

# Sweet Betsy From Pike

Connie Dover

Have you heard tell of sweet Betsy from Pike  
She cross the wide prairie with her lover, Ike  
With two yoke of Oxen, a big yellow dog,  
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte  
'Twas nearby the road on a green, shady flat  
Betsy, sore-footed, lay down to repose  
In wonder Ike gazed on his Pike County rose

The Indians came down in a wild yelling horde  
And Betsy got scared they would scalp her adored  
Under the wagon wheel Betsy did crawl  
She fought off them Indians with musket and ball

Out on the prairie one bright starry night  
They broke out the whiskey and Betsy got tight  
She sang and she shouted, she danced on the plain.  
She made a great show for that whole wagon train

The Shanghai ran off and the cattle all died  
The last piece of bacon that morning was fried  
Ike got discouraged and Betsy got made  
The dog wagged his tail and looked wondrously sad

They soon reached the desert where Betsy gave out  
And down in the sand she lay rolling about  
Ike in great terror 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  
Declared she'd go back to Pike County again  
Ike, he just sighed, and they fondly embraced  
And she traveled along with her arm round his waist

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