

Danny Boy

Bill Monroe

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.
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 dying,
And I am dead, as 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 will know, tho' soft ye tread above me
And then my grave will richer, sweeter be.
And you'll bend down and tell me that you love me
And I will rest in peace until you come to me.