

Black Jack Davey

Hurray For The Riff Raff

Black Jack Davey came ridin' through the woods
He was singin' so loud and gaily
Made the hills around him ring
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?"
She answered him with a silly little smile
"Be sixteen next Sunday
Be sixteen next Sunday"

"Come, go with me, my pretty little miss
Come, go with me, my honey
Take you across the dark dark sea
Never shall want for money
Never shall want for money"

She took off her high-heeled boots
They were made of Spanish leather
She put on her low-heeled shoes
They both rode off together
Both rode off together

Last night I slept on a warm featherbed
Beside my husband and baby
Tonight I sleep on the cold cold ground
Beside the Black Jack Davey
Pretty little Black Jack Davey

Black Jack Davey came ridin' through the woods
He was singin' so loud and gaily
Made the hills around him ring
Charmed the heart of a lady
Charmed the heart of a lady