

Danny Boy

tekst: Frederic E. Weatherly
Irska narodna melodija



1. Oh, Dan-ny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are call - ing, from glen to glen and down the moun-tain



side. The sum-mer's gone and all the ros - es fall - ing. It's you, it's



you must go and I must bide. But come ye back when sum-mer's in the



mead - ow, or when the val - ley's hushed and white with snow. 't is I'll be



here in sun-shine or in sha - dow. Oh, Dan-ny Boy, oh, Dan-ny Boy, I love you so!

2. And if you come and all the flowers are dying.

If I am dead, as dead I well may be,

I pray you'll 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 warm and sweeter be.

If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me

and I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.