

The Wind That Shakes the Corn (C)

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

C F  
T'was hard the woeful words to bring  
G C  
To break the ties that bound  
F C  
But harder still to bear the shame  
F  
Of English chains around  
C F C  
And so I said, the mountain glen  
F  
I'll seek in early morn  
C F  
And join the brave united men  
G C  
While soft wind shook the corn

C                  F  
While sad I kissed away her tears  
          G                  C  
My fond arms round her clung  
                          F          C  
A British shot burst on our ears  
                                  F  
From out of the wild woods round  
          C                  F          C  
One bullet pierced my true love's side  
                                  F  
A rose pierced by a thorn  
          C                  F  
And in my arms in blood she died  
          G                  C  
While soft wind shook the corn

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

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