

Charlotte Church, Danny Boy

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
I'll be there 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 may well 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:
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!