

Then Betsey she got her spees from off the mantel-shelf,  
And read the article over quite softly to herself;  
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,  
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's  
cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,  
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;  
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-  
streamin' with tears,  
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to in-  
quire—  
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;  
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;  
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or  
rash  
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;  
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its  
worth  
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on  
earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,  
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew  
light;