

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
For I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh, Danny boy
Oh Danny, boy I love you so!

But 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, 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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