

Danny Boy (Fred Weatherly)

1 Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling;
 From glen to glen and down the mountain side.
 The summer's gone and all the roses falling,
 It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

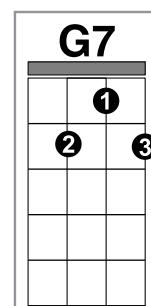
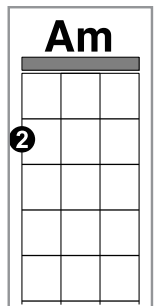
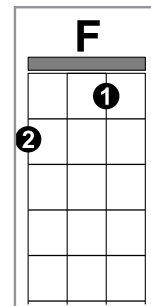
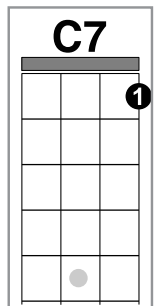
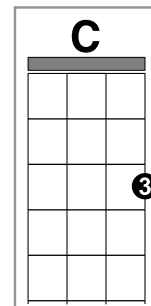
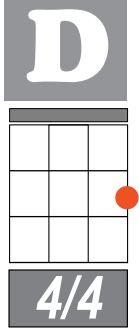
Ch G7 C F C
 But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
 G7 Am F C G7
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow;
 C F C
 It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
 Am C F G7 C
 Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I, love you so!

2 C C7 F
 But when ye come and all the flow'rs are dying,
 C Am G7
 If I am dead, as dead I well may be;
 C C7 F
 Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
 C G7 C
 And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

Ch G7 C F C
 And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
 G7 Am F C G7
 And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be;
 C F C
 For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
 Am C F G7 C
 And I shall rest in peace until you come to me;
 Am C F G7 C
 And I shall rest in peace until you come to me.



English lawyer and entertainer Fred Weatherly wrote the lyrics of Danny Boy before he'd found a melody, and it wasn't until two years later when someone played him a traditional Irish tune (The Londonderry Air), that he knew he'd found the perfect music.



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