

John Mcdermott **"Mother Machree"**

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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 mem'ry, my life that you fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will,

(chorus)

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!

Ev'ry 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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