

Roc C

"Blackwaterside"

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One morning fair I took he air
Down by blackwater side
'Twas gazing all al 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.

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