

Brian Kennedy

"Danny boy"

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(Written by Frederic E Weatherley)

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O Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountainside
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying
'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 there in sunshine or in shadow
O Danny boy, O Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come and all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I 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, though soft, your tread above me
And on my grave will warm and sweeter be
Then you shall kneel and whisper that you love me
And I will sleep in peace until you come to me.

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