

Text in standard font located below.

Well, you know or don't you remember or  
haven't I told you every telling has a  
taking 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 cheeks gone  
ashley. Fieluhr? Filou! What age is at? It  
soon is late. 'Tis endless now sense eye  
or ere were last saw Waterhouse's clogh. They  
took it asunder, I heard them sigh. When  
will they reassemble it? O, my back, my  
back, my back! I'd want to go to Aches-les-  
Pains. Pungpung! There's the Belle for  
Sexalowitz! And Concepta de Send-us-pray!  
Pung! Wring out the clothes! Wring in  
the dew! Godavari, vest 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 surety 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 mores? Deataceas! Whanow are  
alle her childer, say? In kingdome gone or  
power to come or gloria be to them farther?  
Allalivial, allalivial! Some here, more no  
more, more again lost alla stranger. I've heard  
tell that same brooch of the Shannours was  
married into a family in Spain. And all  
the Dunders de Dumes in Markland's  
Vireland beyond Brendan's herring pool  
takes number nine in yangsee's hats.  
And one of Biddy's beads went bobbing till  
she rounded up lost histerese with a  
marigold and a cobbler's candle in a side  
strain of a main drain of a  
marzinhurnies off Bachelor's Walk. But all  
that's left to the last of the Meaghers in

the loop of the years prefixed and between  
is one knee buckle and two hooks in the  
front. Do you tell me that now? I do in  
truth. Orara por Orbe and poor Las Animas!  
Ussa, Ulla, were umbas all! Mezha, didn't you  
hear it a deluge of times, ufer and ufer,  
respired to spoud? You deed, you deed! I  
need, I need! Its that inawaddyng I've stoke  
in my ears. It all but husheth the lethest  
zswound. Owaroko! Whats your trouble? Is  
that the great Finnleader himself in his  
joakimoro on his stature riding the high  
horse there forehergist? Father of Otters, it  
is himself! Youre there! Isset that? Our  
Fallareen Common? Youre thinking of  
Astley's Amphitheater where the bobby  
restrained you making sugarstruck pants to  
the ghostwhite horse of the Peppers. Throw  
the cobwebs from your eyes, woman, and  
spread your washing proper! Its 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 souht zo!

Madam Margot! Were you lifting your  
elbow, tell us, glazy cheeks, in Courway's  
Carnigacuna canteen? Was I what,  
hobbledyhips? Flop! Your vere gaitz  
creakorhenman bittz your buttz disagrees.  
Amnit I up since the damp tower,  
marthared many allacook, with Cornigan's pulse  
and varicoarse veins, my pramaxle smashed,  
Alice Jane in decline and my oneeyed  
margrel twice run over, soaking and  
bleaching boiler rags, and sweating cold, a  
widow like me, for to deck my tennis  
champion son, the laundryman with the  
lavandier flannels? You wore your limpsopa  
limps from the husky hussars when Collars  
and Cuffs was heir to the tower and your  
slur gave the stink to Carlow. Holy  
Scamander, I see it again! Near the golden  
falls. Icis on us! Saints of light! Eezere!  
Subdue your noise, you humble creature!  
What is it but a blackberry growth on the  
dwyergray ass them four old codgers owns. Are  
you meauram Tarpey and Lyons and

Gregory? I meyne now, thank all, the four  
of them, and the war of them, that drives  
that stray in the mist and old Johnny  
MacDargal along with them. Is that the  
Poolbeg flasher beyant, pharphar, or a fireboat  
coasting near the Kishtra or a glow?  
Behold within a hedge or my Garry come back  
from the Indies? Wait till the honeying of  
the lure, love! Die eve, little eve, die! We  
see that wander in your eye. Well meet  
again, well part once more. The spot I'll seek  
if the hour you'll find. My chart shines  
high where the blue milk's upset.  
Forgivemeprick, I'm going! Burbye! And you,  
pluck your watch, forgetmenot. Your  
evenlode. So save to jinnas end! My sights  
are swimming thicker on me by the  
shadows to this place. I saw home slowly now  
by over way, mayvalley way. Towy I too,  
rathmine.

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 senne 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 suety 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! Wharnow 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 yangsee's hats. And one of Biddy'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 manzinahurries 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 zswound. 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 sugarstuck 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! Madammangut! 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 tawn, marthared mary allacook, with Corrigan's pulse and varicoarse veins, my pramaxle smashed, Alice Jane in decline and my oneeyed mongrel twice run over, soaking and bleaching boiler rags, and sweating cold, a widow like me, for to deck my tennis champion son, the laundryman with the lavandier flannels? You won your limpopo limp fron 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. Iciss 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 MacDougal along with  
them. Is that the Poolbeg flasher beyant, pharphar, 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, moyvalley way.  
Towy I too, rathmine.