

## **Denny Sandy** **"Blackwaterside"**

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(Traditional)

One evening fair, I took the air  
Down by Blackwaterside  
'Twas in gazing all around me  
That the Irish lad I spied  
All through the first part of the night  
We did laid, sport and play  
And this young man arose, 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  
That you've wrought with your wanton will  
There's not a girl in this whole town  
As easily led as I  
And when the sky does fall and the seas will run dry  
White stand, you'll marry I

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