

My Fathers 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 youngIn 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 youngCome 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 youngIn 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 youngThe 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 youngIn 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

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WORD MUSIC, LLC;WB MUSIC CORP.

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