

Danny Boy

Irská píseň

text upraven podle nahrávky (Harry Belafonte at Carnegie Hall, 1959)

A time, a time of strife

The place, the place is Ireland, This Irish legend had it

And the last rose of summer fell and all the young men of Ireland

Were together to stake a blow For Ireland's freedom and Ireland's liberty

There' songs for those who stayed at home

And songs for those who went away and all o'er Ireland were sad

Canto



1. Oh Dan-ny boy, the pipes, the pipes are call - - ing from glen to
2. But if You fall as all the flowers are dy - - ing and You are



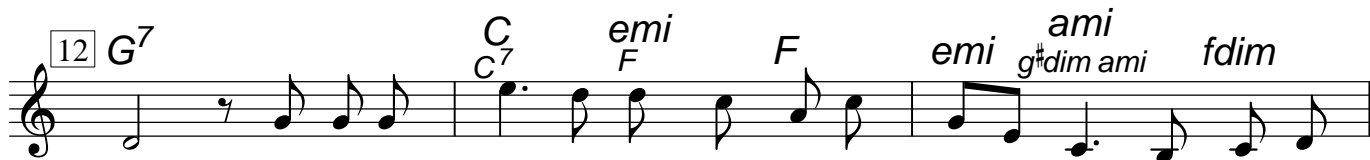
glen, and down the moun-tain - side. The sum-mer's gone and all the ros-es
dead, as dead you well may be, I'll come and find the place where you are



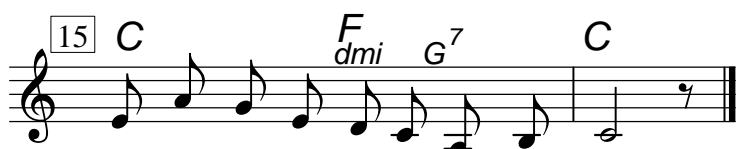
fall - - ing. It's you it's you must go and I must bide. R. But come ye
ly - - ing and kneel and say an "A-ve" there for thee.



back, when sum-mer's in the mea - - dow or when the val-ley's hushed and white with



snow. It's I'll be here in sun-shine or in sha - - dow. Oh, Dan-ny



boy, oh, Dan-ny boy, I miss you so.
boy, oh, Dan-ny boy, I love you so.