

## Chloe Agnew

### "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 summer's gone and all the flow'rs falling;  
'Tis you, 'tis 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  
And 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 flow'rs are dying  
And I am dead, as dead I may well be  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me

And I will\*hear, though soft you tread above me;  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be  
And you will bend and tell me that you love me  
And I will sleep in peace until you come to me

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