Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

From glen to glen, and down the mountainside.

The summer’s gone, and all the flowers 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 here in sunshine or in shadow.

Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

‘Tis I’ll be here in sunshine or in shadow.

Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so