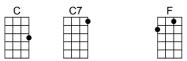


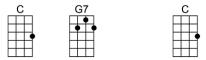
O Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,



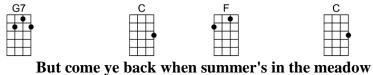
From glen to glen and down the mountain side



The summer's gone and all the roses falling



'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

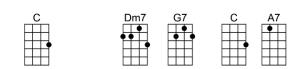




Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow



'Tis, I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow



O Danny Boy, O Danny Boy, I love you so.

p.2. Danny Boy



O Danny Boy, O Danny Boy, I love you so.