

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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