

A STOR MO CHROI
=====

TREOIR version:

>A stóir mo chroi, when you're far away
>From the home that you'll soon be leaving
>'Tis many a time by night and by day
>That your heart will be sorely grieving
>Though the stranger's land may be bright and fair
>And rich in her treasures golden
>You'll pine, I know, for the long ago
>And the love that is never olden
>
>A stóir mo chroi, in the stranger's land
>There is plenty of wealth and wailing
>Whilst gems adorn the great and the grand
>There are faces with hunger paling
>The road may be weary and hard to tread
>And the lights of their cities blind you
>Oh return, a stór, to Erin's shore
>And the loved ones you've left behind you
>
>A stóir mo chroi, when the evening mist
>Over mountain and meadow is falling
>Won't you turn away from the throng and list
>And maybe you'll hear me calling
>For the sound of a voice that is sorely missed
>For somebody's speedy returning
>A rún, a rún, won't you come back soon
>To the one that will always love you

Notes from Terry Moylan:

"A Stóir mo Chroí" was written by Brian O'Higgins and published in his collection of Poetry "Songs of Glen na Mona" in June 1929. The air prescribed in that collection for the song is "Bruach na Carraigh Báine".

The following is the text in the collection. There are several small differences from the now-traditional version

A stoir mo chroidhe! when you're far away
From the home that you'll soon be leaving;
'Tis many a time, thro' the night and day,
That your heart will be sorely grieving.
The strangers' land may be bright and fair,
And rich in its treasures golden;
But you'll pine, I know, for the long ago,
And the love that was never olden.

A stoir mo chroidhe! in the strangers' land
There is plenty of wealth, and wailing;
Where gems adorn the great and grand,

There are faces with hunger paling.
Where the road is toilsome and hard to tread,
When the lights of their cities blind you,
O, turn, a stoir, to the Irish shore
And the ones that you leave behind you.

A stoir mo chroidhe! when the evening mist
O'er mountain and sea is falling,
Then turn away from the throng, and list,
And maybe you'll hear me calling-
For the sound of a voice that I'll sorely miss,
For somebody's quick returning;
A ruin, a ruin, O, come back soon
To the love that is always burning.

X: 002

T: A STOIR MO CHROI

M: 4/4

L: 1/4

Q: 100

K: Em

G/A/ | "Em" B/B/ B2 A/B/ | "D" A>F/E// D> B,/D// |
w: A* stor mo chroi when you're far far a-way From the
"Em" E> F/E// "Bm" D> B,/D// | "Em" E E2 G/A/ |
w: home you will soon* be lea-ving 'Tis*
"Em" B/B//B// B2 A/B/ | "D" A>F/E// D> B/A// |
w: ma-ny a time By* night and by day That your
"G" G F/E/ "Bm"(3DB,D | "Em" E E2 B,/D/ |
w: heart will be sore-*ly griev-ing Though the
"Em" E> D/E// "C" G> A/B// | "D" d e "Em"E> B, |
w: stran-ger's* land May be bright and fair And
"Em" E> D/E// "C" G> A/B// | "A" e ^c "D" d> e/d// |
w: rich in* trea-sures* gol-* den You will
"Em" B/B/ B2 A/B/ | "D" A>F/E// D> B/A// |
w: pine I know for the long long a-go And the
"G" G F/E/ "Bm" (3DB,D | "Em" E E2-E ||
w: love that is ne-*ver old-en