







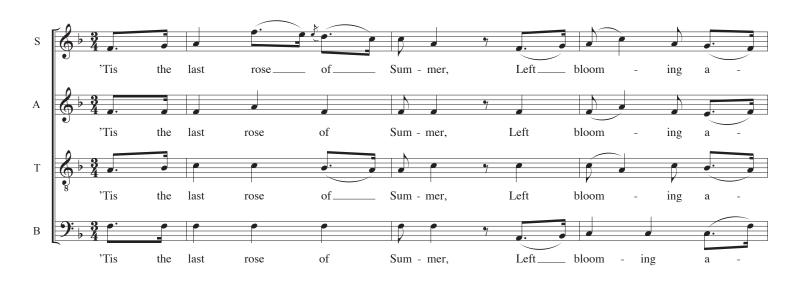


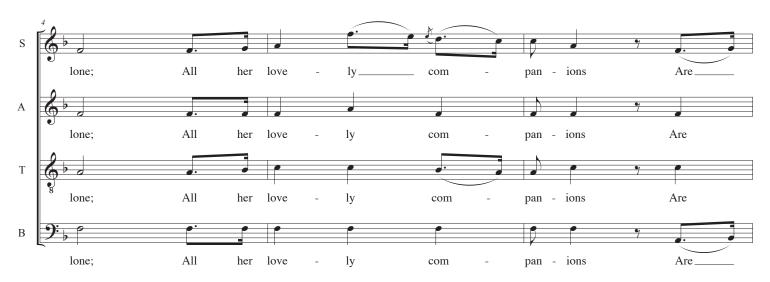


IRISH AIR

John B. Shirley (1860-1954)

