

# The Maid of Coolmore

**Bm**

aka "The Maids of Culmore"

Bm A G Em F#m GM7  
 From sweet Londonderry to fair London town  
 D A/C# D G A G Bm F#m  
 There is no other nicer harbor a-nywhere to be found  
 D A/C# D G A G Bm F#m  
 Where the children each evening is a-playin' 'round the shore  
 Bm A G Em F#m GM7  
 And the joy bells are ringin' for the maid of Coolmore

The first time that I met her, she passed me by  
 The next time that I met her, she bade me good-bye  
 But the last time that I met her, she grieved my heart sore  
 For she sailed down Lough Foyle and away from Coolmore

If I had the power, the storm to rise  
 I would blow the wind higher for to darken the skies  
 I would blow the wind higher to make the salt seas to roar  
 On the day that my love sailed away from Coolmore

To the north of America my love I'll search for  
 For there I know no one, nor no one knows me  
 But should I not find her, I'll return home no more  
 But like a pilgrim I will wander for the maid of Coolmore

The first time that I met her, she passed me by  
 The next time that I met her, she bade me good-bye  
 But the last time that I met her, she grieved my heart sore  
 For she sailed down Lough Foyle and away from Coolmore

"Bm" f\_e f\_2 B\_\_ cd\_BA\_\_\_\_\_

9/8	12/8	9/8	9/8
<b>Bm</b> . .	<b>A</b> . . .	<b>G Em F#m</b>	<b>GM7</b> . <b>A</b>
<b>D A/C# D</b>	<b>G A . G</b>	<b>Bm</b> . .	<b>F#m</b> . <b>A</b>
<b>D A/C# D</b>	<b>G A . G</b>	<b>Bm</b> . .	<b>F#m</b> . .
<b>Bm</b> . .	<b>A</b> . . .	<b>G Em F#m</b>	<b>GM7</b> . .