

## **Danny Boy ~ Jimmy McCurry**

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 back when summer's in the meadow,  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.  
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow.  
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so.

And when ye come and all the flowers are dying  
If I am dead, as dead I will may be,  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.  
And I shall hear tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my grave will warmer sweeter be;  
If you will bend and tell me that you love me,  
Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

## **My Wild Irish Rose ~ Daniel O'Donnell**

My Wild Irish Rose

My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flow'r that grows;  
You may search everywhere, but none can compare  
with my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose, the dearest flow'r that grows;  
And some day for my sake she may let me take the  
bloom from my wild Irish rose.

## **Old Irish Blessing ~ Denes Agay**

May the road rise to meet you, may the wind be always  
at your back.

The sun shine warm upon your face. The rains fall  
soft upon your fields, and

until we meet again, may God, may God, may God hold  
you in the palm of His hand.

May the Lord bless you and keep you, may the Lord  
cause His face to shine upon you and give you peace.

May the road rise to meet you, may the wind be always  
at your back.

The sun shine warm upon your face, the rains fall soft  
upon your fields.

And until we meet again, may God, may God, may God  
hold you in the palm of His hand.

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