

## **Barley Hill**

### **CHORUS:**

**At an Irish club in London, not far off distant land  
A Breifne lass was dancing, to a well-known Irish band  
The music left her lonesome, her tender heart stood still  
When her thoughts went back to Kingscourt, and the dear old Barley Hill**

She left her home so young to roam, when she was just a child  
When she played around its lovely hill, with the rich fruit growing wild  
The apple trees all grown down, can haunt her memory still  
Her heart feels sore, to walk once more down dear old Barley Hill

She had everything a girl could need, a partner loyal and true  
The ring upon her finger, brought tears like morning dew  
She'd leave it all if she hears the call, come home to Magheraclone  
She loves it still at Barley Hill with the damson trees in bloom

### **Chorus**

### **5 BAR SOLO + NEW KEY**

Those words she said, I would not wed, for I would not feel content  
As money cannot bring the joy where my childhood days were spent  
As she wiped a tear, in another year she'd return in God's great will  
To rest at ease beneath those trees that bloom round Barley Hill

### **Chorus X2**

**When her thoughts went back to Kingscourt, and the dear old Barley Hill**