

# Sweet Betsy from Pike

American Ballad

Piano

C G C C C C Am

Oh, don't you re-mem-ber Sweet Betsy from Pike, who crossed the wide prai-rie with

7 G G Am Em F C

her hus-band Ike? With two yoke of cat - tle and one spot-ted hog, a

13 C G C C C G

tall Shang-hai roos-ter, & an old yel - ler dog. Sing-a- too - ra - lay, oo - ra - lay,

19 C C C G C C

oo - ra - li - ay. Sing-a-too - ra - lay, oo - ra - lay, oo - ra - li - ay.

The Injuns came down in a wild yellin' horde, And Betsy was scared they would scalp her adored.  
So under the wagon-bed Betsy did crawl And she fought off the Injuns with musket and ball.  
Sing-a-toora-lay, oo-ra-lay, oo-ra-li-ay. Sing-a-toora-lay, oo-ra-lay, oo-ra-li-ay.

They soon reached the desert, where Betsy gave out, And down in the sand she lay rolling about.  
Ike in great wonder looked on in surprise, Saying, "Betsy, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."  
Sing-a-toora-lay, oo-ra-lay, oo-ra-li-ay. Sing-a-toora-lay, oo-ra-lay, oo-ra-li-ay.

They crossed the wide prairie, they climbed the high peaks, They camped in the mountains  
for weeks upon weeks,  
They fought with the Injuns with musket and ball, And reached California in spite of it all.  
Sing-a-toora-lay, oo-ra-lay, oo-ra-li-ay. Sing-a-toora-lay, oo-ra-lay, oo-ra-li-ay.