

There in the sand she lay rolling about,

Ike gazed at her with sobs and with sighs,

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

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

The shanghai run off and the cattle all died,

The last piece of bacon was finally fried,

Ike got discouraged and Betsy got mad,

The dog wagged his tail and looked wonderfully sad.

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

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."

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

They swam the wide rivers and crossed the tall peaks,

And camped on the prairie for weeks upon weeks,

Starvation and cholera and hard work and slaughter,

They reached California spite of hell and high water.

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy attended a dance,

Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants,

Betsy was dressed up in ribbons and rings,

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

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

A miner comes up, says, "Will you dance with me?"

"I will, you old goat, if you don't make too free.

And I'll tell you the reason, do you want to know why?

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

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

Ike was sick as a dog and he hardly could move,

And Betsy sure struggled to make things improve.

She got a position to scrub and to clean,

For a more faithful woman has never been seen.

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

A) Long Ike and Sweet Betsy got married, of course,

Ike, being jealous, obtained a divorce,

And Betsy, well-satisfied, said with a shout,

"Good-bye, you big lummoX, I'm glad you backed out!"

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

B) They were six months in 'Frisco when Ike met a girl,

A sweet looking dancer who gave him a twirl

He spoke of poor Betsy as "just an old horse"

What was Betsy to do? She gave Ike his divorce

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray

She left 'Frisco to go back to Pike the next day,

Though Ike was rejected and soon passed away,

If this tale is touching, go cry if you like,

Mighty fine kind of woman--Sweet Betsy from Pike.

Hoodle-dang fol-di-ra, hoodle-dang fol-di-ray