

Horace Wright, My Own Iona

MY OWN IONA

1916

Lyrics: L. Wolfe Gilbert; Music: Anatol Friedland and Carey Morgan

Sheet Music:

Recordings:

Rene Dietrich-Horace Wright(Victor 18171, 1916)

Scottsdale String Band (Okeh 45142, 1927)

The Tobacco Tags (Bluebird B-8420, 1940)

My Own Iona (Moi-One-Ionae)

I long to be, long to see, you and me
Down among the Hula hills,
With its pretty little lakes and rills,
My heart with rapture fills:
I'll ne'er for-get little pet when we met
Un-der-neath the ever watching moon,
I miss those sighing croons,
Ha-wai-ian tunes and you.

Chorus:

My own I-o-na,
From old Ha-lo-na,
Your dark and dreamy eyes
They speak of par-a-dise:

My U-ke-le-le,
Played the Mauna Lo-a gay-ly,
Ha-lo-na's calling me,
I-o-na dear, my own.

Verse 2-

For ev'ry day that I stay, far a-way
From the valley in the trop-ic isle
There's a mis-sing lit-tle sun-ny smile,
That haunts me all the while;

For ev'-ry night that I might, have delight,
Be-ing with you, I am all a-lone,
Far from your loving arms,
Ha-wai-ian charms and you.

Repeat Chorus