

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

1

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047)				
Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW030				
Now (to forebare for ever solittle of Iris Trees and Lili O'Ran-	1			
gans), concerning the genesis of Harold or Humphrey Chimp-	2			
den's occupational agnomen (we are back in the presurnames	3			
prodromarith period, of course just when enos chalked halltraps)	4			
and discarding once for all those theories from older sources which	5			
would link him back with such pivotal ancestors as the Glues, the	6			
Gravys, the Northeasts, the Ankers and the Earwickers of Sidles-	7			
ham in the Hundred of Manhood or proclaim him offsprout of	8			
vikings who had founded wapentake and seddled hem in Herrick	9			
or Eric, the best authenticated version, the Dumlat, read the	10			
Reading of Hofed-ben-Edar, has it that it was this way. We are	11			
told how in the beginning it came to pass that like cabbaging	12			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Cincinnatus the grand old gardener was saving daylight under his	13			
redwoodtree one sultry sabbath afternoon, Hag Chivychas Eve,	14			
in prefall paradise peace by following his plough for rootles in the	15			
rere garden of mobhouse, ye olde marine hotel, when royalty was	16			
announced by runner to have been pleased to have halted itself on	17			
the highroad along which a leisureloving dogfox had cast fol-	18			
lowed, also at walking pace, by a lady pack of cocker spaniels. For-	19			
getful of all save his vassal's plain fealty to the ethnarch Humphrey	20			
or Harold stayed not to yoke or saddle but stumbled out hotface	21			
as he was (his sweatful bandanna loose from his pocketcoat) hast-	22			
ing to the forecourts of his public in topee, surcingle, solascarf and	23			
plaid, plus fours, puttees and bulldog boots ruddled cinnabar with	24			
FW031				
flagrant marl, jingling his turnpike keys and bearing aloft amid	1			
the fixed pikes of the hunting party a high perch atop of which a	2			
flowerpot was fixed earthside hoist with care. On his majesty, who	3			
was, or often feigned to be, noticeably longsighted from green	4			
youth and had been meaning to inquire what, in effect, had caused	5			
yon causeway to be thus potholed, asking substitutionally to be	6			
put wise as to whether paternoster and silver doctors were not	7			
now more fancied bait for lobstertrapping honest blunt Harom-	8			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

phreyld answered in no uncertain tones very similarly with a fear-	9			
less forehead: Naw, yer maggers, aw war jist a cotchin on thon	10			
bluggy earwuggers. Our sailor king, who was draining a gugglet	11			
of obvious adamale, gift both and gorbán, upon this, ceasing to	12			
swallow, smiled most heartily beneath his walrus moustaches and	13			
indulging that none too genial humour which William the Conk	14			
on the spindle side had inherited with the hereditary whitelock	15			
and some shortfingeredness from his greataunt Sophy, turned to-	16			
wards two of his retinue of gallowglasses, Michael, etheling lord	17			
of Leix and Offaly and the jubilee mayor of Drogheda, Elcock,	18			
(the two scatterguns being Michael M. Manning, protosyndic of	19			
Waterford and an Italian excellency named Giubilei according to	20			
a later version cited by the learned scholar Canavan of Can-	21			
makenoise), in either case a triptychal religious family symbolising	22			
puritas of doctrina, business per usuals and the purchypatch of	23			
hamlock where the paddish preties grow and remarked dilsydul-	24			
sily: Holybones of Saint Hubert how our red brother of Pour-	25			
ingrainia would audibly fume did he know that we have for sur-	26			
trusty bailiwick a turnpiker who is by turns a pikebailer no sel-	27			
domer than an earwigger! For he kinned Jom Pill with his court	28			
so gray and his haunts in his house in the mourning. (One still	29			
hears that pebble crusted laughta, japijap cheerycherrily, among	30			
the roadside tree the lady Holmpatrick planted and still one feels	31			

