

## Christy Moore "Aisling"

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See the bright new moon is rising,  
Above the land of black and green  
Hear the rebels voices calling,  
I will not die 'till you bury me  
The aunt upstairs in the bed she is calling,  
Why has he forsaken me  
Faded pictures in the hallway,  
Which one of them brown ghosts is he  
Bless the wind that shakes the barley,  
Curse the spade and curse the plough  
I've counted years and weeks and days,  
And I wish to God I was with you now  
Fare thee well me black-haired diamond,  
Fare thee well me own Aisling  
At night fond dreams of you still haunt me,  
Far across the grey north sea  
And the wind it blows from the North and South,  
To the East And to the West  
I will be like the wind my love,  
For I will know no rest 'till I return to thee  
1, 2, 3 telegraph poles,  
Standing on the cold black road  
The night is fading into morning,  
Give us a drop of your sweet poitin  
The rain was lashing - the sun was rising,  
The wind was howling through the trees  
The madness from the mountains crawling,  
When I saw you first my own Aisling  
Bless the wind that shakes the barley,  
Curse the spade and curse the plough  
I've counted years and weeks and days,  
And I wish to God I was with you now  
Fare thee well my black haired diamond,  
Fare thee well my own Aisling  
At night fond dreams of you still haunt me,  
Far across the grey north sea

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