Mother Machree

Kate Smith

There's a spot in my heart,
Which no colleen may own.
There's a depth in my 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 the smile in your eye,

Like a candle that's set
In the window at night,
Your fond love has cheered me
And guided me right.

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