

# George Morgan, Mother Machree

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

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  
( strings )

Every sorrow or care in the dear days gone by  
Twas made bright by the light of the 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

Sure I love the dear silver...