**Black Jack Davy**

**Intro:**

It was late last night when the squire came home, enquiring for his lady.  
And some denied and some replied, “She's gone with the Black Jack Davy”.  
Oh saddle for me my bonny brown steed, for the grey was never so speedy.  
I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night, 'Till I catch that Black Jack Davy.

***Chorus*:**

*He rode o’er hills and he rode down dales, over a many a wild high mountain.  
And they did say that saw him go, Black Jack Davy he is hunting.*

Oh he rode thru the bracken and he rode thru the brush,

and he rode thru the trees so shady.

And o’re each mountain he did ride, Come whispers of his Lady.

And he rode til he came to the riverside, All in the morning early.  
And there he found he own fair maid, in the arms of Black Jack Davy.

***Chorus*:**

*He rode o’er hills and he rode down dales, over a many a wild high mountain.  
And they did say that saw him go, Black Jack Davy he is hunting.*

Oh I have Hawks and I have Hounds, that come all to my call-o.

So rise up Gypsy, stand aside, and let my lady follow.

Oh I will rise when the chill is gone; I’ll rise when I am ready.

For your Hawks have flown and your hounds have run,

and the Gypsy’s got your lady.

***Instrumental***:  
  
Oh what care I for my Goose feather quilts, and my blankets pulled round me.  
For tonight I’ll sleep in the wide open fields, in the arms of Black Jack Davy.  
And I’ll take off my highland shoes, made of Spanish leather.  
And I'll put on my lowland brogues, for tripping o'er the heather.

***Chorus*:**

*He rode o’er hills and he rode down dales, over a many a wild high mountain.  
And they did say that saw him go, Black Jack Davy he is hunting.*

***Chorus*:**

*He rode o’er hills and he rode down dales, over a many a wild high mountain.  
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