

Danny boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side,
Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
It's you, it's 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,
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 flow'rs are dying,
If 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 for me.

And I shall hear though soft you tread above me,
And 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 ! (bis)