









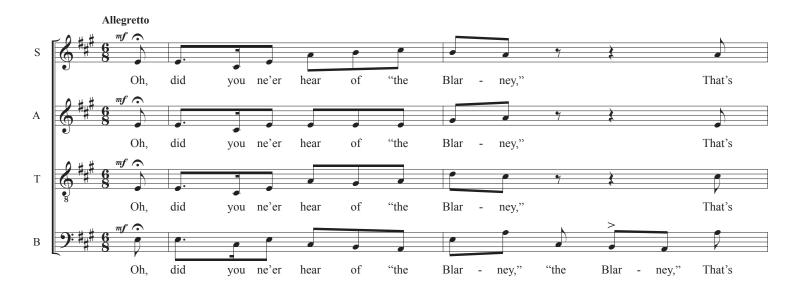


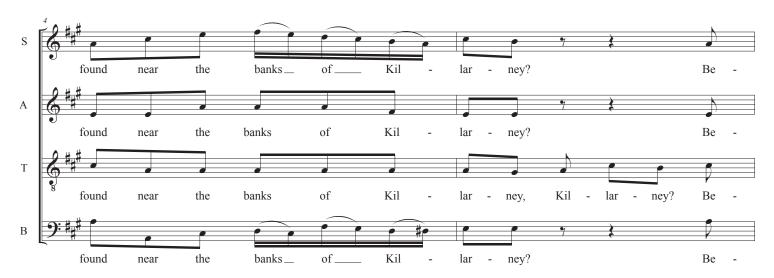
The Blarney Stone Irish Air

arr.

John B. Shirley (1860-1954)

