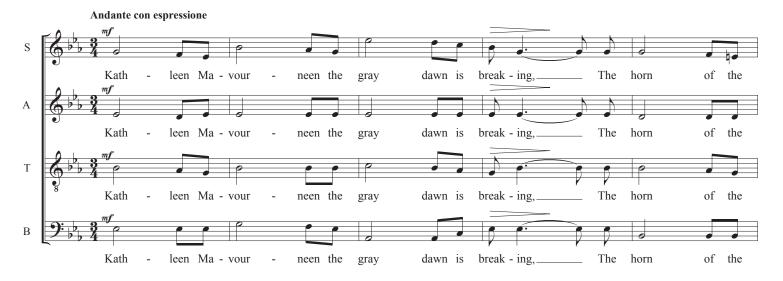
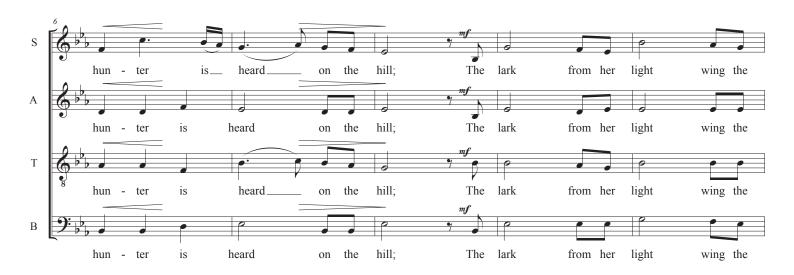


Frederick Nicholls Crouch
(1808-1896)
arr. William Rhys-Herbert
(1868-1921)

