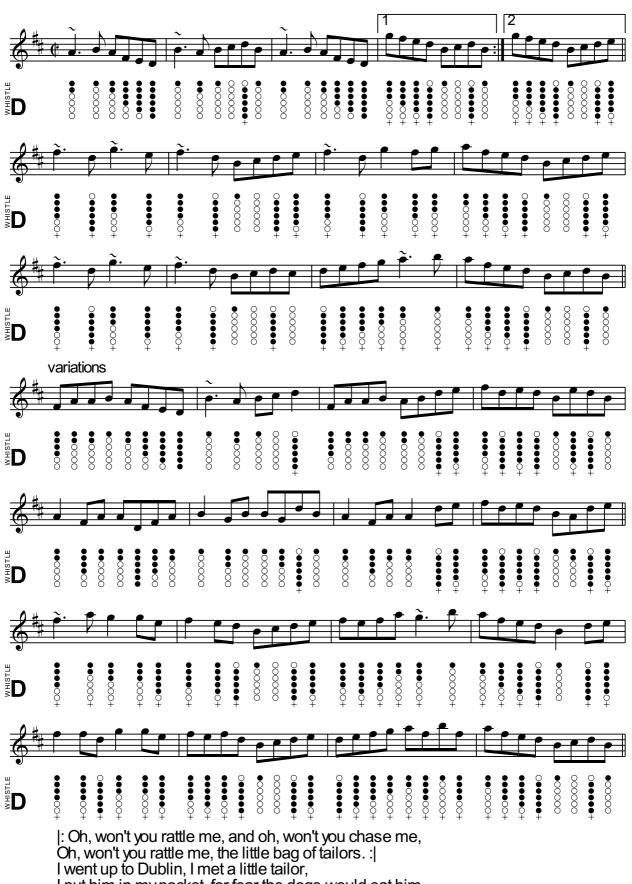
The Wind That Shakes the Barley



I put him in my pocket, for fear the dogs would eat him.

The dogs began to bark, and I began a-wailin',

I threw him in the Liffey, for fear the dogs would eat him.



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