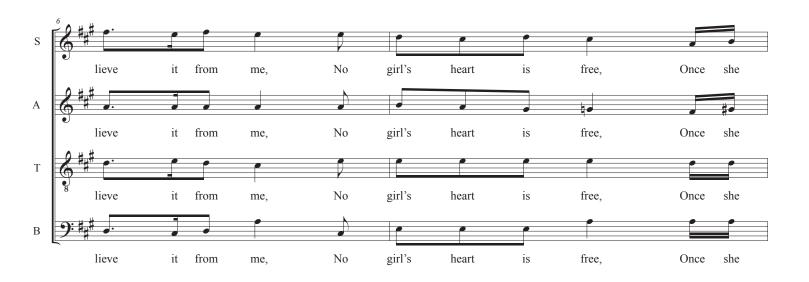
John B. Shirley

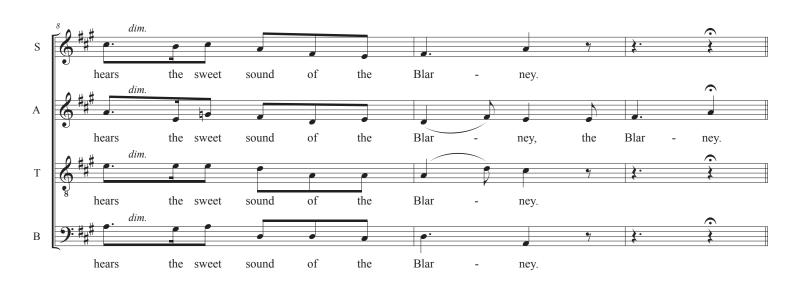


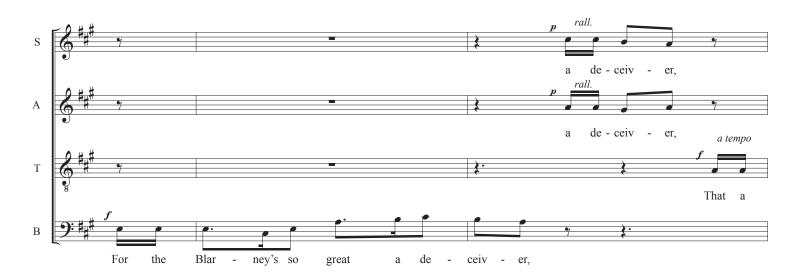


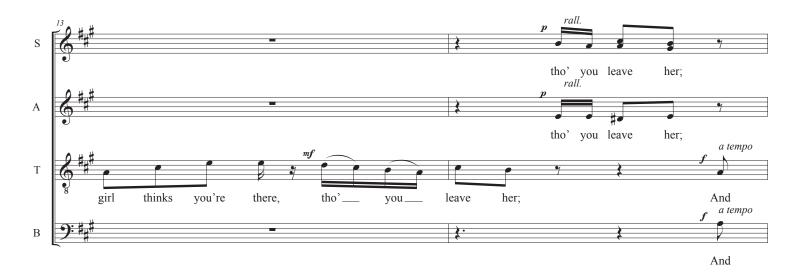


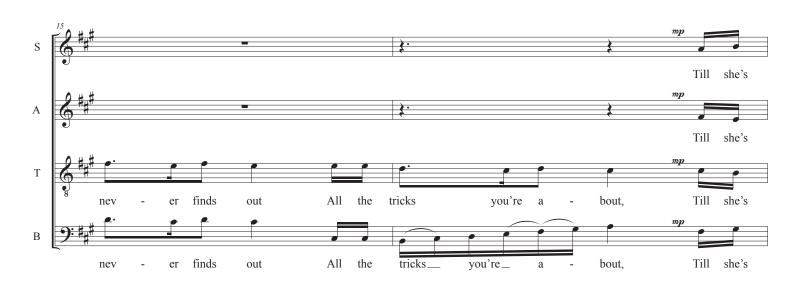
Edition and "engraving" © 2017 SHORCHORTM. May be freely distributed, duplicated, performed and recorded under the TERMS OF USE described elsewhere in this publication. This edition is not a source for a secondary edition.

