

Hazel O'Connor, Blackwater Side

Trad. arr. Hazel O'Connor - Cormac De Barra

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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