My Own Iona
(Moi-One-Ionae)

Lyric by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
ANATOL FRIEDLAND
and
CAREY MORGAN

Moderato

I long to
be, long to see, you and
For ev'ry
day that I stay, far a-

me down a-mong the Hu-la Hu-la hills,
way From the val-ley in the tropic isle
With its pret-ty lit-tle lakes and rills.
There's a miss-ing lit-tle sun- ny smile

My heart with rap-ture fills;
That haunts me all the while;
I'll ne'er for-get lit-tle pet when we
For ev-ry night that I might, have de-

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Depositado en el ano MCMXVI por Jos. W. Stern y Cia; Propietarios Nueva York.
met under neath the ever watching moon, I miss those
light, being with you, I am all alone, Far from your

sighing croons, Hawaiian tunes and you.
loving arms, Hawaiian charms and you.

CHORUS
poco rit.

My own I-o-na, From old Ha-lo-na, your dark and dreamy eyes

poco rit.

They speak of paradise; My U-ke-le-le, played the Mauna Loa gayly,

poco rit. poco rit.

Ha-lo-na's calling me, I-o-na dear, my own. My own I-