

## Danny Boy

The Rumjacks

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 when ye come, and all the flowers are dying  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be  
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an Avé 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  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

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