

## Danny Boy

Hazel O'Connor

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 dying  
Tis you, tis you must go, and I must say

But come you back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white, white snow  
Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadows  
Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy, I love you so