

Londonderry Air

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Oh, Dan-ny boy, the pipes, the pipes are cal - ling From glen to glen, and
7 down the moun-tain side The sum-mer's gone, and all the ro-ses fal - ling—
13 — 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide. But come ye back when
19 sum-mer's in the mea - dow— Or when the val - ley's hushed and white with snow—
25 — 'Tis I'll be there in sun - shine or in sha - dow—
29 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.