

# Danny Boy

Galway, James

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 flowers are 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 here in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

But when he 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 warm and 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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