

**J**OHNNY. Ah well, sure, that's the way (up) and it so happened there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and (up) the others and now really and (up) truly they were four dear old heladies and really they looked awfully pretty and so nice and respectable and after that they had their fathomglasses to find out all the fathoms and their half a tall hat, just now like the old Merquus of Pawerschoof, the old determined despot, (*quiescents in brage!*) only for the extrusion of the saltwater or the auctioneer there dormant, in front of the place near O'Clery's, at the darkmound namber wan, beside that ancient Dame street, where the statue of Mrs Dana O'Connell, prostitute behind the Trinity College, that arranges all the auctions of the valuable colleges, Bootersbay Sisters, like the auctioneer Battersby Sisters, the prumiscuous creators, that sells all the emancipated statues and flowersports, James H. Tickell, the jaypee, off Hoggin Green, after he made the centuries, going to the tailturn horseshow, before the angler nomads flood, along with another fellow, active impulsive, and the shoeblacks and the berdbanks and the sheobeians and the barrancos and the cappunchers childerun, Jules, everyone, Gotoxopy, with the houghers on them, highstepping the fissure and fracture lines, seven five threes up, three five sevens down, to get out of his way, onasmack as their withers conditions could not possibly have been improved upon, (praisers be to deeseesee!) like hopolopocattis, erumping around their Judgity Yaman, and all the tercentenary horses and priest hunters, from the Curragh, and confusionaries and the authorities, Noord Amrikaans and Suid African catteraiders (so they say) all over like a tiara dullfuoco, in his grey lack a tall hat and his amber necklace and his crimson harness and his leathern jib and his cheapshin hairshirt and his scotobrit sash and his parapilagian gallowglasses (how do you do, jaypee, Elevato!) to find out all the improper colleges (and how do you do, Mr Dame James? Get out of my way!), forkbearded and bluetoothed and bellied and boneless, from Strathlyffe and Aylesburg and Northumberland Anglesey, the whole yahoodurt sweepstakings and all the horsepawners. But now, talking of hayastdanars and wolkology and how our seaborn isle came into exestuanse, (the explotr, his three andesiters and the two pan-tellarias) that reminds me about the manasteriums of the poor Marcus of Lyons and poor Johnny, the patrician, and what do you think of the four of us and there they were now, listening right enough, the four saltwater widowers, and all they could remember, long long ago in the olden times Momanion, throw darker hour sorrows, the princet day, when Fair Margrate waited Swede Villem, and Lally in the rain, with the blank prints, now extincts, after the wreek of Wormans' Noe, the barmasigheds, when my heart knew no care, and after that then there was the official landing of Lady Jales Casemate, in the year of the flood 1132 S.O.S., and the christening of Queen Baltersby, the Fourth Buzzersbee, according to Her Grace the bishop Senior, off the whate shape, and then there was the drowning of Pharaoh and all his pedestrians and they were all completely drowned into the sea, the red sea, and then poor Merkin Cornyng-wham, the official out of the castle on pension, when he was completely drowned off Erin Isles, at that time, surk knows, in the red sea and a lovely mourning paper and thank God, as Saman said, there were no more of him. And that now was how it was. The arzurian deeps o'er his humbo-dumbones sweeps. And his widdy the giddy is wreathing her murmoirs as her graecst tripet to the Grocery Trader's Manthly. Mind mand gunfree by Gladeys Rayburn! Runtable's Reincorporated. The new world presses. Where the old conk cruised now croons the yunk. Execunc throw a darras Kram of Llawnroc, ye gink guy, kirked into yord. Enterkint attaworder Wehpen, luftcat revol, fairescapading in his natsirt. Tuesy tumbles. And mild aunt Liza is as loose as her neese. Fulfrest within inbrace behent. As gent would deem oncontinent. So mulet per wenche is Elsker woed. Ne hath his thrysting. Fin. Like the newcasters in their old playble of A *Royenne Devours*. Jazzaphoney and Mirillovis and Nippy she nets best. Fing. Ay, ay! Sobbos. And so he was. Sabbus.

