

# 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