

ANNA LIVIA PLURABELLE

BY JAMES JOYCE

WITH A PREFACE

BY PADRAIC COLUM



NEW YORK: CROSBY GAIGE: 1928

COPYRIGHT : 1928 : CROSBY GAIGE

NO. 53

*Eight hundred copies printed
Distributed in America by Random House
Each copy signed by the author
Typography by Frederic Warde*

James Joyce

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Preface

PREFACE

BY

PADRAIC COLUM



Anna Livia Plurabelle

is concerned with the flowing of a River. There have gone into it the things that make a people's inheritance: landscape, myth, and history; there have gone into it, too, what is characteristic of a people: jests and fables. It is epical in its largeness of meaning and its multiplicity of interest. And, to my mind, James Joyce's inventions and discoveries as an innovator in literary form is more beautifully shown in it than in any other part of his work.

But although it is epical it is an episode, a part and not a whole. It makes the conclusion

of the first part of a work that has not yet been completed. The episode was first published in *Le Navaire d'Argent* in September 1925. It was expanded and published in *Transition* in November 1927. Again expanded, it is here published in its definite form and with a title given it: *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

And so, like a river, it has gone on, and expanded, and gathered volume. . . . It is the same River that Stephen Dedalus of *The Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man* looked upon. "In the distance along the course of the slow-flowing Liffey slender masts flecked the sky, and, more distant still, the dim fabric of the city lay prone in haze. Like a scene on some vague arras, old as man's weariness, the image of the seventh city of Christendom was visible to him across the timeless air, no older nor more weary nor less patient of subjection than

in the days of the thingmote." . . . "O tell me about Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now." So the later prose begins, and at once we are in the water as it bubbles and hurries at its source. The first passage gives us the sight of the River, the second gives us the River as it is seen and heard and felt. The whole of the episode gives us something besides the sight and sound and feeling of water. . . . There are moments in our lifetime when, even although inarticulate, we are all poets, moments that are probably very frequent in childhood, moments when a bird hopping on the grass or a bush in blossom is something we could look upon for hours with a mind constantly stirred and forming images and thoughts that range through the visible

world, through history, and through the experiences of one's own lifetime. Such moments might come to us in any place. They would come most appropriately whilst watching the flow of water. It is this range we get in this episode: over and above the sight and sound and feeling of water there is in *Anna Livia Plurabelle* that range of images and thoughts, those free combinations of words and ideas, that might arise in us, if with a mind inordinately full and on a day singularly happy we watched a river and thought upon a river and travelled along a river from its source to its mouth.

But in this episode the mind's range has its boundary: the range is never beyond the river banks nor away from the city towards which the river is making its slow-moving, sometimes hurrying way. Dublin, the city once

seventh in Christendom, Dublin that was founded by sea-rovers, Dublin with its worthies, its sojourners, its odd characters, not as they are known to the readers of history-books, but as they live in the minds of some dwellers by the Liffey, is in this episode; Dublin, the Ford of Hurdles, the entrance into the plain of Ireland, the city so easily taken, so uneasily held. And the River itself, less in magnitude than the tributary of a tributary of one of the important rivers, becomes enlarged until it includes hundreds of the world's rivers. How many rivers have their names woven into the tale of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*? More than five hundred, I believe. "She thought she's sankh neathe the ground with nymphant shame when he gave her the tigris eye." In that sentence four of the world's rivers are mentioned, and the associations we

have with "nymph" and "underground" give us two more river-references. How beautifully the sentence that goes before it gives the flow of water! "She says herself she hardly knows whuon the annals her graveller was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what he did or how blyth she played or how, when, why, where and who offon he jumnpad her. She was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then, sauntering, by silvamoone-lake and he was a heavy trudging lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for whose sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with them!) used to rustle that time down by the dykes of killing Kildare, for forstfellfoss with a plash across her."

There will be many interpretations of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*—as many as the ideas that might come to one who watched the flowing

of the actual river. . . . To myself there comes the recollection of a feeling I had when, as a child, the first time in Dublin I crossed a bridge with an elder of mine beside me. I imagine other children's minds would have been occupied with such thoughts as occupied mine then. The city—who named it? The pavements—who laid them down? The statues—what had the men done that they should claim that men should look upon them now and that men should have looked upon them in one's father's and one's father's father's time? The River—who named it? Why that name and no other? And from what place did the River come? The mystery of beginnings filled the mind. And, combining with the questions that came, there were things that had to be noted—the elder one walked beside, now, strangely enough, become a man of the

city, knowing its lore, being saluted by its inhabitants, the apple one bought and ate and the penny one paid for it, the beggar-woman on the bridge with her blinded eyes and her doleful voice. . . . I feel in this tale of *Anna Livia Plurabelle* the mystery of beginnings as it is felt through, as it combines with, a hundred stray, significant, trifling things—the mystery of beginnings, and also the tale of all river-civilizations.

Its author, the most daring of innovators, has decided to be as local as a hedge-poet. James Joyce writes as if it might be taken for granted that his readers know, not only the city he writes about, but its little shops and its little shows, the nick-names that have been given to its near-great, the cant-phrases that have been used on its side-streets. "The ghost-white horse of the Peppers," he writes, and

some of us remember that there was an act in a circus called *Pepper's Ghost*, and that there is an Irish play called *The White Horse of the Peppers*,—a play in which ancestral acres are recovered through the speed of a horse. Through these memories a mythical shape appears on the banks of the River. This localness belongs to James Joyce's innovations: all his innovations are towards giving us what he writes about in its own atmosphere and with its own proper motion. And only those things which have been encountered day after day in some definite place can be given with their own atmosphere, their own motion.

Much should be said, and some time much will have to be said, about the de-formations and the re-formations of words in James Joyce's later work. Some of these de-formations and re-formations will not be questioned

by readers who have an understanding of language: they will know that they succeed clearly in giving what the writer wants to give us.

Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flittering bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome? What Tom Malone? Can't hear with bawk of bats, all the liffeying waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos. I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughtersons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Tell me tale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!

