

Connie Dover "Jack Of Diamonds"

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Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, I know you of old
You have robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold
Tis raining, 'tis hailing, 'tis a dark stormy night
And my horses cannot travel for the moon gives no
light
My horses cannot travel for the moon gives no light

Go put up your horses and feed them some hay
Then sit down beside me till the light of the day
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay
So fair thee well, Darlin', I'll be on my way
So fair thee well, Darlin', I'll be on my way

I'll build me a cabin on the mountain so high
Where the wild geese can see me as they pass me by
As sure as the dewdrop grows on the green corn
Last night you were with me but today you are gone
Last night you were with me but today you are gone

Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, I know you of old
You have robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, I wish you no harm
But I wish I had a bottle as long as my arm
I wish I had a bottle as long as my arm

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