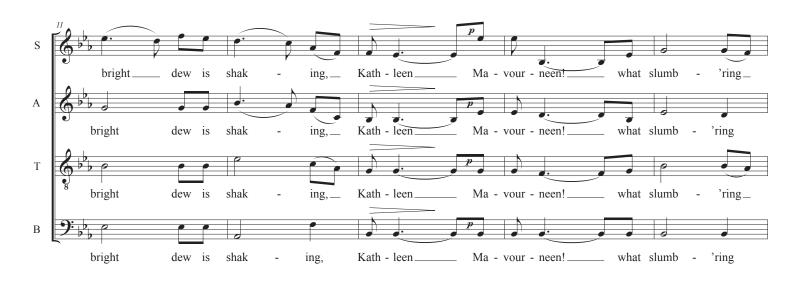
arr. W. Rhys-Herbert

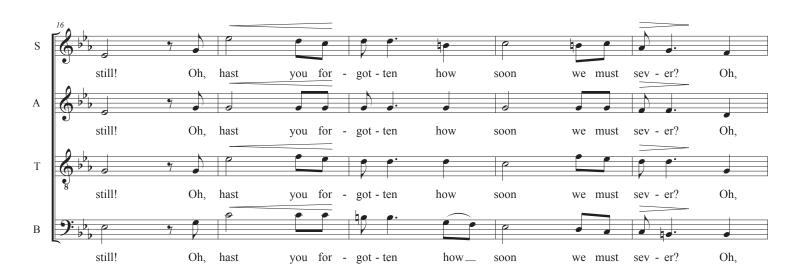


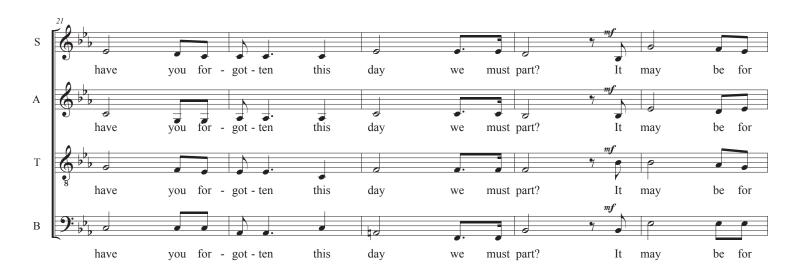


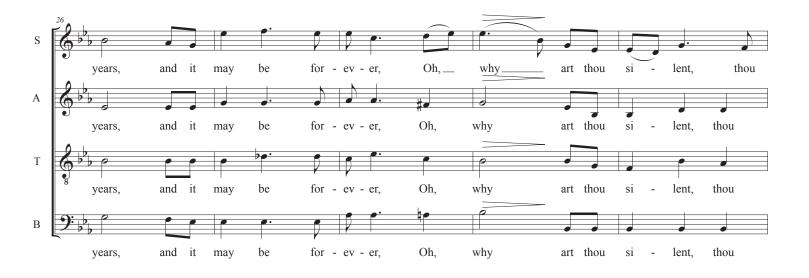


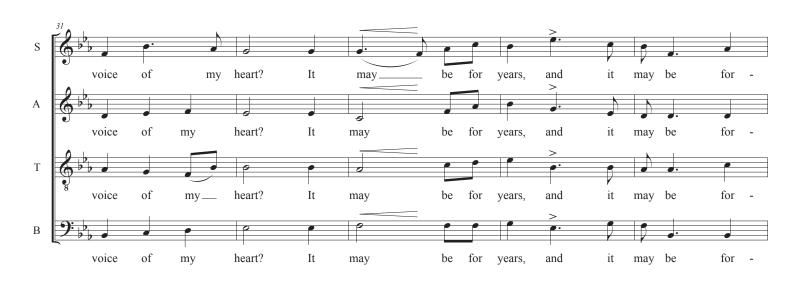
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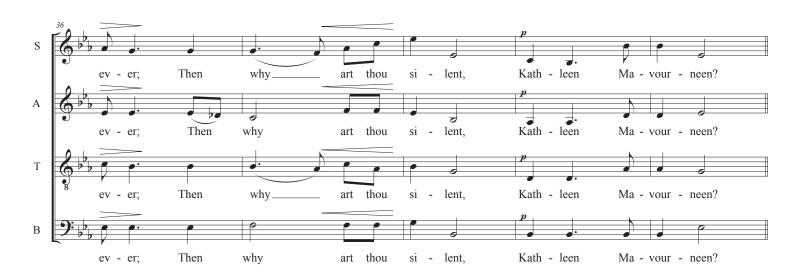


