

Danny Boy

Music by Rory Dhall O'Cahan (c.1600), Lyric by Fred Weatherly (1913)

Although this is undoubtedly the most celebrated of all Irish songs, it remains little known that the melody is from a 17th century harp composition. Some musicologists consider this air the most perfect example of a folk melody in existence.

Intro: D7//

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 flowers are dying
'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 hushed and white with snow
Tis' I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so

And if you come when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, and dead I well may be
You'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 above me
And all my dreams will warmer sweeter be
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I'll gently sleep in peace until you come to me