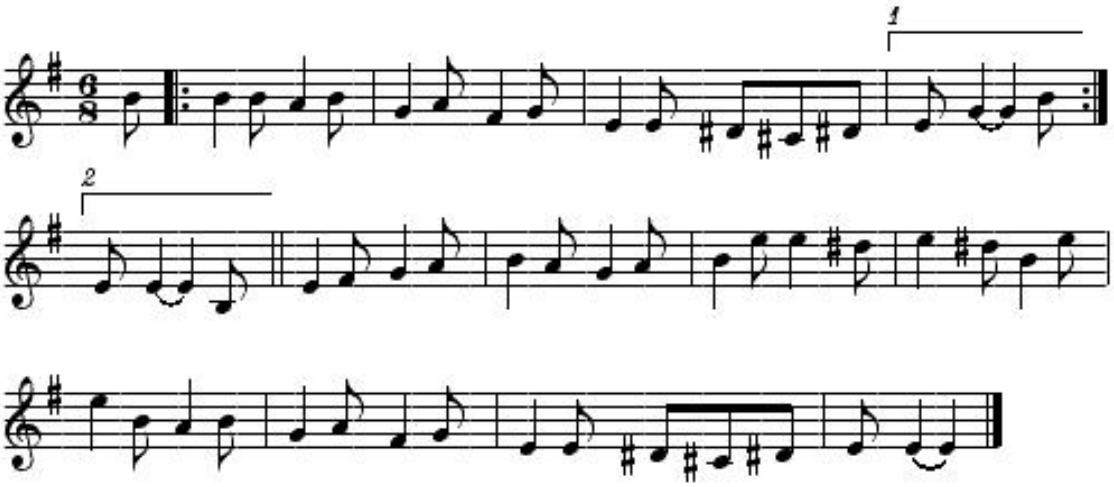
Wind that Shakes the Barley (Air)



1. I sat within a valley green
   Sat there with my true love
   My fond 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 glen
   And shook the golden barley.

2. 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 winds shook the barley.

3. Twas sad I kissed away her tears
   Her arms around me clinging.
   The foeman's shot rang on our ears
   Come out the wildwood ringing.
   The bullet pierced my true love's breast
   In life's young spring so early
   And in my arms in blood she died
   While soft winds shook the barley.

4. 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.

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

"The Wind That Shakes the Barley (Air)", in Gaelic "*An Ghaoth a Bhogann*" is a song with words by Robert Dwyer Joyce (1830-1883) commemorating the uprising of 1798 led by the Society of United Irishmen was originally published c.1880 in **Ballads of Irish Chivalry**. Oulart Hill, referred to in the song as "Oulard Hollow," is located in County Wexford and was the site of the United Irish rebels' first significant success. On Whit Sunday, the 27th of May, 1798, they ambushed and annihilated a body of Government troops—the infamous North Cork Militia—numbering around one hundred. There are said to have been but three survivors, despite the fact that the militia was Irish to a man.
This is not the same as the major mode reel also titled "The Wind That Shakes the Barley".
For an extensive treatment of the history of the Irish struggles for independence, and the songs related to them, see **Irish Songs of Resistance** by Patrick Galvin.