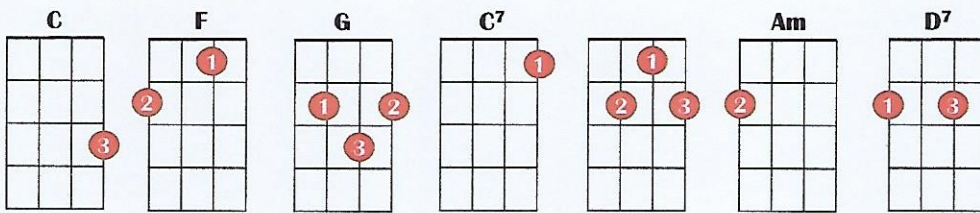


Danny Boy

Irish traditional

Frederic Weatherly



Oh, Dan - ny boy, the pipes, the pipes are cal - ling, From glen to
And when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dy - ing, If I am
glen and down the moun-tain side; The sum-mer's gone, and all the ro - ses
dead, as dead I well may be; Ye'll come and find the place where I am
fal - ling; 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 shall I
back when sum-mer's in' the mea - dow, Or when the val - ley's hushed and white with
hear, though soft you tread a - bove me And all my grave will war - mer, swee - ter
snow; 'This I'll be here in sun-shine or in sha - dow; Oh, Dan - ny
be For you will bend and tell me that you love me, And I shall
Boy; Oh Dan - ny boy, I love you so.
sleep in peace un - til you come to me.