

## *Danny Boy*

Oh, Danny Boy, 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 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,  
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,  
Oh Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy I love you so!