

Danny Boy

Words by Frederick Weatherly

Traditional Irish tune,
arr. C. Hoyt

Largo (♩ ca. 56)

Oh Dan-ny boy, the pipes, the pipes are call - ing From glen to glen, and down the moun-tain-

5

side. The summer's gone, and all the ros-es fall - ing. It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide. But come ye

10

back when summer's in the mead - ow, Or when the val - ley's hushed, and white with snow. It's I'll be

14

here in sunshine or in shad - ow. O Dan-ny boy, O Danny boy, I love you so! But when ye

18

come, and all the flow'rs are dy - ing, and I am dead, as dead I well may

21

be, Ye'll come and find the place where I am ly - ing, And kneel and

24

say an A-ve there for me. And I shall hear, though soft you tread a - bove me, And all my

28

grave will warm-er, sweet-er be. For you will bend and tell me that you

31

love me, And I shall sleep in peace un-til you come to me.