

Danny Boy

The Irish Tenors

O Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountainside
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying
Tis you, Tis you must go and I must bide But come yer 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
O Danny boy, O Danny boy, I love you so And if yer come and all the flowers are dyin'
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 dreams will warm and sweetened be
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me

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