

Danny Boy (Londonderry Air):

Oh, Danny boy, pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, all the flowers dying
tis you, tis you, go and I must bide.

Come back when summer's in the meadow,
..... hushed, white with snow, with snow
Be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, love you so!
Ou ou ou ou ou ouuuuuu dy – ing
If I am dead I'll my be come and find ly – ing
Say an A – ve for me!
I shall hear, thou' soft your tread above me—e ,
warm, sweeter be-e
not fail to tell me that you love me
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me
Sleep come to me.