Aisling

Shane MacGowan

See the moon is once more rising
Above our our land of black and green
Hear the rebels voice is calling
"I shall not die, though you bury me!"
Hear the Aunt in bed a-dying
"Where is my Johnny?"
Faded pictures in the hallway
Which one of these brown ghosts is he?Fare thee well my black haired diamond
Fare the well my own Aisling
Thoughts of and dreams of you will haunt me
'Till I come back home againAnd the wind it blows
To the North and South
And blows to the East and West
I'll be just like that wind my love
For I will have no rest
'Til I return to theeBless the wind that shakes the barley
Curse the spade and curse the plough
Waking in the morning early
I wish to Hell I was with you now
One, two, three, four telephone poles
Give me a drink of poitin
Madness from the mountains crawling
When I first met you my own AislingFare thee well my black haired diamond
Fare the well my own Aisling
Thoughts of and dreams of you will haunt me
'Till I come back home againFare thee well my black haired diamond
Fare the well my own Aisling
Thoughts of and dreams of you will haunt me
'Till I come back home again

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