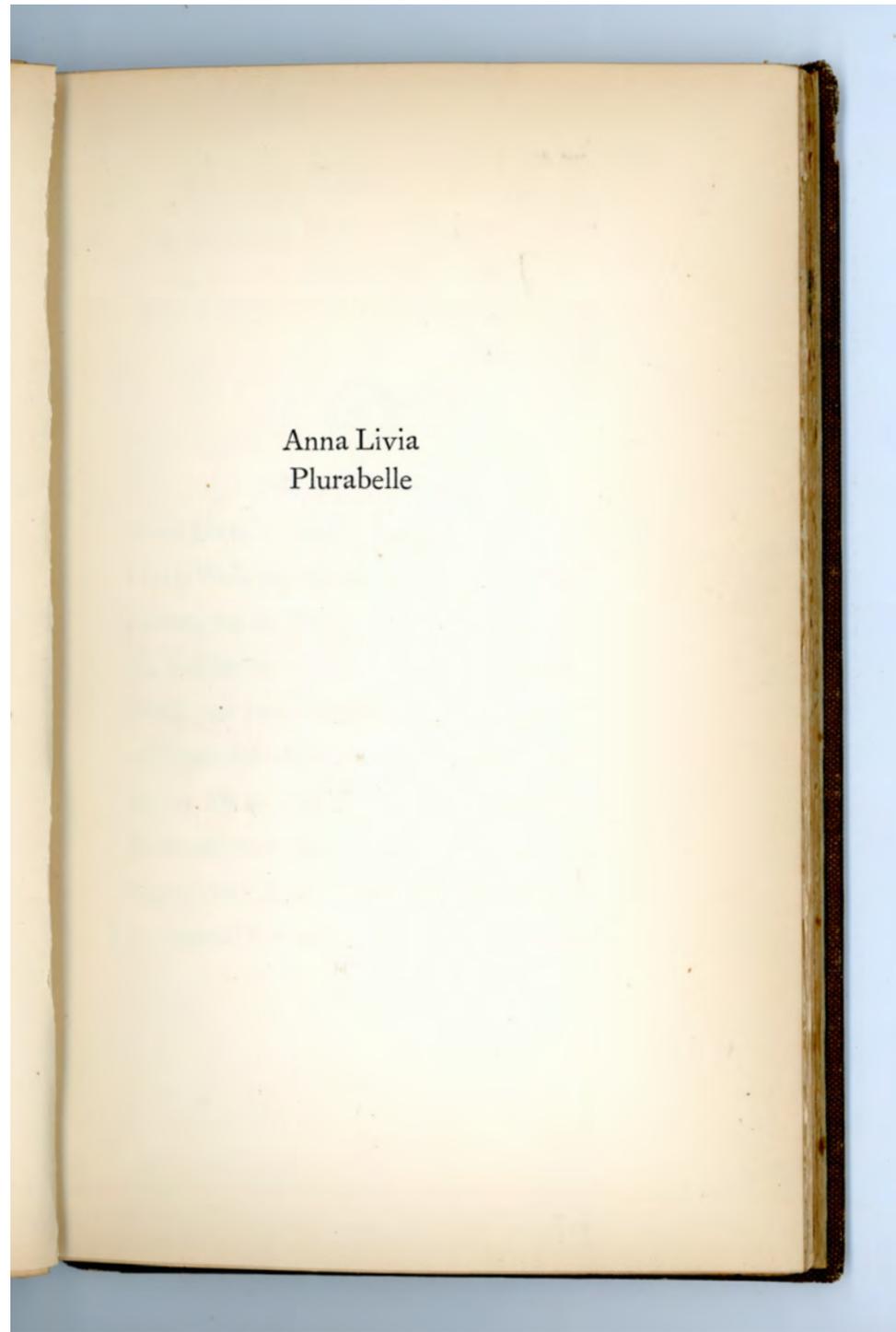
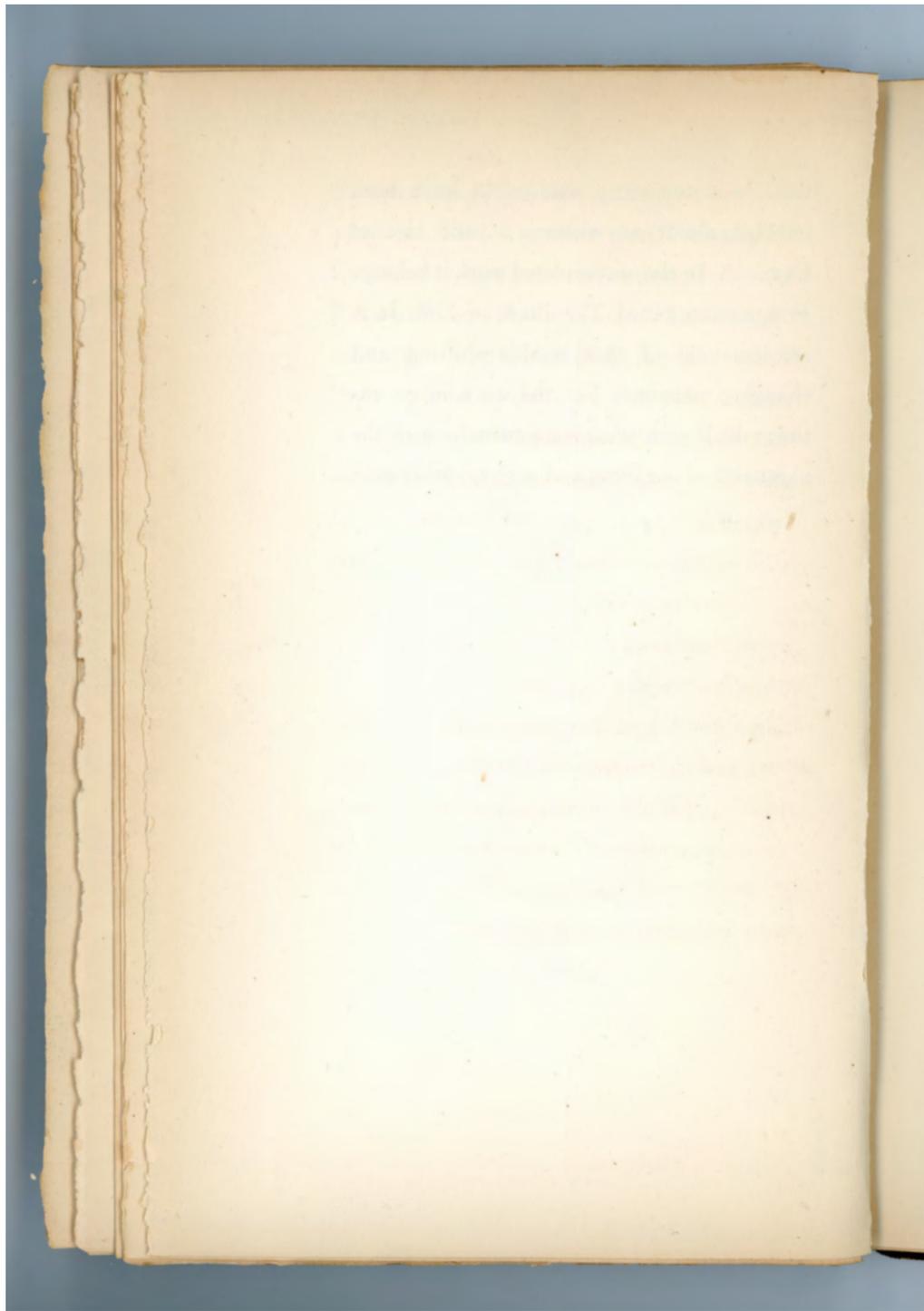
Everything that belongs to the dusk and the gathering of the clouds of evening is in

