

## **Steeleye Span**

### **"DVD - Edward"**

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Late last night when the squire came home  
Inquiring for his lady  
Some denied and some replied  
She's gone with the Black Jack Davey

Go saddle to me the bonny brown steed  
For the gray was never so speedy  
I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night  
Till I catch that Black Jack Davey

Oh, he rode up hills and he rode down dales  
Over many a wild high mountain  
And they did say that saw him go  
Black Jack Davey, he is hunting

He rode east and he rode west  
All in the morning early  
Their he spied his lady fair  
Cold and wet and weary

Oh, why did you leave your house and land  
Why did you leave your baby  
Why did you leave your own wedded lord  
To go with the Black Jack Davey

Oh, he rode up hills and he rode down dales  
Over many a wild high mountain  
And they did say that saw him go  
Black Jack Davey, he is hunting

What cared I for your goose feather bed  
The sheets turned down so bravely  
Well, I may sleep on the cold hard ground  
Along with the Black Jack Davey

Then I'll kick off my high heeled shoes  
Made of Spanish leather  
And I'll put on my lowland brogues  
And skip it o'er the heather

Oh, he rode up hills and he rode down dales  
Over many a wild high mountain

And they did say that saw him go  
Black Jack Davey, he is hunting

Oh, he rode up hills and he rode down dales  
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