Edward

Steeleye Span

Late last night when the squire came home
Inquiring for his lady
Some denied and some replied
She's gone with the Black Jack DaveyGo saddle to me the bonny brown steed
For the gray was never so speedy
I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night
Till I catch that Black Jack DaveyOh, he rode up hills and he rode down dales
Over many a wild high mountain
And they did say that saw him go
Black Jack Davey, he is huntingHe rode east and he rode west
All in the morning early
Their he spied his lady fair
Cold and wet and wearyOh, why did you leave your house and land
Why did you leave your baby
Why did you leave your own wedded lord
To go with the Black Jack DaveyOh, he rode up hills and he rode down dales
Over many a wild high mountain
And they did say that saw him go
Black Jack Davey, he is huntingWhat cared I for your goose feather bed
The sheets turned down so bravely
Well, I may sleep on the cold hard ground
Along with the Black Jack DaveyThen I'll kick off my high healed shoes
Made of Spanish leather
And I'll put on my lowland brogues
And skip it o'er the heatherOh, he rode up hills and he rode down dales
Over many a wild high mountain
And they did say that saw him go
Black Jack Davey, he is huntingOh, he rode up hills and he rode down dales
Over many a wild high mountain
And they did say that saw him go
Black Jack Davey, he is hunting

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