

Danny Boy - C

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 leaves are falling,
Tis you, Tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back, when summer's in the meadow,
and all the valley's hushed and white with snow.
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, Oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
& all the valley's hushed with white as snow,
& I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy I love you so

Parody

Oh, Danny boy, they claim that you are Irish
But we both know you're English thru & thru
And if you really want to know what I wish
I truly wish that I had never heard of you

'Cause every March they make me sing about you
And every drunkard also thinks that he can too
And when they miss that high note it's so painful
That if you heard it I think it would kill you too

Oh, Danny boy, when Irish eyes were smiling
It was before they ever heard of you.
In Galway Bay the tides are still retiring
Because that song you caused has made them all so blue.

So don't come back in summer or in springtime
Don't show your face at state or county fair.
Cause when the Irish sing your praises loudly;
It's then we find that we must ban your Derry air