

Bing Crosby, Danny Boy

Bing Crosby/John Scott Trotter Orchestra

Written by: Frederic E. Weatherly

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountainside;
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 here in sunshine or in shadow;
Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.

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Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow;
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow;
Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.