

Betsy Baker

Bellowhead

From noise and bustle far away,
As I walked over each acre,
I never knew what it was to sigh,
Till I saw Betsy Baker.
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.
So modestly she turned her head,
The while her voice did quaver,
I thought if ever I did wed,
T'would be with Betsy Baker.
When church was over, out she went,
But I did follow after,
Determined I would not be baulked,
I spoke to Betsy Baker.
But all my entreaties she did slight,
And I was forced to leave her,
I got not sleep at all that night,
For love had brought a fever.
From noise and bustle far away,
And I walked over each acre,
I never knew what it was to sigh,
Till I saw Betsy Baker.
At last she got acquainted,
With a rambling mad play actor,
He gammoned her to run away,
And I lost Betsy Baker.
But though I strive another way,
My heart will never foresake her,
I dream all night and think all day,
Of cruel Betsy Baker.
From noise and bustle far away,
And I walked over each acre,
I never knew what it was to sigh,
Never knew what it was to sigh,
Never knew what it was to sigh,
Till I saw Betsy Baker.
Ooooh,

Aaaah,
Ooooh,
Aaaah.
Ooooh,
Aaaah,
Ooooh,
Aaaah.

From noise and bustle far away,
And I walked over each acre,
I never knew what it was to sigh,
Till I saw Betsy,
Baker.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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