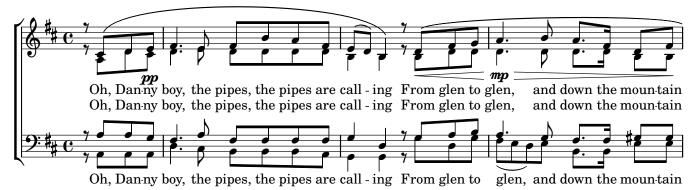
## **Danny Boy**

Text: Fred E. Weatherly

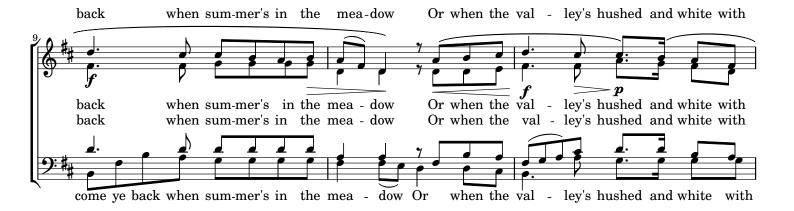
Arrangement: Andreas Fiebig

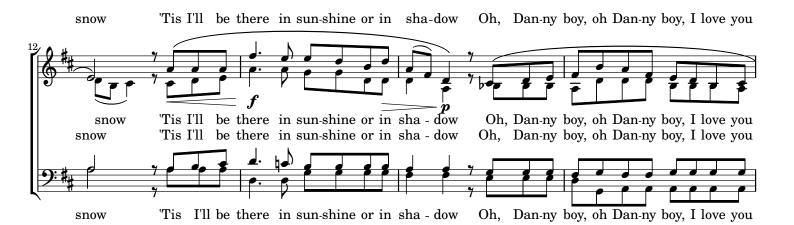
Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling From glen to glen, and down the mountain

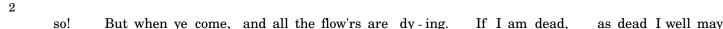


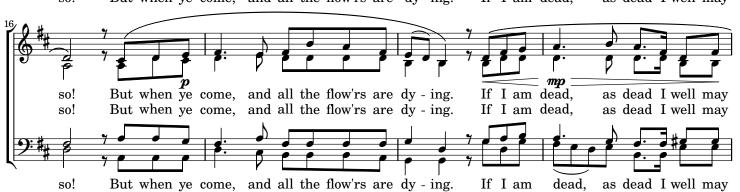
side The summer's gone, and all the roses falling 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide. But come ye





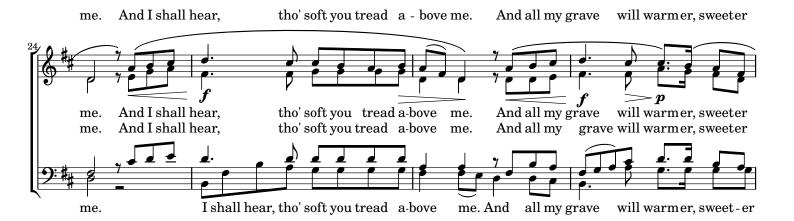


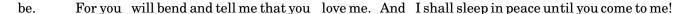




be. Ye'll come and find the place where I am ly-ing. And kneel and say an A-ve there for









be. For you will bend and tell me that you love me. And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!