

Londonderry Air

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Bb Bb7 Eb Cm F7 Bb

Oh, Dan-ny boy, the pipes, the pipes are cal - ling From glen to glen, and

7 Gm F F7 Bb Bb7 Eb

down the moun-tain side The sum-mer's gone, and all the ro - ses fal - ling—

13 Cm F7 Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb

— 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide. But come ye back when

19 Eb F Bb Gm F Bb Gm Cm

sum-mer's in the mea - dow— Or when the val - ley's hushed and white with snow—

25 F7 Bb7 Eb F7 Bb

— 'Tis I'll be there in sun - shine or in sha - dow—

29 Gm F7 Bb Gm Cm F7 Bb

— Oh, Dan - ny boy, oh Dan - ny boy, I love you so!

And 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, though 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.