

# WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

Irish

Adagio ♩ = 68

Tinwhistle

I sat with-in a val - ley green, sat there with - my true love And  
my fond heart strove to choose be - tween The old love and the new love. The  
old for her, the new that made Me think on Ire - land dear - ly While  
soft the wind blew down the glade And shook the gol - den bar - ley.

Tw'as hard the mournful words to frame  
To break the ties that bound us  
Ah, 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 brave united men"  
While soft wind shook the barley

Tw'as sad I kissed away her tears  
Her arms around me clinging  
When to my ears that fateful shot  
Come out the wildwood ringing  
The bullet pierced my true love's breast  
In life's young spring so early  
And there upon my breast she died  
While soft wind shook the barley

I bore her to some mountain stream  
And many's the summer blossom  
I placed with branches soft and green  
About her gore-stained bosom  
I wept and kissed her clay-cold corpse  
Then rushed o'er vale and valley  
My vengeance on the foe to wreak  
While soft wind shook the barley

Tw'as blood for blood without remorse  
I took at Oulart Hollow  
I placed my true love's clay-cold corpse  
Where mine full soon may follow  
Around her grave I wondered drear  
Noon, night and morning early  
With aching heart when e'er I hear  
The wind that shakes the barley