

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

F#m A E A
Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me