

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?