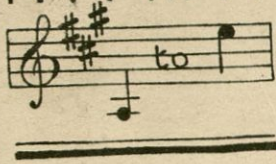
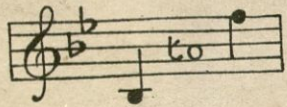


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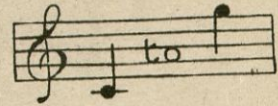
N^o. 1 IN A



N^o. 2 IN B^b



N^o. 3 IN C

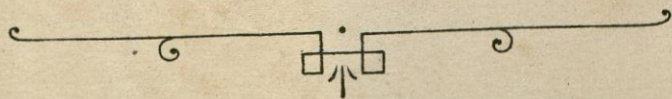


THE HILLS OF DONEGAL

* SONG *

THE WORDS BY

P. J. O'REILLY



The Music by



WILFRID SANDERSON.

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Wilfrid Sanderson

THE HILLS OF DONEGAL.

OH, night and day I'm dreaming of the hills of Donegal,
The heather on the hillside 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!

Oh, hills of Donegal,
To me you ever call
In every wind that wanders o'er 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!

I mind the laughing valleys that look up at dawn of day
To watch the dawn-light creeping o'er the rugged crests o'grey,
And I mind the linnets trilling when the dark clouds lift and go
And the grey hills send the sunshine to the waiting hearts below!

Oh, hills of Donegal. etc.

P. J. O'REILLY.

The Hills of Donegal.

Words by
P. J. O'REILLY.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Andante maestoso.

Voice.

Piano.

ff pesante.

molto rit.

mf

Più mosso.

p legato.

Oh, night and day I'm

dream - ing of the hills of Don - e - gal, - The

hea - ther on the hill - side and the sun - shine o - ver

all, And 'tis west - ward I'd be go - ing a -

cresc.

- cross the o - cean blue, To wake a - gain the hap - py hours that

poco rit.

long a - go I knew, That long a - go... I knew!..... Oh,

rit. *p* *dim e rit.* *ten.*

Slower and with much expression.

poco rit.

hills..... of Don - e - gal, To me you ev - er

colla voce.

call..... In ev - 'ry wind that wan - ders o'er the

cre - - - - - scen
cresc.

wide and lone - ly sea, And please God, if

- do.
f

He so wills, Soon I'll see my I - rish hills, The

p
p

cresc. hills (the hills) of Don - e - gal so dear..... to *rit.*

Tempo I. me!..... *ff pesante.* *molto rit.*

mp I mind the laugh - ing val - leys that look **Più mosso.** *p legato.*

up at dawn of day To watch the dawn - light creep - ing o'er the

cresc.

rug - ged crests o' grey, And I mind the lin - nets

cresc.

trill - ing when the dark clouds lift and go And the

poco rit.

grey hills send the sun - shine to the wait - ing hearts be -

poco rit.

dim e rit. *p ten.*

- low, To the wait - ing hearts be - low!..... Oh, *ten.*

p *dim.*

Slower and with much expression.

hills..... of Don - e - gal, To

me you ev - er call..... In

poco rit.

colla voce.

cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do.

ev - 'ry wind that wan - ders o'er the wide and lone - - ly

cresc.

sea, And please God, if He so wills,

f

p *cresc.*
 Soon I'll see my I-rish hills, The hills (the hills) of

p *cresc.*

f *ff*
 Don - e - gal so dear to me! The

f *ff*

rall. *ten.*
 hills of Don - e - gal So dear to

rall. *ten.* *rit.*

ten. *rit.*

ten. *rit.*

me!

ff accel. *rit.*

