

## Danny Boy

George Benson

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 dying  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bye

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 he come and all the roses dying  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be  
He'll come here and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me

And I shall feel, oh soft you tread above me  
And then my grave will richer, sweeter be  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me  
And I shall rest in peace until you come to me