



# **The meeting of the waters**

IRISH AIR: THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS

**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.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no,— it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

# The meeting of the waters

William Rhys-Herbert

Andante con espressione

S *mf* There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose bos - om the

A *mf* There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose bos - om the

T *mf* There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose bos - om the

B *mf* There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose bos - om the

<sup>4</sup>  
S bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the

A bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the

T bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the

B bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the

## The meeting of the waters

7 *riten.*

S bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart.

A bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart.

T bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart.

B bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart.

*mf*

S Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her Pur - est of crys - tal and

A Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her Pur - est of crys - tal and

T Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her Pur - est of crys - tal and

B Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her Pur - est of crys - tal and

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S bright - est of green; 'Twas not her soft ma - gic of stream - let or hill, Oh! —

A bright - est of green; 'Twas not her soft ma - gic of stream - let or hill, Oh! —

T bright - est of green; 'Twas not her soft ma - gic of stream - let or hill, Oh! —

B bright - est of green; 'Twas not her soft ma - gic of stream - let or hill, Oh! —

# The meeting of the waters

17 *riten.*

S no,- it was something more ex - quis - ite still, Oh! no,- it was some-thing more ex - quis - ite still.

A no,- it was something more ex - quis - ite still, Oh! no,- it was some-thing more ex - quis - ite still.

T no,- it was something more ex - quis - ite still, Oh! no,- it was some-thing more ex - quis - ite still.

B no,- it was something more ex - quis - ite still, Oh! no,- it was some-thing more ex - quis - ite still.

*mf*

S 'Twas that friends, the be - loved of my bos - om, were near, Who made ev - 'ry dear scenes of en -

A 'Twas that friends, the be - loved of my bos - om, were near, Who made ev - 'ry dear scenes of en -

T 'Twas that friends, the be - loved of my bos - om, were near, Who made ev - 'ry dear scenes of en -

B 'Twas that friends, the be - loved of my bos - om, were near, Who made ev - 'ry dear scenes of en -

24

S chant - ment more dear, And who felt how the\_\_ best charms of na - ture im - prove, When we

A chant - ment more dear, And who felt how the\_\_ best charms of na - ture im - prove, When we

T chant - ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of na - ture im - prove, When we

B chant - ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of na - ture im - prove, When we

## The meeting of the waters

27 *riten.*

S see them re - flect-ed from looks that we love, When we see them re - flected from looks that we love.

A see them re - flect-ed from looks that we love, When we see them re - flected from looks that we love.

T see them re - flect-ed from looks that we love, When we see them re - flected from looks that we love.

B see them re - flect-ed from looks that we love, When we see them re - flected from looks that we love.

*mf*

S Ah! sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy bos - om of shade, with the

A Ah! sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy bos - om of shade, with the

T Ah! sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy bos - om of shade, with the

B Ah! sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy bos - om of shade, with the

34

S friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our

A friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our

T friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our

B friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our

# The meeting of the waters

37 *riten.*  
S hearts, like thy waters, be min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace.  
*riten.*  
A hearts, like thy waters, be min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace.  
*riten.*  
T hearts, like thy waters, be min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace.  
*riten.*  
B hearts, like thy waters, be min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace.

J. Fischer & Bro.  
(1909)

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