



# Bonnie Irish Maid

*guitar capo 3* *D* *Em* *D* *A7* *D*




As I roved out one morn-ing fair, so ear-ly as I strayed It

*D* *D* *G* *D* *Em* *A7*




being all in the month of May the birds sang in the shade The

*D* *D* *G* *D* *Em* *A7*



sun shone down right mer-ri-ly and the wa-ter did swift-ly glide Where

*D* *G* *D* *A7* *D*



prim-ro-ses and dais-ies grow, down by Black-wat-er - side