

## Wyndfall

### "Far Away/A Stor Mo Chroi"

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A Stor Mo Chroi  
When you're far away  
From the homes that you've soon be leaving

And it's many's the time  
By night and day  
Your heart will sorely be grieving

Oh the stranger's land is rich and fair  
With riches and treasures golden  
You'll pine, I know, for the days long ago  
And the love that is never olden.

A Stor Mo Chroi  
In the stranger's land  
There is plenty of wealth and earnings

Wealth and gems adorn  
From the rich and grand  
But there are faces with hunger tearing

Though the road is weary and hard to tread  
And the lights of their cities will blind you  
You'll turn astor for Erin's shores  
And the ones you've left behind you

A Stor Mo Chroi  
When the evening sun  
Over mountains and meadows is falling

Won't you, turn away from the trough  
And listen and maybe you'll hear me calling

For the voice you'll hear is surely mine  
For somebody's speedly returning  
Arun, Arun, won't you come home soon  
To the one's who will always love you

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