DUNA

Song

The Words by

Marjorie Pickthall

The Music by

Josephine McGill

Boosey & Co., Ltd.
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OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS
BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

DRUMADOON
Words by C.A. RENSHAW
Music by WILFRID SANDERSON

No. 1 in A
Con moto
My dreams go back to Drum - a - doon Where all my youth passed by: My ma - gic youth, my

No. 2 in B
My dreams go back to Drum - a - doon Where all my youth passed by: My ma - gic youth, my

No. 3 in C
agileto with feeling

No. 4 in D

The light I love best
Words and Music by JOHN A. HOPKINS

Moderato
I love the starlight, the frosty and the light That's pure as your innocent heart; I love the twilight, the tender and the light When

TRIBUTES
Words by DENA TEMPEST
Music by HOWARD FISHER

No. 1 in D
Andante moderato
All her dreams at peace with her, All her fears at rest, All the throbbing life of her Cold within her breast;

No. 2 in F

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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 hear
The little streams of Duna
   Running clear.

When I was a young man (maid)
*Before my beard was gray,
   All to ships and sailormen.
   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.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

*When sung by a lady, substitute:
   "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 (s4—d)

When

I was a little lad With folly on my lips,

Pain was I for journeying All the seas in ships. But

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now across the southern swell, Every dawn I hear—The
little streams of Duna running clear,

The little streams of Duna running clear.

sostenuto.
When I was a young man, Before my beard was gray,
All to ships and sailor-men 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.
Du na, call me home. The little stars of

ppp a tempo.

Du na, Call me home.
The Connemara Shore

Andante moderato

But surely I'll return again To you I love so dear, With joys 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 rolling On the Connemara shore.