



more and merrier, twills and trills, sparefours and spoilfives, nord-sihkes and sudsevers and ayes and neins to a litter. Grandfarthring nap and Messamisery and the knave of all knaves and the joker. Heehaw! 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 agapo! Tell me, tell me, how cam she camlin through all her fellows, the neckar she was, the diveline? Casting her perils before our swains from Fonte-in-Monte to Tidingtown and from Tidingtown tilhavet. Linking one and knocking the next, taping a flank and tipping a jutty and palling in and pietaring out and clyding by on her eastway. Waiwhou was the first thur-ever burst? Someone he was, whuebra they were, in a tactic attack or in single combat. Tinker, tilar, souldrer, salor, Pieman Peace or Polistaman. That's the thing I'm elwys on edge to esk. Push up and push vardar and come to uphill 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 waybashwards to row! She sid 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 jumpnad her and how it was gave her away. 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. 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, corribly 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 grain-
waster 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 lagos of girly days! For the dove of the dunas! Was-
ut? Izod? Are you sarthin suir? Not where the Finn fits into the
Mourne, not where the Nore takes lieve of Blœm, not where the
Braye divarts the Farer, not where the Moy changez her minds
twixt Cullin and Conn tween Cunn and Collin? Or where Neptune
sculled and Tritonville rowed and leandros three bumped heroines
two? Neya, narev, nen, nonni, 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 river-
end 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 sy-
comores, 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 sundown. By that Vale Vowclose's lucydlac,
the reignbeau's heavenarches arranged orranged her. Afroth-
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! But the majik wavus has elfun anon meshes.
And Simba the Slayer of his Oga is slewd. 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 niver to, niver to, nevar) 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. That was kissuahealing with bantur for balm! 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 pickts, 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 shearingtime, 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 sloop and, feefee fiefie, fell over a spillway before she found her stride and lay and wriggled in all the stagnant 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, Mtu or Mti, som-bogger was wisness. 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!