

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