

Blackwaterside

Sandy Denny

One evening fair I took the air
Down by Blackwaterside
'Twas gazing all around me
When the Irish lad I spied

All through the first part of that night
We did lie in sport and play
When this young man arose and he gathered his clothes
Saying, Fare thee well today

That's not the promise that you gave to me
When the first you lay on my breast
You could make me believe with your lying tongue
That the sun rose in the west

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

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