

# My Father's House

**Daniel O'Donnell**

The gable wall is all that's left now  
The old thatched cottage has fallen down  
I dry my eyes as I fondly remember  
The days of long ago when I was young  
In my fathers house we were poor but rich in love  
No TV but music there was plenty of  
My mama hummed her melodies and we all sang along  
In my fathers house when I was young  
Come the time when I am older  
My own children are reared and gone  
I wonder then will they fondly remember  
The days of long ago when they were young  
In my father's house, a smile would greet you at the door  
A gentle word, weary travelers they're was welcome for  
And at night time neighbors rambled in  
And might stay 'til twelve or one  
In my father's house when I was young  
The years have passed and times are changing  
The rambling house has almost gone  
But I still hear the laughter of children  
Just as long ago when I was young  
In my fathers house we were poor but rich in love  
No TV but good times there were plenty of  
We made the best of what we had, and we sang a happy song  
In my fathers house when I was young  
In my fathers house when I was young

Songwriters

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