O Danny Boy

Words by Frederick Edward Weatherly

Arranged by John Gribben

Adagio

rit.

rubato a piacero

a tempo

O Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are

calling From glen to glen and down the mountainside.

The summer's

gone and all the flowers are falling; 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must
bide. But come ye back when summer's in the meadow, or when the valley's hush'd and white with snow. 'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shade, O Danny Boy, O Danny Boy, I love you so. But when ye
come and all the flowers 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 tho' soft you tread a
bove 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, And I shall sleep in peace until you come to