# Traditional Irish Music
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## The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door

G Am
There's a sweet garden spot in our memory
D7 G
It's the place we were born in and reared
G Am
It's long years ago since we left it
D7 G
But return there we will if we're spared
D Em
Our friends and companions of childhood
A7 D
Would assemble each night near a score
G C Am
Round Dan Murphy's shop, and how often we sat
D7 G
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door

Chorus
G Am
Those days in our hearts we will cherish
D7 G
Contented although we were poor
And the songs that were sung
C
In the days we were young
D7 G
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door

When our day's work was over we'd meet there
In the winter or spring just the same
Then the boys and the girls all together
Would join in some innocent game
Dan Murphy would take 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

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 still in our hearts we feel sore
For memory will fly to those days long gone by
And the stone outside Dan Murphy's door

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