

# Altan, Blackwaterside

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, &quot;Fare thee well today&quot;;

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