

# The Wind That Shakes the Barley

Loreena Mckennitt

I sat within a valley green  
I sat there with my true love  
My heart strove to choose between  
The old love and the new love  
The old for her, the new that made  
Me think on Ireland dearly  
While soft the wind blew down the glade  
And shook the golden barley

'Twas hard the woeful words to frame  
To break the ties that bound 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 brave United Men  
While soft winds shook the barley"

'Twas sad I kissed away her tears  
Her arms around me clinging  
When to my ears the fateful shot  
Came out the wildwood ringing  
The bullet pierced my true love's breast  
In life's young spring so early  
And all upon my breast she died  
While soft winds shook the barley

I bore her to some mountain stream  
And many's the summer blossom  
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 winds shook the barley

'Twas blood for blood without remorse  
I took at Oulart Hollow  
I placed my true love's clay-cold corpse  
Where I full soon may follow  
Around her grave I wandered drear  
Noon, night and morning early  
With aching heart when e'er I hear  
The wind that shakes the barley