

June Tabor

"The Grazier's Daughter"

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Oh the grazier's daughter living near
A fair young damsel as you shall hear
It's up to London she did go
To seek for service as you shall know

Her master having but one son
Oh she bein' fair, his heart she won
Young Betsy bein' so very fair
She brought his heart into a snare

One sunday evening he stole her thyme
And unto Betsy told his mind
My?own swearing bower's above?
'Tis you fair Betsy, 'tis you I love

His mother then bein' standing nigh
Hearing these words that her son did say
Next morning by the break of day
Unto fair Betsy she took away

Sayin' "Rise up, rise up, my fair Betsy
And dress yourself most gallantly
For 'tis to the country you must go
All along with me for one day or two"

And as they were crossing o'er the plain
They spied some ships sailing on the main
No wit, no wit this poor woman had
But to sell poor Betsy to be a slave

Then a few days after the mother returned
And it's "welcome mother" replies the son
"But tell me, tell me true I pray
Oh where is Betsy behind you, say"

"Oh son, oh son, I plainly see
The love you bear for poor Betsy
But your sobbin' and sighin' are all in vain
Young Betsy sailing across the main"

In a few days after the son lies sick

No sort o' music his heart would take
But he often sighed and he often cried
"Oh Betsy, Betsy, I shall die"

And in a few days after the son lies dead
Mother wrings her hands and she tears her hair
"If I could bring back my son again
I'd send poor Betsy across the main"

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