

turn ye to me

versie november 2019

The stars are burn - ing cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, Ho - ro, Mha-ri-dhu,
The seawaves are danc - ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Ho - ro, Mha-ri-dhu,

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turn ye to me! The seamew is moan - ing drear-i -ly, drear-i -ly, Ho - ro,
turn ye to me! The seabirds are wai - ling wea-ri-ly, wea-ri-ly, Ho - ro,

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Mha-ri-dhu, turn ye to me! Cold is the storm wind that ruf-fles thy
Mha-ri-dhu, turn ye to me! Hush'd be thy moa - ning lone bird of the

20
breast, warm are the down - y-plumes lin-ing thy nest, Cold blows the
sea Rocks are a home and a shel-ter to thee Thine is the

26
storm - there, soft falls the snow - there Ho - ro, Mha-ri-dhu, turn ye to
an-gry wave, mine but the lone-ly grave Ho - ro, Mha-ri-dhu, turn ye to

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me!
me!