

Danny Boy

Slim Whitman

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
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
Yes I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy Oh Danny boy I love you so

But when you come and all the flowers are dying
If I am dead and dead I may well be
You'll come and find 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 all my grave will warmer sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.