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
You brought on by your wanton will
You brought on by your wanton will