Blood For Blood

Firkin

I sat within a valley green
I sat me with my true love
My sad heart strove the two between
The old love and the new love
The old for her, the new that made
Me think on Ireland dearly
While soft the wind blew down the glen
And gently shook the barley

?Twas hard the woeful words to frame
To break the ties that bound 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 wind shakes the barley

While sad I kissed away her tears
My fond arms 'round her flinging
The foemen?s shots burst on our ears
From out the wildwood ringing
A bullet pierced my true love's side
On life's young spring so early
And on my breast in blood she died
While soft wind shook the barley

But blood for blood without remorse
I've taken at Oulart Hollow
I laid my true love's clay-cold corpse
Where full soon I may follow
As 'round her grave I wander drear
Noon, night and morning early
With breaking heart whene'er I hear
The wind that shakes the barley

Lyrics submitted by Janos.

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