

Sinead Oconnor

"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 flowers are 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

'Tis I'll be there
in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy,
I love you so

And when you come,
and all the flowers are dying
If I am dead,
as dead I may well be

Ye'll come and find
a 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 all my grave
shall warmer sweeter be

For you will bend
and tell me that you love me
And I shall rest
in peace until you come to me

But if I live
and should you die for Ireland

Let not your dying thoughts
be just of me

But say a prayer to God
for our dearest Island
I know He'll hear
and help to set her free

And I will take your pike
and place my dearest
And strike a blow,
though weak the blow may be

Twill help the cause
to which your heart was nearest
Oh Danny Boy, Oh, Danny boy
I love you so.

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