

# Dead Can Dance, The Wind That Shakes The Barley

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 love.  
The old for her the new  
That made me think on Ireland dearly.  
While the soft wind blew down the glade  
And shook the golden barley.

T'was 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 meet at morning early.  
And I'll join the bold united men  
While soft winds shook the barley.

T'was sad I kissed away her tears  
My fond arm round her flinging.  
When a foe, man's shot burst on our ears  
From out the wild woods 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.

But blood for blood without remorse  
I've ta'en at oulart hollow.  
I've lain my true love's clay like corpse  
Where I full soon must follow.  
Around her grave I've wandered drear  
Noon, night, and morning early.  
With breaking heart when e'er I hear  
The wind that shakes the barley.