

The Wind That Shakes the Corn

The Irish Rovers

I sat within the valley green
I sat with my true love
My sad heart had to choose between
Old Ireland or my love
I looked at her and then I thought
How Ireland was torn
While soft the wind blew down the glen
and shook the golden corn

'Twas hard the woeful words to bring
To break the ties that bound
But harder still to bear the shame
Of English chains around
And so I said, "The mountain glen
I'll seek in early morn,
And join the brave united men."
While soft winds shook the corn

While sad I kissed away her tears
My fond arms 'round her flung
A British shot burst on the ears
From out the wild woods 'round
The bullet pierced my true love's side
A rose pierced by a thorn
And in my arms in blood she died
While soft winds shook the corn

So blood for blood without remorse
I've taken in the glen
I placed my true love's clayful corpse
I joined true Irish men
But around her grave I wander drear
Sometimes in early morn
And with breaking heart sometimes I hear
The wind that shakes the corn