

Irish Folksongs

"A Mother's Love Is A Blessing"

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An Irish boy was leaving
Leaving his native home
Crossing the broad Atlantic
Once more he wished to roam
And as he was leaving his mother
While standing on the Quay
He threw his arms around her waist
And this to her did say..

Chorus:

"A mother's love is a blessing
No matter where you roam
Keep her while she's living
You'll miss her when she's gone
Love her as in childhood
When feeble, old, and grey
For you'll never miss a mother's love
'Til she's buried beneath the clay"

And as the years grow onward
I'll settle down in life
And I'll choose a nice young colleen
And take her for my wife
And as the kids grow older
They'll play around my knee
And I'll teach them the very same lesson
That my mother taught to me

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