

Danny Boy

John McDermott

Ah 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 falling
'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 if you come,
and all the flowers are falling
And I am dead,
as 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 will hear,
though soft your tread above me
And o'er my grave
will warmer sweeter be
And you will bend
and tell me that you love me
And I will sleep
in peace until you come to me
But if I live
and should you die for Ireland
Let not your dying thoughts
be just of me
But say a prayer to God
for our dearest Island
I know He'll hear
and help to set her free
And I will take your pike
and place my dearest
And strike a blow,
though weak the blow may be
Twill help the cause
to which your heart was nearest
Oh Danny Boy, Oh, Danny boy
I love you so.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

