

The Wind That Shakes The Barley

Dead Can Dance

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 love
The old for her the new
That made me think of Ireland dearly
While the soft wind blew down the glade
And shook the golden barley
T'was hard, the woeful words to frame
To break the ties that bound us
And harder still to bear the shame
Of foreign chains around us
And so I said the mountain glen
I'll meet at morning early
And I'll join the bold united men
While soft winds shook the barley

T'was sad, I kissed away her tears
My fond arm 'round her flinging
When a foe, man's shot [Incomprehensible] our ears
From out the wild woods ringing
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 barley
But blood for blood without remorse
I've ta'en to her hollow
I've lain my true love's clay-like corpse
Where I'll fall soon, must follow
Around her grave I've wandered drear
In night and morning early
With breaking heart when e'er I hear
The wind that shakes the barley

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