

Danny Boy

Douwe Bob

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
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
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so

But if you come and all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and see 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 then my grave will richer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I will rest in peace until you come to me