

# The Blarney - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE BLARNEY.

As sung by Tony Hart.

There's a castle in Dublin, convenient to Cork  
And Killarney, Killarney,  
There's a stone in its tower that a wonder can work,  
And that's blarney, that's blarney.  
There's a neat little village in which stands a mill,  
That goes grinding out cloth and that's grinding there still;  
And a plasing discourse you can larn, if you will,  
And that's blarney, that's blarney.

There are tie-ups and strikes in all parts of the land,  
Let them warn yer. yes, warn yer,  
That the rich and the poor must each one understand,  
And no blarney, no blarney.  
For when labor and capital each has their right,  
There's no striking by day, or no burning by night;  
We will all live in peace without dynamite,  
And no blarney, no blarney.

Uncle Sam got his dander rize way up on end,  
And says, darn yer, yes, darn yer;  
A stout helping hand to ould Ireland I'll lend,  
And no blarney, no blarney.  
I've helped with cash, and I've helped with corn,  
And I've helped her while starving, distressed and forlorn.-  
And I'll help her a nation once more to be born,  
That's no blarney, no blarney.

The great statue of Liberty enlighting the world,  
Is all blarney, all blarney;  
Though the star-spangled banner is boldly unfurled.  
It don't consarn yer. consarn yer.  
Tho' Liberty's torch may light Bedloe's lone isle,  
'Tis a will-o'-the-wisp that's burns but to beguile;  
For 'tis boodle that wins in the end all the while,  
And no blarney, no blarney.