

## **Avalon Rising** **"Black Davie's Ride"**

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Black Davie's riding on down the post road

Thinking of silver, thinking of gold

Wondering why all the nights are so cold,

Who will you be with when you are old?

CH:

Highwayman, highwayman, what do you dream?

Are you a gentleman serving the queen?

Are you a rich man, servants by your side--

Or do you dream of another man's bride?

Her hair was dark and all pinned up with gold,

Her lips were red, and her eyes were so bold.

You thought to have her, but the price would be your  
soul.

What kind of woman takes money to hold?

CH:

Highwayman, highwayman, what do you dream?

Are you a gentleman serving the queen?

Are you a rich man, servants by your side--

Or do you dream of another man's bride?

When night were warmer and your soul was young,

There were so many things you would not have done,

But when you dance all night and sing the songs you've

sung--

You pay the piper, and now the time has come...

CH:

Highwayman, highwayman, what do you dream?

Are you a gentleman serving the queen?

Are you a rich man, servants by your side--

Or do you dream of another man's bride?

You've stolen silver and gold at her command,

You've given everything you had to make her stand,

But you could never steal enough to win her hand--

And now she's married and left you to hang!

CH:

Highwayman, highwayman, what do you dream?

Are you a gentleman serving the queen?

Are you a rich man, servants by your side--

Or do you dream of another man's bride?

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