

The Wind That Shakes The Barley

Solas

I sat within the valley green, I sat me with my true love
My sad heart strove the two between, the old love and the new l
ove
The old for her, the new that made me think on Ireland dearly
While soft the wind blew down the glen and shook the golden bar
ley
'Twas hard the woeful words to frame to break the ties that bou
nd us
But harder still to bear the shame of foreign chains around us
And so I said, "The mountain glen I'll seek at morning early
And join the bold united men," while soft winds shake the barle
y
While sad I kissed away her tears, my fond arms round her fling
ing
A yeoman's shot burst on our ears from out the wildwood ringing
A bullet pierced my true love's side in life's young spring so
early
And on my breast in blood she died while soft winds shook the b
arley
I bore her to some mountain stream, and many's the summer bloss
om
I placed with branches soft and green about her gore-
stained bosom
I wept and kissed her clay-
cold corpse then rushed o'er vale and valley
My vengeance on the foe to wreak while soft wind shook the barl
ey
But blood for blood without remorse I've taken at Oulart Hollow
And laid my true love's clay cold corpse where I full soon may
follow
As round her grave I wander drear, noon, night and morning earl
y
With breaking heart when e'er I hear the wind that shakes the b
arley.