Danny Boy

1. 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, 'Tis you 'tis you must go and I must bide. But come you back when summer's in the meadow or when the

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Musik: Rory Dal O'Captain
Text: Fred F. Weatherly
2. And when you come an all the flowers are dying
   If I am dead- as dead I well may be
   You`ll come and find a place where I am lying
   And kneel and say an Ave there for me;
   And I shall hear though soft your tread above me,
   And all my grave shall warmer, sweeter be,
   For you will bend and tell me that you love me
   And I shall live in peace, until you come to me.

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