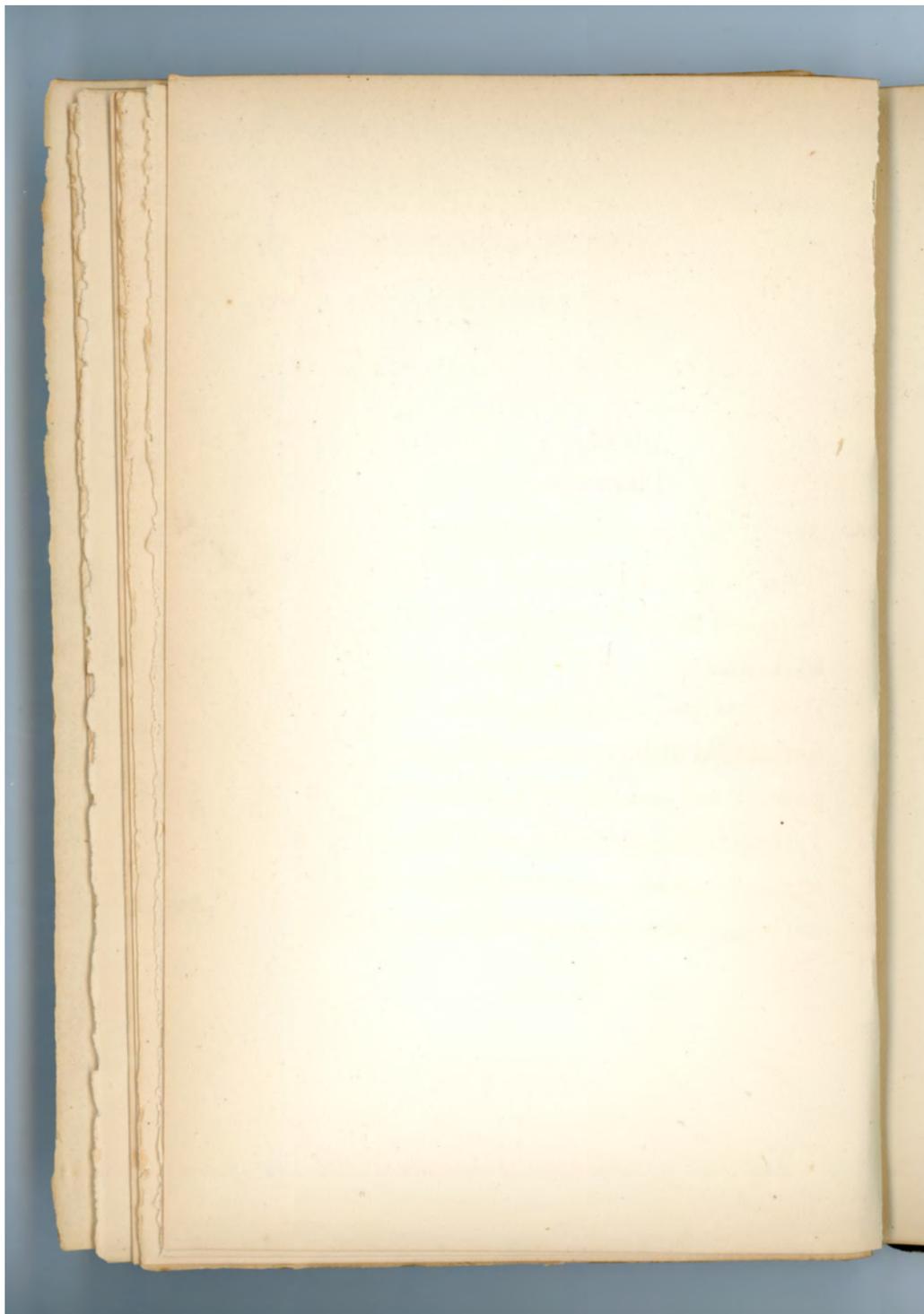
this passage: the de-formations and the re-formations of the words give us the murk of the evening. There are other innovations in the language that are really difficult to explain. Or, rather, that would require the exposition of a theory to be properly explanatory. Let us say that words are always taking on new meanings, that they take on new meanings more quickly than we realize, and that, in the case of English, as the language becomes more and more wide-spread, the change is being accelerated. Take the word "girl," for instance. Contrast the meaning of the word as a mother uses it of her growing child with the meaning it has when Miss Loos talks of "we girls," and, further, the meaning it has in those score of stories that tell us what "the girl" said, and the point of which is that one does not know whether the person who makes

the remark is very simple-minded or very experienced. And remember that Chaucer, in one instance, uses the word as meaning a boy. Remember, too, that in "queen" and "quean" the same word has been given opposite meanings; the form of the word that held dignity is now losing it as any one knows who has listened to talk about "movie-queens." James Joyce treats words as having shifting meanings: he lets us read a score of meanings into the words he sets down in his later work.

Anna Livia Plurabelle—two washerwomen tell her story: as it begins, the evening sun, we fancy, is dabbling the water; as it closes, night is closing in. Voices become remote. Metamorphoses comes upon all that has been looked upon and talked about. The women, when we look to see them again, have been changed, one into a stone, and the other into an elm-

tree. It is any story that might have been babbled about anywhere . . . the tale of Eve . . . In the uncompleted work it belongs to a section called *The Book of Life*. It is emblematical of that work's shifting and changing meanings. For the work in its entirety deals with what is nocturnal—with the night-side of our lives, and with no other side.





○

tell me all about

Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now. You'll die when you hear. Well, you know, when the old cheb went futt and did what you know. Yes, I know, go on. Wash quit and don't be dabbling. Tuck up your sleeves and loosen your talk-tapes. And don't, butt me—hike!—when you bend. Or whatever it was they threed to

3

make out he thried to two in the Fiendish park. He's an awful old reppe. Look at the shirt of him! Look at the dirt of it! He has all my water black on me. And it steeping and stuping since this time last wik. How many goes is it I wonder I washed it? I know by heart the places he likes to saale, duddurty devil! Scorching my hand and starving my famine to make his private linen public. Wallop it well with your bat-tle and clean it. My wrists are rwusty rubbing the mouldaw stains. And the dneepers of wet and the gangres of sin in it! What was it he did a tail at all on Animal Sendai? And how long was he under loch and neagh? It was put in the newses what he did, nicies and priers, the King fierceas Humphrey, with illysus distilling, exploits

and all. But toms will till. I know he well. Temp untamed will hist for no man. As you spring so shall you neap. O, the roughy old rappe! Minxing marrage and making loof. Reeve Gootch was right and Reeve Drughad was sinistrous! And the cut of him! And the strut of him! How he used to hold his head as high as a howeth, the famous eld duke alien, with a hump of grandeur on him like a walking rat. And his derry's own drawl and his corksown blather and his doubling stutter and his gullaway swank. Ask Lictor Hackett or Lector Reade or Garda Growley or the Boy with the Billyclub. How elster is he a called at all. Qu'appelle? Huges Caput Earlyfouler? Or where was he born or how was he found? Urgothland, Tvistown, on

the Kattekat? New Hunshire, Concord on
the Merrimake? Was her banns never
loosened in Adam and Eve's or were him
and her but captain spliced. For mine ether
duck I thee drake. And by my wildgaze I
thee gander. Flowey and Mount on the
brink of time makes wishes and fears for a
happy isthmass? O, passmore that and
oxus another! Don Dom Dombdomb and
his wee folly! Was his help inshored in the
Stork and Pelican against bungelars, flu
and third risk parties? I heard he dug good
tin with his doll when he raped her home,
Sabrine ashore, in a parakeet's cage, by
dredgerous lands and devious delts, play-
ing catched and mythed with the gleam of
her shadda, past auld min's manse, and
Maisons Allfou and the rest of incurables

and the last of immurables, the quaggy
waag for stumbling. Who sold you that
jackalantern's tale? Pemmican's pasty pie!
In a gabbard he barqued it, the boat of life,
from the harbourless Ivernikan Okean, till
he spied the loom of his landfall and he
loosed two croakers from under his tilt, the
gran Phenician rover. By the smell of her
kelp they made the pigeonhouse. Like fun
they did! But where was Himself, the timo-
neer? That marchantman he suivied their
scutties right over the wash, his cameleer's
burnous breezing up on him, till with his
runagate bowmpriss he roade and borst
her bar. Pilcomayo! Suchcaughtawan! And
the whale's away with the grayling! Tune
your pipes and fall ahumming, you born
ijypt, and you're nothing short of one!

Well, ptellomey soon and curb your escumo. When they saw him shoot swift up her sheba sheath, like any gay lord salomon, her bulls they were ruhing, surfed with spree. Boyarka buah! Boyana bueh! He erved his lille Bunbath hard, our staly bred, the trader. He did. Look at here. In this wet of his prow. Don't you know he was kalled a bairn of the brine, Wasserbourne the waterbaby? Havenmarea, so he was. H.C.E. has a codfisck ee. Shyr she's nearly as badher as him herself. Who? Anna Livia? Ay, Anna Livia. Do you know she was calling backwater sals from all around to go in till him, her erring cheef, and tickle the pontiff aisy-oisy? She was? Gota pot! Well, that's the limmat! As El Negro winced when he wonced in La Plate.

