

# Hank Locklin, 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 valleys hushed and white with snow  
Yes I'll be here in sunshine or in shadows oh Danny boy oh Danny Boy I love you so  
(But come ye back...