

Three Irish Tenors, The "Danny Boy"

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Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summers gone, and all the flowers are dying
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summers in the meadow
Or when the valleys hushed and white with snow
'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when 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 shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my grace 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.

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