The Wind That Shakes the Barley (Merlin) M. Maire Ní Shuilleabhain

D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
Α	0	2
D		
	I sat within the valley green	I sat there with my true love
D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
Α	0	2
D		
	My sad heart strove to two between	The old love and the new love
D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	3 4. 7 7 6. 7 4
Α	0	
D		
	The old for her, the new that made	Me think on Ireland dearly
D	3 4. 2 3. 1 2. 0 1	0. 0 1. 0 0
Α		2 2
D		
	While cott the wind blow down the alon	
	While soft the wind blew down the glen	And shook the golden barley
D		
D A	****	*****
	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
Α	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
Α	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas hard the woeful words to frame	To break the ties that bound us
A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas hard the woeful words to frame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	To break the ties that bound us 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 1 0. 0 1. 0 0
A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas hard the woeful words to frame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	To break the ties that bound us 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 1 0. 0 1. 0 0
A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas hard the woeful words to frame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 To break the ties that bound us 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2
A D D A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas hard the woeful words to frame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 But harder still to bear the shame	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 To break the ties that bound us 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Of foreign chains around us
D A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas hard the woeful words to frame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 But harder still to bear the shame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 To break the ties that bound us 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Of foreign chains around us
A D A D A	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas hard the woeful words to frame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 But harder still to bear the shame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 To break the ties that bound us 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Of foreign chains around us
A D A D A	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas hard the woeful words to frame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 But harder still to bear the shame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 To break the ties that bound us 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Of foreign chains around us 3 4. 7 7 6. 7 4
D A D	O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 Twas hard the woeful words to frame O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 But harder still to bear the shame O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 And so I said, "The mountain glen	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 To break the ties that bound us 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Of foreign chains around us 3 4. 7 7 6. 7 4 I'll seek at morning early
D D A D D	O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 Twas hard the woeful words to frame O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 But harder still to bear the shame O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 And so I said, "The mountain glen	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 To break the ties that bound us 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Of foreign chains around us 1 3 4. 7 7 6. 7 4 I'll seek at morning early 0 0 1. 0 0

And join the bold United Men

While soft winds shake the barley"

D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
Α	0	2
D		
	'Twas sad I kissed away her tears	My fond arms 'round her clinging
D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
Α	0	2
D		
	The foeman's shot burst out our ears	From out the wildwood ringing
D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	3 4. 7 7 6. 7 4
Α	0	
D		
	The bullet pierced my true love's side	In life's young spring so early
D	3 4. 2 3. 1 2. 0 1	0. 0 1. 0 0
Α		2 2
D	And on my breast in blood she died	While soft winds shook the barley
	***	*****
D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
D A	***	*****
D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
D A	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2
D A D	O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 O 'Twas blood for blood without remorse	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow
D A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas blood for blood without remorse 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow 1 0. 0 1. 0 0
D A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas blood for blood without remorse 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow 1 0. 0 1. 0 0
D A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas blood for blood without remorse 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2
D A D	O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 Twas blood for blood without remorse O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 And laid my true love's clay-cold corpse	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Where I full soon may I follow
D A D D D D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas blood for blood without remorse 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 And laid my true love's clay-cold corpse 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Where I full soon may I follow
D A D D A A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas blood for blood without remorse 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 And laid my true love's clay-cold corpse 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Where I full soon may I follow
D A D D A A D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 Twas blood for blood without remorse 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 And laid my true love's clay-cold corpse 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Where I full soon may I follow 3 4. 7 7 6. 7 4
D A D D A D D	O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 Twas blood for blood without remorse O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 And laid my true love's clay-cold corpse O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 Around her grave I wander drear	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Where I full soon may I follow 3 4. 7 7 6. 7 4 Noon, night and morning early
D A D D A D D	O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 Twas blood for blood without remorse O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 And laid my true love's clay-cold corpse O. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 Around her grave I wander drear	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 I've taken at Oulart Hollow 1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 Where I full soon may I follow 3 4. 7 7 6. 7 4 Noon, night and morning early 0. 0 1. 0 0