

## 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 roses 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 there in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy I love you so

And when ye come and all the flowers are dying  
If 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 tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my grave will warmer sweeter be  
If you will bend and tell me that you love me  
Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me