Betty Anne

Traditional Appalachian

Lor, lor, my little Betty Anne, Lor, lor, I say, Lor, lor, my

Lit-tle Betty Anne, I'm going a way to stay. Her cheeks as red as a

Red, red rose, Her eyes as a dia-mond brown. Go-ing to see my

Pretty little Miss O fly a-round my dan- dy. Fly a-round my pret-

Pretty little Miss be-fore the sun goes down

Pretty little Miss be-fore it rains or snows.

Pretty little Miss be-fore you'll almost drive me crazy

Pretty little Miss, You'll do no more of your can-dy.

Em D Em A Em Em

Em A Em Em

Em A Em Em

Em A D Em

Em A D Em

Em A D Em