up and tightening down. Yes, you're changing, sonhusband, and
you're turning, I can feel you, for a daughterwife from the hills
again. Inlame. And she is coming. Swimming in my hindmoist.
Divertaking on me tail. Just a whisick brisk sly spry spink spank
sprint of a thing thersomere, sultering. Saltarelle come to her
own. I pity your oldself I was used to. Now a younger's there.
Try not to part! Be happy, dear ones! May I be wrong! For she'll
be sweet for you as I was sweet when I came down out of me
mother. My great blue bedroom, the air so quiet, scarce a cloud.
In peace and silence, I could have stayed up there for always only.
It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain
now if she likes. Gently or strongly as she likes. Anyway let her
rain for my time is come. I done me best when I was let. Think-
ing always if I go all goes. A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and
is there one who understands me? One in a thousand of years of
the nights? All me life I have been lived among them but now
they are becoming loathed to me. And I am lothing their little
warm tricks. And lothing their mean cozy turns. And all the
greedyushes out through their small souls. And all the lazy
leaks down over their harsh bodies. How small it's all! And me
letting on to meself always. And lifting on all the time. I thought
you were all glittering with the noblest of carriage. You're only
a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in
glory. You're but a puny. Home! My people were not their sort
out beyond there so far as I can. For all the bold and bad and
bleary they are blamed, the seahags. No! Nor for all our wild
dances in all their wild din. I can seen meself among them, alla-
numia pulchrelted. How she was handsome, the wild Amazia,
when she would seize to my other breast! And what is she weird,
haughty Niltun, that she will snatch from my owenest hair! For
"tis they are the stormies. Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash of
our cries till we spring to be free. Auravoles, they says, never heed
of your name! But I'm loothing them that's here and all I lothe.
Loonely in me loneliness. For all their faults. I am passing out. O
bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see.
Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's
sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moanmoaning, makes me seasalt saltsick and I rush, my only, into your arms. I see them rising! Save me from those therrible prongs! Two more. One two moremen more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. Lff! So soft this morning, ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair! If I seen him hearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink I'd die down over his feet, hunbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussofilbee, mememormee! Till thousandsendsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the
riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

Sir Tristram, violer d'amours, fr'over the short sea, had passen-
core reared from North Armorica on this side the raggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderight his penisolate war; nor
had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselse
to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper
all the time: nor avoice from afeire bellowed mishe mishe to
taufaun thuartpeatrick: not yet, though venissoon afer, had a
kidscaud buttended a bland old isaae: not yet, though all's fair in
vanesy, were sosie sesters wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a
peek of pa's malt had them or Shen brewed by arclight and rory
end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquafe.

The fall (habadalgharaghtakamminarronkonbrontonner-
ronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawnittoooohoohordenenthur-
nuk!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later
on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the
offwall entailed at such short notice the pfijschte of Finnegan,
erse solid man, that the humpychillhead of humself prumplty sends
an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes:
and their uptumpipepointandplace is at the knock out in the park
where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since dev-
lin's first loved livvy.