
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper
of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference
in our creed ;

We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the
thing at tea,

And the more we arg'ed the question, the more
we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we
lost a cow ;

She had kicked the bucket for certain, the
question was only—How ?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another
had ;

And when we were done a-talkin', we both of
us was mad.