hereen, off Artsichekes Road, with Moels and Mervullagh Mullarty, the man in the Oran mosque, and the old folks at home and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation, as per the cabbangers richestore, of the filest archives, and he couldn't stop laughing over Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four middleaged widowers, all nangles, sangles, angles and wangles. And now, that reminds me, not to forget the four of the Welsh waves, leaping laughing, in their Lumbag Walk, over old Battleshore and Deaddelconche, in their half a Roman hat, with an ancient Greek gloss on it, in Chichester College auction and, thank God, they were all summarily divorced, four years before, or so they say, by their dear poor sheehusbands, in dear byword days, and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on the floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, per Nupiter Privius, only terparty, on the best of terms and be forgot, whilk was plainly forefolk by their old pilgrim cocklesong or they were singing through the wettest indies *As I was going to Buryrmeecarott we fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles* as also in another place by their orthodox proverb so there was said thus *That old fellow knows milk though he's not used to it latterly*. And so they parted. In Dalkmout member to. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked is left over. As evil flows so Ivel flows. Ay, ay. Ah, well sure, that's the way. As the holy-maid of Kunut said to the partyman of Koombe. For his humple peition in odvices. Womat. Squash. Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.

under all their familiarities, by preventing grace, forgetting to say their grace before the opening of the month of Nema Knatut, so pass the poghure for grace sake. Amen. And all, hee hee hee, quaking, so fright, and, shee shee, shaking. Aching. Ay, ay.

For it was then a pretty thing happened of pure diversion mayhap, when his flattering hend, at the justright moment, like perchance some cook of romance might clip the lad on a poof of porage handshut his duckhouse, the vivid girl, deaf with love, (a queelettrecle of joyis crisis she renulitied their disunited, with rippy lepas to roppy lofes (the dear o'dears!) and the golden impornuity of aloofer's leavetime, when, as quick, is greased pigskin, Americas Champius, with one aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtoury flshpst the both lines of forwards (Eburnea's down, boys!) rightjjangbangshot into the goal of her gullet.

Alris!

And now, upright and add them! And plays be honest! And pullit into yourself, as on manowoman do another! Candidately, everybody! A mot for amra. Comong, meng, and dour! There was this, wellyoumaycallher, a strapping modern old ancient Irish prisscess, so and so hands high, such and such paddock weight, in her madapolar smock, nothing under her hat but red hair and solid ivory (now you know it's true in your hardup heahs!) and a firstclass pair of bedroom eyes, of most unhomy blue, (how weak we are, one and all!) the charm of favour's fond consent! Could you blame her, we're saying, for one psocological moment? What would Ewe do? With that so tiresome old milkless a ram, with his tiresome duty peck and his bronchial tubes, the tiresome old hairyg orangebrown beaver, in his tiresome old tennisixandpennypenny sheopards plods dressoes and his thirtybobbybandnippenny tails plus toop! Hagakhrouston! It were too exceeding really if one would to offer at sulk an oldividual a pinge of hinge hit. The mainest thing ever! Since Edem was in the boags noavy. No, no, the dear heaven knows, and the farther the from it, if the whole stole stale mis betold, whoever the gulpable, and whatever the pulpous was, the twoneed togethered, and giving the mhost phassionable wheathers, they were doing a lally a lolly a dither a duther one lolly two dather three lilly four dother. And it was a fiveful moment for the poor old timeteters, ticktacking, in tenk the count. Till the spark that was her knight of the truths thong plipping out of her chapelldeosy, after where he had gone and polped the questioned. Plop.

Ah now, it was toowooly terrific, the mummurrubebubjes! And then after that they used to be so forgetful, counting motherpeributts (you one up four) to memory her beawful mouldern maiden name, for overflaunting, by the dream of woman the ownwirist, in forty lands. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily buried, our four! And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the girleen bawn asthore, as for days galore, of planxty Gregory. Egray. O bunny not Orwin! Ay, ay.

