Danny Boy

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 and 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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