

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