Heather Alexander, Black Jack's Lady

Two horses trails within the grass, a gypsy man and his bonny wee lass, They're heading for the Hedgeford Pass 'Tis none but the Black Jack Davy! The moon light glitters like his grin, The lass lays back and she welcomes him in, For to love this way could ne'er be sin 'Cause she now is the Black Jack's Lady

They love all night and with the dawn, the lady wakes and her Davy is gone What a fool she's been to have tagged along And be known as the Black Jack's Lady!

She's gathered up her goods and gear Her current path is now crystal clear 'Cause a vow she's sworn for to conjure fear In the heart of the Black Jack Davy With stolen horse and a sword as well Revenge has cast it's unbreakable spell And she rides all night like a spawn, from hell On the path of the Black Jack Davy

She rides o'er hill and rides o'er ,dale With silver sword and a stallion pale On the winds you can hear the ban-sidhe wail-'Tis the cry of the Black Jack's Lady!

Her hair is like the setting sun Her grace and speed they are rivaled by none But you soon shall rue the deed you have done If you lie with the Black Jack's Lady Her face is fair, her breath is sweet But do not fall for her cunning deceit For she'll slice you wide from your head to feet 'Tis the way of the Black Jack's Lady

Black Jack Davy, turn yourself around! Else your Lady will lay you in the cold hard ground!

And now upon each dark-moon night With eyes ablaze though they never give light Riding horseback with her sword-blade bright Goes the form of the Black Jack's Lady So lock your doors, inside to stay Young men best keep out of her way For there's none can stop her sword they say Or the ride of the Black Jack's Lady

She rides o'er hill and rides o'er ,dale With silver sword and a stallion pale On the winds you can hear the ban-sidhe wail-'Tis the cry of the Black Jack's Lady! Young men, best be strong and true Be faithful in the loving you do Or else let gods have pity on you If you meet with the Black Jack's Lady!