The cruiskeen lawn

Traditional folk song

William Rhys-Herbert
(1868-1921)

William Rhys-Herbert (1868–1921) was born in Ffwrnas, South Wales. As a youth, he showed much musical talent and, saving his money, he bought a harmonium. He became the first organist at Jerusalem Chapel and studied with T. J. Davies of Swansea. He graduated from the London College of Music and went to Canada where he studied at Trinity University, Toronto. He emigrated to the U.S. and was appointed organist at Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and then was organist and choir director at the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis. He directed the Elks Glee Club and was principal accompanist to the Apollo Club. He composed numerous operettas for school performance, cantatas, songs, and part-songs. He also wrote choral music and piano sheet music under the pseudonym "W. H. Rees." He died in Chicago after a brief illness at age 53.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
  And the shepherd his dew-scented lawn;
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
  With my charming little cruiskeen lawn.

Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskeen,
Slainté geal mavourneen,
  Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn!

Dear to my heart, my little jug,
To your health my fair darling!
Dear to my heart, flowing fair!

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine!
  Create me, by adoption, your son—
In hope that you'll comply
That my glass shall ne'er run dry,
  Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.
Chorus

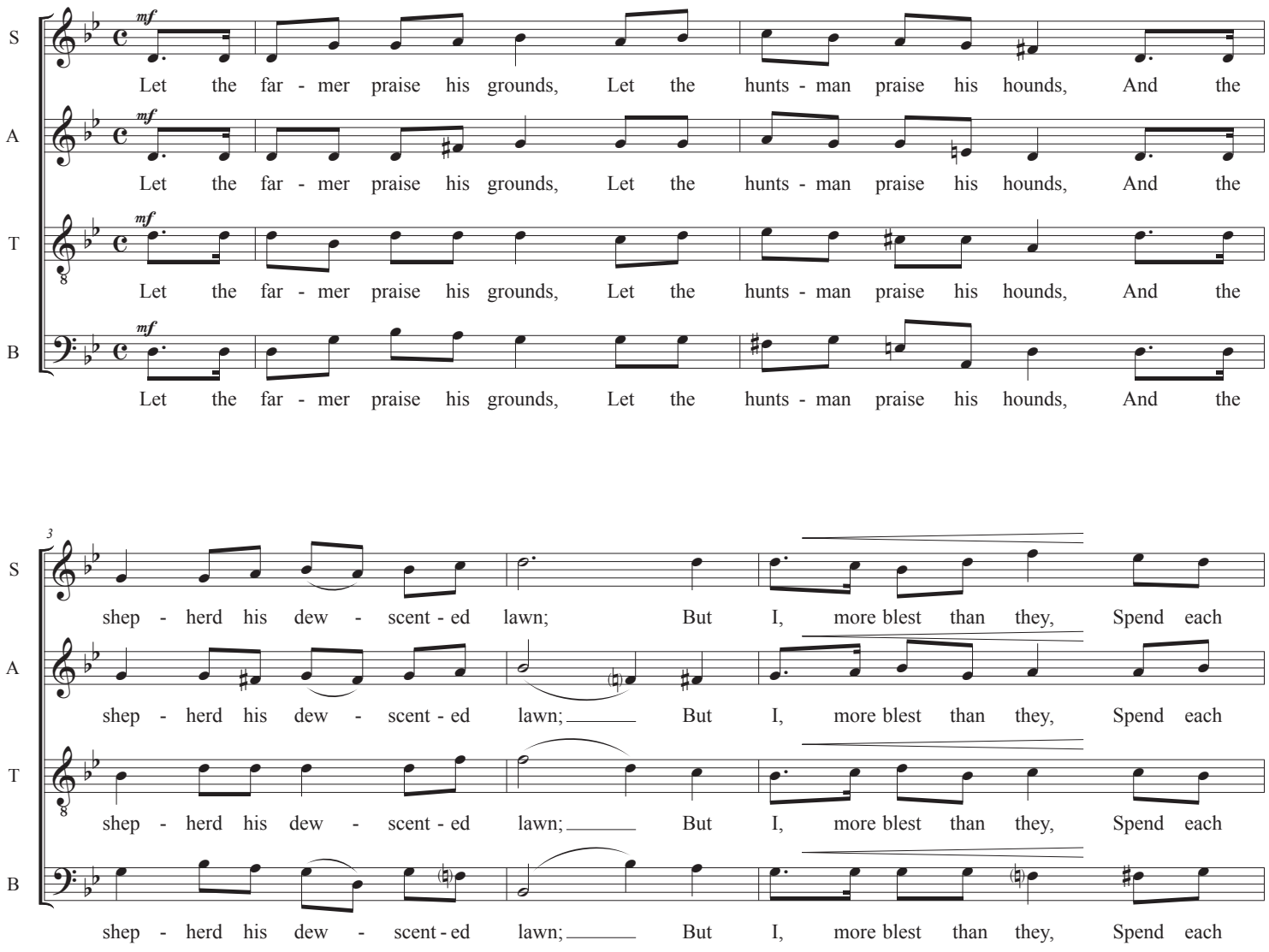
And when Grim Death appears,
In a few but pleasant years,
  To tell me that my glass has run—
I'll say, "Begone, you knave!
For bold Bacchus gave me leave
  To take another cruiskeen lawn."
Chorus

