

Maura O'connell

"A Stor Mo Chroi"

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A stor mo chroi when you're far away
From the home you will soon be leaving
It's many's the time by night and by day
When your heart will be sorely grieving
For the stranger's land may b bright and fair
Rich in its treasures golden
But you'll pine I know for days long long ago
And the one that is never olden
A stor mo chroi in the stranger's land
There is plenty of wealth and wailing
Where gems adorn the great and the grand
Where the faces with hunger paling

When the road it is tiresome and hard to tread
And the lights of their cities blind you
Oh turn a stor to Erin's shore
And the one that you leave behind you
A stor mo chroi when the evening mist
Over mountain and sea is falling
Oh turn a stor and then you list
And maybe you will hear me calling
For the sound of a voice you will surely miss
Somebody speedily returning
A run a run won't you come back soon
To the one that will always love you

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