

Danny Boy (A Londonderry Air)

Folksong - Frederick Edward Weatherley

Oh, Dan- ny boy, the pipes, the pipes are cal- ling from glen to
glen, and down the moun- tain side. The sum- mer's gone, and all the ro- ses
fall- ing, it's you, it's 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
It's 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 flow'rs are dying
If I am dead, as dead I well may be
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

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