

## Blackwater Side

Hazel O'Connor

One morning fair as I took the air  
Down by Blackwater Side  
And when staring all around me  
An Irish lad I spied

All through the far part of the night  
We spent in sport and play  
Then the young man rose and put on his clothes  
Saying faretheewell today

Go back, go back to your father's garden  
Go back and cry your fill  
And think upon your sad misfortune  
You brought on by your wanton will

That's not the promise that you made to me  
When you lay on my breast  
I would have believed with your lying tongue  
That the sun rose in the west

Go back, go back to your father's garden  
Go back and cry your fill  
And think upon your sad misfortune  
You brought on by your wanton will

There's not a girl in this whole wide world  
As easily led as I  
And when fishes do fly and seas do run dry  
It is when you will marry I

Go back, go back to your father's garden  
Go back and cry your fill  
And think upon your sad misfortune  
You brought on by your wanton will  
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