

# 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.

*pp rit*

### Un poco animato

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

*mf p*

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

*mf p*

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.