Dedicated to, written for and sung by Chauncey Olcott

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Lyric and Music
By J. R. SHANNON

Moderately

With expression

Over in Killarney,
Oft, in dreams, I wander
Many years ago,
To that cot again,

Mother sang a song to me
In tones so sweet and low,
Just a
Feel her arms a huggin' me
As when she held me then.

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simple little ditty, In her good ol' Irish way, And I'd hear her voice a hummin' To me as in day of yore, When she
give the world if she could sing That song to me this day,
used to rock me fast asleep Outside the cabin door.

REFRAIN Smoothly with much expression
in time

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-looral, Hush, now don't you cry!


1. ritard

2. Optional ending ritard
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Over in Killarney,
Many years ago,
Me Mither 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 lullaby."

Oft in dreams I wander
To that cot again,
I feel her arms a huggin' me,
As, when she held me then.
An' I hear her voice alumnin'
To me as in days of yore,
When she used to rock me fast asleep
Outside the cabin door.

J. B. Shannon