

Danny Boy (A Capella)

John McDermott

Ah Danny boy, the pipes,
The pipes are calling
From glen to glen,
And down the mountain sideThe summer's gone,
And all the flowers are falling
'Tis you, 'tis you
Must go and I must bideBut come ye back
When summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed
And white with snowAnd I'll be here
In sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy,
I love you soBut if you come,
And all the flowers are falling
And I am dead,
As dead I may well beYou'll come and find
The place where I am lying
And kneel and say
An "Ave" there for meAnd I will hear,
Though soft your tread above me
And o'er my grave
Will warmer sweeter beAnd you will bend
And tell me that you love me
And I will sleep
In peace until you come to meBut if I live
And should you die for Ireland
Let not your dying thoughts
Be just of meBut say a prayer to God
For our dearest Island
I know He'll hear
And help to set her freeAnd I will take your pike
And place my dearest
And strike a blow,
Though weak the blow may beTwill help the cause
To which your heart was nearest
Oh Danny Boy, Oh, Danny boy
I love you so.

Songwriters

Patrick, Nick / Cottle, Richard / Traditional, Published by
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