# Our Front Stoop - song lyrics

## American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

OUR FRONT STOOP.

I'm the father of a family,
Six girls and one big boy,
With the neighbors they are friendly.
They are their mother's joy;
It's every Summer evening,
When the he:it would make you droop,
friends they meet from every street,
To gossip on our front stoop.

There's dainty Misses Grogan,
Alexander McAfee,
The undertaker Hogan,
The pride of Calvary;
Such splendid vocalization,
'Twould burst an opera troupe
' The Sweet By-and-By " would make a man die,
As sung on our front stoop.

They talked about the Murphys,
And say they put on style,
And how their daughter Mary
Went down to Coney Isle.
With a German music teacher,
Who filled her with clamp soup,
Then they say don't give it away,
What you hear on our front stoop.

You'd have to run the gauntlet,
If ye were walking by,
They'd have your family history
In the twinkling of your eye.
They'd turn you gently over,
While they sit there in a group,
They'd give to you sweet Ballyhoo,
While passing, our front stoop.

They send Kate with a pitcher
For Cincinnati beer;
Then their conversation
For a mile or two you'll hear.
They talk about the babies,
The whooping-cough and croup;
When the moon's out in sight, they say good-night,
And go home from our front stoop.