

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Black Jack Davey

Black Jack Davey come a running through the woods
Singing so loud and gailey
Made the hills a round him ring
Then charmed the heart of a lady, charmed the heart of a lady

How old are you my pretty little miss
How old are you my honey
Answered him with a philly and a smile
I'll be sixteen next Sunday, be sixteen next Sunday

Come go with me my pretty little miss
Come go with me my honey
I'll take you across the deep blue sea
Where you never shall want for money, never shall want for money

She pulled off her high heeled shoes
Made of Spanish leather
She put on her low heeled shoes
And they both went off together, both went off together

Last night I lay on a warm feather bed
Side my husband and baby
Today I lay on the cold, cold ground
Side of Black Jack Davey, side of Black Jack Davey