

# Shenandoah Wind

Chris Stuart

**C** **F**  
In the time of troubles, as the war drew near  
**C** **G**  
I became a soldier, a Virginia volunteer.  
**C** **F**  
Left my farm and family, and as I mustered in,  
**C** **G** **C**  
I could hear my Peggy crying on the Shenandoah wind.

**C** **F** **C**  
*Take this pack from my shoulder,*  
**C** **G**  
*Let me rest here, friend.*  
**C** **F**  
*Tell my Peggy I love her,*  
**C** **G** **C**  
*And I'll be home on the Shenandoah wind.*

Days were hot and dusty, nights were bitter cold.  
We followed General Jackson down the valley road.  
We met the Yankee army, and mid the smoke and din,  
I could hear the sighing of the Shenandoah wind.

## *Chorus*

Now I walk the valley, wander in the hills,  
Whisper on the water, and blow across the fields  
Through the Blue Ridge Mountains to that place so dear,  
Where I kiss my Peggy, and I dry her tears.

## *Chorus*