"Betsy"

Words by LORENZ HART

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

You don't need a silver lining On a sun that's always shining
Ev'ry bird and beast would follow That young fellow called A-
p

pol-lo For they liked to listen to his song.

When your castles fall together You don't
That's the reason young Italians eat the

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care about the weather Or how bluish
fruit that we call scalions For they want to

blue the sky may be. Here is something to pre-
make their voices strong. Every simple country

serve us From nervous despair,
yokel Is vocal at night

Something that will always swerve us from care.
When he wants to woo his local delight.
Refrain well marked with spirit

When you are blue, sing; Be sure you do sing; I'm telling you sing something!

Startin' to hum that dumb thing, "Ta-rra-rra Sing boom!"

Don't be a kill joy while there is still joy You need a lil' joy in you.

When you begin, continue "Ta-rra-rra Sing boom!"
Worry and doubt will pay no where, Sing all your cares away.

Look at the birds, do they know where they'll get a meal to-day? Sing to your mother.

Sing to your brother, You have no other choice left, And when you have no

Optional

voice left, "Ta-ra-ta-ra' Sing BUM! BUM!