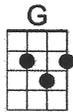
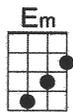
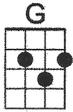
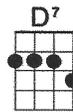
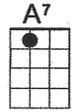


AN IRISH LULLABY - James Royce Shannon

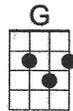
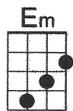
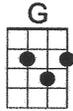
3/4 time



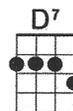
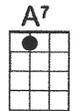
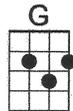
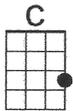
Over in Killarney, many years a-go



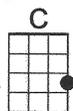
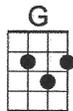
My mother sang a song to me, in tones so sweet and low



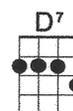
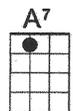
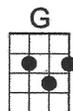
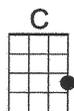
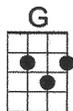
Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way



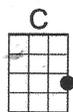
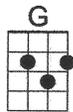
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me this day:



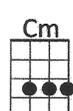
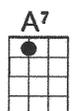
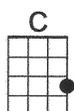
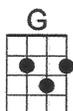
Too ra loo ra loo ral, Too ra loo ra li



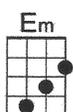
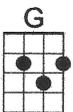
Too ra loo ra loo ral, hush now don't you cry



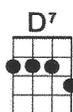
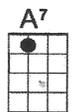
Too ra loo ra loo ral, Too ra loo ra li



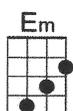
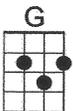
Too ra loo ra loo ral, that's an Irish Lulla - by



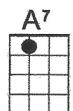
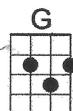
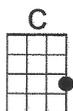
Oft in dreams I wander to that little cot a-gain



I feel her arms a-hugging me, as when she held me then



And I hear her voice a-humming, to me as in days of yore



When she used to rock me fast asleep out-side the cabin door, Too ra...

(chorus)