



# When he, who adores thee

IRISH AIR: THE FOX'S SLEEP

**William Rhys-Herbert**  
**(1868-1921)**

*Larghetto*

S  
When he, who a-dores thee, has left but the name Of his fault and his sor - rows be-hind, Oh!

A  
When he, who a-dores thee, has left but the name Of his fault and his sor - rows be - hind, Oh!

T  
When he, who adores thee, has left but the name Of his fault and his sor - rows be - hind, Oh!

B  
When he, who adores thee, has left but the name Of his fault and his sor - rows be - hind, Oh!

S  
say wilt thou weep, when they dark - en the fame Of a life\_ that for thee was re-sign'd? Yes,

A  
say wilt thou weep, when they dark - en the fame Of a life\_ that for thee was re-sign'd? Yes,

T  
say wilt thou weep, when they dark - en the fame Of a life\_ that for thee was re-sign'd? Yes,

B  
say wilt thou weep, when they dark - en the fame Of a life\_ that for thee was re-sign'd? Yes,

## When he, who adores thee

9

S weep, and how-ev - er my foes may con-demn, Thy tears shall ef - face their de - cree; For

A weep, and how-ev - er my foes may con-demn, Thy tears shall ef - face their de - cree; For

T weep, and how-ev - er my foes may con-demn, Thy tears shall ef - face their de - cree; For

B weep, and how-ev - er my foes may con-demn, Thy tears shall ef - face their de - cree; For

*pp*

13

S Heav'n can wit - ness, tho' guilt - y to them, I have been but too faith - ful to thee.

A Heav'n can wit - ness, tho' guilt - y to them, I have been but too faith - ful to thee.

T Heav'n can wit - ness, tho' guilt - y to them, I have been but too faith - ful to thee.

B Heav'n can wit - ness, tho' guilt - y to them, I have been but too faith - ful to thee.

*rit.*

S With thee were the dreams of my ear - li - est love; Ev - 'ry thought of my rea - son was thine; In my

A With thee were the dreams of my ear - li - est love; Ev - 'ry thought of my rea - son was thine; In my

T With thee were the dreams of my ear - li - est love; Ev - 'ry thought of my rea - son was thine; In my

B With thee were the dreams of my ear - li - est love; Ev - 'ry thought of my rea - son was thine; In my

*p*

# When he, who adores thee

21

S last hum - ble pray'r to the Spir - it a - bove, Thy name shall be min - gled with mine. Oh!

A last hum - ble pray'r to the Spir - it a - bove, Thy name shall be min - gled with mine. Oh!

T last hum - ble pray'r to the Spir - it a - bove, Thy name shall be min - gled with mine. Oh!

B last hum - ble pray'r to the Spir - it a - bove, Thy name shall be min - gled with mine. Oh!

25

S blest are the lov - ers and friends who shall live The days of thy glo - ry to see; But the

A blest are the lov - ers and friends who shall live The days of thy glo - ry to see; But the

T blest are the lov - ers and friends who shall live The days of thy glo - ry to see; But the

B blest are the lov - ers and friends who shall live The days of thy glo - ry to see; But the

29

S next dear - est bless - ing that Heav - en can give Is the pride of thus dy - ing for thee. *rit.*

A next dear - est bless - ing that Heav - en can give Is the pride of thus dy - ing for thee. *rit.*

T next dear - est bless - ing that Heav - en can give Is the pride of thus dy - ing for thee. *rit.*

B next dear - est bless - ing that Heav - en can give Is the pride of thus dy - ing for thee. *rit.*

**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.

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name  
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?  
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
Thy tears shall efface their decree;  
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;  
Every thought of my reason was thine;  
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.  
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
The days of thy glory to see;  
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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