

A STOR MO CHROI

**A STOIR MO CHROI! WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY
FROM THE HOME THAT YOU'LL SOON BE LEAVING;
'TIS MANY A TIME, THRO' THE NIGHT AND DAY,
THAT YOUR HEART WILL BE SORELY GRIEVING.
THE STRANGERS' LAND MAY BE BRIGHT AND FAIR,
AND RICH IN ITS TREASURES GOLDEN;
BUT YOU'LL PINE, I KNOW, FOR THE LONG AGO,
AND THE LOVE THAT WAS NEVER OLDEN.**

**A STOIR MO CHROI! IN THE STRANGERS' LAND
THERE IS PLENTY OF WEALTH, AND WAILING;
WHERE GEMS ADORN THE GREAT AND GRAND,
THERE ARE FACES WITH HUNGER PALING.
WHERE THE ROAD IS TOILSOME AND HARD TO TREAD,
WHEN THE LIGHTS OF THEIR CITIES BLIND YOU,
O, TURN, A STOIR, TO THE IRISH SHORE
AND THE ONES THAT YOU LEAVE BEHIND YOU.**

**A STOIR MO CHROI! WHEN THE EVENING MIST
O'ER MOUNTAIN AND SEA IS FALLING,
THEN TURN AWAY FROM THE THRONG, AND LIST,
AND MAYBE YOU'LL HEAR ME CALLING -
FOR THE SOUND OF A VOICE THAT I'LL SORELY MISS,
FOR SOMEBODY'S QUICK RETURNING;
A RÚN, A RÚN, O COME BACK SOON
TO THE LOVE THAT IS ALWAYS BURNING!**