

Mother Machree

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There's a [G] spot in my [C] heart,
Which no [G] colleen may own.
There's a depth in my [C] ,
Never [A] sounded or [D] known;
There's a [G] place in my [Em] mem'ry,
My [A7] life, that you [C] fill,
No [G] other can [Em] take it,
No [A] one ever [D] will.

Sure, I [G] love the dear [D7] silver
That [G] shines in your hair,
And the [C] brow that's all [G] furrowed,
And [Em] wrink [A7] led with [D] care.
I [G] kiss the dear [D] fingers,
So [G] toil-[C] worn for [Em] me,
Oh, [C] God bless you and [G] keep you,
[A7] Mother Ma [G] chree.

Ev'ry [G] sorrow or [C] care
In the [G] dear days gone by,
Was made bright by the [C] light
Of the [A] smile in your [D] eye,
Like a [G] candle that's [Em] set
In the [A7] window at [C] night,
Your [G] fond love has [Em] cheered me
And [A] guided me [D] right.

Sure, I [G] love the dear [D7] silver
That [G] shines in your hair,
And the [C] brow that's all [G] furrowed,
And [Em] wrink [A7] led with [D] care.
I [G] kiss the dear [D] fingers,
So [G] toil-[C] worn for [Em] me,
Oh, [C] God bless you and [G] keep you,
[A7] Mother Ma [G] chree.