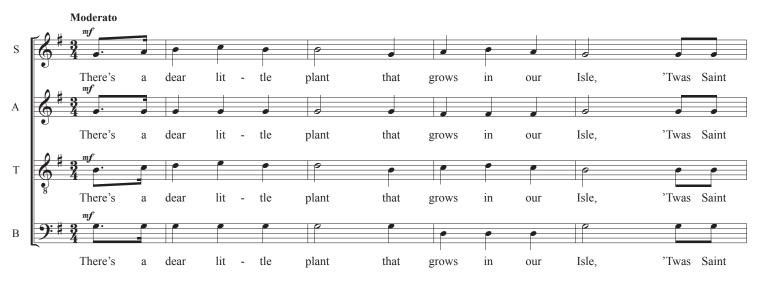


Andrew Cherry

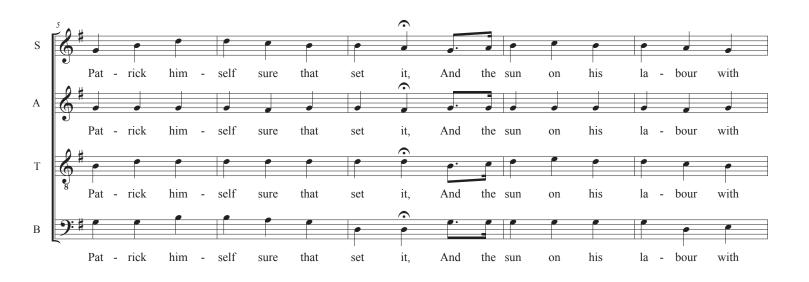
(1762-1812)

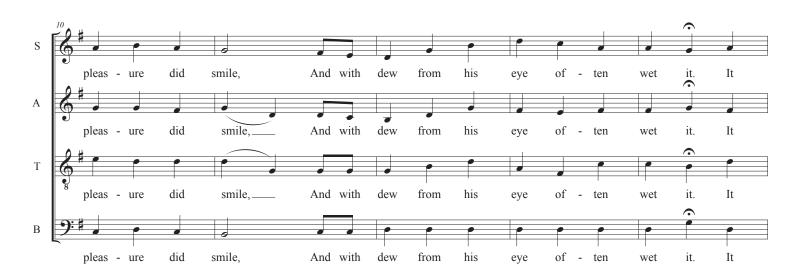
arr. William Rhys-Herbert

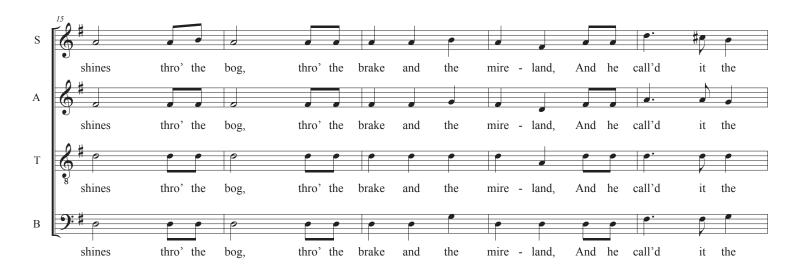
(1868-1921)



