Blackwaterside

Isla Cameron

One evening fair I took the air
Down by blackwaterside
'twas gazing all around me
When the irish lad I spiedAll through the first part of that night
We did lie in sport and play,
When this young man arose and 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
Which you bought with your wanton will.There's not one girl in this whole town
As easily led as i,
And when the sky does fall and the seas will run dry,
Why, it's then you'll marry i.

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