

The Irish Collection



The Gentle Maiden (traditional)

song air

D G A G F# E D Ḋ È F# Ġ Ḋ C B A G

E F# G A G F# E D Ḋ È F# Ġ Ḋ C B

A G G Ḋ Ḋ È F# Ġ Ġ Ġ Ġ F# È

Ḋ C B A G E F# G A G F# E D

Ḋ È F# Ġ Ḋ C B A G G

The Gentle Maiden

There's one that is pure as an angel, and fair as the flowers in May.
 They call her the gentle maiden, wherever she takes her way.
 Her eyes have the glance of sunlight, as it brightens the blue seaway,
 And more than the deep-sea treasure, the love of her heart I pray.

Though far and apart from my darling, I dream of her everywhere.
 The sound of her voice is about me, the spell of her presence there,
 And whether my prayers be granted, or whether she pass me by,
 The face of that gentle maiden will follow me till I die.

Gentle Maiden