

Aisling

Christy Moore

Am

C
See the bright new moon is rising,
F C G
Above the land of black and green
C
Hear the rebels voices calling,
F C G C
I will not die till you bury me

C F C
The aunt upstairs in the bed she is calling,
F C G
Why has he forsaken me
C F C
Faded pictures in the hallway,
F C G C
Which one of them brown ghosts is he

C
Bless the wind that shakes the barley,
F C G
Curse the spade and curse the plough
C F C
I ve counted years and weeks and days,
F C G C
And I wish to God I was with you now

C F
Fare thee well me black-haired diamond,
C G
Fare thee well me own Aisling
C F C F
At night fond dreams of you still haunt me,
C F G C
Far across the grey north sea

F G
And the wind it blows from the North and South,
F G
To the East And to the West
F G
I will be like the wind my love,
F Am C F G C
For I will know no rest till I return to thee

Am

1, 2, 3 telegraph poles,

F G Am

Standing on the cold black road
The night is fading into morning,

F G Am

Give us a drop of your sweet poitin

Am

The rain was lashing - the sun was rising,

F G Am

The wind was howling through the trees
The madness from the mountains crawling,

F G Am

When I saw you first my own Aisling

C

Bless the wind that shakes the barley,

F C G

Curse the spade and curse the plough

C F C

I've counted years and weeks and days,

F C G C

And I wish to God I was with you now

C

F

Fare thee well me black-haired diamond,

C

G

Fare thee well me own Aisling

C

F

C

F

At night fond dreams of you still haunt me,

C

F

G

C

Far across the grey north sea

Lots of Love,

Bart