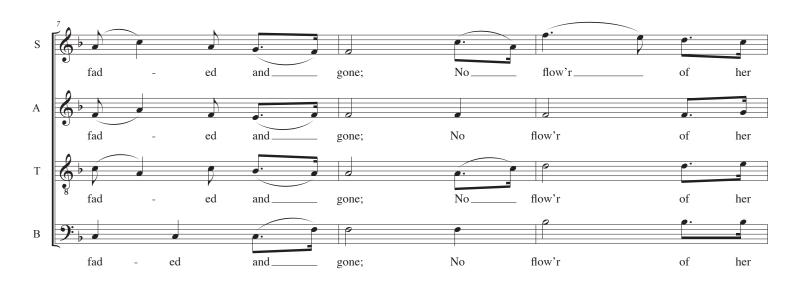
arr. John B. Shirley

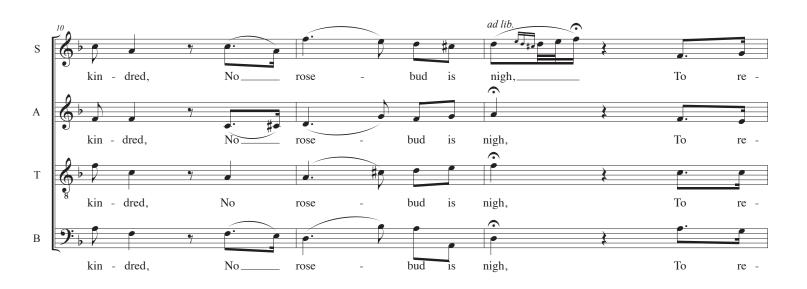


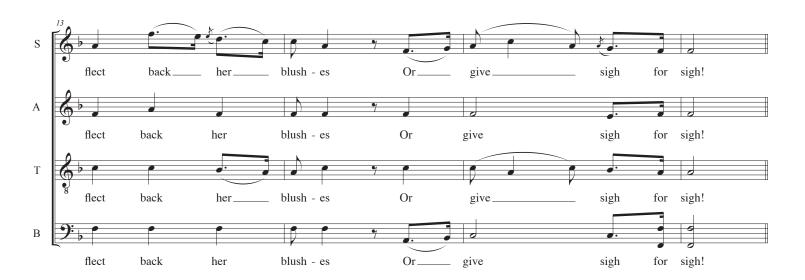


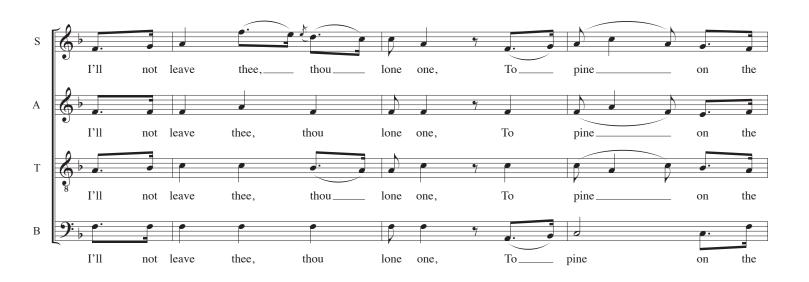


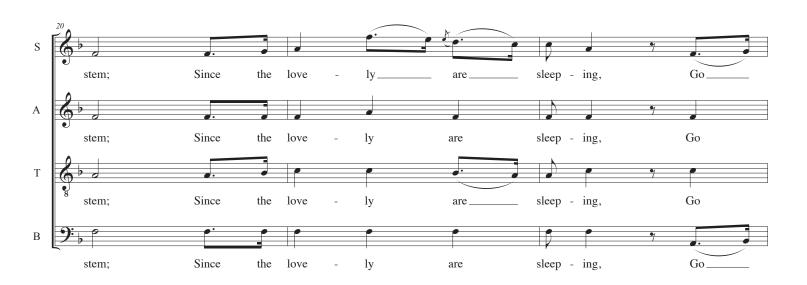
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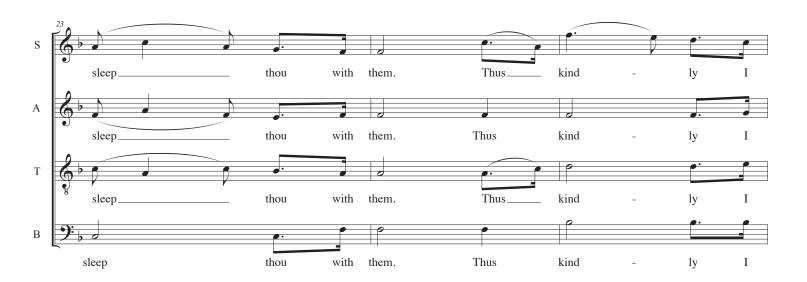