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips a-dry,
  Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
  To fill another cruiskeen lawn.
Chorus

The cruiskeen lawn

arr. William Rhys-Herbert

With spirit



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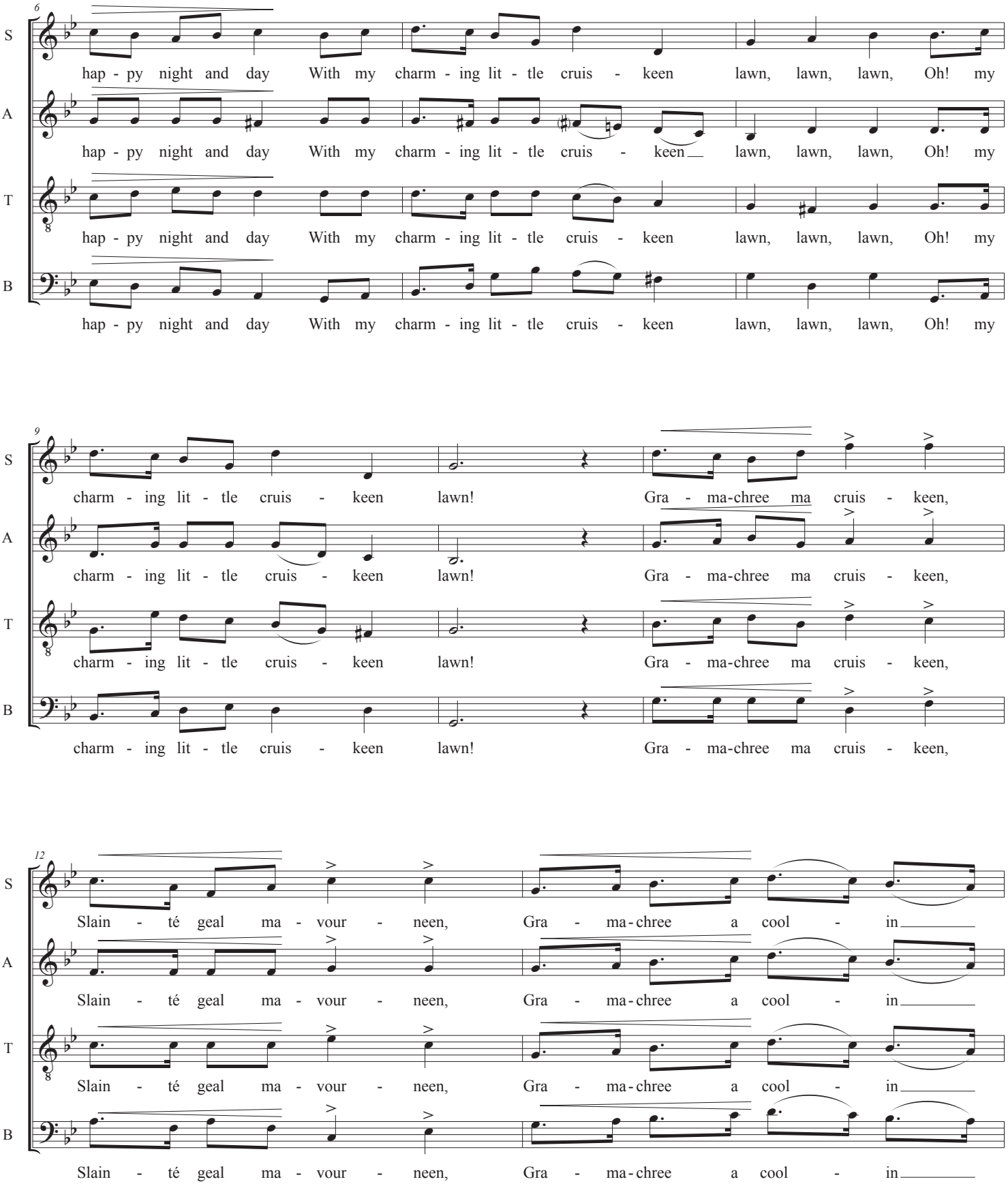
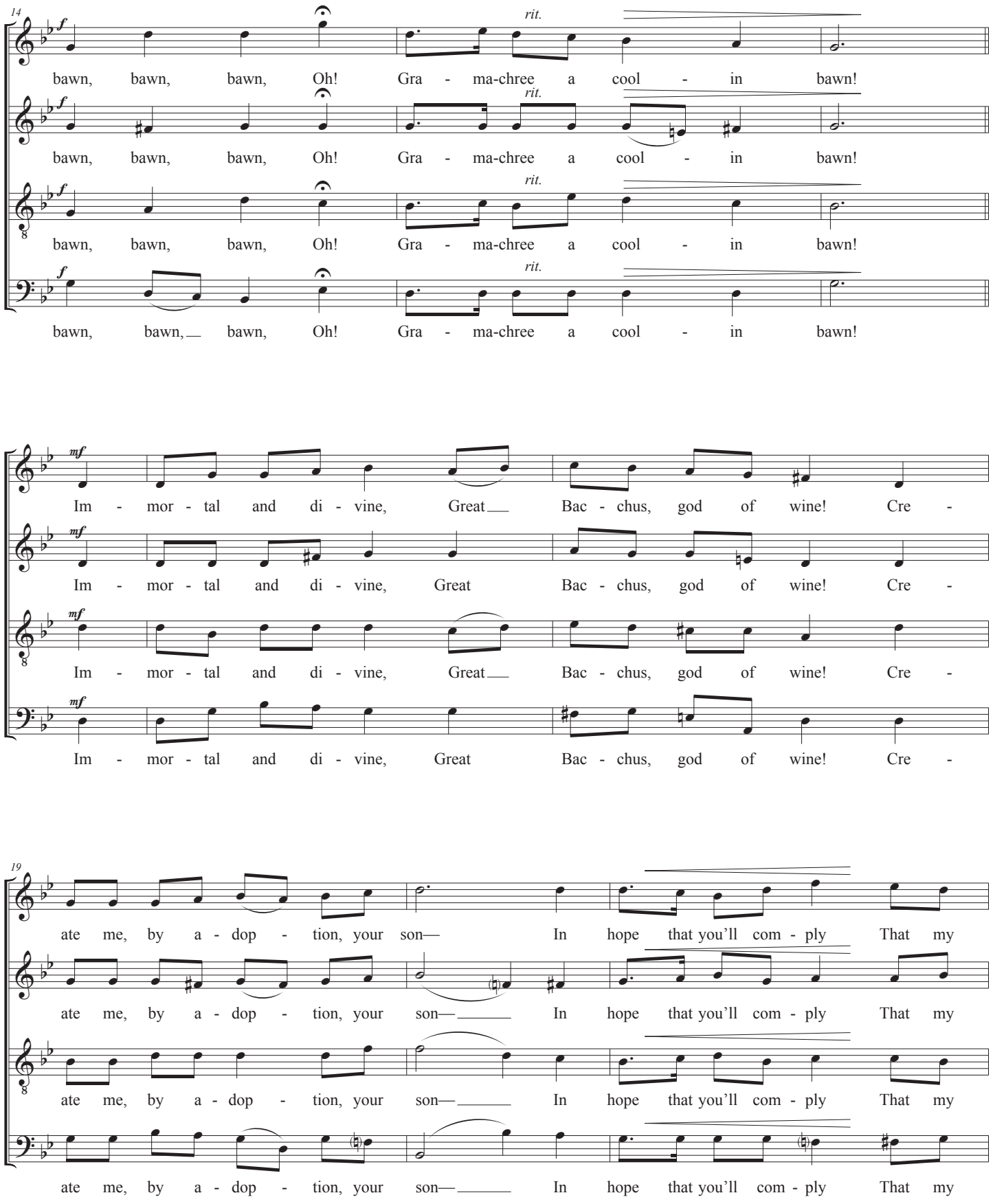
The cruiskeen lawn




