Danny Boy

Fred E. Weatherly

Old Irish air
arr. Mark D. Lew

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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. 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

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valley's hushed and white with snow, It's I'll be here in sunshine or in
shadow. Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy, I love you so! But 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, tho' 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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