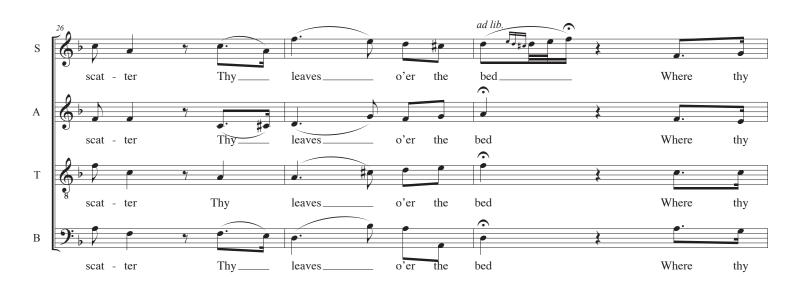


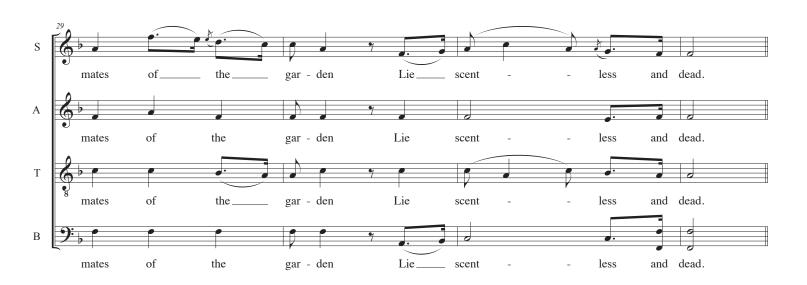


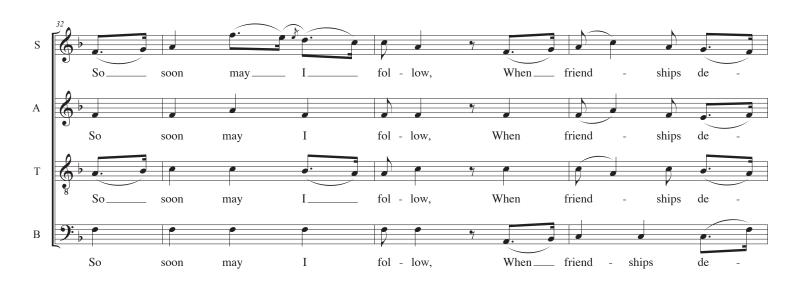


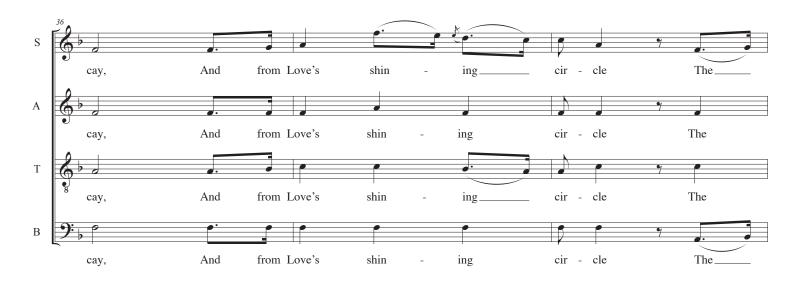


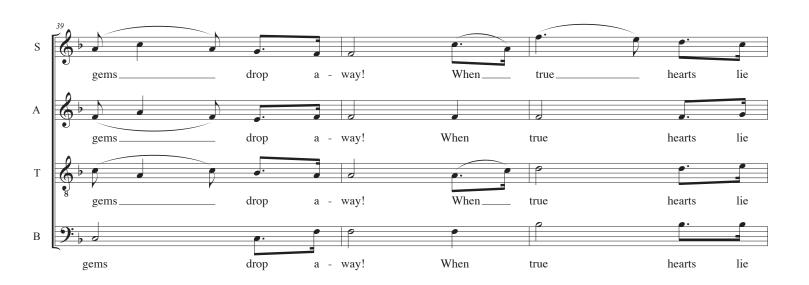


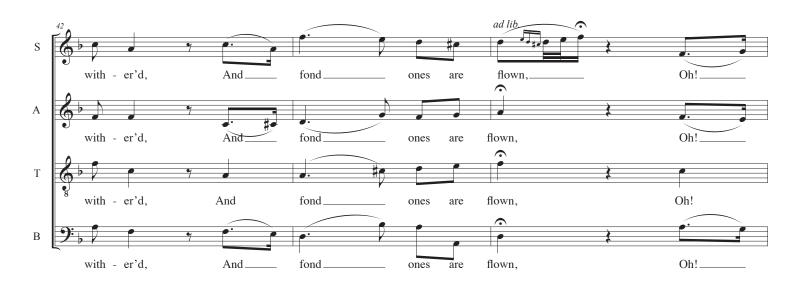


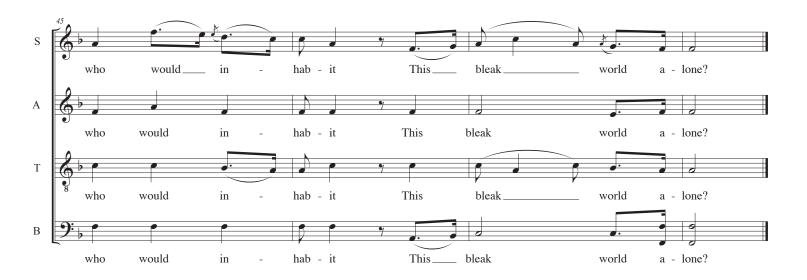












American Book Company (1909)

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.

'Tis the last rose of Summer, Left blooming alone; All her lovely companions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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