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the amossive silence of the cladstone allegibelling: Ive mies outs	32			
ide Bourn.) Comes the question are these the facts of his nom-	33			
inigentilisation as recorded and accolated in both or either of the	34			
collateral andrewpaulmurphyc narratives. Are those their fata	35			
which we read in sibylline between the <i>fas</i> and its <i>nefas</i> ? No dung	36			
FW032				
on the road? And shall Nohomiah be our place like? Yea, Mulachy	1			
our kingable khan? We shall perhaps not so soon see. Pinck	2			
poncks that bail for seeks alicence where cumsceptres with scen-	3			
taurs stay. Bear in mind, son of Hokmah, if so be you have me-	4			
theg in your midness, this man is mountain and unto changeth	5			
doth one ascend. Heave we aside the fallacy, as punical as finikin,	6			
that it was not the king kingself but his inseparable sisters, un-	7			
controllable nighttalkers, Skertsiraizde with Donyahzade, who	8			
afterwards, when the robberers shot up the socialights, came down	9			
into the world as amusers and were staged by Madame Sudlow	10			
as Rosa and Lily Miskinguette in the pantalime that two pitts	11			
paythronosed, Miliodorus and Galathee. The great fact emerges	12			
that after that historic date all holographs so far exhumed ini-	13			
tialled by Haromphrey bear the sigla H.C.E. and while he was	14			
only and long and always good Dook Umphrey for the hunger-	15			

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lean spalpeens of Lucalizod and Chimbers to his cronies it was	16			
equally certainly a pleasant turn of the populace which gave him	17			
as sense of those normative letters the nickname Here Comes	18			
Everybody. An imposing everybody he always indeed looked,	19			
constantly the same as and equal to himself and magnificently well	20			
worthy of any and all such universalisation, every time he con-	21			
tinually surveyed, amid vociferatings from in front of <i>Accept these</i>	22			
<i>few nutties!</i> and <i>Take off that white hat!</i> , relieved with <i>Stop his Grog</i>	23			
and <i>Put It in the Log</i> and <i>Loots in his</i> (bassvoco) <i>Boots</i> , from good	24			
start to happy finish the truly catholic assemblage gathered together	25			
in that king's treat house of satin alustrelike above floats and foot-	26			
lights from their assbawlveldts and oxgangs unanimously to clap-	27			
plaud (the inspiration of his lifetime and the hits of their careers)	28			
Mr Wallenstein Washington Semperkelly's immergreen tourers	29			
in a command performance by special request with the courteous	30			
permission for pious purposes the homedromed and enlivenh	31			
performance of the problem passion play of the millentury, running	32			
strong since creation, <i>A Royal Divorce</i> , then near the approach	33			
towards the summit of its climax, with ambitious interval band	34			
selections from <i>The Bo' Girl</i> and <i>The Lily</i> on all horserie show	35			
command nights from his viceregal booth (his bossaloner is ceil-	36			
FW033				

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inged there a cuckoospit less eminent than the redritualhoods of	1			
Maccabe and Cullen) where, a veritable Napoleon the Nth, our	2			
worldstage's practical jokepiece and retired cecelticocommediant	3			
in his own wise, this folksforefather all of the time sat, having the	4			
entirety of his house about him, with the invariable broadstretched	5			
kerchief cooling his whole neck, nape and shoulderblades and in	6			
a wardrobe panelled tuxedo completely thrown back from a shirt	7			
well entitled a swallowall, on every point far outstarching the	8			
laundered clawhammers and marbletopped highboys of the pit	9			
stalls and early amphitheatre. The piece was this: look at the lamps.	10			
The cast was thus: see under the clock. Ladies circle: cloaks may	11			
be left. Pit, prommer and parterre, standing room only. Habituels	12			
conspicuously emergent.	13			
A baser meaning has been read into these characters the literal	14			
sense of which decency can safely scarcely hint. It has been blur-	15			
tingly bruited by certain wisecrackers (the stinks of Mohorat are	16			
in the nightplots of the morning), that he suffered from a vile	17			
disease. Athma, unmanner them! To such a suggestion the one	18			
selfrespecting answer is to affirm that there are certain statements	19			
which ought not to be, and one should like to hope to be able to	20			
add, ought not to be allowed to be made. Nor have his detractors,	21			
who, an imperfectly warmblooded race, apparently conceive him	22			

