Danny Boy

Irish Tenors

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling, From glen to glen and down the mountain side. The summers gone and all the roses falling, its you, its you must go and I must bide. But come ye back, when summers in the meadow, or when the valleys hushed and white with snow, it's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow, oh Danny boy oh Danny boy I love you so.

But when ye come and all the flowers are dying. and i am dead as dead i well may be. ye'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. for all my grave will warmer sweeter be. for you will bend and tell me that you love me. and i shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

Lyrics submitted by Melissa.

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