Betty Anne

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cho:Lor', lor', my little Betty Anne,
Lor', lor', I say,
Lor', lor', my little Betty Anne,
I'm going away to stay.

Cheeks as red as a red, red rose,
Her eyes as a diamond brown,
I'm going to see my pretty little miss
Before the sun goes down.

It's rings on my true love's hands
Shines so bright like gold.
Go and see my pretty little Miss
Before it rains or snows.

When I was up at the field at work,
I sit down and cry,
Studying' bout my blue-eyed boy,
I thought to my God I'd die.

Fly around my pretty little Miss,
Fly around I say,
Fly around, my pretty little Miss,
You'll almost drive me crazy.

Fly around my pretty little Miss,
Fly around my dandy,
Fly around my pretty little Miss,
I don't want no more of your candy.

From English Folk Songs From the Southern Appalachians, Sharp
Collected from Mrs. Ellie Johnson, NC 1916
note: more commonly known as Shady Grove
apr96