

## Danny Boy



Oh Dan-ny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are call - ling From glen to glen, and  
down the moun-tain side The sum-mer's gone, and all the ro - ses fal - ling  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide. But come ye back when  
sum-mer's in the mea - dow Or when the val - ley's hushed and white with snow  
'Tis I'll be here in sun-shine or in sha - dow Oh Dan - ny  
Boy, oh Dan - ny Boy I love you so.

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.  
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 an white with snow,  
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,  
Oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so.

And when you come, and alle the 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 an say an 'Ave' there for me.  
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be  
For you will bend and to tell me that you love me  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.