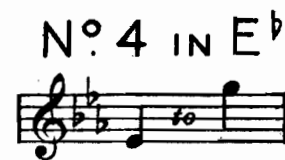
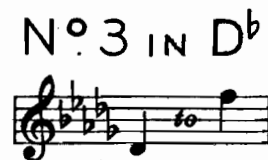
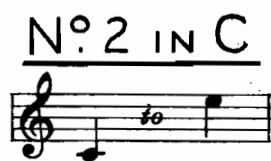


148687



SUNG BY

JOHN McCORMACK

—

FRANCIS ROGERS

CANTOR JOSEF ROSENBLATT AND REINALD WERREN RATH

DUNA

❧ Song ❧

THE WORDS BY

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

The Music by

JOSEPHINE MCGILL



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M
1621
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OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

Words by
C. A. RENSHAW

DRUMADOON

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON

Sung by Mr. REINALD WERREN RATH

Con moto
mp a little slower

No. 1 in A
No. 2 in E^b
No. 3 in C
No. 4 in D

cresc. *accel.*

My dreams go back to Drum - a - doon Where all my youth pass'd by: My ma - gie youth, my tra - gie youth, That

mp *accel.*

fired the sun - set sky; And God! to see the frail white moon And hear the sea - birds cry, To stand with you in

agitato with feeling *molto cresc.* *ff* *meno mosso e marc.*

p *molto cresc.* *ff* *rit.*

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No. 1 in D^b No. 2 in E^b **THE LIGHT I LOVE BEST** No. 3 in F

Words and Music by
JOHN A. HOPKINS

Moderato

I love the star - light, the frosty and far light That's pure as your in - no - cent heart; I love the twilight, the tender and shy light When

care of the day time de - part; And I love the light of the dawn, pale and bright, When bird - songs are filling the skies, — But the

cresc. *mp*

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Words by
DENA TEMPEST

No. 1 in D **TRIBUTES** No. 2 in F

Music by
HOWARD FISHER

Andante moderato *pp* *f con passione*

All her dreams at peace with her, All her fears at rest, All the throbbing life of her Cold within her breast;

ff *pp*

With the blue forget - me - not, The lilies white as snow, Lay your hopes with in her grave.

ff *don't drag*

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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"

2/26/24 Mrs. C. B. B.

To My Mother.

D U N A.

Words by
MARJORIE PICKTHALL.Music by
JOSEPHINE Mc GILL.

Con moto. about (84 = ♩)

VOICE. *mf* When

PIANO. *mf*

I was a lit - tle lad With fol - ly on my lips, —
(lass)

Fain was I for jour - ney - ing All the seas in ships. But

p

now a - cross the south - ern swell, Ev - 'ry dawn I hear — The

lit - tle streams of Du - na run - ning clear, —

p

The lit - tle streams of Du - na run - ning

clear.

sostenuto.

mf

When I was a young man, Be - fore my beard was
(maid, And life was glad and

mf

gray, — All to ships and sai - lor - men I gave my heart a -
gay, —)

pp rit.

-way. But I'm wea - ry of the sea - wind, I'm wea - ry of the

pp rit.

a tempo.

foam, And the lit - tle stars of Du - na, Call me home. —

pp rit.

a tempo.

pp rit.

The lit - tle stars of

Du - na call me home, The lit - tle stars of

pp a tempo.
Du - na, Call me home. *a tempo.*

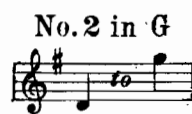
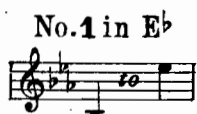
pp *ppp*

AN IRISH LOVE PLAIN - REPLETE WITH MUSICAL BEAUT

SUNG BY
REINALD WERREN RATH

THE CONNEMARA SHORE

Text by
MARY MARRIOTT



Music by
HOWARD FISHER

Andante moderato
mp

But sure-ly I'll re-turn a-gain To you I love so dear, With joys for all the sorrows past, A
kiss for ev-ry tear; Then ev-'ry hour of love will prove Worth all that went be-fore, With the
long waves roll - - - ing On the Con-ne-ma - ra shore.

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