

## Blackwaterside

Bert Jansch

One morning fair I took the air  
Down by blackwater side  
'twas gazing all around me  
The Irish lad I spied

All through the fore part of the night  
We lay in sport and play  
Till this young man arose and gathered his clothes  
Saying 'Fare thee well today  
That's not the promise that you gave to me  
When first you lay on my breast  
You could make me believe with your lying tongue  
That the sun rose in the West

Well then go home to your father's garden  
Go home and weep your fill  
And think on your own misfortune  
That you 've brought with your want and will.