Did you ever hear tell of sweet Betsy from Pike Who
dev even in soon ing juns reach hear quite came ed
D mG A D

crossed the wide prairie with her lover, Ike. With two yoke of
tired, lay down to repose, While with wonder Ike gazed on his
G/F#m D A7 D

So long for Pike County rose.
sand in your eyes
D/F#m D A7 D

awhile We'll come back again when we've panned out our pile
D/F#m D A7 D

old yellow dog. Singing good-bye to Pike County So long for
D/F#m D A7 D

musket and ball.