

The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door

Irish Traditional

Score 155

There's a sweet garden spot in my memory — it's a place I was born — and reared 'tis
long years ago since I left it — but re-turn there we will if we're spared — our
friends and companions of childhood would assemble each night near the store — 'round
Dan Murphy's shop and how often we sat on the stone that stood outside his door — those
days in my heart I will cherish — con-tented — al-though we were poor — and the
songs that we sung in the days we were young on the stone outside Dan Murphy's door —