

## 411

### "Waverley Stage Coach"

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If you go out tonight in Waverley Park  
Don't hail the carriage you'll meet in the dark  
Ain't no call for laughter, my words you must mark  
Or you'll be on the Waverley Stagecoach

Some twenty years since or a similar while  
The Mayor of the City, his wife and his child  
They boarded the carriage but inside a mile  
Were flung dead from the Waverley Stagecoach

They say that the wheels on the coach are bright red

Stained with the blood that's come from the dead  
The driver is fire and the horses are white  
And it claims anybody that travels by night

You can laugh all you like but you'll laugh on your own  
There's eighty-five people from this town alone  
In a short twenty years have been murdered and  
thrown  
From the cab of the Waverley Stagecoach

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