O, tell me all I want to hear, how loft she was lift a laddery dextro. A coneywink after the bunting fell. Letting on she didn't care, the proxenete! Proxenete and phwhat is phthat? Tell us in franca lingua. And call a spate a spate. Did they never sharee you ebro at skol, you antiabecedarian? It's just the same as if I was to go for examplum now out of telekinesis and proxenete you. For coxyt sake and is that what she is? Botlettle I thought she'd act that loa. Didn't you spot her in her windaug, wubbling up on an osiery chair, with a meusic before her all cunniform letters, pretending to ribble a reedy derg on a fiddle she bogans without a band on? Sure she can't fiddan a dee, with bow or abandon! Srue, she can't! Tista suck. Well, I never heard the like of

that! Tell me moher. Tell me moatst. Well, old Humber was as glommen as grampus, with the tares at his thor and the buboes for ages and neither bowman nor shot abroad and bales allbrant on the crests of rockies and nera lamp in kitchen or church and giant's holes in Grafton's causeway, setting sambre on his benk, drammen and drummm, his childlinen scarf to encourage his obsequies where he'd check their debths in that mormon's thames, be questing and handset, hop, step and a deepend, with his berths in their toiling moil, his swallower open from swolf to fore and the snipes of the gutter pecking his crocs, hungerstriking all alone and holding doomsdag over hunseself, dreeing his weird, with his dander up, and his fringe combed over his

eygs and droming on loft till the sight of the sternes, after zwarthy kowse and weedy broeks and the tits of buddy and the loits of pest and to peer was Parish worth thette mess. You'd think all was dodo belonging to him how he durmed adranse in durance vaal. He had been belching for severn years. And there she was, Anna Livia, she darent catch a winkle of sleep, purling around like a chit of a child, in a Lapssummer skirt and damazon cheeks, for to ishim bonzour to her dear dubber Dan. With neuphraties and sault from his maggias. And an odd time she'd cook him up blooms of fisk and lay to his heartsfoot her meddery eygs and staynish beacons on toasc and a cupenhave so weeshywashy of Greenland's tay or a

dzoupgan of Kaffue mokau an sable or Si-
kiang sukry or his ale of ferns in trueart
pewter and a shinkobread for to plaise that
man hog stay his stomicker till her pyrrak-
nees shrunk to nutmeg graters and as rash
as she'd russ with her peakload of vivers up
on her sieve (his towering rage it swales and
rieses) my hardey Hek he'd kast them frome
him, with a stour of scorn, as much as to
say you sow and you sozh, and if he didn't
peg the platteau on her tawe, believe you
me, she was safe enough. And then she'd
esk to vistule a hymn, *The Heart Bowed
Down* or *The Rakes of Mallow* or Chelli
Michele's *La Calumnia è un Vermicelli* or
a balfy bit or *old Jo Robidson*. Sucho fuf-
fing a fifeing 'twould cut you in two! She'd
bate the hen that crowed on the turrace

of Babbel. What harm if she knew how to
cockle her mouth. And not a mag out of
Hum no more than out of the mangle
weight. Is that a faith? That's the fact.
Then riding the ricka and roya romanche
Annona, gebroren aroostokrat Nivia, doch-
ter of Sense and Art, with Sparks' pirry-
phlickathims funkling her fan, anner
frostivying tresses dasht with virevlies,—
while the prom beauties sreeked nith their
bearers' skins!—in a period gown of
changeable jade that would robe the wood
of two cardinals' chairs and crush poor
Cullen and smother MacCabe. O blazer-
skate! Theirs porpor patches! And brahm-
ing to him down the feedchute, with
all kinds of fondling endings, the poother
rambling off her nose: *Vuggybarney, Wick-*

erymandy! Hello, ducky, please don't die!
Do you know what she started cheeping
then, the with a choicy voicey like water-
glucks? You'll never guess. Tell me. Tell
me. *Pboebe, dearest, tell, O tell me and I*
loved you better nor you knew. And letting
on hoon var daft about the warbly sangs
from over holmen: *Higb bellskirt saw ladies*
bensmoker lilybung pigger: and soay and
soan and so firth and so forth in a tone
sonora and Oom Bothar below in his sandy
cloak, so umvolosy, as deaf as a yawn, the
stult! Go away! Poor deaf, old deary! Yare
only teeing! Anna Liv? As chalk is my
judge! And didn't she up in sorgues and
go and trot doon and stand in her douro,
puffing her old dudheen, and every shirvant
siligirl or wensum farmerette walking the

pilend roads Sawy, Fundally, Daery or
Maery, Milucree, Awny or Graw, usedn't
she make her a simp or sign to slip inside
by the sullyport? You don't say the silly-
post? I did. And do. Calling them in one by
one (To Blockbeddum here! Here the Shoe-
benacaddie!) and legging a jig or so on
the sihl to show them how to shake their
benders and the dainty how to bring to
mind the gladdest garments out of sight
and all the way of a maid with a man and
making a sort of a cackling noise like two
and a penny or half a crown and holding
up a silliver shiner. Lordy, lordy, did she
so? Well, of all the ones ever I heard!
Throwing all the neiss little whores in the
world at him! To inny captured wench you
wish of no matter what sex of pleissful

ways two adda tammar a lizzy a lossie to
hug and hab haven in Humpy's apron!

And what was the wyerye rima she
made! Odet! Odet! Tell me the trent of it
while I'm lathering hail out of Denis
Florence MacCarthy's combies. Rise it,
flut ye, pian piena! I'm dying down off my
iodine feet until I lerryn Anna Livia's
cushingloo! I can see that, I see you are.
How does it tummel? Listen now. Are you
listening? Yes, yes! Idneed I am! Tarn
your ore ouse. Essonne inne.

*By earth and the cloudy but I badly want
a brandnew bankside, bedamp and I do, and
a plumper at that!*

*For the putty affair I have is wore out, so
it is, sitting, yaping and waiting for my old
Dane bodder dodderer, my life in death com-*

*panion, my frugal key of our larder, my
much-altered camel's hump, my jointspoiler,
my maymoon's boney, my fool to the last De-
cemberer, to wake himself out of his winter's
doze and bore me down like he used to.*

*Is there irwell a lord of the manor or a
knight of the shire at strike, I wonder, that'd
dip me a pound or two in cash for washing
and darning his worshipful socks for him
now we're run out of horsemeat and milk?*

*Only for my short Brittas bed made is as
snug as it smells it's out I'd lep and offwith
me to the slobs della Tolka or the plage au
Clontarf to feale the gay aire of my salt
troublin bay and the race of the saywint up
me ambushure.*

