

# The Grazier's Daughter

June Tabor

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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