

## Green Island

Christy Moore

The island lies like a leaf upon the sea  
Green island like a leaf new-fallen from the tree  
Green turns to gold  
As morning breeze gently shakes the barley  
Bending the yellow corn  
Green turns to gold  
There's purple shadows on the distant mountains  
Sun in the yellow corn

They came in their long ships from lands across the sea  
They came in their long ships - they saw the land was green  
Wind in the barley  
Trout and salmon leaping in the rivers  
Sun in the yellow corn  
Leaping ashore  
They slaughtered those laboured in the barley  
Scything them down like corn

The long ships sailed away and new invaders came  
With long bow and lance bringing death in England's name  
With sword and with mace  
They went reaping though the fields of barley  
They plundered the yellow corn  
Crop followed crop  
They prospered in their killing fields of barley  
The harvest of new young corn

Marching down the years the men of war they came  
With bombs, assassins, bullets, CS gas and guns  
Ghosts from the past  
Are chasing shadows through the fields of barley  
Hiding in the new young corn  
Nine hundred years  
They tried to trap the wind that shakes the barley  
Sun in the yellow corn

The island lies like a leaf upon the sea  
Green island like a leaf new-fallen from the tree  
Green turns to gold  
As morning breeze gently shakes the barley  
Bending the yellow corn  
No force on Earth  
Can ever trap the wind that shakes the barley  
Sun in the yellow corn