

# Danny Boy

[John McDermott](#)

Ohh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen and down the mountainside  
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  
Ohh, Danny boy, ohh, Danny boy, I love you so And when ye come and 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 shall hear, though soft your tread above me  
And on my grave where warmer, sweeter be  
And ye shall bend and tell me that you love me  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me

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