



Danny Boy

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are
dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the
meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with
snow
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh, Danny boy, Oh Danny Boy, I love you so.

And if you come when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above
me
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to
me.

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