

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Black Jack Davy

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Black Jack Davy is the name that he bears;
Been alone in the forest for a long time,
But the time has come when a lady fine will love him, hold him,
Singin' through the green green trees.

Now the skin on his hand is like leather alright,
And his face is hard from the cold wind,
But his heart is warm with the song that he sings of a charmin'
fair lady,
Singin' through the green green trees.

Fifteen summers has the girl of his dreams
And her skin is softer than velvet,
And she's forsaken her fine fine home for Black Jack Davy,
Singin' through the green green trees.

Last night she slept on a fine feather bed
Far from her Black Jack Davy,
But tonight she'll sleep on the cold cold ground and love him, hold him,
Singin' through the green green trees.

"Saddle me up my fine grey mare,"
Cried the lord of the house next morning.
"For my servants tell me that my daughter's gone with Black Jack Davy,"
Singin' through the green green trees.

And he rode all day and he rode all night,
But he never did find his daughter,
But he heard from afar come driftin' on the wind two voices, laughin',
Singin' through the green green trees.

From a 60s recording by "The Incredible String Band". It is unusual that it is a daughter who runs away rather than the not-quite-16 wife and mother in more common versions.

Child #200

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