

The Wind that Shakes the Barley



Verse by

Katharine Tynan Hinkson

Music by

Arthur Claassen

High Voice 6 Low Voice

The John Church Company

Cincinnati New York London

There's music in my heart all day,
I hear it late and early,
It comes from fields so far away,
The wind that shakes the barley.

Above the uplands drenched with dew,
The sky hangs soft and pearly,
An em'rald world is list'ning to
The wind that shakes the barley.

Above the bluest mountain crest
The lark is singing rarely,
It rocks the singer into rest,
The wind that shakes the barley.

Oh still through Summers and through Springs
It calls me late and early,
Come home, come home, come home, it sings,
The wind that shakes the barley.

—*Katharine Tynan Hinkson.*



Medium Voice

To Eleanor Funk-Harz



Low Voice

The Wind that shakes the Barley

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

ARTHUR CLAASSEN

Andante

There's mu - sic in my
A - bove the up - lands

heart all day, I hear it late and ear - ly, It
drenched with dew, The sky hangs soft and pearl - y, An

comes from fields so far a - way, The wind that shakes the
em - 'rald world is list - 'ning to The wind that shakes the

bar - ley, The wind that shakes the bar - ley.
 bar - ley, The wind that shakes the bar - ley.

Un poco animato

A - bove the blu - est moun-tain crest The lark is sing - ing

rare - ly, It rocks the sing - er in - to rest, The

Tempo I

wind that shakes the bar - ley Oh still through Sum-mers and thro' Springs It

calls me late and ear - ly, Come home, come home, come home, it sings, The

wind that shakes the bar - ley, The wind that shakes the bar - ley.