

Altan, A Nobelman's Wedding

Lately last night, I was asked to a wedding
The wedding of a fair maid who proved to me unkind
For that day as she thought of her intended young lover
Thoughts of her old one had run through her mind

Supper being over and all things were ended
Every young man was to sing a fine song
Until it came to the turn of her own foreign lover
And the song that he sang to the bride did belong

How can you sit at another man's table?
How can you drink of another man's wine?
How can you lie in the arms of another?
Many's the night, love, that you lay in mine

Many's the one has been seven years parted
Seven years parted and did return again
But I have only been two years away, love
Two years away, love, and did return again

The bride, she was seated at the head of the table
Very well she knew to whom the song did belong
Her heart, it grew faint, she could stand it no longer
Down at the feet of the bridegroom she fell

Sobbing and sighing she rose from the table
Sobbing and sighing she went to her bed
Early next morning the bridegroom awakened
He turned to embrace her and found she was dead

Saying, "Annie, dear Annie, I knew you never loved me
My love and your love could never agree
For I knew all along that your poor heart was breaking
All for the sake of a foreign young man"

So now I must wear a frock of deep mourning
A frock of deep mourning, one, two and three
I must wear to her wake my own wedding garment
Ne'er again shall I go between the bark and the tree