

## **Loreena Mckennitt**

# **"The Wind that Shakes the Barley"**

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I sat within a valley green, Sat there with my true love  
My heart strove to choose between, Me 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 mournful 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 wind shook  
the barley

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

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

shakes the barley

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