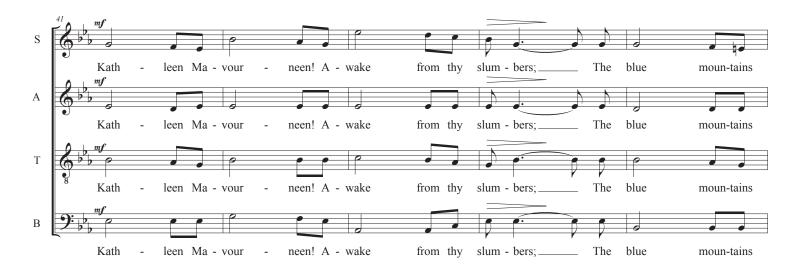


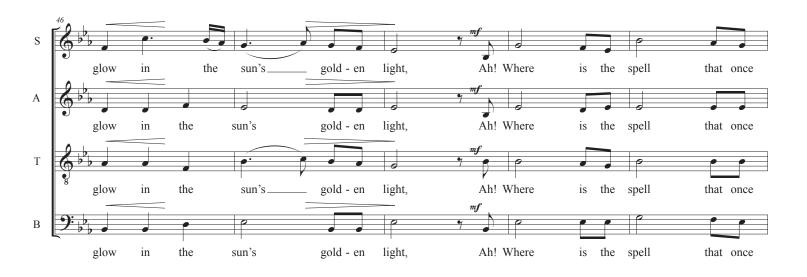


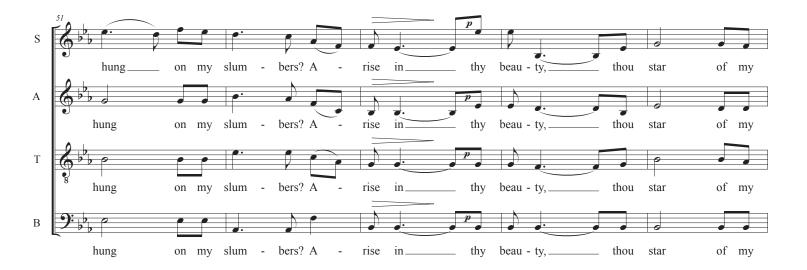


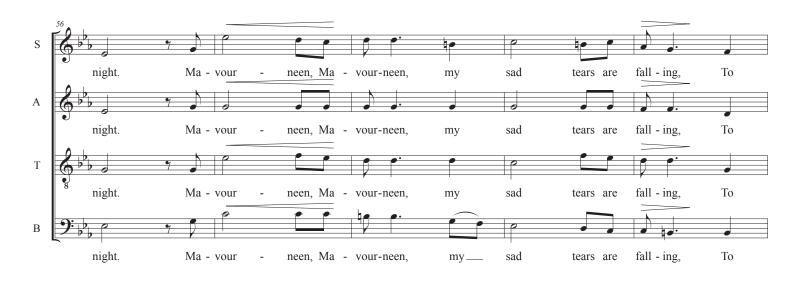


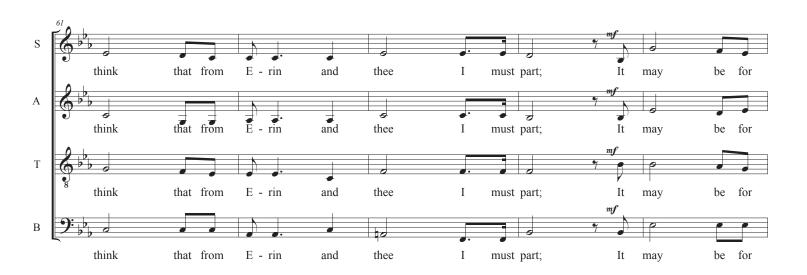


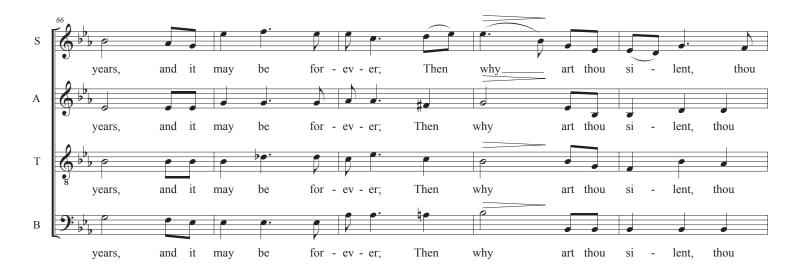


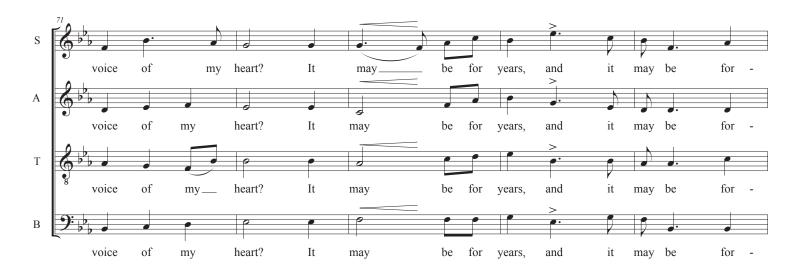


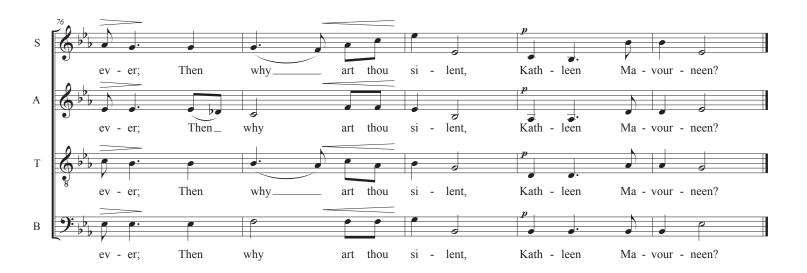












J. Fischer & Bro. (1908)

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.

Kathleen Mavourneen the gray dawn is breaking, The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking, Kathleen Mavourneen! what slumbering still!

Oh, hast you forgotten how soon we must sever? Oh, have you forgotten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it may be forever, Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be forever; Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers; The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light, Ah! Where is the spell that once hung on my slumbers? Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling, To think that from Erin and thee I must part; It may be for years, and it may be forever; Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be forever; Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Marion Crawford

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