

## A Stór Mo Chroí

The Chieftains

A stór mo chroí, when you're far away  
From the home you will soon be leaving  
'Tis many a time by night and by day  
Your heart will be sorely grieving  
The stranger's land may be bright and fair  
And rich in its treasures golden  
You'll pine, I know, for the land long ago  
And the love that is never olden

A stór mo chroí, in this stranger's land  
There is plenty of wealth and wailing  
Where gems adorn the great and grand  
There are faces with hunger paling  
When the road is tiresome and hard to tread  
And the lights of their cities blind you  
Oh turn, a stór, back to Ireland's shore  
And the one you leave behind you

A stór mo chroí, when the evening mist  
Over mountain and sea is falling  
Oh turn around and when you list  
Then maybe you'll hear me calling  
The sound of my voice you might hear  
Which calls for your speedy returning  
A rún, a rún, won't you come back soon  
To the one who will always love you?