

TOORA-LOORA-LOORA

**OVER IN KILLARNEY
MANY YEARS AGO,
MY MOTHER SANG A SONG TO ME
IN TONES SO SWEET AND LOW
JUST A SIMPLE LITTLE DITTY,
IN HER GOOD OLD IRISH WAY,
AND L'D GIVE THE WORLD IF SHE COULD SING
THAT SONG TO ME THIS DAY.**

***TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL, TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LI,
TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL, HUSH NOW, DON'T
YOU CRY!
TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL, TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LI,
TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL, THAT'S AN IRISH
LULLABY!***

**OFT IN DREAMS I WANDER
TO THAT COT AGAIN,
I FEEL HER ARMS A-HUGGIN' ME
AS WHEN SHE HELD ME THEN.
AND I HEAR HER VOICE A -HUMMIN'
TO ME AS IN DAYS OF YORE,
WHEN SHE USED TO ROCK ME FAST ASLEEP
OUTSIDE THE CABIN DOOR:**

A20