

# Danny Boy

## Celtic Woman

O 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 falling;  
It's you, it's 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 when ye come, and all the flow'rs 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 you tread above me;  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me;  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>