

The Wind That Shakes the Barley

The Clancy Brothers

I sat within the valley green, I sat me with my true love
My sad heart strove the two between, the old love and the new l
ove

The old for her, the new that made me think on Ireland dearly
While soft the wind blew down the glen and shook the golden bar
ley

'Twas hard the woeful words to frame to break the ties that bou
nd us

But harder still to bear the shame of foreign chains around us
And so I said, "The mountain glen I'll seek at morning early
And join the bold united men, while soft winds shake the barley
"

While sad I kissed away her tears, my fond arms round her fling
ing

The foeman's shot burst on our ears from out the wildwood ringi
ng

A bullet pierced my true love's side in life's young spring so
early
And on my breast in blood she died while soft winds shook the b
arley

But blood for blood without remorse I've taken at Oulart Hollow
And laid my true love's clay cold corpse where I full soon may
follow

As round her grave I wander drear, noon, night and morning earl
y

With breaking heart when e'er I hear the wind that shakes the b
arley