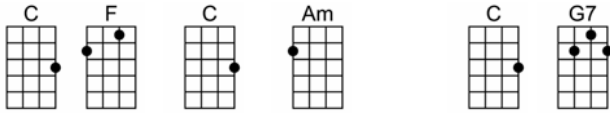
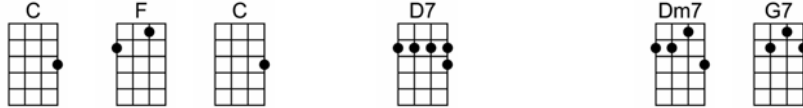


# THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

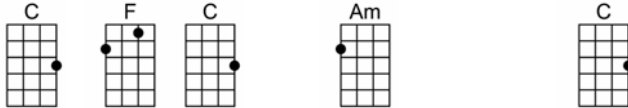
3/4 123 123



Over in Kil-larney, many years a-go



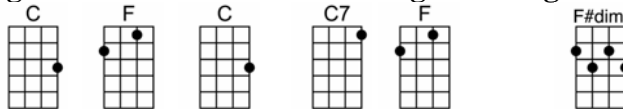
Me mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low



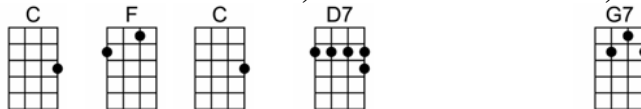
Just a simple little ditty in her good 'ould' Irish way



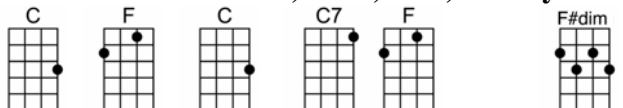
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me to-day.....



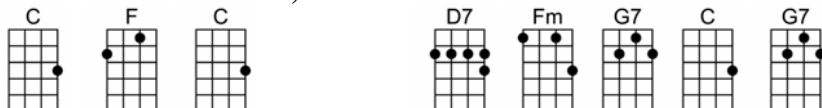
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo--ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,



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

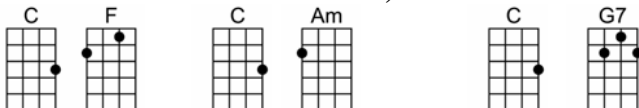


Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li

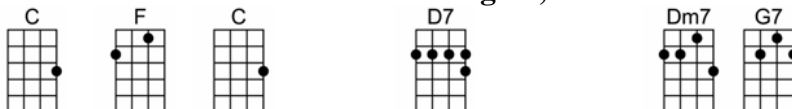


(End on C)

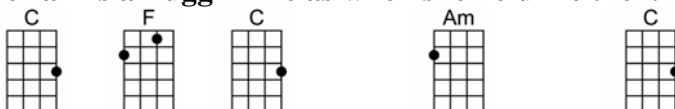
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lull - a -by.



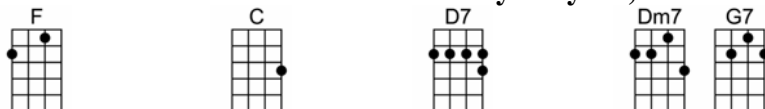
Oft in dreams I wander to that cot a-gain,



I feel her arms a-huggin' me as when she held me then.



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



(“Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral”)

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