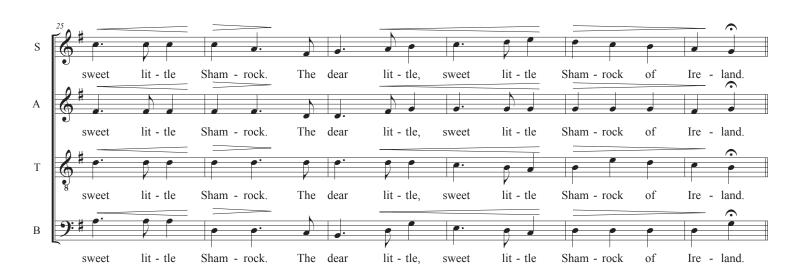


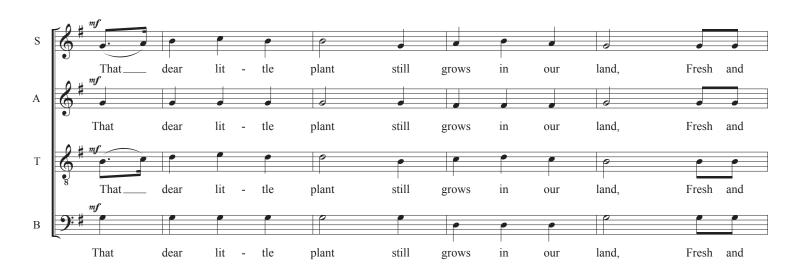


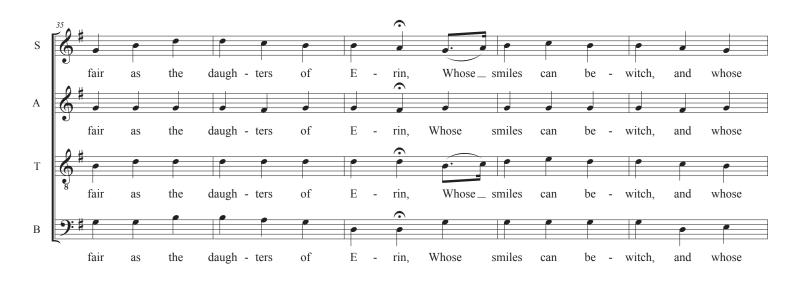


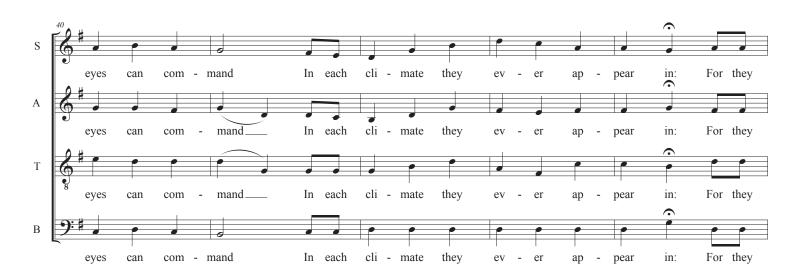


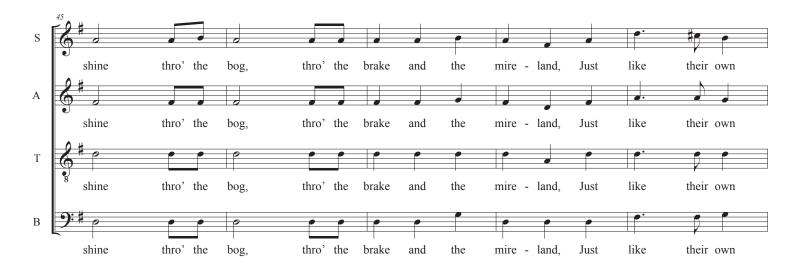


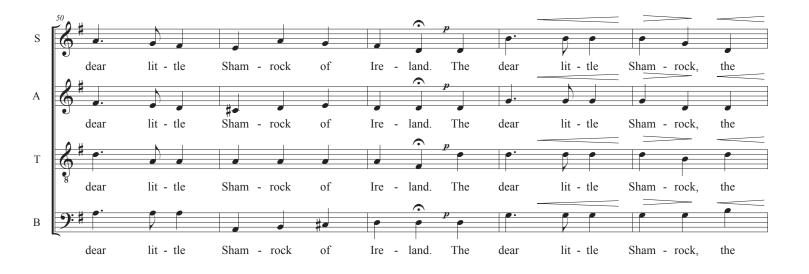


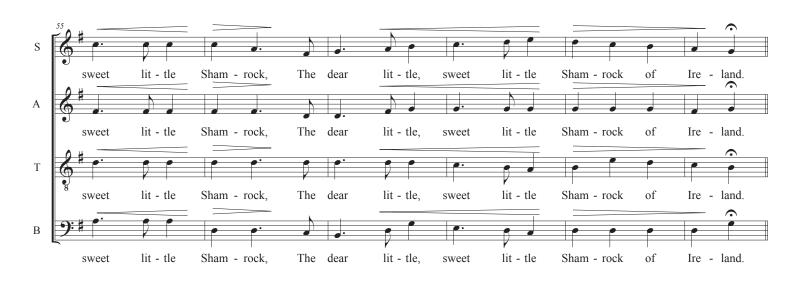


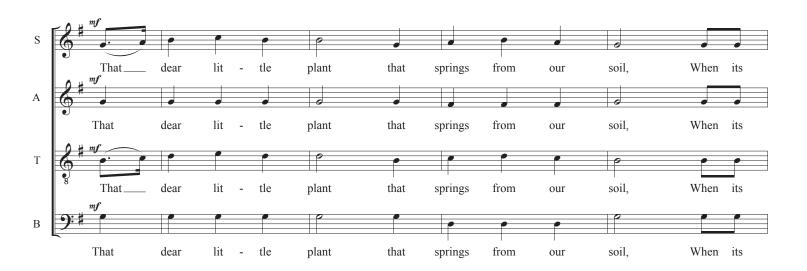


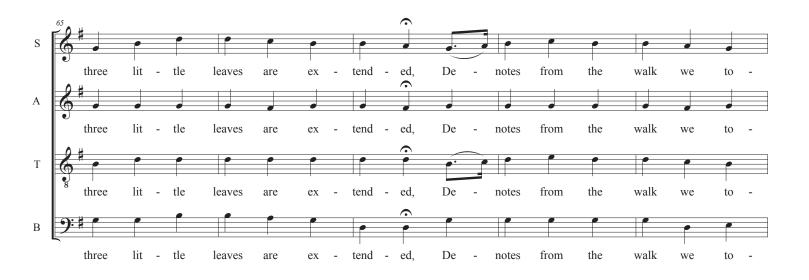


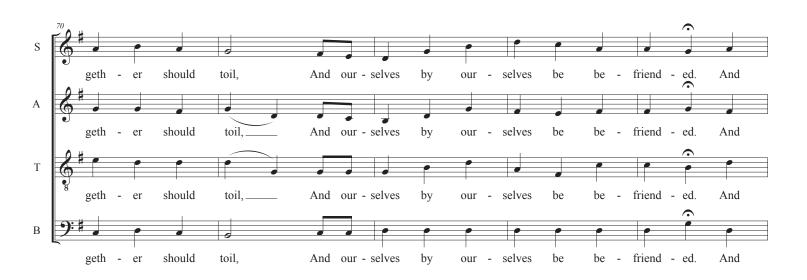


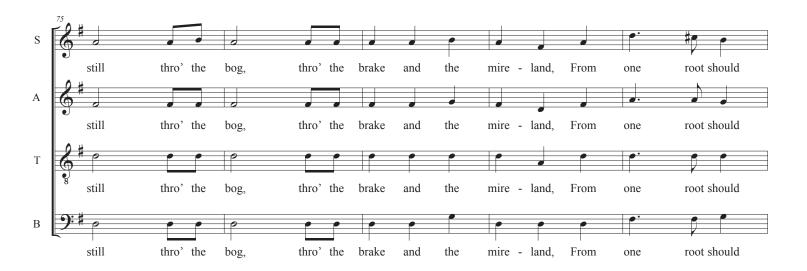


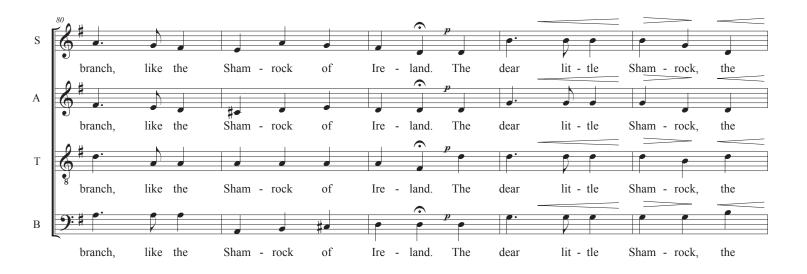


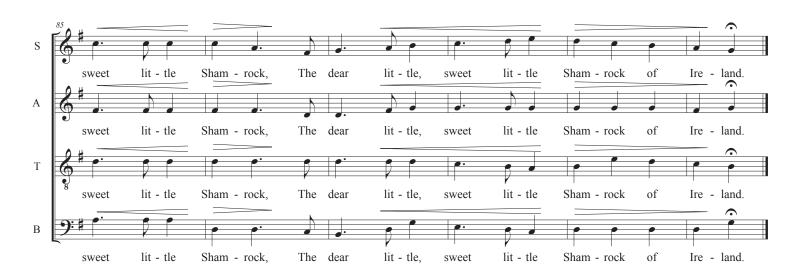












J. Fischer & Bro. (1908)

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.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it, And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile, And with dew from his eye often wet it.

It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mire-land, And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland. The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock. The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin, Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command In each climate they ever appear in:

For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mire-land, Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland. The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock, The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant that springs from our soil, When its three little leaves are extended, Denotes from the walk we together should toil, And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.

And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mire-land, From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland. The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock, The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

Andrew Cherry (1762-1812)

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