Sweet Betsy from Pike

1. Oh don’t you remember sweet Betsy from Pike,
   Who crossed the wide prairie with her lover Ike,
   With two yoke of oxen, and one spotted hog,
   A tall Shanghai rooster, and an old yellow dog.

2. One evening quite early they camped on the Platte.
   'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat.
   Where Betsy, sore-footed, lay down to repose—
   With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

3. The Shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died,
   That morning the last piece of bacon was fried—
   Poor Ike was discouraged, and Betsy got mad,
   The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

4. 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.”

5. They swam wild rivers and climbed the tall peaks,
   And camped on the prairies for weeks upon weeks,
   Starvation and cholera, hard work and slaughter,
   They reached California, spite of hell and high water.

6. Long Ike and Sweet Betsy got married, of course,
   But Ike, getting jealous, obtained a divorce,
   While Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,
   “Goodbye, you big lummox, I’m glad you backed out!”