14
S
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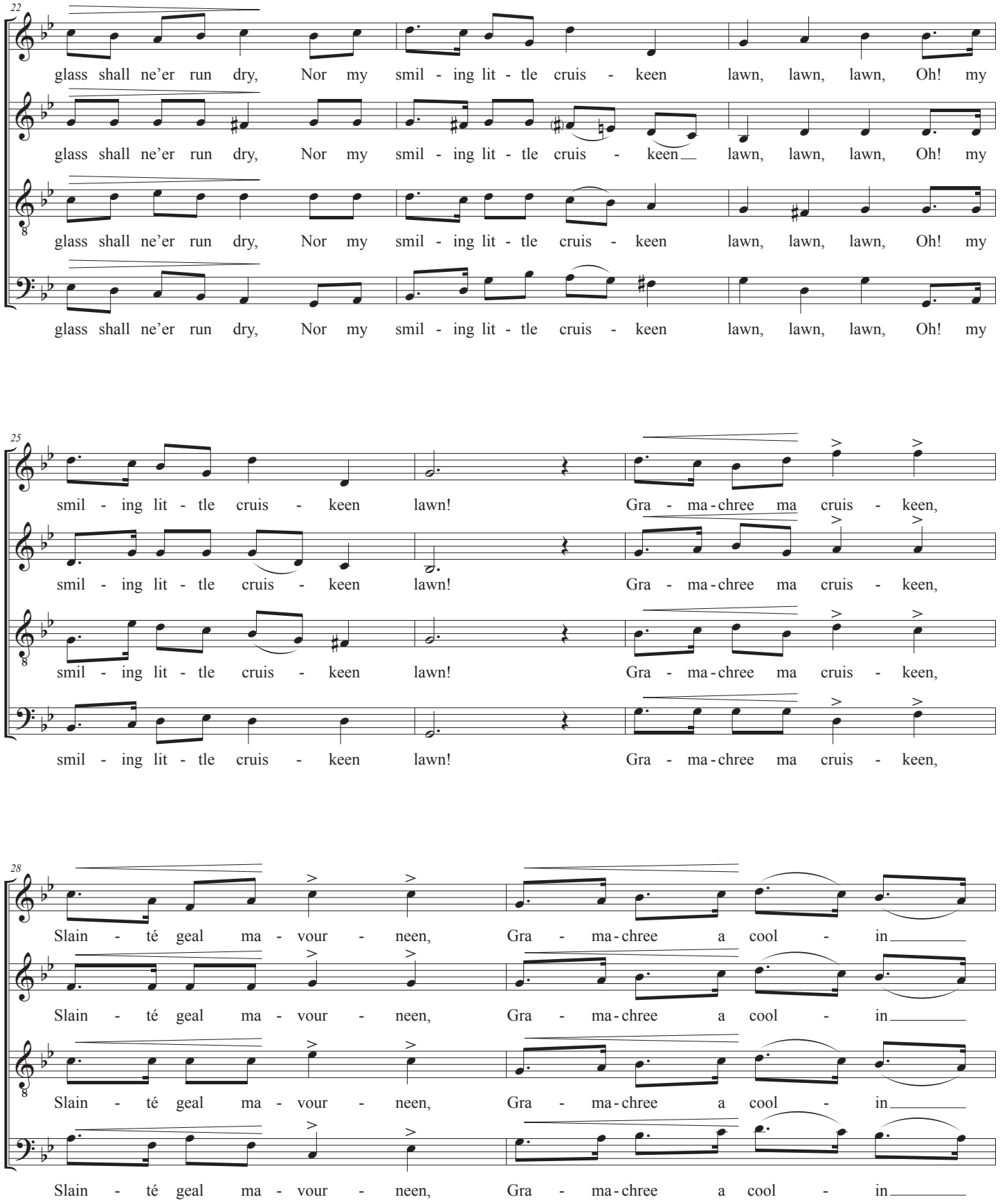
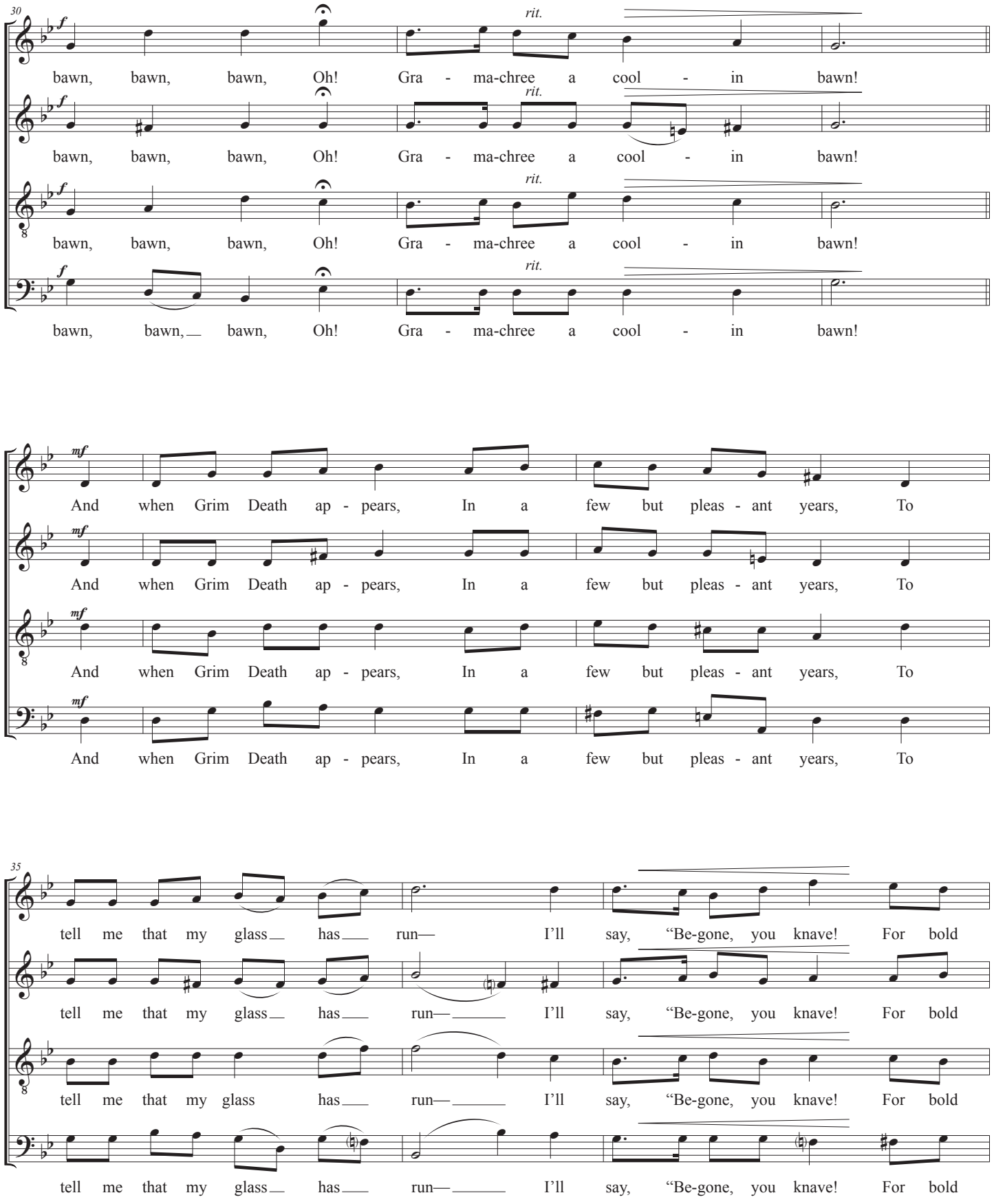
rit.
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
mf
Im - mor - tal and di - vine, Great Bac - chus, god of wine! Cre -
Im - mor - tal and di - vine, Great Bac - chus, god of wine! Cre -
Im - mor - tal and di - vine, Great Bac - chus, god of wine! Cre -
Im - mor - tal and di - vine, Great Bac - chus, god of wine! Cre -
19
ate me, by a - dop - tion, your son— In hope that you'll com - ply That my
ate me, by a - dop - tion, your son— In hope that you'll com - ply That my
ate me, by a - dop - tion, your son— In hope that you'll com - ply That my
ate me, by a - dop - tion, your son— In hope that you'll com - ply That my

