

## 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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