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as a great white caterpillar capable of any and every enormity in	23		
the calendar recorded to the discredit of the Juke and Kellikek	24		
families, mended their case by insinuating that, alternately, he lay	25		
at one time under the ludicrous imputation of annoying Welsh	26		
fusiliers in the people's park. Hay, hay, hay! Hoq, hoq, hoq!	27		
Faun and Flora on the lea love that little old joq. To anyone who	28		
knew and loved the christlikeness of the big cleanminded giant	29		
H. C. Earwicker throughout his excellency long vicefreegal exis-	30		
tence the mere suggestion of him as a lustsleuth nosing for trou-	31		
ble in a boobytrap rings particularly preposterous. Truth, beard	32		
on prophet, compels one to add that there is said to have been	33		
quondam (pfuit! pfuit!) some case of the kind implicating, it is	34		
interdum believed, a quidam (if he did not exist it would be ne-	35		
cessary quoniam to invent him) abhout that time stambuling ha-	36		
FW034			
round Dumbaling in leaky sneakers with his tarrk record who	1		
has remained topantically anonymos but (let us hue him Abdul-	2		
lah Gamellaxarksky) was, it is stated, posted at Mallon's at the	3		
instance of watch warriors of the vigilance committee and years	4		
afterwards, cries one even greater, Ibid, a commender of the	5		
frightful, seemingly, unto such as were sulhan sated, tropped head	6		

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(pfiat! pfiat!) waiting his first of the month froods turn for	7		
thatt chopp pah kabbakks alicubi on the old house for the charge-	8		
hard, Roche Haddocks off Hawkins Street. Lowe, you blondy	9		
liar, Gob scene you in the narked place and she what's edith ar	10		
home defileth these boyles! There's a cabful of bash indeed in	11		
the homeur of that meal. Slander, let it lie its flattest, has never	12		
been able to convict our good and great and no ordinary Southron	13		
Earwicker, that homogenius man, as a pious author called him, of	14		
any graver impropriety than that, advanced by some woodwards	15		
or regards, who did not dare deny, the shomers, that they had,	16		
chin Ted, chin Tam, chinchin Taffyd, that day consumed their	17		
soul of the corn, of having behaved with ongentilmensky im-	18		
modus opposite a pair of dainty maidservants in the swoolth of	19		
the rushy hollow whither, or so the two gown and pinner plead-	20		
ed, dame nature in all innocency had spontaneously and about the	21		
same hour of the eventide sent them both but whose published	22		
combinations of silkinlaine testimonies are, where not dubiously	23		
pure, visibly divergent, as wapt from wept, on minor points touch-	24		
ing the intimate nature of this, a first offence in vert or venison	25		
which was admittedly an incautious but, at its wildest, a partial ex-	26		
posure with such attenuating circumstances (garthen gaddeth green	27		
hwere sokeman brideth girling) as an abnormal Saint Swithin's	28		
summer and, (Jesses Rosasharon!) a ripe occasion to provoke it.	29		

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

We can't do without them. Wives, rush to the restyours! Of-	30			
man will toman while led is the lol. Zessid's our kadem, villa-	31			
pleach, vollapluck. Fikup, for flesh nelly, el mundo nov, zole flen!	32			
If she's a lilyth, pull early! Pauline, allow! And malers abushed,	33			
keep black, keep black! Guiltless of much laid to him he was	34			
clearly for once at least he clearly expressed himself as being with	35			
still a trace of his erstwhile burr and hence it has been received of	36			
FW035				
us that it is true. They tell the story (an amalgam as absorbing as	1			
calzium chloereydes and hydrophobe sponges could make it) how	2			
one happygogusty Ides-of-April morning (the anniversary, as it	3			
fell out, of his first assumption of his mirthday suit and rights in	4			
appurtenance to the confusioning of human races) ages and ages	5			
after the alleged misdemeanour when the tried friend of all crea-	6			
tion, tigerwood roadstaff to his stay, was billowing across the	7			
wide expanse of our greatest park in his caoutchouc kepi and	8			
great belt and hideinsacks and his blaufunx fustian and ironsides	9			
jackboots and Bhagafat gaiters and his rubberised inverness, he	10			
met a cad with a pipe. The latter, the luciferant not the oriulate	11			
(who, the odds are, is still berting dagabout in the same straw	12			
bamer, carryin his overgoat under his schulder, sheepside out, so	13			

