The Wind That Shakes the Barley *M· Máire Ní Shúilleabháin*

D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
A	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
A	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
A	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
A		2 2
D		

While soft the wind blew down the glen · And shook the golden barley

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D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
A	0	2
D		

'Twas hard the woeful words to frame · To break the ties that bound us

D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
A	0	2
D		

But harder still to bear the shame · Of foreign chains around us

D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	3 4. 8 8 7. 8 4
A	0	
D		

And so I said, "The mountain glen · I'll seek at morning early

D	3 4. 2 3. 1 2. 0 1	0 0 1. 0 0
A		2 2
D		

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
A	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
A	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
A	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
A		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
A	0	2
D		

'Twas blood for blood without remorse   I've taken at Oulart Hollow

D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	1 0. 0 1. 0 0
A	0	2
D		

And laid my true love's clay-cold corpse   Where I full soon may I follow

D	0. 1 2. 3 4. 3 2	3 4. 8 8 7. 8 4
A	0	
D		

Around her grave I wander drear   Noon, night and morning early

D	3 4. 2 3. 1 2. 0 1	0. 0 1. 0 0
A		2 2
D		

With breaking heart when e'er I hear   The wind that shakes the barley