

Mom.

# The Old Oak Tree

237

Dark was the night, high blew the wind, And heavy fell the rain, When Betsy  
left her own dear home, here to return a-gain. She left her weary  
mother's side, feared neither rain nor cold, For she was young and fair to view, to  
love that made her bold.

- 2) At ten o'clock that very night, beneath the Old Oak Tree,  
She'd promised James her own true love, that with him she would be.  
She heeded not the drenching rain, or stormy tempest's roar,  
But drew her cloak around her, and fled swiftly from the door.
- 3) That night passed o'er, and morning came, but Betsy came not home,  
Which caused her mother to weep and moan, and wonder where she could  
roam.  
"I'll search the country over, and through the desert and wild,  
Until I find my daughter, my darling only child."
- 4) For six long weary weeks they searched the country round,  
O'er hill and vale and valley, but Betsy was not found.  
Her mother's heart was broken at the loss of her only child,  
And in a short time after, she broken-hearted died.
- 5) Come all of you who'd like to know the owner of the ground.  
It was Squire MacFolton who rode out with all his hounds.  
They rode up hill and down dale in jovial company,  
Until at last the fox they lost beneath the Old Oak Tree.
- 6) It was there the hounds began to bark, and fiercely sniff the clay,  
And all that whip or horn could do could not drive those hounds away.  
The gentlemen then on the hill, they called for pick and spade.  
They dug the ground and there they found the murdered missing maid.
- 7) Her body once so pure and white was black with wounds and blows,  
And from her side the blood had gushed, and trinkled through her  
clothes,  
The grave to show the wretched work, it was an awful sight  
To see the worms crawl through her eyes that once were blue and bright.
- 8) And in her side a knife was found which, to his grief and shame,  
The gentlemen found "On the hilt, 'tis Squire MacFolton's name."  
"I done the deed myself," he cried, "My soul is soon for hell,  
Oh, hide her fair face from my view, and I the truth will tell."

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9) "I own I loved fair Betsy, and by my gallant heart,  
 I won her to victory, a triumph on my part.  
 I wrote a marriage promise, to which I signed my name,  
 And in that evil hour of woe, I ruined Betsy's fame.

10) "Then every time we'd meet, she'd say, 'Come, please make me your  
 bride',  
 But I only laughed at her distress, being hardened in my pride.  
 She teased and teased till I grew tired, and then it seemed to me,  
 The devil whispered, 'Murder her, and then you will be free.'"

11) "So with my knife I knocked her down, and plunged it in her breast.  
 I buried her right where she fell, there's no need to tell the rest."  
 As we stood gazing on her cold corpse, I own we done our part,  
 He drew a pistol from his belt, and fired it through his heart.

12) We buried him right where he fell, no Christian grave got he.  
 And none was left to mark the ground beneath the Old Oak Tree.

353 545