The cruiskeen lawn




30
S
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T
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rit.
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
mf
And when Grim Death ap - pears, In a few but pleas - ant years, To
And when Grim Death ap - pears, In a few but pleas - ant years, To
And when Grim Death ap - pears, In a few but pleas - ant years, To
And when Grim Death ap - pears, In a few but pleas - ant years, To
35
tell me that my glass has run— I'll say, "Be-gone, you knave! For bold
tell me that my glass has run— I'll say, "Be-gone, you knave! For bold
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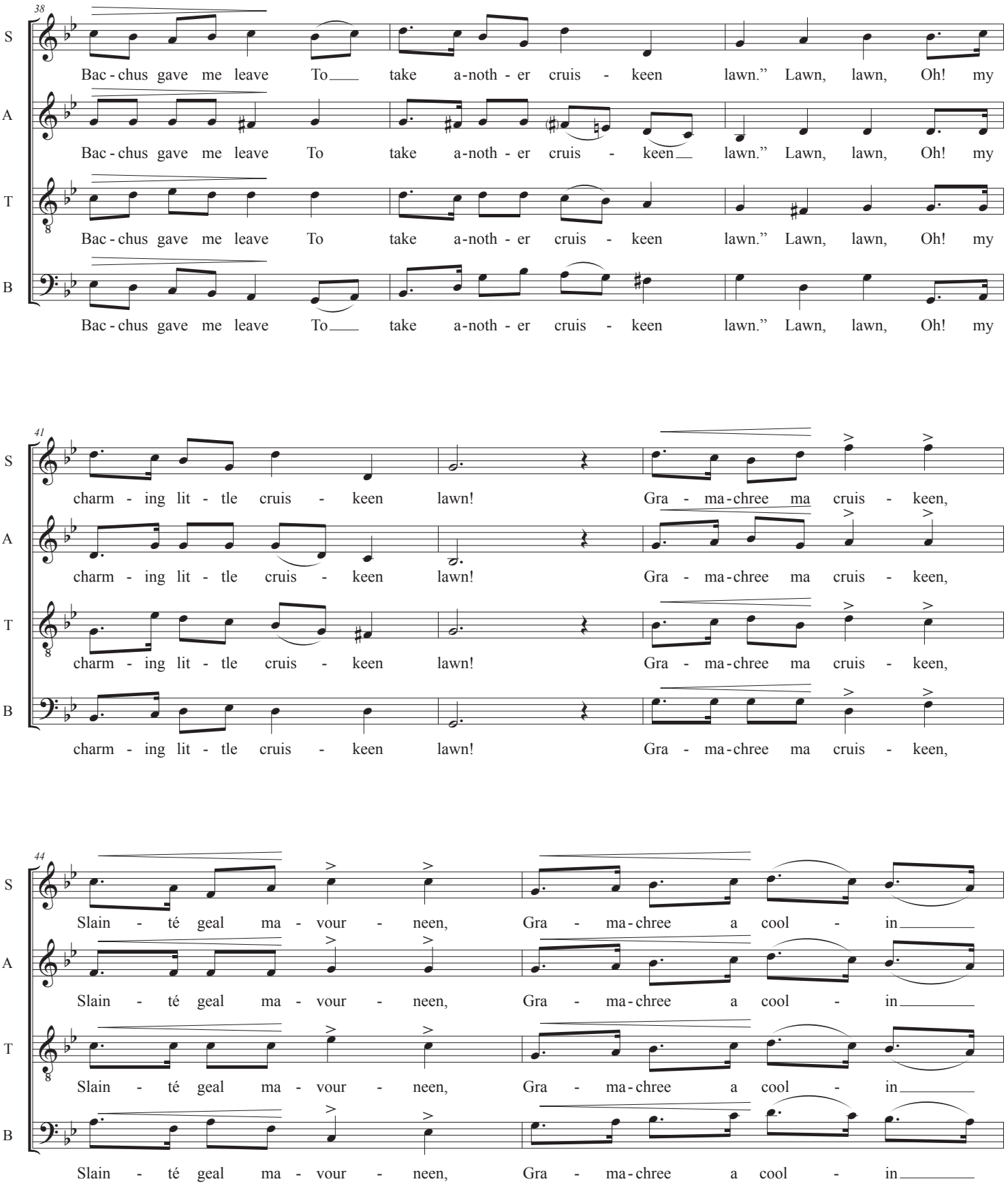