Onon! Onon! tel me more. Tell me every
tiny teign. I want to know every single

ingul. Down to what made the potters fly into jagsthole. And why were the vesles vet. Well, now comes the hazel-hatchery part. After Clondalkin the Kings's Inns. We'll soon be there with the freshet. How many aleveens had she in tool? I can't rightly rede you that. Close only knows. Some say she had three figures to fill and confined herself to a hundred eleven, wan bywanbywan. Olaph lamm et, all that pack? We won't have room in the kirkeyaard. She can't remember half of the cradlenames she smacked on them by the grace of her boxing bishop's infallible slipper, the cane for Kund and abbles for Eyolf and ayther nayther for Yakov Yea. A hundred and how? They did well to rechristien her Pluhurabelle. O loreley! What a loddon

lodes! Heigh ho! But it's quite on the cards she'll shed more and merrier, twills and trills, sparefours and spoilfives, nordsihkes and sudsevers and ayes and neins to a litter. Grandfarthring nap and Messamisery and the knave of all knaves and the joker. Hee-haw! She must have been a gadabout in her day, so she must, more than most. Shoal she was, gidgad. She had a flewmen of her owen. Then a toss nare scared that lass, so aimai moe, that's agapó! Tell me, tell me, how cam she camlin through all her fellows, the neckar she was, the diveline? Linking one and knocking the next, tapting a flank and tipting a jutty and palling in and pietaring out and clyding by on her eastway. Waiwhou was the first thurever burst? Someone he was, whuebra they were, in a

tactic attack or in single combat. Tinker,
tilar, souldrer, salor, Pieman Peace or Po-
listaman. That's the thing I always want to
know. Push up and push upper and come
to headquarters! Was it waterlows year,
after Grattan or Flood, or when maids
were in Arc or when three stood hosting?
Fidaris will find where the Doubt arises
like Nieman from Nirgends found the
Nihil. Worry you sighin foh, Albern, O
Anser? Untie the gemman's fistiknots,
Qvic and Nuancee? She can't put her hand
on him for the moment. Tez thelon langlo,
walking weary! Such a loon way back-
wards to row! She says herself she hardly
knows whuon the annals her graveller was,
a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or
what he did or how blyth she played or

how, when, why, where and who offon he
jumnpad her. She was just a young thin pale
soft shy slim slip of a thing then, saunter-
ing, by silvamoonlyake and he was a heavy
trudging lurching lieabroad of a Curragh-
man, making his hay for whose sun to
shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats
be with them!) used to rustle that time
down by the dykes of killing Kildare, for
forstfellfoss with a plash across her. She
thought she's sankh neathe the ground
with nymphant shame when he gave
her the tigris eye! O happy fault! Me
wish it was he! You're wrong there, cor-
ribly wrong! Tisn't only tonight you're
anacheronistic! It was ages behind that
when nullahs were nowhere, in county
Wickenlow, garden of Erin, before she ever

dreamt she'd lave Kilbride and go foaming
under Horsepass bridge with the great
southerwestern windstorming her traces
and the midland's grainwaster asarch for
her track, to wend her ways byandby,
robecca or worse, to spin and to grind,
to swab and to thrash, for all her golden
lifey in the barleyfields and pennylotts
of Humphrey's fordofhurdlestown and
lie with a landleaper, wellingtonorseher.
Alesse, the lalos of girly days! For the dove
of the dunas! Wasut? Izod? Are you sarthin
suir? Not where the Finn fits into the
Mourne, not where the Nore takes lieve of
Bloem, not where the Braye divarts the
Farer, not where the Moy changez her
minds twixt Cullin and Conn tween Cunn
and Collin? Neya, narev, nen and nos!

Then whereabouts in Ow and Ovoca?
Was it yst with wyst or Lucan Yokan
or where the hand of man has never set
foot? Dell me where, the fairy ferse time!
I will if you listen. You know the dinkel
dale of Luggelaw? Well, there once dwelt
a local heremite, Michael Arklow was
his riverend name, (with many a sigh I
aspersed his lavabibs!) and one venersderg
in junojuly, oso sweet and so cool and
so limber she looked, Nance the Nixie,
Nanon L'Escaut, in the silence, of the
sycomores, all listening, the kindling
curves you simply can't stop feeling, he
plunged both of his newly anointed hands
the core of his cushlas in her singimari
saffron strumans of hair, parting them and
soothing her and mingling it, that was deep-

dark and ample like this red bog at sun-
down. By that Vale Vowclose's lucydlac,
the reignbeau's heavenarches arranged
orranged her. A froth-dizzying galbs, her
enamelled eyes indergoadng him on to
the vierge violetian. Wish a wish! Why a
why? Mavro! Letty Lerck's lafing light
throw those laurals now on her daphdaph
teasesong petrock. Maass! He cuddle not
help himself, thurso that hot on him, he
had to forget the monk in the man so,
rubbing her up and smoothing her down,
he baised his lippes in smiling mood, kiss
akiss after kisokushk (as he warned her
never to, never to, never) on Anna-na
Poghue's of the freckled forehead. While
you'd parse secheressa she hielt her souff'.
But she ruz two feet hire in her aisne

aestumation. And steppes on stilts ever
since. O, wasn't he the bold priest? And
wasn't she the naughty Livvy? Nautic
Naama's now her navn. Two lads in
scoutsch breeches went through her before
that, Barefoot Burn and Wallowme Wade,
Lugnaquillia's, noblesse picts, before she
had a hint of a hair at her fanny to hide or
a bossom to tempt a birch canoedler not to
mention a bulgic porterhouse barge. And
ere that again, leada, laida, all unraidy, too
faint to buoy the fairiest rider, too frail to
flirt with a cygnet's plume, she was licked
by a hound, Chirripa-Chirruta, while poing
her pee, pure and simple, on the spur of the
hill in old Kippure, in birdsong and shear-
ingtime, but first of all, worst of all, the
wiggly livvly, she sideslipped out by a gap

in the Devil's glen while Sally her nurse
was sound asleep in a slood and feefee fiefie
fell over a spillway before she found her
stride and lay and wriggled in all the stag-
nant black pools of rainy under a fallow
coo and she laughed innocefree with her
limbs aloft and a whole drove of maiden
hawthorns blushing and looking askance
upon her.

Drop me the sound of the findhorn's
name. And drip me why in the flenders was
she frickled. And trickle me through was
she marcellewaved or was it weirdly a wig
she wore. And whitside did they droop
their glows in their florry, aback to wist or
affront to sea? In fear to hear the dear so
near or longing loth and loathing longing?
Are you in the swim or are you out? O go

in, go on, go an! I mean about what you
know. I know right well what you mean.
Rother! You'd like the coifs and guimpes,
snouty, and me to do the greasy jub on old
Veronica's wipers. What am I rancing now
and I'll thank you? Is it a pinny or is it a
surplice? Arran, where's your nose? And
where's the starch? That's not the vesdre
benediction smell. I can tell from here by
their *eau de Colo* and the scent of her oder
they're Mrs Magrath's. And you ought to
have aird them. They've moist come off
her. Creases in silk they are, not crampton
lawn. Baptiste me, father, for she has
sinned! Through her catchment ring she
freed them easy, with her hips'hurrahs for
her knees'dontelleries. The only parr with
frills in old the plain. So they are, I declare!

Welland well! If tomorrow keeps fine who'll come tripping to sightsee? How'll? Ask me next what I haven't got! The Belvederean exhibitioners. In their sculling caps and oarsclub colours. What hoo, they band! And what hoa, they buck! And here is her nubilee letters too. Ellis on quay in scarlet thread. Linked for the world on a flush-coloured field. Annan exe after to show they're not Laura Kehoe's. O, may the diabolio twisk your seifety pin! You child of Mammon, Kinsella's Lilith! Now who has been tearing the leg of her drawers on her? Which leg is it? The one with the bells on it. Rinse them out and aston along with you. Where did I stop? Never stop. Continuarration! You're not there yet. Garonne, garonne!

Well, after it was put in the Mericy Cordial Mendicants' Sitterdag-Zindeh-Munaday Wakeschrift (for once they sullied their white kidloves, chewing cud after their dinners of cheeckin and beggin, with their show us it here and their mind out of that and their when youre quite finished with the reading matarial), even the snee that snowdon his hoaring hair had a skunner against him. Thaw, thaw, sava, savuto! Score Her Chuff Exsquire! Everywhere erriff you went and every bung you arver dropped into, in cit or suburb or in addled areas, the Rose and Bottle or Phoenix Tavern or Power's Inn or Jude's Hotel, or wherever you scoured the countryside from Nannywater to Vartryville or from Porta Lateen to the lootin quarter you found his

ikom etsched tipside down or the corner-
boys burning his guy and Morris the Man,
with the role of a royss in his turgos the
turrible, (Evropeahahn cheic house, un-
skimmed sooit and yahoort, hamman now
cheekmee, Ahdahm this way make, Fatima,
half turn!) reeling and railing around the
local with oddfellow's triple tiara busby
rotundarinking round his scalp. Like Pate-
by-the-Neva or Pete-over-Meer. This is
the Hausman all paven and stoned, that
cribbed the Cabin that never was owned,
that cocked his leg and hennad his Egg.
And the mauldrin rabble around him in
areopage, fracassing a great bingkan
cagnan with their timpan crowders. Mind
your Grimmfather. Think of your Ma!
Hing the Hong is his jove's hangnomen!