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as to look more like a coumfry gentleman and signing the pledge	14		
as gaily as you please) hardily accosted him with: Guinness thaw	15		
tool in jew me dinner ouzel fin? (a nice how-do-you-do in Pool-	16		
black at the time as some of our olddaisers may still tremblingly	17		
recall) to ask could he tell him how much a clock it was that the	18		
clock struck had he any idea by cock's luck as his watch was	19		
bradys. Hesitency was clearly to be evitated. Execration as cleverly	20		
to be honnisoid. The Earwicker of that spurring instant, realising	21		
on fundamental liberal principles the supreme importance, nexally	22		
and noxally, of physical life (the nearest help relay being pingping	23		
K. O. Sempatrick's Day and the fenian rising) and unwishful as	24		
he felt of being hurled into eternity right then, plugged by a soft-	25		
nosed bullet from the sap, halted, quick on the draw, and reply-	26		
in that he was feelin tipstaff, cue, prodooced from his gunpocket	27		
his Jurgensen's shrapnel waterbury, ours by communionism, his	28		
by usucapture, but, on the same stroke, hearing above the skirl-	29		
ing of harsh Mother East old Fox Goodman, the bellmaster, over	30		
the wastes to south, at work upon the ten ton tonuant thunder-	31		
ous tenor toller in the speckled church (Couhounin's call!) told	32		
the inquiring kidder, by Jehova, it was twelve of em sidereal and	33		
tankard time, adding, buttall, as he bended deeply with smoked	34		
sardinish breath to give more pondus to the copperstick he pre-	35		
sented, (though this seems in some cumfusium with the chap-	36		

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FW036				
stuck ginger which, as being of sours, acids, salts, sweets and	1			
bitters compounded, we know him to have used as chaw-	2			
chaw for bone, muscle, blood, flesh and vimvital,) that where-	3			
as the hakusay accusation againstm had been made, what was	4			
known in high quarters as was stood stated in Morganspost, by	5			
a creature in youman form who was quite beneath parr and seve-	6			
ral degrees lower than yore triplehydrad snake. In greater sup-	7			
port of his word (it, quaint anticipation of a famous phrase, has	8			
been reconstricted out of oral style into the verbal for all time	9			
with ritual rhythemics, in quiritary quietude, and toosammen-	10			
stucked from successive accounts by Noah Webster in the re-	11			
daction known as the Sayings Attributive of H. C. Earwicker,	12			
prize on schillings, postlots free), the flaxen Gygas tapped his	13			
chronometrum drumdrum and, now standing full erect, above	14			
the ambijacent floodplain, scene of its happening, with one Ber-	15			
lin gauntlet chopstuck in the hough of his ellboge (by ancientest	16			
signlore his gesture meaning: E!) pointed at an angle of thirty-	17			
two degrees towards his <i>duc de Fer's</i> overgrown milestone as	18			
fellow to his gage and after a rendypresent pause averred with	19			
solemn emotion's fire: Shsh shake, co-comeraid! Me only, them	20			

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five ones, he is equal combat. I have won straight. Hence my	21			
nonation wide hotel and creamery establishments which for the	22			
honours of our mewmew mutual daughters, credit me, I am woo-	23			
woo willing to take my stand, sir, upon the monument, that sign	24			
of our ruru redemption, any hygienic day to this hour and to	25			
make my hoath to my sinnfinners, even if I get life for it, upon	26			
the Open Bible and before the Great Taskmaster's (I lift my hat!)	27			
and in the presence of the Deity Itself andwell of Bishop and	28			
Mrs Michan of High Church of England as of all such of said	29			
my immediate withdwellers and of every living sohole in every	30			
corner wheresoever of this globe in general which useth of my	31			
British to my backbone tongue and commutative justice that	32			
there is not one tittle of truth, allow me to tell you, in that purest	33			
of fibfib fabrications.	34			
Gaping Gill, swift to mate errthors, stern to checkself, (diag-	35			
nosing through eustacetube that it was to make with a markedly	36			
FW037				
postpuberal hypertituitary type of Heidelberg manneleich cavern	1			
ethics) lufted his slopingforward, bad Sweatagore good mur-	2			
rough and dublnotch on to it as he was greedly obliged, and	3			
like a sensible ham, with infinite tact in the delicate situation seen	4			

