Blackwaterside

Altan

One evening fair to take the air
Down by Blackwaterside
'Twas a-gazing all around me
That the Irish lad I spied

All through the far part of the night
We did lie in sport and play
When this young man arose and gathered his clothes
Saying, "Fare thee well today"

That's not the promise that you gave to me
When you lay on my breast
You could make me believe with your lying words
That the sun rose in the west

Go home, go home to your father's garden
Go home and weep your fill
And think on your own misfortune
You brought on with your want and will

For there's not a girl in this whole wide world
As easily led as I
And when fishes can fly and the seas run dry
It is then that you'll marry I
It is then that you'll marry I

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