The Hills of Donegal

Song

The Words by
P. J. O'Reilly

The Music by
Wilfrid Sanderson

Price 2/6 net

Boosey & Hawkes
The Hills of Donegal.

Words by
P. J. O'REILLY.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Andante maestoso.

Voce.

Pianò.

Piu mosso.

Oh, night and day I'm dreaming of the hills of Donegal.

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heather on the hill side and the sunshine over all,
And 'tis westward I'd be going across the ocean blue,
To wake again the happy hours that long ago I knew.
That long ago I knew! Oh, ten.
Slower and with much expression.

hills of Donegal, To me you ever
colla voce.

call

In ev'ry wind that wanders o'er the
do.

wide and lonely sea, And please God, if

He so wills, Soon I'll see my Irish hills,
The
hills (the hills) of Donegal, so dear to me!

I mind the laughing valleys that look up at dawn of day To watch the dawn-light creeping over the
rugged crests o' grey. And I mind the linnets
trilling when the dark clouds lift and go And the

poco rit.
grey hills send the sunshine to the waiting hearts be-
poco rit.

-low. To the waiting hearts below! Oh.
'Wills of Donegal,' To

poco rit.

... you ever call... In

colta voce

cresc.

... every wind that wanders... The wide and lonely

sea, And please God, if He so wills,
Soon I'll see my Irish hills, The hills of Donegal so dear to me!

The hills of Donegal So dear to me!