



Oh Dan - ny Boy, The pipes, the pipes are cal - ling, \_\_\_\_\_ From glen to glen, and



down the moun-tain side, \_\_\_\_\_ The sum-mer's gone, and all the flow'rs are dy - ing, \_\_\_\_\_



— 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide. \_\_\_\_\_ But come you back when



sum-mer's in the mea - dow \_\_\_\_\_ Or when the val - ley's hushed and white with snow, \_\_\_\_\_



— 'Tis I'll be there, in sun-shine or in sha - dow, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh Dan - ny Boy, Oh Dan - ny



Boy I love you so. \_\_\_\_\_