

Kathleen Mavourneen

Mrs. CRAWFORD

F. NICHOLLS CROUCH

Andante e penseroso

mf *mf* *mf*



1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the grey dawn is break-ing, . . . The
 2. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! a - wake from thy slum - bers; . . . The



horn of the hun - ter is heard on the hill; The lark from her
 blue mountains glow in the sun's gold - en light; Ah! where is the



light wing the bright dew is shak - ing, Kathleen . . . Mavour-neen! what,
 spell that once hung on my num - bers? A - rise in . . . thy beau-ty, thou



mf *>* *<* *>* *>* *mf*

slum - b'ring still! Oh, hast thou for - got-ten how soon we must sev-er? Oh,
 star of my night. Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vourneen, my sad tears are falling, To

Espressivo e legato

> *>* *>* *>* *>*

hast thou for-got-ten this day we must part? It may be for
 think that from E - rin and thee I must part; It may be for

p *>* *>* *>* *>*

years, and it may be for-ev-er; Oh, why . . arthou si - lent, thou
 years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why . . arthou si - lent, thou

voice of my heart? It may . . . be for years, and it may be for -

ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen?

John Anderson, My Jo

ROBERT BURNS

Andante

mf

1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your
 2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the-gith-er, And
 3. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When na - ture first be - gan To
 4. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We've seen our bairns' bairns, And

p