But, sure, that reminds me now, like another tellmastory repeating yourself, how they used to be in lethargy's love, at the end of it all, at that time (up) always, tired and all, after doing the mousework and making it up, over their community singing (up) the top loft of the voicebox, of Mamalujio like the senior follies at further magrees, squatting round, two by two, the four confederates, with Coxons the Coswarn, up the wet air register in Old Man's House, Millenium Road, crowning themselves in lauraly branches, with their cold knees and their poor (up) clod rupeds, ovasleep, and all dolled up, for their blankets and maternity muffers and plimsols and their bowl of brown shackle and milky and milky and boterham quads, a potion a peace, a piece aportion, a lepel alip, alup a lap, for a cup of kindest yet, with hold take hand and nurse and only touch of ate, a lovely munckydown and for xmlend and wait the pinch and prompt poor Marcus Lyons to be not beeheding the skiller on for the live of ghosses but to pass the teeth for choke sake, Amensch, when it so happen they were all sarcumore and by the world forgot, the phlegmish hoopicough, for all a passobled, after ete a bad cramp, and johnny magories, and backscrat the poor badesores and the farthing dip, their caschal pandle of magnegousioum, and read a letter or two every night, before going to dodo sleep atrance, with their catkins coifs, in the twilight, a cupa Shemars, for further aspees, on their old one page codex book of old year's eve 1132, M.M.L.J. old style, their Senchus Mor, by his fellow girl, the Mrs Shemans, in her summer seal housesample, with the caracul broadtail, her totam in tutu, final buff noonmeel edition, in the regatta comers, uptenable from the other, for to regul their reves by Incupation, and Lally, through their gangrene spentacles, and all the good or they did in their time, the rigorists, for Roe and O'Mulkenory a Conry ap Mul or Lap or Lap ap Morion and Buffler ap Mappy Mac Gregory for Marcus on Podex by Daddy de Wyer, old bagabroth, beeves and scullogues, churls and vassals, in same, sept and severity and one by one and sing a mamalujio. To the heroest champion of Eren and his braceoelanders and Gowan, Gawin and Gonne.

And tachtine, due south of her western shoulder down to death and the love embrace, with an interesting tallow complexion and all now united, sansfamillias, let us ran on to say to oremus prayer and homesweet homely, after fully realising the gratifying experiences of highly continental eveneniments, for meter and pater to temple an esaalap, for auld acquaintance, to Peregrine and Michael and Farfassa and Peregrine, for novigrants et peregrinantibus, in all the old imperial and Fionnachan sea and for vogue awallow to a Miss Yiss, you fascinator, you, sing a lovasteamadorion to Ladysees, here's Tricks and Doelgs, delightfully ours, in her doaty ducky little blue and roll his hoop and how she ran, when wit won free, the deeply blissed and awfully bucked, rightly glad we never shall forget, tho the dayes gone still they loves young dreams and old Luke with his kingly leer, so wellworth watching, and Senchus Mor, possessed of evident notoriety, and another more of the bigtimers, to name no others, of whom great things were expected in the fulmfiling department, for the lives of Lazarus and auld luke syne and she haihail her kobbor kohinor sechet on the praze savohole shanghai.

Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear! The Lambeg drum,

*Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine million pound sterling in the  
blackblack bowels of the bank  
of Ulster.  
Braw bawbees and good gold  
pounds, galore, my girleen, a  
Sunday'll prank thee finely.  
And no damn loutll come court-  
ing thee or by the mother of  
the Holy Ghost there'll be  
murder!*

