

Danny Boy

Sam Cooke

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 roses falling
It's you it's you must go, 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 there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so

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