

# 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 falling  
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

But if you come, and all the flowers are dying  
If I am dead, as dead I may well 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 shall warm and sweeter be  
If you will bend and tell me that you love me  
I'll sleep in peace until you come to me

