

Turn Ye To Me
Gordon Bok

[Verse]

D **A**
The stars are shining cheerily, cheerily
F#m **A** **E** **A**
Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me

D **A**
The seabird is crying wearily, wearily
F#m **A** **E** **A**
Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me

[Verse]

D **E** **A**
Cold are the storm winds that ruffle his breast
 E **D** **A** **E**
Yet warm are the downy plumes lining his nest
 D **A** **Bm**
Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow there
F#m **A** **E** **A** **D** **E**
Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me

[Verse]

D **A**
The waves are driving wearily, wearily
F#m **A** **E** **A**
Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me

D **A**
The seabird is crying wearily, wearily
F#m **A** **E** **A**
Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me

[Verse]

D **E** **A**
Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea
 E **D** **A** **E**
Thy home on the rock is a shelter to thee
 D **A** **Bm**
Thy home is the angry wave, mine but the lonely grave
F#m **A** **E** **A**
Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me

[Verse]

D **E** **A**
Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea
 E **D** **A** **E**
Thy home on the rock is a shelter to thee
 D **A** **Bm**
Thy home is the angry wave, mine but the lonely grave

