## 65 Sweet Betsy - Mr Bailey





A pretty story you shall hear of a brazier's daughter who lived quite near, and she would up to London go to seek her fortune as you shall know.

2 Her Master having an only son, sweet Betsy's heart he fairly won, and Betsy being so very fair she drew his heart into a snare.

3 One Sunday night he took his time; unto sweet Betsy he told his mind, swearing by all the powers above, 'It's you, sweet Betsy, it's you I love.'

4 His mother hearing what she could hear, it drove her heart into great fear. She soon contrived sweet Betsy away and sent her to Americay.

5
'Betsy, Betsy, pack up your clothes and go with me a day or two, for I am going, my friends to see, and thou shalt go along with me.'

6
Away they rode to yonder town
where ships were sailing on the Downs.
As soon as there a ship was found
which to Virginia was bound.

7
They hired a boat, and on board she went.
Poor Betsy's heart was discontent,
and soon this poor girl was on the sea
and sold a slave in Virginee.

A few days after the mother returned, 'You're welcome home now,' says the son, 'but where is Betsy, come tell me pray; why she behind you so long does stay?'

9
'O son, O son, I plainly see
how great your love is for Betsy,
but from such thoughts you must refrain
for Betsy's sailing over the main.

10 I would rather now see you lie dead than with a servant maid to wed.' His father scornfully did cry, 'T'will bring disgrace on our family.'

When this young man was lying bad no kind of music would make him glad. He sobbed and sighed, and thus did cry, 'For you, sweet Betsy, for you I die.'

When this young man was lying dead they wrung their hands and shook their heads. 'If he would come to life again we'd send for Betsy across the main.'