Danny Boy (2)

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(David Geller)

O Danny boy - if words could e'er recall you
To walk again 'neath pagan Irish skies
Then would I sing till voice be taken from me
And light and life be faded from my eyes

Too long, too long, your blood's been wasted flowing
To water seeds of war that have no name
Where brothers die for quarrels past recalling
Nor caring aught for Ireland's agony and shame

So turn again, the silver stag is running
With blooded eye in groves beneath the moon
The songs of old still whisper through the oak trees
Where ancient breezes still pipe the long forgotten tune

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Then would I sing till voice be taken from me
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AB, SOF