

Danny Boy, Doug Banta's Version

Traditional tune "Londonderry Air"

Lyrics by Frederick Edward Weatherly, 1910

STRUM: Thumb strum

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,
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

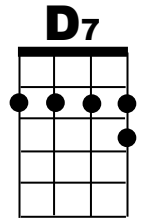
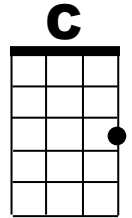
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!

Justin to play the entire first verse

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as 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 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 un-til ye come to me.
And I shall sleep in peace un-til ye come to me.

Justin to play this last line in a lingering and heartfelt way



OR

