

# Shane Macgowan And The Popes

## "Aisling"

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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 again  
And 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 thee

Bless 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 Aisling  
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 again  
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 again

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