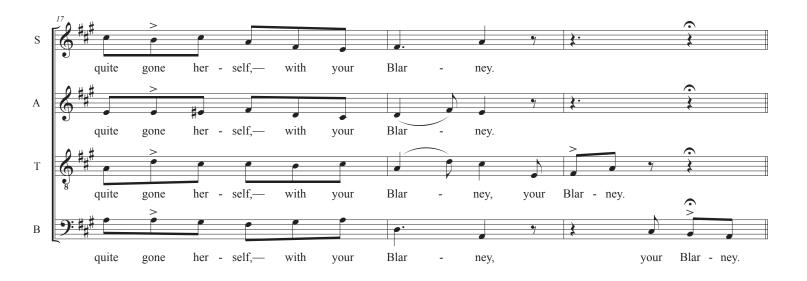


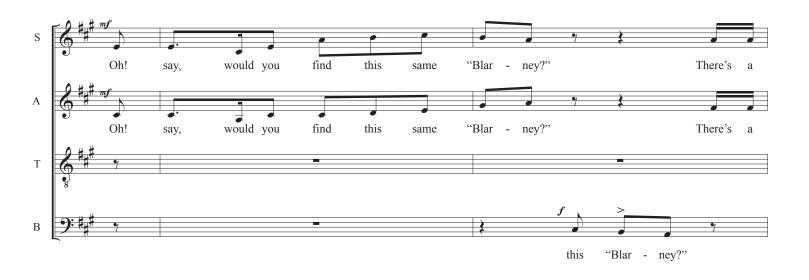


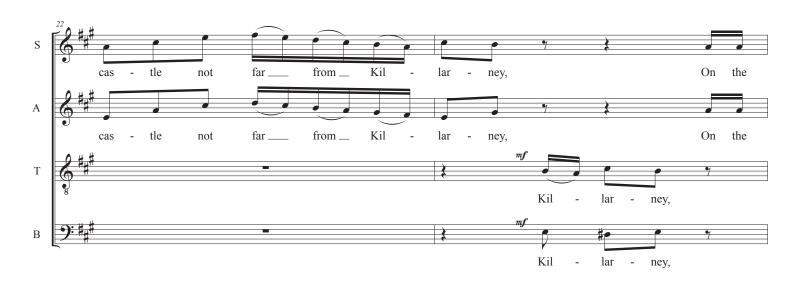


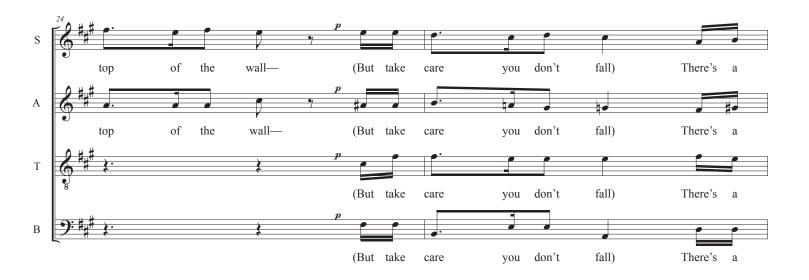


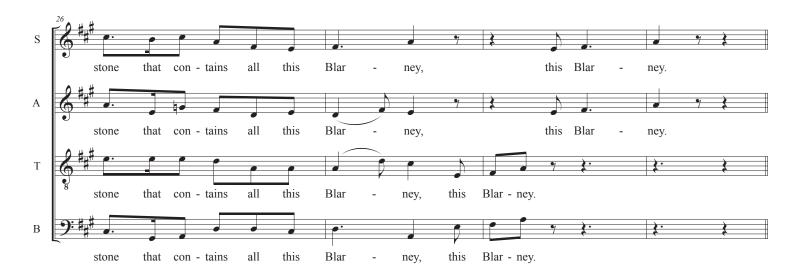


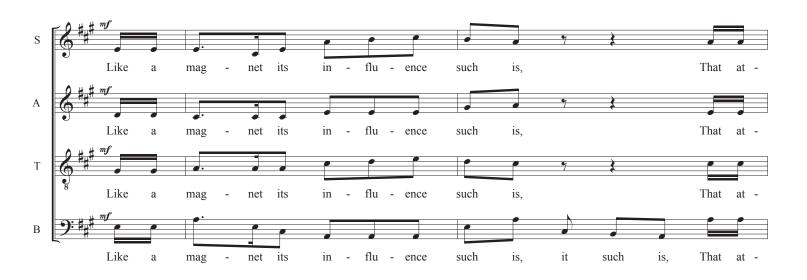


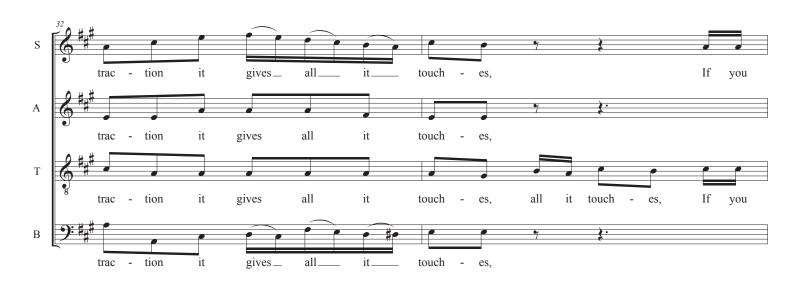






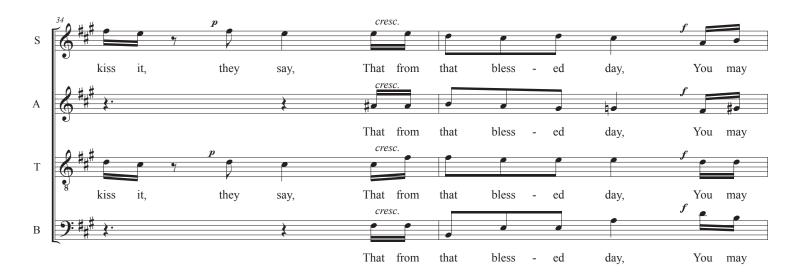


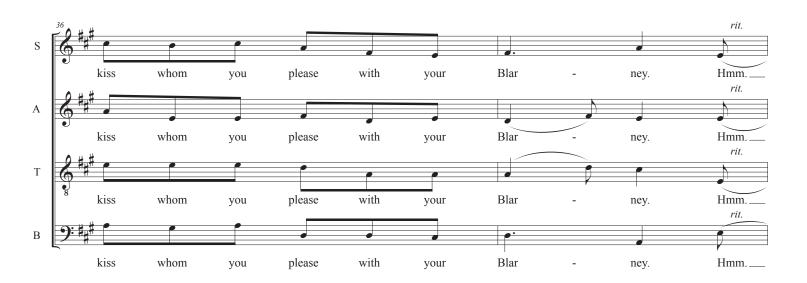


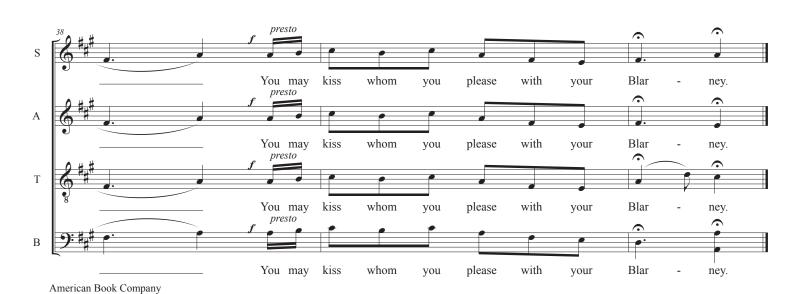


7

The Blarney Stone







(1909)

John B. Shirley (1860-1954) was born in Manhattan, New York City. As a young child, he was taken to Scotland and raised there. He studied vocal music and became a bass soloist, winning the Scottish gold medal at Glasgow one year in a contest with 400 aspiring singers. He returned to the United States as a young adult and became superintendent of music in the Lansingburg public schools in Troy, New York, where he remained for 44 years until his retirement in 1937. He was director of the music department at the Summer-Institute for New York State Teachers at Thousand Island Park, was active in the Troy Vocal Society, directed the Tourists Harmony Quartet and was member of the Burns Club and of the American Guild of Organists. After retirement, he spent winters in St. Petersburg, Florida, where he became active in several musical organizations and founded the Three-Quarter Century Chorus. He died in Eagle Mills, New York. He was widely known as vocalist, conductor and composer. He published a number of books containing his editions, arrangements and compositions for choirs.

Oh, did you ne'er hear of "the Blarney,"
That's found near the banks of Killarney?
Believe it from me,
No girl's heart is free,
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.
For the Blarney's so great a deceiver,
That a girl thinks you're there, though you leave her;
And never finds out
All the tricks you're about,

Till she's quite gone herself,—with your Blarney.

Oh! say, would you find this same "Blarney?"
There's a castle not far from Killarney,
On the top of the wall—
(But take care you don't fall)
There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.
Like a magnet its influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches,
If you kiss it, they say,
From that blessed day,
You may kiss whom you plaze with your Blarney.

Samuel Lover (1797-1868)

TERMS OF USE

These editions are available as a service to the choral community, offering inexpensive access to public domain literature. Choir resources can purchase other literature still under copyright, especially to support those creating and publishing new compositions and arrangements. These editions have been created using public domain sources under U. S. copyright law. Out of respect to the research, time and effort invested:

please print and issue an edition in its entirety, retaining notices, attributions, and logos. please do not consider this edition a source for creating another edition.

If performed, sending a copy of the concert program would be a valuable affirmation. If recorded, notification and attribution would be appropriate professional courtesies and a copy of the recording would be greatly appreciated!

For a full description of these requests and more scores, visit: www.shorchor.net

