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 leaves are falling, 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide. But come ye back, when summer’s in the meadow, and all the valley’s hushed and white with snow. And I’ll be here in sunshine or in shadow, Oh, Danny Boy, I love you so!

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