

The Wind That Shakes The Barley

Martin Carthy

I sat within a valley green, Sat there with my true love
My heart strove to choose between, Me 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 glade, And shook the golden barley
Twas hard the mournful 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 brave united men, While soft wind shook the barley
 Twas sad I kissed away her tears, Her arms around me clinging
 When to my ears that fateful shot, Came 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
 Twas 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

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