

# 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, 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  
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