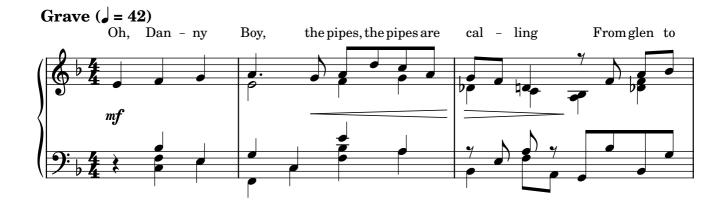
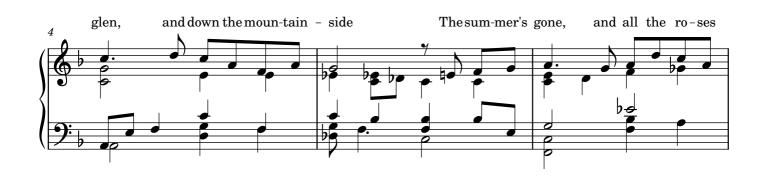
## **Irish Traditional**

## Danny Boy (Londonderry Air)

Lyrics: Frederic Weatherly (1848 - 1929)

arr. Paul Barton derived from Keith Jarrett's interpretation on "Tokyo solo"













Oh, 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, 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, And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow, Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!

But when you come, and 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 Ave there for me;

And shall I hear, though soft you tread above me, And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be, And you will bend and tell me that you love me, And I will sleep in peace until you come to me!