Oh Danny boy the pipes the pipes are calling
And if I come when all the flow'rs are dying

from glen to glen and down the mountain side
and I am dead, as dead i well may be;

The summer's gone and all the roses falling
You'll come and find the place where I am dying

'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
and kneel and say an "av - e" for me.
But come ye back when Summer's in the meadow,
And I shall hear, tho' soft you trampled above me.

Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be.

'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow.
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me.

Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy I love you so.
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.