

To My Mother

## DUNA.

Words by  
MARJORIE PICKTHALL

Music by  
JOSEPHINE M<sup>C</sup> GILL.

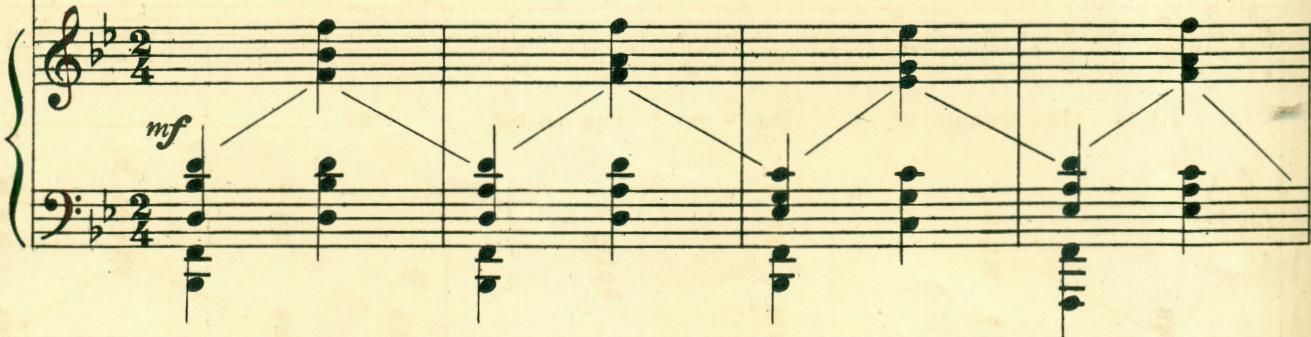
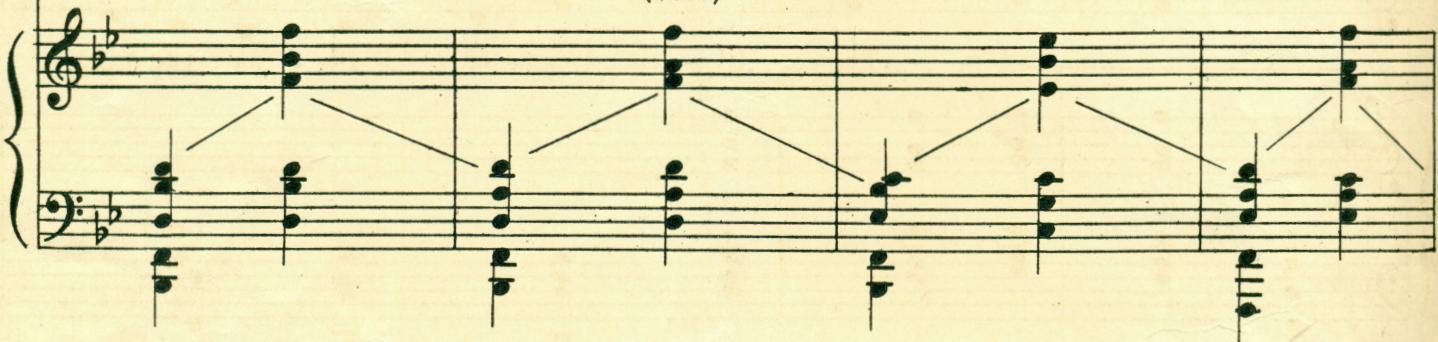
Con moto. about (84 - ♩)

VOICE.

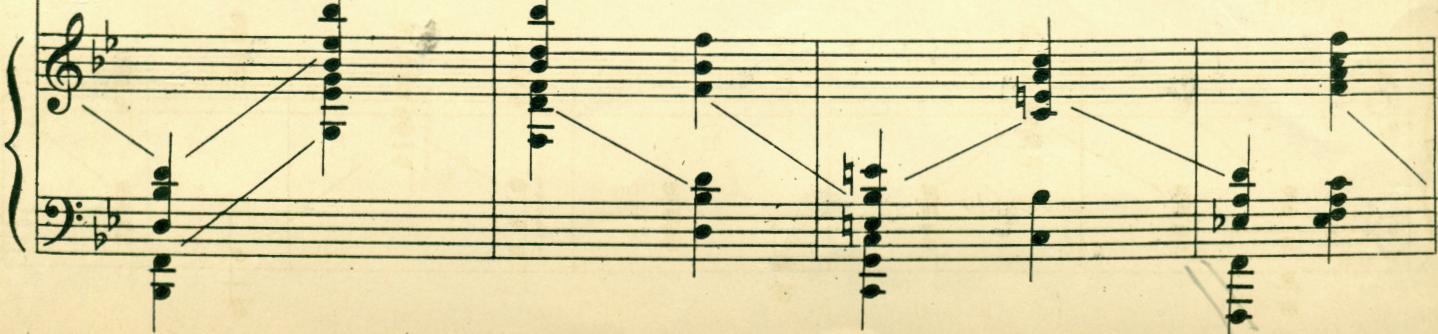


When

PIANO.

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



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

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

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, — gay, — All to ships and sail - or - men I gave my heart a -

*pp rit.*

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

*pp rit.*

*pp rit.*

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

*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*

*HOME*

*pp*

*ppp*

*2d. 8*