

# Danny Boy

John McDermott

Ah Danny boy, the pipes,  
the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen,  
and down the mountain sideThe summer's gone,  
and all the flowers are falling  
'Tis you, 'tis you  
must go and I must bideBut come ye back  
when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed  
and white with snowAnd 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 beYou'll come and find  
the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say  
an "Ave" there for meAnd I will hear,  
though soft your tread above me  
And o'er my grave  
will warmer sweeter beAnd 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 meBut say a prayer to God  
for our dearest Island  
I know He'll hear  
and help to set her freeAnd I will take your pike  
and place my dearest  
And strike a blow,  
though weak the blow may beTwill help the cause  
to which your heart was nearest  
Oh Danny Boy, Oh, Danny boy  
I love you so.