**M**ARCUS. And after that, not forgetting, there was the Flemish armada, all scattered, and all officially drowned, there and then, on a lovely morning, after the universal flood, at about alevn thirtytwo was it? off the coast of Coming-home and Saint Patrick, the anabaptist, and Saint Kevin, the lacustrian, with toomuch of tolls and lottance of beggars, after converting Porterscouth and Dona, our first marents, and Lapoleon, the equestrian, on his whuite horse of Hunover, rising Clunkthurf over Cabinoghan and all they remembored and then there was the Frankish float of Noahsdobahs, from Hedalgoland, round about the freebutter year of Notre Dame 1132 P.P.O. or so, disumbingking from under Motham General Bonaboche, (noo poopery!) in his half a grey traditional hat, alevoila come avevilla, and after that there he was, so terrestrial, like a Nail-scissor, poghuing her scandalous and very wrong, the maid, in single combat, under the sycamores, amid the bludderings from the boom and all the gallowbirds in Arrah-na-Poghue, so silvestrious, round the Queen's Colleges, in 1132 Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And then again they used to give the grandest gloriaspanquost universal howldmoutherhibbert lectures on anaraquay out of doxarchology (hello, Hibernia!) from sea to sea (Matt speaking!) according to the pictures postcard, with sexon grimmacticals, in the Latimer Roman history, of Latimer repeating himself, from the vicrine of Lord Hugh, the Lacytynant, till Bockleyshtus the rahjahn gerachknell and regnumrockery roundup, (Marcus Lyons speaking!) to the oceanfuls of collegians green and blue classes and the poor scholars and all the old trinitarian senate and saints and sages and the Plymouth brethren, droning along, peanzanzangan, and nodding and sleeping away there, like forgetmentons, in her abjance service, round their twelve tables, per pioja at pulga bollas, in the four trinity colleges, for earnasyoulearning Eringrowback, of Ulcer, Moonster, Leanstare and Cannought, the four grandest colleges supper the matter of Erryn, of Killorcure and Killthemall and Killeachother and Killkelly-on-the-Flure, where their role was to rule the round roll that Rollo and Rullo rolled round. Those were the grandest gynecollege histories (Lucas calling, hold the line!) in the Janesdanes Lady Andersdaughter University, for auld acquaintance sake (this unitarian lady, breathtaking beauty, Bambam's bonniest, lived to a great age at or in or about the late No. 1132 or No. 1169, bis, Fitzmary Round where she was seen by many and widely liked) for teaching the Fatima Woman history of Fatimiliafamilias, repeating herself, on which purpsoeth of the spirit of nature as difinely developed in time by psadatephology, the past and present Johnny MacDougall speaking, give me trunks, miss!) and present and absent and past and present and perfect *arma virumque romano*. Ah, dearo, dear! O weep for the hower when eve alevaes bower! How it did but all come eddaying back to them, if they did but get gaze, gagagnagnian, to hear him there, kiddling and cuddling her, after the gouty old galahat, with his peer of quinynears and his troad of thurstuns, so nefarious, from his elevation of one yard one handard and thartytwo lines, before the four of us, in his Roman Catholic arms, while his deepseepers gazed and sazed and dazeczrazemazed into her dullokbloon rodolling olosheen eyenbloos by the Cornelius Nepos, Mnepos. Anumque, umque. Napoo.

