

Waverley Stage Coach

Audience

If you go out tonight in Waverley Park
Don't hail the carriage you'll meet in the dark
Ain't no call for laughter, my words you must mark
Or you'll be on the Waverley Stagecoach

Some twenty years since or a similar while
The Mayor of the City, his wife and his child
They boarded the carriage but inside a mile
Were flung dead from the Waverley Stagecoach

They say that the wheels on the coach are bright red
Stained with the blood that's come from the dead
The driver is fire and the horses are white
And it claims anybody that travels by night

You can laugh all you like but you'll laugh on your own
There's eighty-five people from this town alone
In a short twenty years have been murdered and thrown
From the cab of the Waverley Stagecoach