

Oh 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.
It's you, it's 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.
I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow.
Oh, Danny boy, oh, Danny boy, I love you so.

But 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 will know, though soft you tread above me,
And then my grave will richer, sweeter be.
And you'll bend down and tell me that you love me,
And I will rest in peace until you come to me.

