

# Blackjack Davey

A.P. Carter

I  
Black Jack Davey come riding through the woods  
Singing so loud and gaily  
Made the hills around him ring  
Then 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  
Answered him with a silly little smile  
I'll be sixteen next Sunday,  
Be sixteen next Sunday

Come go with me my pretty little miss  
Come go with me my honey  
I'll take you across the deep blue sea  
Where you never shall want for money,  
Where you never shall want for money

She pulled off her high heeled shoes  
They were made of Spanish leather  
She put on her low-heeled shoes  
And they both went off together,  
Both went off together

Last night I lay on a warm feather bed  
Side my husband and baby  
Today I lay on the cold, cold ground  
Side of Black Jack Davey,  
Side of Black Jack Davey

## Chart - Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$  | **I** | **I** | **I** |  $\frac{2}{4}$  **I** |  $\frac{4}{4}$  **I** |  
| **I** | **I** | **I** | **V** |  
| **V** |  $\frac{2}{4}$  **V** |  $\frac{4}{4}$  **I** | **I** |