

The Maid Of Coolmore

Storm Weather Shanty Choir

From sweet Londonderry
to the fair London town
there is no other like her!
Anywere to be found!
Where the children are smiling
and playing round the shore
and the joybell are ringing
for the maid of Coolmore
The first time I saw here
she passed me on by
the next time I saw here
she bade me goodbye
and the last time I saw here she grieved my heart so!
as she sailed down the Foyle
and away from Coolmore
Oh, had I the power
the storms for to arise
I would let the wind blow
I would darken the skies
I would let the wind blow
and the salt tides to roar
to the day that my darling
sailed away from Coolmore!
To the far parts of America
I will go my love to see
and I will know no one
nor no one knows me
And if I don't find her
I'll return here no more
Like in exile I will wander
for the maid of Coolmore!
Like in exile I will wander
for the maid of Coolmore!
Like in exile I will wander
for the maid of Coolmore!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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