

Sam Cooke

"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
'Tis you must go
'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
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh
Danny boy
Oh
Danny boy
I love you so

But if you come and all the flowers are dying
If 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 shall hear though soft you tread above me
And all my grave shall warm and sweeter be
If you will bend and tell me that you love me
Then I will sleep in peace until you come to me

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