

Danny Boy

Charlotte Church

O 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
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 with snow
I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so

But when ye come and all white flow'rs are crying
If I am dead, as dead I may well 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 through soft you tread above 'em
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 meet me