Lilt a bolero, bulling a law! She swore on
croststyx nyne wyndabouts she'd be level
with all the snags of them yet. Par the Vul-
nerable Virgins' Mary del Dame! So she
said to herself she'd frame a plan to fake a
shine, the mischiefmaker, the like of it you
niever heard. What plan? Tell me quick
and dongu so crould! What the meurther
did she mague? Well, she bergened a bag, a
shammy mailbag, off one of her swapsons,
Shaun the Post, and then she went and
consulted her chapboucqs, old Mot Moore,
Casey's Euclid and the Fashion Display
and made herself tidal to join in the mas-
carete. O gig goggle of gigguels. I can't tell
you how! It's too screaming to rizo, rabbit
it all! Minneha, minnehi minnaeche, min-
neho! O but you must, you must really!

Make my hear it gurgle gurgle, like the
faresst gargle gargle in the dusky dirgle
dargle. By the holy well of Mulhuddart I
swear I'd pledge my chanza getting to
heaven through Terry and Killy's mount
of impiety to hear it all, aviary word. O,
leave me my faculties, woman, a while. If
you don't like my story get out of the punt.
Well, have it your own way, so. Here, sit
down and do as you're bid. Take my stroke
and bend to your bow. Forward in and pull
your overthepoise! Lisp it slaney and crisp
it quiet. Deel me longsome. Tongue your
time now. Breathe thet deep. Thouat's the
fairway. Hurry slow and scheldt you go.
Lynd us your blessed ashes here till I scrub
the canon's underpants. Flow now. Ower
more.

First she let her hair fall and down it
flussed to her feet its teviots winding coils.
Then, mothernaked, she sampood herself
with galawater and fraguant pistania mud,
wupper and lauar, from crown to sole. Next
she greased the groove of her keel, warthes
and wears and mole and itcher, with anti-
fouling butterscatch and turfentide and
serpenthyme and with leafmould she
ushered round prunella isles and islets dun
quincecunct allover her little mary. Peeld
gold of waxwork her jellybelly and her
grains of incense anguille bronze. And after
that she wove a garland for her hair. She
pleated it. She plaited it. Of meadowgrass
and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed,
and of fallen griefs of weeping willow. Then
she made her bracelets and her anklets and

her armlets and a jetty amulet for necklace of clicking cobbles and pattering pebbles and rumbledown rubble, richmond and rehr, of Irish rhunerhinerstones and shell-marble bangles. That done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Annushka Lutetiavitch Pufflovah, and the lollipop cream to her lippeleens and the pick of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawbirry reds to extra violates, and she sent her boudeloire maids to His Affluence-Ciliegia Grande and Kirschie Real, the two chirsines, with respects from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a request might she passe of him for a minnikin. A call to pay, and light a taper, in Brie-on-Arrosa, back in a sprizzling, The cock striking mine, the stalls bridely sign, there's Zambosy waiting for me. She said

she wouldn't be half her length away. Then, then, as soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag slang over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein came.

Describe her! Hustle along, why can't you? Spitz on the iern while it's hot. I wouldn't miss her for irthing on nerthe. Oceans of Gaud, I mussel hear that! Ogowe presta! Leste, before Julia sees her! Ishekarry and washemeskad, the carishy caratimaney? Whole ladyfair? Duodecimoroon? Bon a ventura? Malagassy? What had she on, the liddel oud oddity! How much did she scallop, harness and weights! Here she is. Amnistry Ann. Call her calamity electrifies man.

No electress at all, but old Moppa Ne-

cessity, angin mother of injons. I'll tell you a test. But you must sit still. Will you hold your peace and listen well to what I am going to say now? It might have been ten or twenty to one of the night of Allclose or the nexth of April when the flip of her hoogly igloo flappered and out toetippit a bushman woman, the dearest little moma ever you saw, nodding around her, all smiles, with ems of embarras and aues to awe, between two ages, a judyqueen, not up to your elb. Quick, look at her cute and saise her quirk for the bicker she lives the slicker she grows. Save us and tagus! No more? Werra where in ourthe did you ever pick a Lambay chop as big as a battering ram? Ay, you're right. I'm epte to forgetting, Like Liviam Liddle did Loveme Long.

The lynth of my hough, I say! She wore a ploughboy's nailstudded clogs, a pair of ploughfields in themselves: a sugarloaf hat with a gaudyquiviry peak and a band of gorse for an arnoment and a hundred streamers dancing off it and a guildered pin to pierce it: owlglassy bicycles boggled her eyes: and a fishnetzeveil she had to keep the sun from spoiling her wrinkles: potatorings boucled the loose laubes of her laudsnarers: her nude cuba stockings were salmospotspeckled: she sported a gal-ligo shimmy of hazevaipar tinto that never was fast till it ran in the washing: stout stays, the rivals, lined her length: her bloodorange bockknickers, a two in one garment, showed natural nigger boggers, fancyfastened, free to undo: her blackstripe

tan joseph was sequansewn and teddybear-lined, with wavy rushgreen epaulettes and a leadown here and there of royal swans-ruff: a brace of gaspers stuck in her hay-rope garters: her civvy codroy coat with alpheubett buttons was boundaried round with a twobar tunnel belt: a fourpenny bit in each pocketside weighed her safe from the blowaway windrush; she had a clothes-peg tight astride of her joki's nose and she kep on grinding a sommething quaint in her fiumy mouth and the rreke of the fluve of the tail of the gawan of her snuffdrab siouler's skirt trailed ffifty Irish miles behind her lungarhodes.

Hellsbells, I'm sorry I missed her! Sweet gumptyum and nobody fainted. But in whelk of her mouths? Was her naze alight?

Everyone that saw her said the dowce little delia looked a bit queer. Lotsy trotsy, mind the poddle! Missus, be good and don't fol in the say! Fenny poor hex she must have charred. Kickhams a frumpier ever you saw. Making saft mullet's eyes at her boys dobelong. And they crowned her their chariton queen, all the maids. Of the may? You don't say! Well for her she couldn't see herself. I recknitz wharfore the darling murrayed her mirror. She did? Mersey me! There was a koros of drouthdropping surfacemen, boomslanging and plugchewing, fruiteyeing and flowerfeeding, in contemplation of the fluctuation and the undification of her filimentation, lolling and leasing on North Lazers' Waal all eelfare week by the Jukar Yoick's and as soon as they

saw her meander by that maritime way
in her grasswinter's weeds and twigged
who was under her deaconess bonnet,
Avondale's fish and Clarence's poison,
says an to aneber, Wit-upon-Crutches to
Master Bates: *Between our two southsates
and the granite they're warming, or her face
has been lifted or Alp has doped.*

But what was the game in her mixed
baggyrhatty? And where in thunder did
she plunder? Fore the battle or efter the
ball? I want to get it frisk from the soorce.
I aubette my bearb it's worth while poach-
ing on. Shake it up, do, do! That's a good
old son of a ditch! I promise. I'll make
it worth your while. And I don't mean
maybe. Not yet with a goodfor. Spey me
pruth and I'll tale you true.