Queh? Quos?  
Ah, dearo dearo dear! Bozun braceth byrthe hven gooses gandered gavenen. Mahazar ag Dod! It was so scalding sorry for all the whole twice two four of us, with their familiar, making the toten, and Lally when he lost part of his half a hat and all belongings to him, in his old futile manner, cape, towel and drawbreches, and repeating himself and telling him now, for the seek of Senders Newslaters and the mossacre of Saint Brices, to forget the past, when the burglar he shoved the wretch in chumeroil, and contradicting all about Lally, the ballet master of Gosterstown, and his old fellow, the Lagener, in the Lock-lane Lighthouse, ealing his wick with a piece of earling, and liggerig higg with his ladder up, and that oldtime turner and his sadderday, erely clouding, the old croniony, Skelly, with the lether belly, full of nelts, full of kelts, full of light-weight belts and all the bald drakes or ever he had up in the bohereen, off Artsichekes Road, with Moels and Mervullagh Mullarty, the man in the Oran mosque, and the old folks at home and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation, as per the cabbangers richestore, of the filest archives, and he couldn't stop laughing over Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four middleaged widowers, all nangles, sangles, angles and wangles. And now, that reminds me, not to forget the four of the Welsh waves, leaping laughing, in their Lumbag Walk, over old Battleshore and Deaddelconche, in their half a Roman hat, with an ancient Greek gloss on it, in Chichester College auction and, thank God, they were all summarily divorced, four years before, or so they say, by their dear poor sheehusbands, in dear byword days, and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on the floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, per Nupiter Privius, only terparty, on the best of terms and be forgot, whilk was plainly forefolk by their old pilgrim cocklesong or they were singing through the wettest indies *As I was going to Buryrmeecarott we fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles* as also in another place by their orthodox proverb so there was said thus *That old fellow knows milk though he's not used to it latterly*. And so they parted. In Dalkmout member to. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked is left over. As evil flows so Ivel flows. Ay, ay. Ah, well sure, that's the way. As the holy-maid of Kunut said to the partyman of Koombe. For his humple peition in odvices. Womat. Squash. Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.

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Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear! The Lambeg drum,

*O, come all ye sweet nymphs  
of Dingle beach to cheer  
Briambride queen from Sybil  
surfriding  
In her curragh of shells of daughter  
of pearl and her silverymoon-  
blue mantle round her.  
Crown of the waters, brine on her  
brow, she'll dance them a jig  
and jilt them fairly.  
Yerra, why would she bide with Sig  
Gloomsydes or the program  
grey barnacle gander?*

**L**UCAS. And, O so well they could remembre at that time, when Carpery of the Goold Fins was in the kingship of Poolland, Mrs Dowager Justice Squalchman, foorsitter, in her fullbottom wig and beard, (Erminia Regina!) in or aring or around about the year of buy in disgrace 1132 or 1169 or 1768 Y.W.C.A., at the Married Male Familyman's Auctioneer's court in Arrahnacuddle. Poor Johnny of the clan of the Dougals, the poor Scuitsman, (Hohannes!) nothing if not amorous, dinna forget, so frightened (Zweep! Zweep!) on account of her full bottom, (undullable atraxity!) that put the year of mercies on him, and the four maasters, in chors, with a hing behangd them, because he was so slow to borstel her schoon for her, when he was grooming her ladyship, instead of backscratching her materfamilias proper, like any old methodist, and all divorced and innaesence interdict, in the middle of the temple, according to their dear faithful. Ah, now, it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the misoccurs; and poor Mark or Marcus Bowand-coat, from the brownesberrow in nolandsland, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted with ally croaker by everybody, by decree absolute, through Herrinsilde, because he forgot himself, making wind and water, and made a Neptune's mess of all of himself, sculling over the giamond's courseway, and because he forgot to remember to sign an old morning proxy paper, a writing in request to hersute herself, on stamped bronnanoleum, from Roneo to Gillette, before saying his grace before fish and then and there and too there was poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb, all drowned too, before the world and her husband, because it was most improper and most wrong, when he attempted to (well, he was shocking poor in his health, he said, it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the misoccurs; and poor Mark or Marcus Bowand-coat, from the brownesberrow in nolandsland, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted with ally croaker by everybody, by decree absolute, through Herrinsilde, because he forgot himself, making wind and water, and made a Neptune's mess of all of himself, sculling over the giamond's courseway, and because he forgot to remember to sign an old morning proxy paper, a writing in request to hersute herself, on stamped bronnanoleum, from Roneo to Gillette, before saying his grace before fish and then and there and too there was poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb, all drowned too, before the world and her husband, because it was most improper and most wrong, when he attempted to (well, he was shocking poor in his health, he said, it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the misoccurs; 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