

The Wind that Shakes the Barley

Melody: Traditional, Lyrics: Robert Dwyer Joyce (1830-1883)

Roud Index # 2994

Arranged for Mountain Dulcimer by Jessica Comeau

1
D 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
A 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
C 4 5 5 4 5 3 1 0 0 1 1 0 0
I sat with-in the vall-ey green; I sat me with my

5
D 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
A 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
C 1 3 3 4 5 5 4 5 3 1 0 0
true love, My sad heart strove the two be-tween, The

8
D 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
A 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
C 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 3 4
old love and the new love: The old for her, the

11
D 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
A 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
C 5 4 3 4 5 8 8 7 8 7 5 7 8 5 4 5
new that made Me think on Ire-land dear-ly, While soft the wind blew

15
D 0 1 16 0 1 17 0
A 0 0 0 0 1 0
C 3 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1

down the glade and shook the golden barley.

'Twas hard the woeful words to frame
 To break the ties that bound us.
 'Twas harder still to bear the shame
 Of foreign chains around us,
 And so I said, "The mountain glen
 I'll seek next morning early
 And join the brave United Men!"
 While soft winds shook the barley.

While sad I kissed away her tears,
 My fond arms 'round her flinging,
 The foeman'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 barley!

I bore her to the wildwood screen,
 And many a summer blossom
 I placed with branches thick and green
 Above her gore-stain'd bosom.
 I wept and kissed her pale, pale cheek,
 Then rushed o'er vale and far lea,
 My vengeance on the foe to wreak,
 While soft winds shook the barley!

But blood for blood without remorse
 I've ta'en at Oulart Hollow
 And placed my true love's clay-cold corpse
 Where I full soon will follow,
 And round her grave I wander drear,
 Noon, night and morning early,
 With breaking heart whene'er I hear
 The wind that shakes the barley!