

DANNY BOY

by

Frederic Edward Weatherly
(1848-1929)



Above - Weatherly in 1895

(1910)

CMG Archives
<http://campbellmgold.com>

There are many versions of the lyrics of Danny Boy.
The following version is the one remembered
by the compiler's grandmother.

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Danny Boy

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 leaves 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 hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

But if ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying
If I am dead, as dead 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 above me
And oh, my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For ye 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 me.

End

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