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the touchy nature of its perilous theme, thanked um for guilders	5		
received and time of day (not a little token abock all the same that	6		
that was owl the God's clock it was) and, upon humble duty to	7		
greet his Tyskminister and he shall gildthegap Gaper and thee his	8		
a mouldy voids, went about his business, whoever it was, saluting	9		
corpses, as a metter of corse (one could hound him out had one	10		
hart to for the monticules of scalp and dandruff droppings blaze	11		
his trail) accompanied by his trusty snorler and his permanent	12		
reflection, verbigracious; I have met with you, bird, too late,	13		
or if not, too worm and early: and with tag for ildiot repeated	14		
in his secondmouth language as many of the bigtimer's verbaten	15		
words which he could balbly call to memory that same kveldeve,	16		
ere the hour of the twattering of bards in the twitterlitter between	17		
Druidia and the Deepsleep Sea, when suppertide and souvenir to	18		
Charlatan Mall jointly kem gently and along the quiet darkenings	19		
of Grand and Royal, ff, flitmansfluh, and, kk, 't crept i' hedge	20		
whenas to many a softongue's pawkytalk mude unswer u sufter	21		
poghyogh, Arvanda always aquiassent, while, studying castelles	22		
in the blowne and studding cowshots over the noran, he spat in	23		
careful convertedness a musaic dispensation about his <i>hearthstone</i> ,	24		
if you please, (Irish saliva, <i>mawshe dho hole</i> , but would a respect-	25		
able prominently connected fellow of Iro-European ascendances	26		
with welldressed ideas who knew the correct thing such as Mr	27		

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Shallwesigh or Mr Shallwelaugh expectorate after such a callous	28			
fashion, no thank yous! when he had his belcher <i>spuckertuck</i> in his	29			
pucket, pthuck?) musefed with his thockits after having supped	30			
of the dish sot and pottage which he snobbishly dabbed Peach	31			
Bombay (it is rawly only Lukanpukan pilzenpie which she knows	32			
which senaffed and pibered him), a supreme of excelling peas,	33			
balled under minnshogue's milk into whitemalt winesour, a pro-	34			
viant the littlebilker hoarsely relished, chaff it, in the snevel season,	35			
being as fain o't as your rat wi' fennel; and on this celebrating	36			
FW038				
occasion of the happy escape, for a crowning of pot valiance,	1			
this regional platter, benjamin of bouillis, with a polish olive to	2			
middlepoint its zaynith, was marrying itself (porkograso!) ere-	3			
busqued very deluxiously with a bottle of Phenice-Bruerie '98,	4			
followed for second nuptials by a Piessporter, Grand Cur, of	5			
both of which cherished tablelights (though humble the bounquet	6			
'tis a leaman's farewell) he obdurately sniffed the cobwebcrusted	7			
corks.	8			
Our cad's bit of strife (knee Bareniece Maxwelton) with a quick	9			
ear for spittoons (as the aftertale hath it) glaned up as usual with	10			
dumbestic husbandry (no persicks and armelians for thee, Pome-	11			

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ranzia!) but, slipping the clav in her claw, broke of the matter	12		
among a hundred and eleven others in her usual curtsey (how	13		
faint these first vhespers womanly are, a secret pispigliando, amad	14		
the lavurdy den of their manfolker!) the next night nudge one	15		
as was Hegesippus over a hup a ' chee, her eys dry and small and	16		
speech thicklish because he appeared a funny colour like he	17		
couldn't stood they old hens no longer, to her particular reverend,	18		
the director, whom she had been meaning in her mind primarily	19		
to speak with (hosch, intra! jist a timblespoon!) trusting, between	20		
cuppled lips and annie lawrie promises (mighshe never have	21		
Esnekerry pudden come Hunanov for her pecklapitschens!) that	22		
the gossip so delivered in his epistolear, buried teatoastally in	23		
their Irish stew would go no further than his jesuit's cloth, yet	24		
(in vinars venitas! volatiles valetotum!) it was this overspoiled	25		
priest Mr Browne, disguised as a vincentian, who, when seized	26		
of the facts, was overheard, in his secondary personality as a	27		
Nolan and underreared, poul soul, by accident—if, that is, the	28		
incident it was an accident for here the ruah of Ecclectiastes	29		
of Hippo outpuffs the writress of Havvah-ban-Annah—to	30		
pianissime a slightly varied version of Crookedribs confidentials,	31		
(what Mère Aloyse said but for Jesuphine's sake!) hands between	32		
hahands, in fealty sworn (my bravor best! my fraur!) and, to the	33		
strains of <i>The Secret of Her Birth</i> , hushly pierce the rubiend	34		

