

THE BLARNEY BALLADS

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The Blarney Ballads by Charles L. Graves

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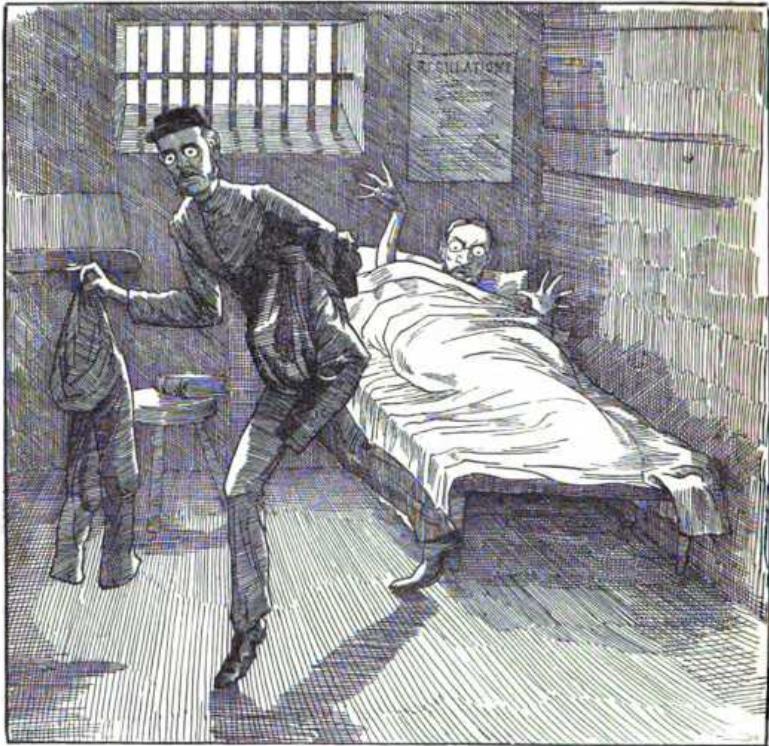
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CHARLES L. GRAVES

**THE BLARNEY
BALLADS**



Frontispiece.

[Vide p. 77.]

"I allalmost started screamin', ma'am,
To find that Mистер Balfour, that blood-stained English demon, ma'am,
Had taken Billy's clothes away and left him in goal to die."

THE
BLARNEY BALLADS

BY
CHARLES L. GRAVES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. R. HALKETT



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London
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1893

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PREFACE.



IN no more striking manner is the jealousy of the English manifested than by their reluctance to recognise the merits of Irish minstrelsy. In virtue doubtless of his long residence on English soil, Tom Moore has been admitted to the British lyrical Pantheon; but the claims of most of his compatriots have been steadily ignored. How many Saxon readers have heard of Buggy, the bard who so scathingly denounced *The Saxon Shilling* in verses of which *The Irish Tanner* is but a faint echo? Harkan, too, the author of *The Anti-Irish Irishman*; McGee, who sang of *The Irish Wife*; and McCann, who in inspiring strains bade his fellow Irishmen "strike for their country—O'Donnell Aboo,"—how lamentably few are their admirers on this side of the water!

The present volume has grown out of the desire to combat

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and correct this ignorance. Just as De Nerval rendered Goethe familiar in France by his paraphrases of Faust, so it is to be hoped that through these ballads England may be led to render tardy justice to the masterpieces from which they have been humbly imitated. If the renderings appear at times to be somewhat free, perhaps they will prove all the easier reading on that account.

Nearly all departments of Irish poetry are here represented, from the Bardic Ode to the Broadsheet. *The Arabian Knight* closely follows the metre of Mangan's *Dark Rosaleen*, in its turn a translation of a poem by an Irish bard of the Elizabethan era. Specimens of Convivial and Humorous Songs will be found in *The Promise-breaches*, based upon, and in some parts borrowed from, *Purty Molly Brallaghan*; in *Cave! to the Classes*, and in modernized versions of *The Groves of Blarney*, *The Rakes of Mallow*, and *The Monks of the Screw*. The street ballad is represented by *The Grand Ould Man*, *The Wearing of the Blue*, and *Willy, I Hardly Knew You*; while a chord of tenderer sentiment is struck in such pieces as *Billy Machree*,—adapted from Gerald Griffin's *Gille Machree*,—*The Munster Maid*, *A Leap-Year Match*, and *Waiting for the Tide*; the last mentioned being closely modelled on D. F. McCarthy's *Waiting for the May*. The originals of other pieces will be familiar to readers of Moore and Sheridan. Purists may resent such procedure as sacrilegious in the extreme; but if it prompts them to consult the Celtic exemplars, the end will have justified the somewhat questionable means adopted. Some few of these ballads may lay claim to originality in form and sentiment;

but even here free recourse has been made to the Irish Nationalist Press in general, and *United Ireland* in particular, for metaphors, epithets, and expletives. To guard against any possible charge of plagiarism, it may be as well to state that the adjectives in *The Balpha-bet* are nine times out of ten borrowed from the source indicated above. The term "Tory Skunks" in *The Irish Tanner* is believed to be the invention of a Nationalist M.P. and true patriot.

In conclusion, grateful acknowledgment has to be made to the editors of *The Spectator*, *The Globe*, *The Saturday Review*, *The Scotsman*, *The Irish Times*, *The Union*, and *The Reflector*, for their courteous permission to reprint the pieces which originally appeared in their columns. These are, "The Streets of Dublin," "The New Guy Faux," "The Execration Ode," and "Oh, the Wild Charge He Made!" (*Spectator*); "The Arabian Knight," "The Green Above the Red," "The Anti-English Englishman," "The Wearing of the Blue," and "The Legacy" (*Globe*); "The Groves of Hawarden" (*Saturday Review*); "The Irish War Song,"—in a short and imperfect form—(*Scotsman*); "The Grand Ould Man" (*Irish Times*); "The Irish Tanner" (*Union*); "Cave! to the Classes," "The Irish Vote," and "The Balpha-bet" (*Reflector*).

"THERE is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
 To grow eloquent :
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
 Of Parliament.
A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer
 To be let alone :
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
 From the Blarney Stone."