

Betsy, the Serving Maid

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A fair young damsel as you shall hear;
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To seek for service as you shall know

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Her master having but one son,
Oh! she being fair, his heart she won,
Oh! Betsy being so very fair,
She drew his heart into a snare.

One Sunday evening he stole her thyme,
Unto young Betsy he told his mind,
"By all the swearing powers above,
'Tis you, fair Betsy, 'tis you I love."

His mother then being standing nigh,
Hearing these words that her son did say,
Next morning by the break of day,
Unto fair Betsy she took her way.

Saying, "Rise up, rise up, my fair Betsy,
And dress yourself most gallantly,
For in the country you must go,
Along with me for one day or two."

As they were a-crossing over the plain,
They saw some ships sailing over the main,
No wit, no wit could this poor woman have,
But to sell poor Betsy to be a slave.

In a few days after the mother returned,
"Oh! welcome, mother," replied the son,
"Come, tell me, tell me true, I pray,
Where is young Betsy? Behind you say?"

"Oh! son, oh! son, I plainly see,
What love you bear to poor Betsy;
Your sobbing and sighing are all in vain,
For Betsy's a-sailing across the main."

In a few days after her son lie sick,
No sort of music his heart could take,
But he often did sigh and often cry,
"Oh! Betsy, Betsy, I shall die."

In a few days after her son lie dead,
Mother wrung her hands and she tore her head,
Saying, "If I could fetch but my son again,
I'd send for Betsy far over the main."