

# Danny Boy

Peter Hollens

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling.  
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 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.  
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow.  
Oh, Danny boy, oh, Danny boy, I love you so.

But when you come, when all the flowers are dying,  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
I pray you'll find the place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an "ave" there for me.

And I will hear, though soft you tread above me,  
And on my grave will warmer, sweeter be.  
For you'll come and tell me that you love me,  
And I will sleep in peace until you come to me.