

## John Nevison's Ride

John Nevison's off, he's away was the cry  
Of the gulls, they were startled you guess  
Mid the sound of their pistols, while bullets fly by  
There I jumped on the back of Black Bess

Hark Away! Hark Away!  
Still onward we press  
Let us fly to the glimmering morn  
Full many a mile by my faithful Black Bess  
That night I was gallantly borne

Three officers mounted and quickly made chase  
Resolving my capture to share  
But I smiled at their efforts thought swift was their pace  
As I urged on my bonny black mare

By Stamford, by Newark fatigue she did bear  
And scarce ever faltered for breath  
Hark forward my beauty, my bonny grey mare  
We are riding for life or for death

When the spires of York Minster they came into view  
Yet the chimes they were ringing a knell  
For alas, my brave mare they no longer pursue  
But my bonny lass staggered and fell

Now the race it is o'er and she lies in her grave  
My poor mare who once was my pride  
For her heart it had burst tho' her master she saved  
For Nevison she lived and she died