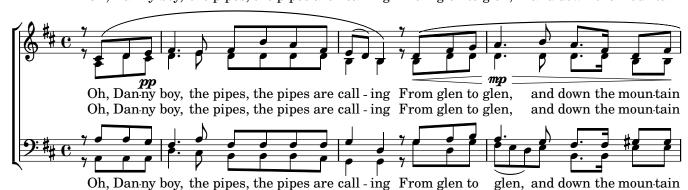
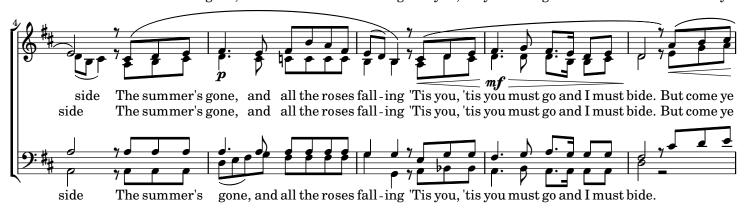
Danny Boy 24-11-2015

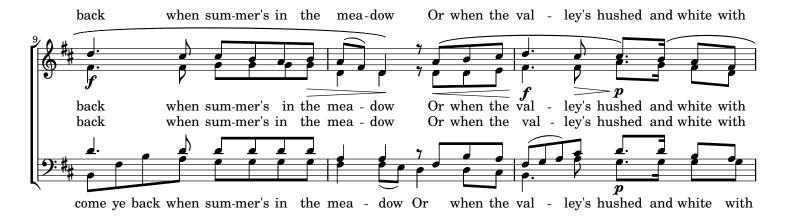
Text: Fred E. Weatherly Arrangement: Andreas Fiebig

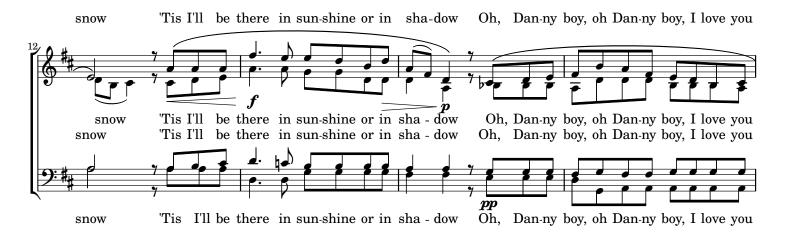
Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling From glen to glen, and down the mountain

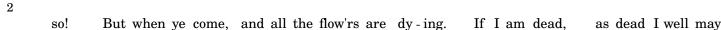


side The summer's gone, and all the roses falling 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide. But come ye







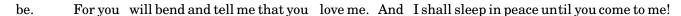




be. Ye'll come and find the place where I am ly-ing. And kneel and say an A-ve there for



And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread a - bove me. And all my grave will warmer, sweeter me. And all my grave And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread a-bove will warmer, sweeter me. me. grave will warmer, sweeter And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread a-bove me. And all my me.



me. And all my grave

I shall hear, tho' soft you tread a-bove

me.

will warmer, sweet-er



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