

Irish Folksongs

"A STÓR MO CHROI"

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A StÃ³r Mo ChroÃ, when you're far away
From the home you will soon be leaving
And its many's the time by night and day
Your heart will sorely be grieving

Though the stranger's land is rich and fair
And rich in treasures golden
You'll pine I know, for the long, long ago
And the love that's never olden

A StÃ³r Mo ChroÃ, in the stranger's land
There is plenty of wealth and earnings
Gold and gems adorn the rich and the grand
And there are faces with hunger tearing

Though the road is weary and hard to thread
And the lights of their cities may blind you
You'll turn A StÃ³r for Erin's shore
And the ones you left behind you

A StÃ³r Mo ChroÃ when evening sun
Over mountains meadows is falling
Won't you turn away from the throng and listen
And maybe you'll hear me calling

Though the voice you'll hear is surely mine
For someone's speedy returning
A roon a roon -- won't you come home soon
To the one who will always love you

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