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aurellum of one Philly Thurnston, a layteacher of rural science	35			
and orthophonethics of a nearstout figure and about the middle	36			
FW039				
of his forties during a priestly flutter for safe and sane bets at the	1			
hippic runfields of breezy Baldoyle on a date (W. W. goes	2			
through the card) easily capable of remembrance by all pickers-	3			
up of events national and Dublin details, the doubles of Perkin	4			
and Paullock, peer and prole, when the classic Encourage Hackney	5			
Plate was captured by two noses in a stablecloth finish, ek and nek,	6			
some and none, evelo nevelo, from the cream colt Bold Boy	7			
Cromwell after a clever getaway by Captain Chaplain Blount's	8			
roe hinny Saint Dalough, Drummer Coxon, nondepict third, at	9			
breakneck odds, thanks to you great little, bonny little, portey	10			
little, Winny Widger! you're all their nappies! who in his never-	11			
rip mud and purpular cap was surely leagues unlike any other	12			
phantomweight that ever toppitt our timber maggies.	13			
'Twas two pisononse Timcoves (the wetter is pest, the renns are	14			
overt and come and the voax of the turfur is hurled on our lande)	15			
of the name of Treacle Tom as was just out of pop following the	16			
theft of a leg of Kehoe, Donnelly and Pakenham's Finnish pork	17			
and his own blood and milk brother Frisky Shorty, (he was, to be	18			

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exquisitely punctilious about them, both shorty and frisky) a tip-	19			
ster, come off the hulks, both of them awful poor, what was out	20			
on the bumaround for an oofbird game for a jimmy o' goblin or	21			
a small thick un as chanced, while the Seaforths was making the	22			
colleenbawl, to ear the passon in the motor clobber make use of	23			
his law language (Edzo, Edzo on), touchin the case of Mr Adams	24			
what was in all the sundays about it which he was rubbing noses	25			
with and having a gurgle off his own along of the butty bloke in	26			
the specs.	27			
This Treacle Tom to whom reference has been made had	28			
been absent from his usual wild and woolly haunts in the land	29			
of counties capalleens for some time previous to that (he was, in	30			
fact, in the habit of frequenting common lodginghouses where	31			
he slept in a nude state, hailfellow with meth, in strange men's	32			
cots) but on racenight, blotto after divers tots of hell fire, red	33			
bidly, bull dog, blue ruin and creeping jenny, Eglantine's choic-	34			
est herbage, supplied by the Duck and Doggies, the Galop-	35			
ping Primrose, Brigid Brewster's, the Cock, the Postboy's Horn,	36			
FW040				
the Little Old Man's and All Swell That Aims well, the Cup and	1			
the Stirrup, he sought his wellwarmed leababobed in a hous-	2			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ingroom Abide With Oneanother at Block W.W., (why didn't	3		
he back it?) Pump Court, The Liberties, and, what with	4		
moltapuke on voltapuke, resnored alcoh alchoh alcoharently to	5		
the burden of <i>I come, my horse delayed</i> , nom num, the sub-	6		
stance of the tale of the evangelical bussybozzy and the rusinur-	7		
bean (the 'girls' he would keep calling them for the collarette	8		
and skirt, the sunbonnet and carnation) in parts (it seemed he	9		
was before the eyots of martas or otherwales the thirds of fossil-	10		
years, he having beham with katya when lavinias had her mens	11		
lease to sea in a psumpship doodly show whereat he was looking	12		
for fight niggers with whilde roarses) oft in the chilly night (the	13		
metagonistic! the epickthalamorous!) during uneasy slumber in	14		
their hearings of a small and stonybroke cashdraper's executive,	15		
Peter Cloran (discharged), O'Mara, an exprivate secretary of no	16		
fixed abode (locally known as Mildew Lisa), who had passed	17		
several nights, funnish enough, in a doorway under the blankets	18		
of homelessness on the bunk of iceland, pillowed upon the stone	19		
of destiny colder than man's knee or woman's breast, and	20		
Hosty, (no slouch of a name), an illstarred beachbusker, who,	21		
sans rootie and sans scrapie, suspicioning as how he was setting	22		
on a twoodstool on the verge of selfabyss, most starved, with	23		
melancholia over everything in general, (night birman, you served	24		
him with natigal's nano!) had been towhead tossing on his shake-	25		

