

# Mother Machree

Cavan O'Connor

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen may own  
There's a depth in me soul never sounded or known  
There's a place in my memory, my life that you fill  
No other can take it, no one ever will  
Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair  
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care  
I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me  
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree  
Every sorrow or care in the dear days gone by  
Was made bright by the light of she smile in your eye  
Like a candle that's set in a window at night  
Your fond love has cheered me and guided me right

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