

Danny Boy

Londonderry Air

Frederic Weatherly

Irish Folk

Oh Dan - ny boy, the pipes the pipes are call - ing, from glen to
But if he come, when all the flow'rs are dy - ing, and I am

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

fall - ing, It's you it's you must go and I must bide. But come ye
ly - ing, and kneel and say an A - ve there for me; And I will

back when sum-mer's in the mead - ow or when the val - ley's hush'd and white with
hear, tho' soft your tread a - bove - me, and all my dreams will warm and sweet - er

snow 'Tis I'll be there in sun - shine or in shad - ow oh Dan - ny
be. If you'll not fail to tell me that you love - me, then I shall

boy oh Dan - ny boy I love you so!
sleep in peace un - til you come to me!