

Danny Boy

Alfie Boe

Oh, 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 here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy
I love you so And if you come, when the all 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, though soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer sweeter be
And then you'll kneel and whisper that you love me
and I shall sleep in peace until you come

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