

**THE SMELL O' THE
TURF, VERSES**

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The smell o' the turf, verses by Samuel S. McCurry

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SAMUEL S. MCCURRY

**THE SMELL O' THE
TURF, VERSES**

The Smell o' the Turf

By the same Author:
"IN KESWICK VALE
& OTHER LYRICS"

THE
SMELL O' THE TURF

VERSES BY
SAMUEL S. McCURRY

With an Introduction by
PROFESSOR DOWDEN, LL.D.
Trinity College, Dublin

"Let us go forth into the field."—SONG OF SOLOMON

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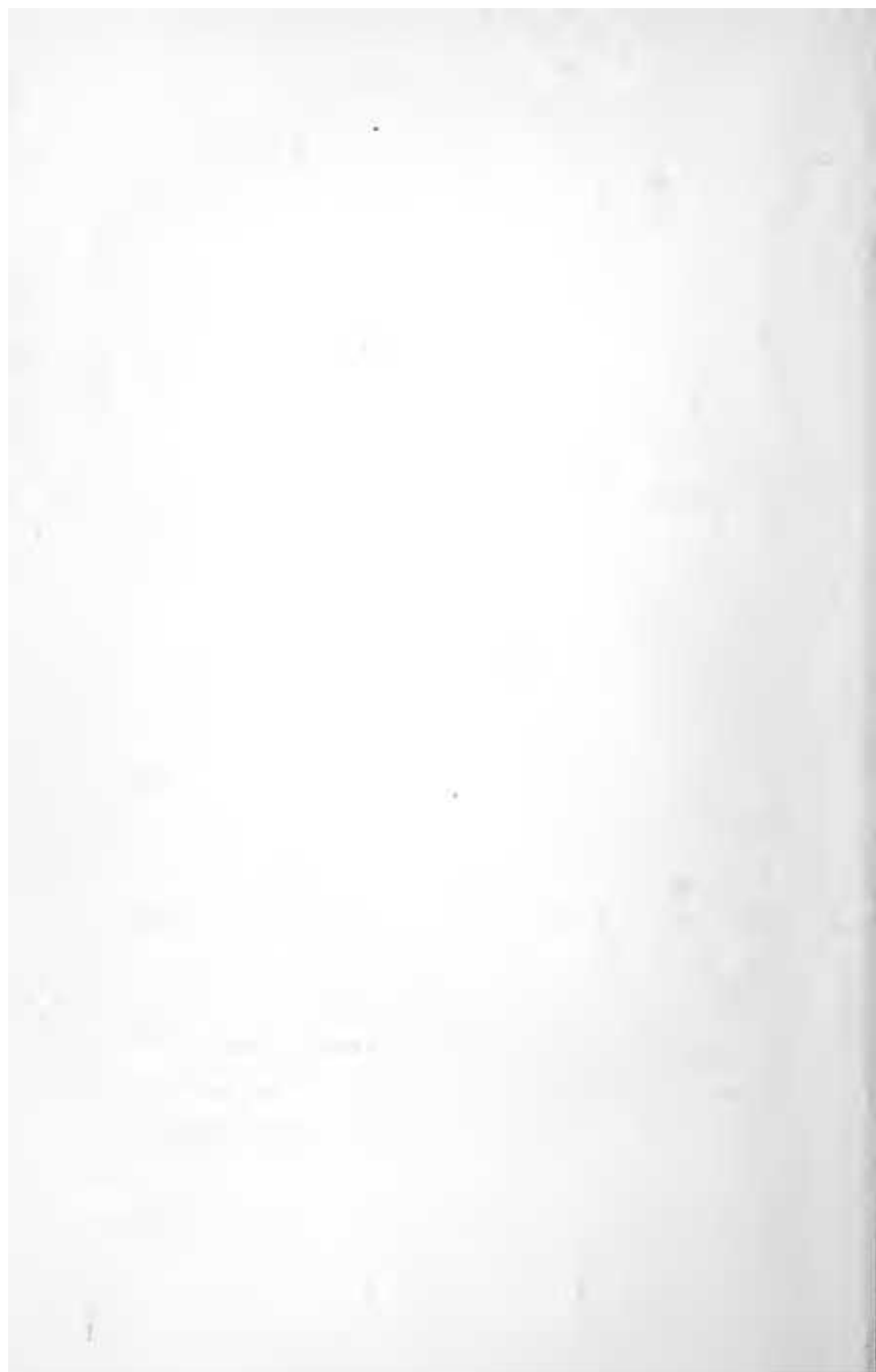
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To
CHRISTABEL

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PREFACE

THESE essays in verse represent the work of those occasional hours of leisure which remain after a busy life day by day in the City, hours:

“When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,”

and weave rhymes chiefly for the pleasure of my family and friends.

The kindly reception accorded to my previous little book, *In Keswick Vale and Other Lyrics*, encourages me to hope that the present collection, with all its limitations, may be also acceptable.

Under the title “Ballads of Ballytumulty,” I have included some pieces written for the most part in the dialect of Ulster which I hope will appeal to

my fellow-countrymen; though it is possible that many of the Scots words introduced may not be so familiar to them as they were to me in days of boyhood. In these ballads I have attempted to illustrate some of the humour and pathos peculiar to my native North, which becomes not less dear as time advances.

S. S. McC.

*Glenageary,
Co. Dublin.*