## The Wind That Shakes the Barley M. Máire Ní Shúilleabháin

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. 8 8 7. 8 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 soft the wind blew down the glen	And shook the golden barley
	Willie soft the willed blew down the gleri	7 tha shook the golden barrey
		******
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	1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2 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 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 D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0 'Twas hard the woeful words to frame 0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2 0	To break the ties that bound us  1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2  1 0. 0 1. 0 0 2
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
A D D 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 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 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 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. 8 8 7. 8 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	To break the ties that bound us  1 0. 0 1. 0 0  2 1 0. 0 1. 0 0  2 Of foreign chains around us  3 4. 8 8 7. 8 4  I'll seek at morning early

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. 8 8 7. 8 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	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2  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 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	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	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. 8 8 7. 8 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. 8 8 7. 8 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. 8 8 7. 8 4  Noon, night and morning early  0. 0 1. 0 0	