

Danny Boy

Eva Cassidy

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling.
From Glenn to Glenn and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying.
'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 and white with snow.
'Tis I'll be there in Sunshine or in Shadow
Oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so.

But if you come, when all the roses are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be.
Go out and find the place where I am lying.
And kneel and say an "Ave" for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be.
Then you shall bend and tell me that you love me
I'll will sleep in peace until you come to me.