

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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