BALLADS OF A COUNTRY-BOY

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Ballads of a Country-Boy by Seumas MacManus

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SEUMAS MACMANUS

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SEUMAS MACMANUS

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"And I would the Green Harper night wake his soul to singing, With music of the golden wires heard when the world was new, That from his lips an echo of its sweetness may come ringling— A song of pure and noble hopes, a song of all things true." —ETMA CANDER,

THIRD EDITION.

DUBLIN:

M. H. GILL & SON, LTD., 50 UPPER O'CONNELL STREET.

1905.

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Long, long ago (ah, how long !) there was a barefoot boy, aerech-shinned (the pampered world of nowadays knows naught of the proud afflictionand shall not know), frayed of garments, wont to scud the moors, and skip the hills, and thread his way by the briary brooks in the green glens of Donegal, his pockets bursting with ballads, and his heart with love of Ireland; the former of which he thought the grandest boon earth could bestow, and the latter the most soul-satisfying joy in the gift of the gods. The world had named him very poor-because, then as now, the world sees only the superficialities. To appear poor to the crowd was probably his whim-one of those whims which we can all so easily pardon, even admire, in the avowedly opulent. For, in truth, he was of the millionaire magnates of earth, master of mines among his native mountains, gold and silver mines and diamond, which sank to insignificance all the trove of over-sung El Dorado.

One day this boy, turning his back upon fabulous treasures, foolhardy, hied him out over the great ring of hills—I see them around me as I write—

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which had hitherto, herded his dreams—and never returned. His name is now a mere memory on the moor.

Some song-seeds dropped from him in his dreams, however, found root, and came to bloom, in their poor fragrance holding his memory a little longer amid the hills. The writer of this note, who knew the youth, and, having seen into his heart, was partial to him, has culled a handful of the blossoms (some of them sorry ones enough, but pardoned because they are of the country-boy's heart) and would, with reverent hand, now place them above the breast of one at whose feet the boy had laid his love—of one beloved by Eire to whose sad soul she sang sweetest songs—of one who, like the boy I have been speaking of, is now no more.

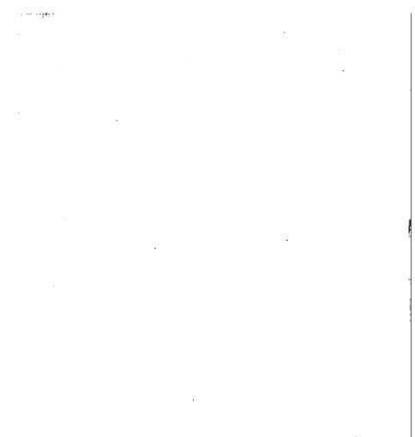
SEUMAS MACMANUS.

To the Memory of Ethna Carbery, Silver-tongued, Heart of Gold, Uhis Book of Ballads, by The Country-Bop.

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 \mathbf{v}

58





CONTENTS.

1713614

			PAGE		
A Mhuiraín Geal Mo Chroidh	e			1	
My Creed	1.4			3	
The Little Linnet of Boe	9.300			5	
Thurisk's Retort				7	
My Inver Bay				8	
Mo Mhuirnín	(\mathbf{r}, \mathbf{r})		• • • •	TT	
For Ireland				13	
Father John				14	
Máirin Og a Stor	1.01	8962	3. 3 .00	16	
For the Shores of Amerikay				18	
In Dark Hour				20	
A Word of Comfort			2.4	22	
The Fairy Host	200			24	
The Silly Treun				26	
The Heath-Clad Hills at Hor	ne			29	
Ultima Romanoram	3900	2.00	36352	32	
Tyrconnell				35	
I Understand				38	
The Mountain Waterfall		222		39	
In Exile				42	
Is Binn Beul Na Thosdh				44	
. When I was Twenty-Wan	100		••	45	
-Blessed Sorrow	••	× • •		49	
Shane O'Neill				50	
				200 C	

2.4

1

29

4

Ť.

3

1.110

3