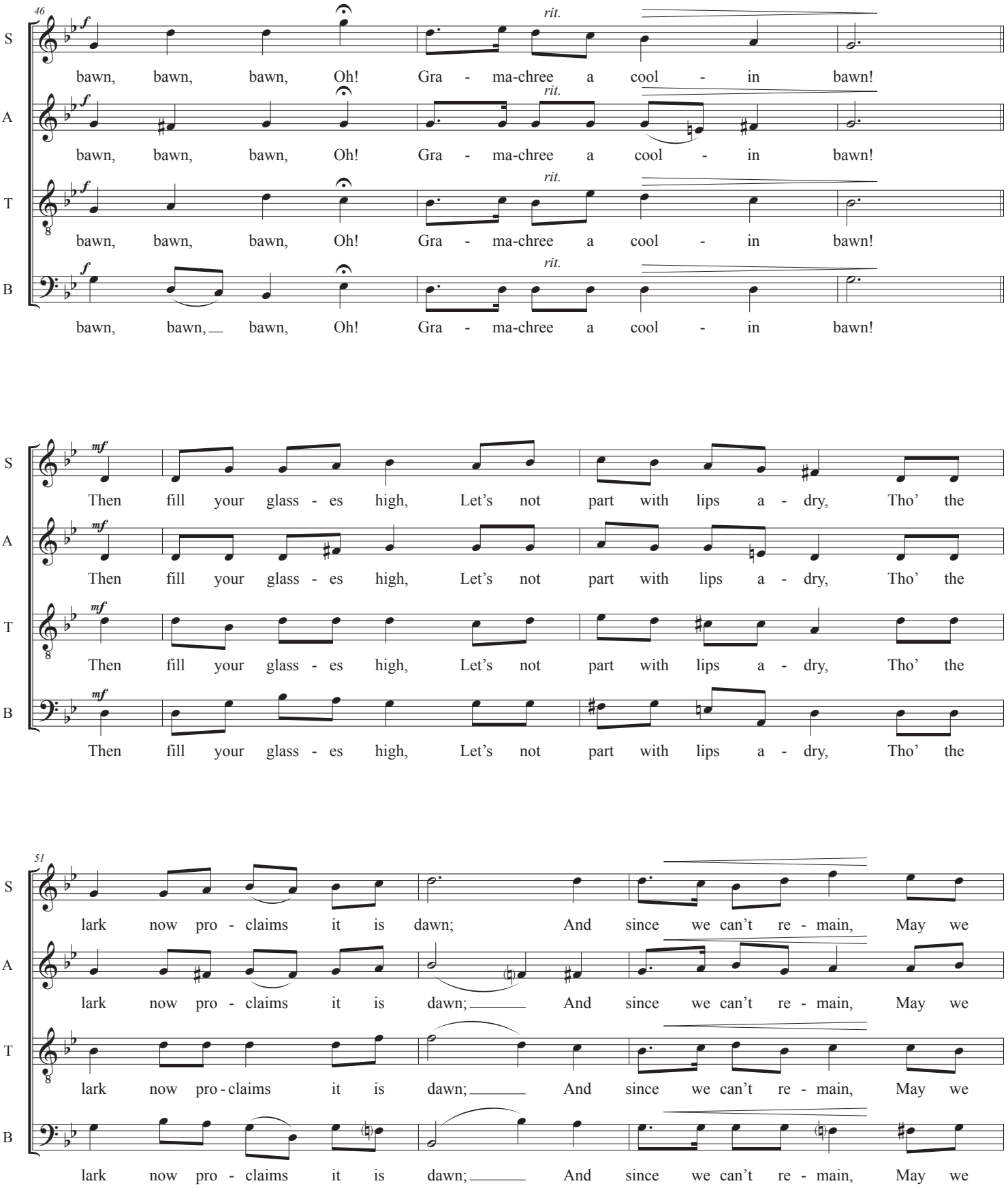
46
S
A
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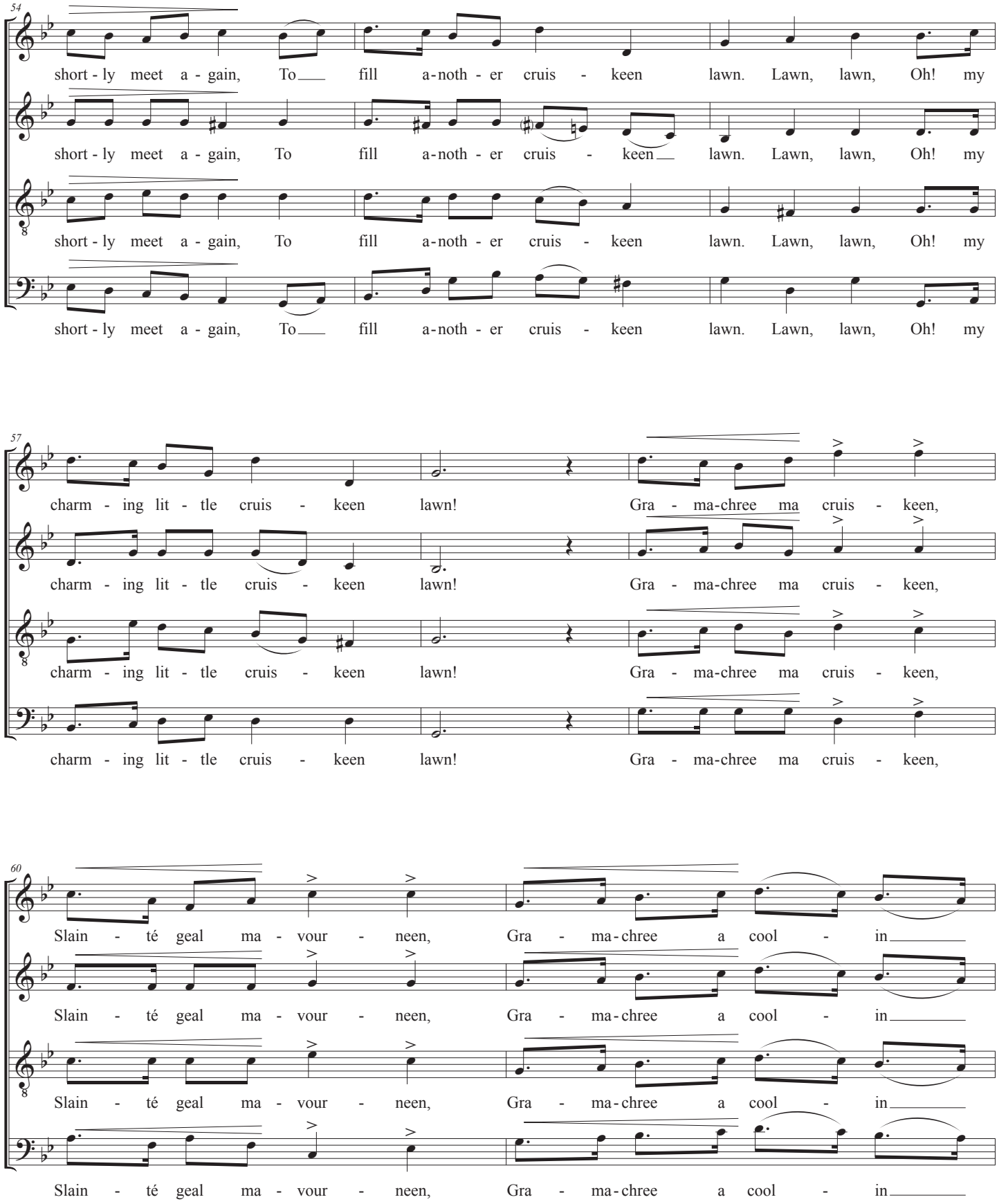
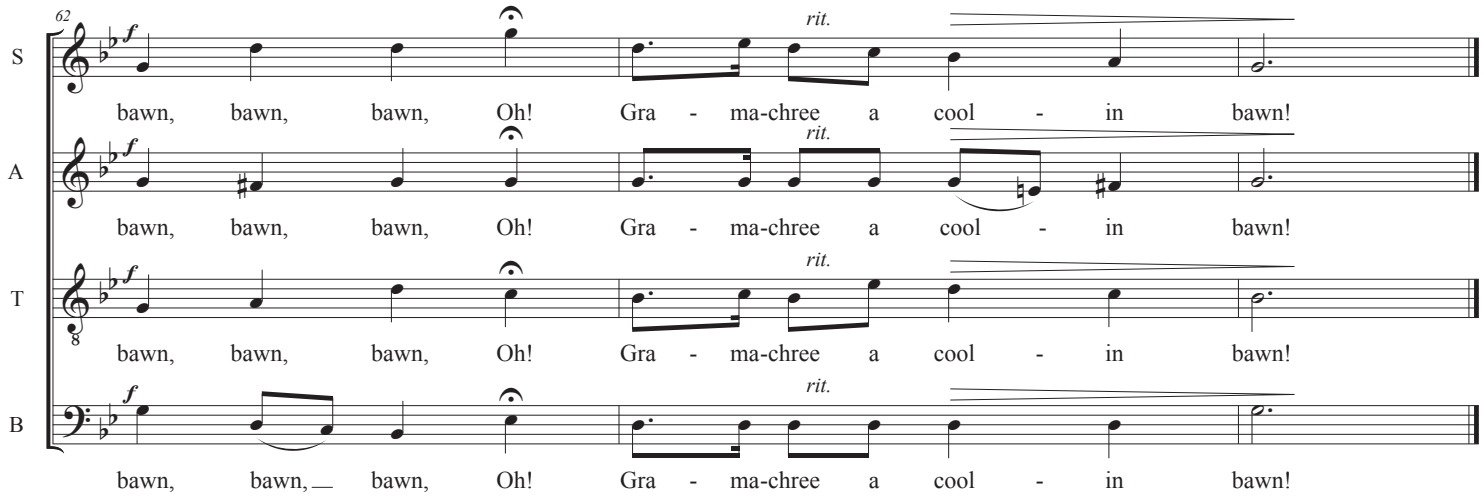
rit.
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn!
mf
Then fill your glass - es high, Let's not part with lips a - dry, Tho' the
Then fill your glass - es high, Let's not part with lips a - dry, Tho' the
Then fill your glass - es high, Let's not part with lips a - dry, Tho' the
Then fill your glass - es high, Let's not part with lips a - dry, Tho' the
51
lark now pro - claims it is dawn; And since we can't re - main, May we
lark now pro - claims it is dawn; And since we can't re - main, May we
lark now pro - claims it is dawn; And since we can't re - main, May we
lark now pro - claims it is dawn; And since we can't re - main, May we

The cruiskeen lawn





J. Fischer & Bro.
(1904)

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