

Harry Connick Jr., Danny Boy

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 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
It's 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 flowers are dying
If I am dead, and dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me

And I shall hear tho' 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