

Marianne Faithfull

"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 roses falling.
It's you, 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,
Yes, I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh danny boy, oh danny boy, I love you so.

But when you come, and all the flowers are dying

If 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 breath shall be warm and sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I will sleep in peace until you come for me.

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