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

down, devising ways and manners of means, of what he loved	26			
to ifidalicence somehow or other in the nation getting a hold of	27			
some chap's parabellum in the hope of taking a wing sociable	28			
and lighting upon a sidewheel dive somewhere off the Dullkey	29			
Downlairy and Bleakrooky tramaline where he could throw true	30			
and go and blow the sibicidal napper off himself for two bits to	31			
boldywell baltitude in the peace and quitybus of a one sure shot	32			
bottle, he after having being trying all he knew with the lady's	33			
help of Madam Gristle for upwards of eighteen calanders to get	34			
out of Sir Patrick Dun's, through Sir Humphrey Jervis's and	35			
into the Saint Kevin's bed in the Adelaide's hossipittles (from	36			
FW041				
these incurable wellleslays among those uncarable wellasdays	1			
through Sant Iago by his cocklehat, good Lazar, deliver us!)	2			
without after having been able to jerrywangle it anysides. Lisa	3			
O'Deavis and Roche Mongan (who had so much incomon,	4			
epipsychidically; if the phrase be permitted <i>hostis et odor insuper</i>	5			
<i>petroperfractus</i>) as an understood thing slept their sleep of the	6			
swimborne in the one sweet undulant mother of tumblerbunks	7			
with Hosty just how the shavers in the shaw the yokels in the	8			
yoats or, well, the wasters in the wilde, and the bustling tweeny-	9			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

dawn-of-all-works (meed of anthems here we pant!) had not been	10		
many jiffies furbishing potlids, doorbrasses, scholars' applecheeks	11		
and linkboy's metals when, ashhopperminded like no fella he go	12		
make bakenbeggfuss longa white man, the rejuvenated busker (for	13		
after a goodnight's rave and rumble and a shinkhams topmorning	14		
with his coexes he was not the same man) and his broadawake	15		
bedroom suite (our boys, as our Byron called them) were up	16		
and ashuffle from the hogshome they lovenaned The Barrel, cross	17		
Ebblinn's chilled hamlet (thrie routes and restings on their then	18		
superficies curiously correspondant with those linea and puncta	19		
where our tubenny habenny metro maniplumbs below the ober-	20		
flake underrails and stations at this time of riding) to the thrum-	21		
mings of a crewth fiddle which, cremoaning and cronauning, levey	22		
grevey, witty and wevey, appy, leppy and playable, caressed the	23		
ears of the subjects of King Saint Finnerty the Festive who, in	24		
brick homes of their own and in their flavory fraiseberry beds,	25		
heeding hardly cry of honeyman, soed lavender or foyneboyne	26		
salmon alive, with their priggish mouths all open for the larger	27		
appraisiation of this longawaited Messiagh of roaratorios, were	28		
only halfpast atswееее and after a brisk pause at a pawnbroking	29		
establishment for the prothetic purpose of redeeming the song-	30		
ster's truly admirable false teeth and a prolonged visit to a house	31		
of call at Cujas Place, fizz, the Old Sots' Hole in the parish of	32		

