

# The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door.  
Copyright, 1891, by Frank Harding.  
Written and Composed by J. P. Dans.

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 we 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 were sung, in the days we were young.  
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

When our day's work was over we'd meet there.  
In the winter or spring the same;  
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 we would sing.  
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door. -Chorus.

Back again will our thoughts often wander  
To the scenes of our childhood's home,  
The friends and companions we left there-  
It was poverty caused us to roam.  
Since then in this life we have prospered,  
But now still in our hearts we feel sore.  
For memory will fly to the days now gone by,  
And the stone outside Dan Murphy's door. - Cho.