

Danny Boy

The Seekers

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountainside;
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 "Ave" there for me.