

# Steeleye Span, Black Jack Davy

Late last night when the squire came home  
Enquiring for his lady  
Some denied and some replied  
She's gone with the Black Jack Davy

Go saddle to me the 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 up hills and he rode down dales  
Over many a wild high mountain  
And they did say that saw him go  
Black Jack Davy he is hunting

He rode east and he rode west  
All in the morning early  
Until he spied his lady fair  
Cold and wet and weary

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 Davy

Chorus

What care I for your goose feather bed  
With the sheets turned down so bravely  
Well I may sleep on the cold hard ground  
Along with the Black Jack Davy

Then I'll kick off my high heeled shoes  
Made of the Spanish leather  
And I'll put on my lowland brogues  
And skip it o'er the heather

Chorus