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 willSure 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 MachreeEvery 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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