

The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door

As sung by Larena Clark

There's a sweet garden spot in our memory
It's the place we were born and reared.
Tis long years ago since we left it
But return there I will if we're spared.
Our friends and companions of childhood
Would assemble each night near a score,
'Round Dan Murphy's shop and how often we've sat
On the stone that stood outside his door.

Chorus:

*Those days in our hearts we will cherish;
Contented although we were poor;
And the songs that we sung
In the days we were young
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.*

When day's work was over we'd meet there
In the winter or spring just the same;
And the boys and the girls all together
Then would join in some innocent game.
Dan Murphy would bring down his fiddle
While his daughter looked after the store;
The music did ring and sweet songs they would sing
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

Chorus:

Back again will my thoughts often wander
To the scenes of my childhood home;
The friends and companions we left there,
It was poverty forced us to roam.
Since then in this life we have prospered
But still in our hearst we feel sore,
When we think of those things, and the songs we did sing
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

Chorus: