

## Blackwater Side

Cara Dillon

One morning fair I took the air  
Down by Blackwater side  
Twas gazing all around me  
Twas the Irish lad I spied

All through the first part of that night  
We lay in sport and play  
Then this young man arose and gathered his clothes  
Saying, "Fare you well today"

That's not the promise you gave to me  
When you first lay on my bed  
And you made me believe with your lying tongue  
That the sun rose in the west

Then go home, go home, to your father's garden  
Go home and weep your fill  
And think upon your own misfortune  
That you brought with your wanton will

There's not one girl in this whole town  
As easily led as I  
When the sky does fall and the seas run dry  
Why, it's then you'll marry I

Why, it's then you'll marry I  
Why, it's then you'll marry I