

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 leaves are falling;
'Tis ye, 'tis ye 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;
'Til I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow;
Danny boy, Oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And 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.

And I shall hear, 'though soft ye tread around me,
And all my grave shall linger sweeter be,
Then ye will bend and tell me that ye love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until ye come to me.

