

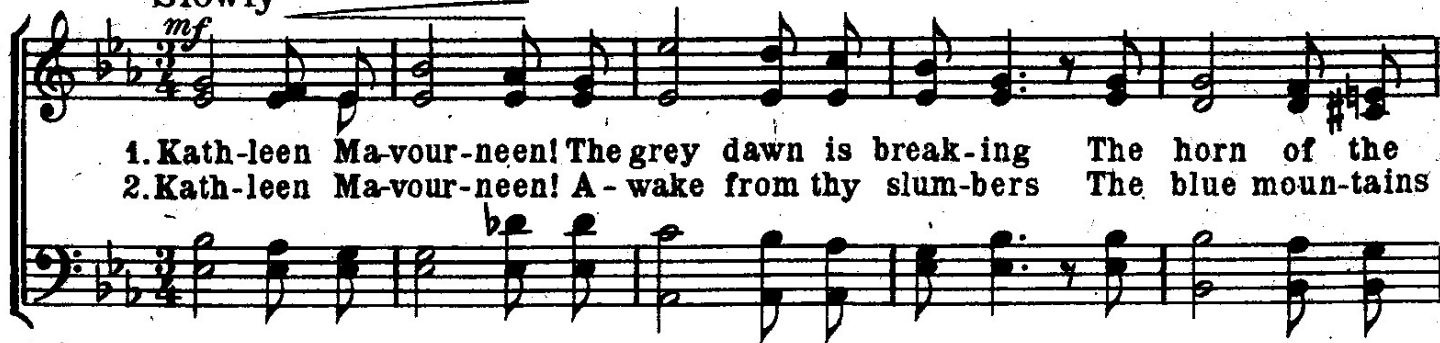
Kathleen Mavourneen

MRS. JULIA CRAWFORD

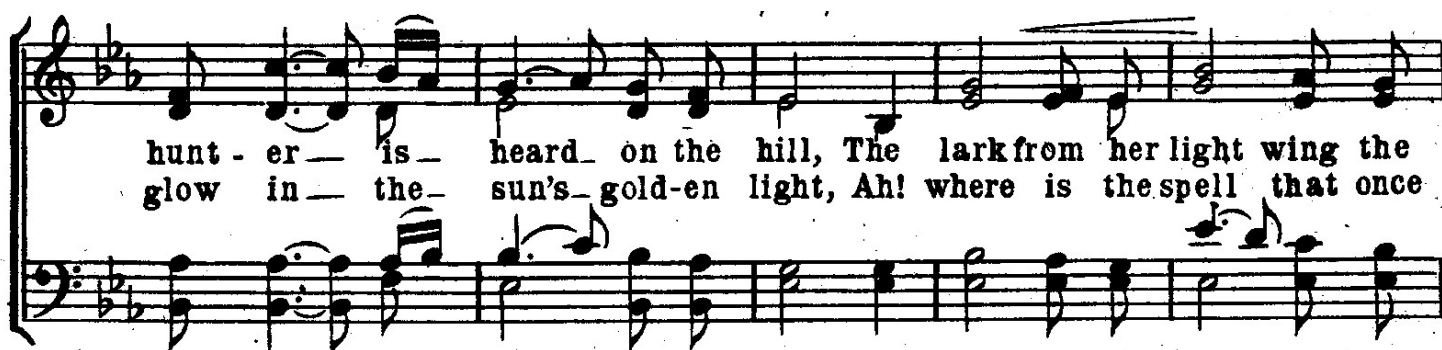
FREDERICK CROUCH

Slowly

mf



1. Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen! The grey dawn is break-ing The horn of the
2. Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen! A-wake from thy slum-bers The blue moun-tains

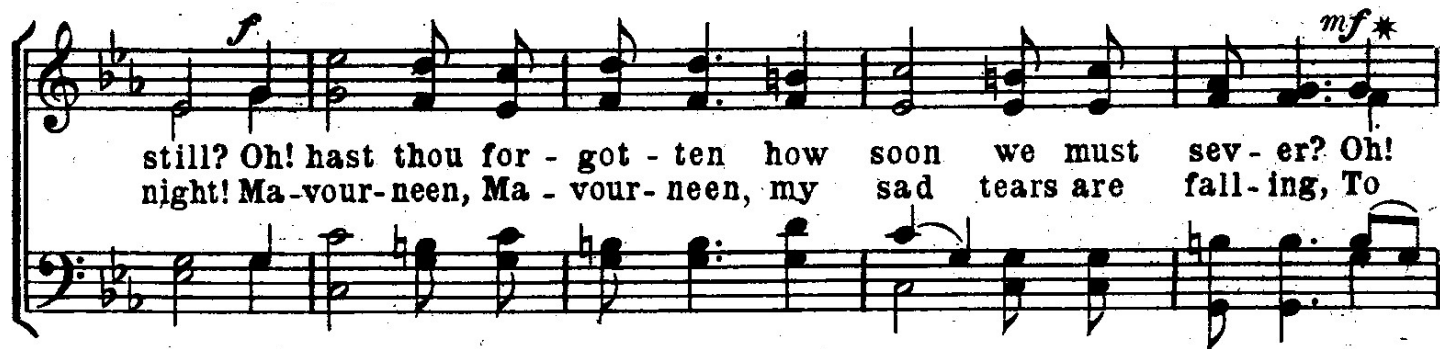


hunt - er - is - heard on the hill, The lark from her light wing the
glow in - the - sun's gold-en light, Ah! where is the spell that once



bright dew is shak - ing, - Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen! What, slum-bring
hung on thy num - bers, A - rise in thy beau-ty thou star of my

mf *



still? Oh! hast thou for - got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh!
night! Ma-vour-neen, Ma - vour-neen, my sad tears are fall-ing, To

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

rall.

years, and it may be for - ev - er; Oh! why art thou 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?

p