

Londonderry Air

Would God I were the tender apple blossom
That floats and falls from off the twisted bough;
To lie and fain within your silken bosom;
Within your bosom as that does now.
Or would I were a little burnished apple
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold,
Your robe of lawn and your hair's spun gold.

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 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.

And 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.
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 I shall hear tho' soft you tread above me
And all my g-rave will warmer sweeter be
If you will bend and tell me that you love me
Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.
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.

Londonderry Air Duet for Two Harps arranged by Louise Trotter

Full Score
Larghetto $\text{♩} = 70$

trad Irish arr. L. Trotter

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