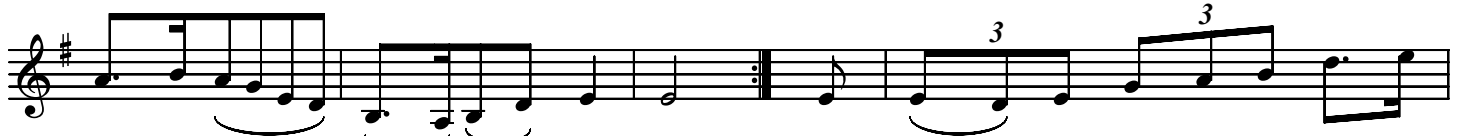


A Stor Mo Chroi

Trad. Air; words, Brian O'Higgins (1882-1949)



A stoir mo chroi When you're far a - way From the
 Sure it's many a time by - night and by day That your
 A Stor Mo Chroi, in the stran - ger's land There's -
 Though gems a - dorn the - rich and grand There are
 A Stor Mo Chroi, when the eve - ning's mist In the
 Oh turn, A Stor, from the throng and list And -



house that you'll soon be leav - ing For the stran - ger's land may be bright and
 heart will be sore - ly griev - ing
 plen - ty of wealth and wail - ing. The road may be wear - y, and hard to
 fa - ces with hun - ger pal - ing.
 moun - tain and mea - dow is fall - ing. For the sound of a voice that you sel - dom
 may - be you'll hear me call - ing.



fair And rich in all trea - sures gol - den You'll pine, I know For the
 tread And the lights - of the ci - ty blind you. Oh turn, A Stor, to old
 hear For somebod - y's speedy re - turn. A - roo - n, a - roo - n, Oh, -



long, long a - go And the heart that is ne - ver ol - den.

Er - in's - shore And the ones you have left be - hind you.
 won't you come back soon To the one - who real - ly loves you.