

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Blackjack Davey (2)

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Blackjack Davey came riding by,
Whistling so merrily
He made the woods all around him ring
And he charmed the heart of a lady
And he charmed the heart of a lady

Come with me my pretty little one,
Come with me my honey
I swear by the beard upon my face
You'll never want for money
You'll never want for money

She took off her high heeled boots,
Made of spanish leather
Jumped behind him on his horse
And they rode off together
And they rode off together

That night her husband, he came home,
Looking for his lady
The maid she spoke before she thought
She's gone with the Blackjack Davey
She's gone with the Blackjack Davey

Saddle me up my coal black steed,
The white one's not so speedy
I rode all day, and I'll ride all night
And I'll overtake my lady
And I'll overtake my lady

He rode all night till the broad daylight,
The come to the river shady
And there he spied his own sweet bride
In the arms of Blackjack Davey
In the arms of Blackjack Davey

Would you forsake your house and home,
Would you forsake your baby
Would you forsake your own wedded lord
To ride with the Blackjack Davey
To ride with the Blackjack Davey

Last night I slept in a goosefeather bed,
Beside my husband and baby
Tonight I sleep on the cold, cold ground
In the arms of Blackjack Davey
In the arms of Blackjack Davey

A new world version of the traditional Gypsy Davey song with a
tune from Almeda Riddle.

Child #200

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