Sung by

JOHN MccORMACK — FRANCIS ROGERS
CANTOR JOSEF ROSENBLATT AND REINALD WERRENRAH

DUNA

Song

The words by

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

The music by

JOSEPHINE McGILL

Boosey & Co., Ltd.

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DUNA.

When I was a little lad (lass)
With folly on my lips,
Fain was I for journeying
All the seas in ships.
But now across the southern swell
Every dawn I bear
The little streams of Duna
Running clear.

When I was a young man (maid)
*Before my beard was gray,
All to ships and sailorsmen
I gave my heart away.
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,
I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Duna
Call me home.

MARIJORE PICKTHALL.

*When sung by a lady, substitutes
   "And life was glad and gay"
To My Mother.

D U N A.

Words by
MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

Music by
JOSEPHINE Mc GILL.

Con moto. about (94 mm. d.).

When

I was a little lad With folly on my lips,

Pain was I for journeying All the seas in ships. But
now across the southern swell, Every dawn I hear____ The

little streams of Duna running clear,

The little streams of Duna running clear.
When I was a young man, Before my beard was gray,
All to ships and sailors, I gave my heart away.
But I'm weary of the sea-wind, I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Dumna, Call me home.
The little stars of

Dona call me home.

pp a tempo.

Dona, Call me home.

ppp
OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS  
BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

THE CONNEMARA SHORE  
Words by MARY MERRITT  
Andante moderate  
Music by HOWARD FISHER

With joy—For all the sorrows past, A kiss for every tear; Then every hour of love will prove worth

all that went before, With the long waves roll—ing on the Connemara shore.

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THE LIGHT I LOVE BEST  
Words and Music by JOHN A. ROYDER

Moderato

I love the starlight, the freeze— And far light That pierces your immortal heart; I love the light I love the light aglow, When the

core of the day time de—part,... And I love the light of the dawn, pale midnight, When Mornings are filling the shore. But the

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SITTIN' THINKIN'  
(OLD SHEPHERD'S SONG)  
Words by EDNA TEMPEST  
Music by HOWARD FISHER

And when my Shepherd calls me home To fold his field at such red sink—in,

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