

St. Patrick's Day

"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 leaves are falling,
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back, when summer's in the meadow,
And all 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 when ye come, and all the flowers are dying
If I be dead, as dead I well may be.
Then 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 o'er my grave will warmer, sweeter be.
And if you bend, and tell me that you love me,
Then I shall rest in peace until you come to me.

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