Londonderry Air (1. & 2. Tenor)

Would God I were the tender apple blossom
That floats and falls from off the twisted bow
To lie and faint within your silken bosom
Your silken bosom as that does now.

|: Or would I were a little burnished apple
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold
While sun and shade you robe of lawn will dapple
Your robe of lawn, and you hair's spun gold :|
Hair's spun gold

Londonderry Air (1. Bass)

Would God I were the tender apple blossom
That floats and falls from off the twisted bow
To lie and faint within your silken bosom
___ bosom as that does now.

|: Or would I were a little burnished apple
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold
While sun and shade you robe of lawn will dapple
Ah Ah Ah :|
Hair's spun gold

Londonderry Air (2. Bass)

Would God I were the tender apple blossom
___ falls from off the twisted bow
To lie and faint within your silken bosom
___ bosom as that does now.

|: Or would I were a little burnished apple
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold
While sun and shade you robe of lawn will dapple
Ah – Ah – Ah :|
Ah.

Danny Boy (1. & 2. Tenor)

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 here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so! :|
Love you so

And if you come when all the flowers are dying,
And 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 "Avè" there for me.

|: And I shall hear, tho's soft you tread above me,
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be,
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me,
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me! :|
Come to me.

Danny Boy (1. Bass)

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,
___ 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,
Ah Ah Ah :|
Love you so

And if you come when all the flowers are dying,
And 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 “Avè” there for me.

|: And I shall hear, tho’s soft you tread above me,
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be,
If you’ll not fail to tell me that you love me,
Ah Ah Ah :|
Come to me.

Danny Boy (1. Bass)

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
___ glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying,
___ 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,
Ah Ah Ah :|
Love you so

And if you come when all the flowers are dying,
___ dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
___ say an “Avè” there for me.

|: And I shall hear, tho’s soft you tread above me,
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be,
If you’ll not fail to tell me that you love me,
Ah Ah Ah :|
Come to me.