

Traditional Irish Music
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A Mother's Love's A Blessing

D A D
An Irish boy was leaving
G D
Leaving his native home
G D
Crossing the broad Atlantic
E A A7
Once more he wished to roam

D A D
And as he was leaving his mother
G D
Who was standing at the quay
G D Bm
She threw her arms around his waist
Em A7 D
And this to him did say

(Chorus)

A mother's love's 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
Though feeble old and grey
For you'll never miss your mother's love
Till she's buried beneath the clay

And as the years grow older
I'll settle down in life
And choose a nice young colleen
And take her for my wife

And as the babies grow older
And climb around my knee
I'll teach them the very same lesson
That my mother thought to me

(Repeat Chorus)