Well, arundgirond in a waveney lyne
aringarouma she pattered and swung and
sidled, dribbling her boulder through nar-
rowa mosses, the diliskydrear on our drier
side and the vilde vetchvine agin us, curara
here careero there, not knowing wich med-
way or weser to strike it, edereider'making
chattahoochee all to her ain chichiu, like
Santa Claus at the cree of the pale and puny,
nistling to hear for their tiny hearties, her
arms encircling Isolabella, then running
with reconciled Romas and Reims, then
bathing Dirty Hans' spatters with spittle,
with a Christmas box apiece for aisch and
iveryone of her childer, the birthday gifts
they dreamt they gabe her, the spoiled she
fleetly laid at our door! On the matt, by
the pouch and inunder the cellar. The

rivulets ran aflow to see, the glashaboys,
the pollynooties. Out of the paunschaup on
to the pyre. And they all about her, youths
and maidens, rickets and riots, like the
Smyly boys at their vicereine's levee. Vivi
viene, little Annchen vielo Anna, high
life! Sing us a sula, O, susuria! Ausone
sidulcis! Hasn't she tambre! chipping her
and raising a bit of a chir or a jary every
dive she'd neb in her culdee sacco of wab-
bash she raabed and reach out her maundy
meerschaundize, poor souvenir as per
ricorder and all for sore aringarung, stink-
ers and heelers, laggards and primelads,
her furzeborn sons and dribblederry daugh-
ters, a thousand and one of them, and
wickerpotluck for each of them. For evil
and ever. And kiks the buch. A tinker's

bann and a barrow to boil his billy for
Gipsy Lee: a cartridge of cockaleekie soup
for Chummy the Guardsman: for sulky
Pender's acid nephew deltoïd drops, curi-
ously strong: a cough and a rattle and
wildrose cheeks for poor Piccolina Petite
MacFarlane: a jigsaw puzzle of needles
and pins and blankets and shins between
them for Isabel, Jezebel and Llewelyn
Mmarriage: a brazen nose and pigiron
mittens for Johnny Walker Beg: a papar
flag of the saints and stripes for Kevineen
O' Dea: a puffpuff for Pudge Craig and a
nightmarching hare for Techer Tombigby:
waterleg and gumboots each for Bully
Hayes and Hurricane Hartigan: a prodigal
heart and fatted calves for Buck Jones, the
pride of Clonliffe: a loaf of bread and a

father's early aim for Tim from Skibereen:
a jauntingcar for Larry Doolin, the Bally-
clee jackeen: a seasick trip on a govern-
ment ship for Teague O'Flanagan: a louse
and trap for Jerry Coyle: slushmincepies
for Andy Mackenzie: a hairclip and clack-
dish for Penceless Peter; that twelve
sounds look for G. V. Brooke; a drowned
doll, to face downwards for modest Sister
Anne Mortimer: altar falls for Blanchisse's
bed; Wildairs' breeketties for Magpeg
Woppington; to Sue Dot a big eye to Sam
Dash a false step; snakes in clover, picked
and scotched and a vaticanned viper-
catcher's visa for Patsy Presbys: a reiz
every morning for Standfast Dick and a
drop every minute for Stumblestone Davy;
scruboak beads for beatified Bidy: two

appletweed stools for Eva Mobbely: for
Saara Philpot a jordan vale tearorne: a
pretty box of Pettyfib's Powder for Eileen
Aruna to whiten her teeth and outflash
Helen Arhone: a whippingtop for Eddy
Lawless: for Kitty Coleraine of Butter-
man's Lane a penny wise for her foolish
pitcher: a putty shovel for Terry the
Puckaun: a potamus mask for Promoter
Dunne: a niester egg with a twicedated
shell and a dynamight right for Pavl the
Curate; a collera morbous for Mann in
the Cloack; a starr and girton for Draper
and Deane; for Will-of-the-Wisp and
Barny the Bark two mangolds noble to
sweeden their bitters; for Oliver Bound
a way in his frey: for Seumas, thought
little, a crown he feels big; a tibertine's pile

with a Congoswood cross on the back for
Sunny Twimjim: a praises be and spare
me days for Brian the Bravo; pentepenty
of pity with lubilashings of lust for Olona
Lena Magdalena; for Camilla, Dromilla,
Ludmilla, Mamilla, a bucket, a packet, a
book and a pillow: for Nancy Shannon a
Tuami brooch: for Dora Riparia Hope-
andwater a cooling douche and a warming-
pan: a pair of Blarney braggs for Wally
Meagher: a hairpin slatepencil for Elsie
Oram to scratch her toby, doing her best
with her volgar fractions: an old age pen-
sion for Betty Bellezza: a bag of the blues
for Funny Fitz: a *Missa pro Messa* for
Taff de Taff; Jill, the spoon of a girl, for
Jack, the broth of a boy: a Rogerson
Crusoe's Friday fast for Caducus Angelus

Rubiconstein: three hundred and sixtysix
poplin tyne for revery warp in the weaver's
woof for Victor Hugonot: a stiff steaded
rake and good varians muck for Kate the
Cleaner: a hole in the ballad for Hosty:
two dozen of cradles for J.F.X.P. Coppin-
ger; tenpounten on the pop for the daul-
phins born with five spoiled squibs for
Infanta: a letter tolast a lifetime for Maggi
beyond by the ashpit: the heftiest frozen-
meat woman from Lusk to Livienbad for
Felim the Ferry: spas and speranza and
symposium's syrup for decayed and blind
and gouty Gough: a change of naves and
joys of ills for Armoricus Tristram Amoor
Saint Lawrence a guillotine shirt for
Reuben Redbreast und hempen suspen-
deats for Brennan on the Moor; an oakan-

knee for Conditor Sawyer and musquodoboits for Great Tropical Scott; a C₃ peduncle for Karmalite Kane: a sunless map of the month, including the sword and stamps for Shemus O'Shaun the Post: a jackal with hide for Browne but Nolan: a stone-cold shoulder for Donn Joe Vance: all lock and no stable for Honorbright Meretrix: a big drum for Billy Dunboyne: a guilty goldeny bellows, below me blow me for Ida Ida and a hushaby rocker Elletrouvetout for Who-is-silvier—Where-is-he?: whatever you like to swilly to swash, Yuinness or Yenessy, Laagen or Niger, for Festus King and Roaring Peter and Frisky Shorty and Treacle Tom and O. B. Behan and Sully the Thug and Master Magrath and Peter Cloran and O'Delawarr Rossa

and Nerone MacPacem and whoever you chance to meet knocking around: and a pig's bladder balloon for Selina Susquehanna Stakelum. But what did she give to Pruda Ward and Katty Kanel and Peggy Quilty and Briery Brosna and Teasy Kieran and Ena Lappin and Muriel Mosel and Zusan Camac and Melissa Bradogue and Flora Ferns and Fauna Fox-Goodman and Grettina Greaney and Penelope Ingle-sante and Lezba Licking like Leytha Liane and Roxana Rohan with Simpatica Sohan and Una Bina Laterza and Trina La Mesme and Philomena O'Farrell and Irmak Elly and Josephine Foyle and Snakeshead Lily and Fountainoy Laura and Marie Xavier Agnes Daisy Frances de Sales Macleay? She gave them ilcka

madre's daughter a moonflower and a bloodvein: but the grapes that ripe before reason to them that divide the vinedress. So on Izzy, her shamemaid, love shone befond her tears as from Shem, her penmight, life past befoul his prime.

