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Sandy Denny "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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