My colonial, wardha bagful! A baker-reen's dusind with tithe tillies to boot. That's what you may call a tale of a tub. All that and more under one crinoline envelope if you dare to break the porkbarrel seal. No wonder they'd run from her pison plague. Throw us your hudson soap for the honour of Clane. The wee taste the water left. I'll raft it back, first thing in the marne. Merced mulde! Ay, and don't forget the reckitts I lohaned you. You've all the swirls your side of the current. Well, am I

to blame for that if I have? Who said you're to blame for that if you have? You're a bit on the sharp side. I'm on the wide. Only snuffers' cornets drifts my way that the cracka dvine chucks out of his cassock, with her estheryear's marsh narcissus to make him recant his vanitty fair. Foul strips of his chinook's bible I do be reading, dodwell disgusted but chickled with chuckles at the tittles is drawn on the tattlepage. *Senior ga dito Faciasi Omo. Omo fu f6. Ho! Ho! Senior ga dito: Faciasi Hidamo! Hidamo se ga facessà! Ha! Ha!* And *Die Windermere Dichter* and Lefanu (Sheridens) Old House by the Coachyard and Mill (J) On Woman with Ditto on the Floss. Ja, a swamp for Altmuehler and a stone for his flossies. I know how racy they

move his wheel. My hands are blawcauld
between isker and suda like that piece of
pattern chayney there, lying below. Or
where is it? Lying beside the sedge I saw it.
Hoangho, my sorrow, I've lost it! Aimihi!
With that turbary water who could see?
So near and yet so far! But O, gihon! I
lovat a gabber. I could listen to maure and
moravar again. Regn onder river. Flies do
your float. Thick is the life for mere.

Well, you know or don't you kennet or
haven't I told you every telling has a taling
and that's the he and the she of it. Look,
look, the dusk is growing. My branches
lofty are taking root. And my cold cher's
gone ashley. Fieluhr? Filou! What age is
at? It saon is late. 'Tis endless now since
eye or erewone last saw Waterhouse's

clogh. They took it asunder, I hurd thum
sigh. When will they reassemble it? O, my
back, my back, my bach! I'd want to go
to Aches-les-Pains. Pingpong! There's the
Belle for Sexaloitez! And Concepta de
send-us-pray! Pang! Wring out the clothes!
Wring in the dew! Godavari, vert the
showers! And grant thaya grace! Aman.
Will we spread them here now? Ay, we
will. Flip! Spread on your bank and I'll
spread mine on mine. Flep! It's what I'm
doing. Spread! It's churning chill. Der
went is rising. I'll lay a few stones on
the hostel sheets. A man and his bride
embraced between them. Else I'd have
sprinkled and folded them only. And
I'll tie my butcher's apron here. It's
suet yet. The strollers will pass it by. Six

shifts, ten kerchiefs, nine to hold to the fire and this for the code, the convent napkins twelve, one baby's shawl. Good mother Jossiph knows, she said. Whose head? Mutter snores? Deataceas! Whar-now are alle her childer, say? In kingdome gone or power to come or gloria be to them farther? Allalivial, allalluvial! Some here, more no more, more again lost alla stranger. I've heard tell that same brooch of the Shannons was married into a family in Spain. And all the Dunders de Dunnes in Markland's Vineland beyond Brendan's herring pool takes number nine in yang-see's hats. And one of Bidy's beads went bobbing till she rounded up lost histereve with a marigold and a cobbler's candle in a side strain of a main drain of a manzina-

hurries off Bachelor's Walk. But all that's left to the last of the Meaghers in the loup of the years prefixed and between is one kneebuckle and two hooks in the front. Do you tell me that now? I do in troth. Orara por Orbe and poor Las Animas! Ussa, Ulla, we're umbas all! Mezha, didn't you hear it a deluge of times, ufer and ufer, respund to spond? You deed, you deed! I need, I need! It's that irrawaddyng I've stoke in my aars. It all but husheth the lethest sound. Oronoko! What's your trouble? Is that the great Finnleader himself in his joakimono on his statue riding the high horse there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is himself! Yonne there! Isset that? On Fallareen Common? You're thinking of Astley's Amphitheayter where

the bobby restrained you making sugar-
stuck pouts to the ghostwhite horse of the
Peppers. Throw the cobwebs from your
eyes, woman, and spread your washing
proper. It's well I know your sort of slop.
Flap! Ireland sober is Ireland stiff. Lord
help you, Maria, full of grease, the load is
with me! Your prayers. I sonht zo! madam-
mangut! Were you lifting your elbow, tell
us, glazy cheeks, in Conway's Carrigacurra
canteen? Was I what, hobbledyhips? Flop!
Your rere gait's creakorheuman bitts your
butts disagrees. Amn't I up since the damp
dawn, marthared mary allacook, with Cor-
rigan's pulse and varicoarse veins, my pra-
maxle smashed, Alice Jane in decline and
my oneeyed mongrel twice run over, soak-
ing and bleaching boiler rags, and sweating

cold, a widow like me, for to deck my
tennis champion son, the laundryman with
the lavender flannels? You won your
limpopo limp from the husky hussars when
Collars and Cuffs was heir to the town and
your slur gave the stink to Carlow. Holy
Scamander, I sar it again! Near the golden
falls. Icis on us! Seints of light! Zezere!
Subdue your noise, you hamble creature!
What is it but a blackburry growth or
the dwyergray ass them four old codgers
owns. Are you meanam Tarpey and Lyons
and Gregory? I meyne now, thank all, the
four of them, and the roar of them, that
draves that stray in the mist and old
Johnny Mac Dougal along with them.
Is that the Poolbeg flasher beyant, phar-
phar, or a fireboat coasting nyar the

Kishtna or a glow I behold within a hedge
or my Garry come back from the Indes?
Wait till the honeying of the lune, love!
Die eve, little eve, die! We see that wonder
in your eye. We'll meet again, we'll part
once more. The spot I'll seek if the hour
you'll find. My chart shines high where the
blue milk's upset. Forgivemequick, I'm
going! Bubyee! And you, pluck your watch,
forgetmenot. Your evenlode. So save to
jurna's end! My sights are swimming
thicker on me by the shadows to this place.
I sow home slowly now by own way, moy-
valley way. Towy I too, rathmine.

Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha
anyhow, Anna Livia, trinkettoes. And
sure he was the quare old buntz too, Dear
Dirty Dumpling, foostherfather of fingalls

and dotthergills. Gammer and gaffer we're
all their gangsters. Hadn't he seven dams
to wive him? And every dam had her seven
crutches. And every crutch had its seven
hues. And each hue had a differing cry.
Sudds for me and supper for you and the
doctor's bill for Joe John. Before! Before!
He married his markets, cheap by foul, I
know, like any Etrurian Catholic Heathen,
in their pinky limony creamy birnies and
their turkiss indienne mauves. But at
milkidmass who was the spouse? Then all
that was was fair. Tys Elvenland? Teems
of times and happy returns. The seim
anew. Ordovico or viricordo. Anna was,
Livia is, Plurabelle's to be. Northmen's
thing made southfolk's place but how-
multy plurators made eachone in person?

Latin me that, my trinity scholar, out of
eure sanscreed into oure eryl. *Hircus
Civis Eblanensis!* He had buckgoat paps
on him, soft ones for orphans. Ho, Lord!
Twins of his bosom. Lord save us! And ho!
Hey? What all men. Hot? His tittering
daughters of. Whawk?

Can't hear with the waters of. The
chittering waters of. Flittering bats, field-
mice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone
ahome? What Tom Malone? Can't hear
with bawk of bats, all the liffeying waters
of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos.
I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of
Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughtersons.
Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho
head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone.
Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were Shem

and Shaun the living sons or daughters of?
Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm!
Night night! Tell me tale of stem or stone.
Beside the rivering waters of, hitherand-
thithering waters of. Night!