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Saint Cecily within the liberty of Ceolmore not a thousand or one	33			
national leagues, that was, by Griffith's valuation, from the site	34			
of the statue of Primewer Glasstone setting a match to the march	35			
of a maker (last of the stewards peut-être), where, the tale rambles	36			
FW042				
along, the trio of whackfolthediddlers was joined by a further—	1			
intentions—apply—tomorrow casual and a decent sort of the	2			
hadbeen variety who had just been touching the weekly insult,	3			
phewit, and all figblabbers (who saith of noun?) had stimulants	4			
in the shape of gee and gees stood by the damn decent sort after	5			
which stag luncheon and a few ones more just to celebrate yester-	6			
day, flushed with their firestufffostered friendship, the rascals came	7			
out of the licensed premises, (Browne's first, the small p.s. ex-ex-	8			
executive capahand in their sad rear like a lady's postscript: I want	9			
money. Pleasend), wiping their laughleaking lipes on their sleeves,	10			
how the bouckaleens shout their roscan generally (seinn fion,	11			
seinn fion's araun.) and the rhymers' world was with reason the	12			
richer for a wouldbe ballad, to the balledder of which the world	13			
of cumannity singing owes a tribute for having placed on the	14			
planet's melomap his lay of the vilest bogeyer but most attrac-	15			
tionable avatar the world has ever had to explain for.	16			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

This, more krectly lubeen or fellow — me — lieder was first	17			
poured forth where Riau Liviau riots and col de Houdo humps,	18			
under the shadow of the monument of the shouldhavebeen legis-	19			
lator (Eleutheriodendron! Spare, woodmann, spare!) to an over-	20			
flow meeting of all the nations in Lenster fullyfilling the visional	21			
area and, as a singleminded supercrowd, easily representative,	22			
what with masks, whet with faces, of all sections and cross sections	23			
(wineshop and cocoaouse poured out to brim up the broaching)	24			
of our liffeyside people (to omit to mention of the mainland mino-	25			
riety and such as had wayfared <i>via</i> Watling, Ernin, Icknild and	26			
Stane, in chief a halted cockney car with its quotal of Hardmuth's	27			
hacks, a northern tory, a southern whig, an eastanglian chroni-	28			
cler and a landwester guardian) ranging from slips of young	29			
dublinos from Cutpurse Row having nothing better to do than	30			
walk about with their hands in their kneepants, sucking air-	31			
whackers, weedulicet, jumbobricks, side by side with truant	32			
officers, three woollen balls and poplin in search of a croust of	33			
pawn to busy professional gentlemen, a brace of palesmen with	34			
dundrearies, nooning toward Daly's, fresh from snipehitting and	35			
mallardmissing on Rutland heath, exchanging cold sneers, mass-	36			
FW043				

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

going ladies from Hume Street in their chairs, the bearers baited,	1			
some wandering hamalags out of the adjacent cloverfields of	2			
Mosse's Gardens, an oblate father from Skinner's Alley, brick-	3			
layers, a fleming, in tabinet fumant, with spouse and dog, an aged	4			
hammersmith who had some chisellers by the hand, a bout of	5			
cudgel players, not a few sheep with the braxy, two bluecoat	6			
scholars, four broke gents out of Simpson's on the Rocks, a	7			
portly and a pert still tassing Turkey Coffee and orange shrub in	8			
tickeyes door, Peter Pim and Paul Fry and then Elliot and, O,	9			
Atkinson, suffering hell's delights from the blains of their annui-	10			
tants' acorns not forgetting a deuce of dianas ridy for the hunt, a	11			
particularist prebendary pondering on the roman easter, the ton-	12			
sure question and greek uniates, plunk em, a lace lappet head or	13			
two or three or four from a window, and so on down to a few good	14			
old souls, who, as they were juiced after taking their pledge over at	15			
the uncle's place, were evidently under the spell of liquor, from the	16			
wake of Tarry the Tailor a fair girl, a jolly postoboy thinking off	17			
three flagons and one, a plumodrole, a half sir from the weaver's	18			
almshouse who clings and clings and chatchatchat clings to her, a	19			
wholedam's cloudhued pittycoat, as child, as curiolater, as Caoch	20			
O'Leary. The wararrow went round, so it did, (a nation wants	21			
a gaze) and the ballad, in the felibrine trancoped metre affectioned	22			
by Taiocebo in his <i>Casudas de Poulichinello Artahut</i> , stump-	23			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

stampaded on to a slip of blancovide and headed by an excessively	24			
rough and red woodcut, privately printed at the rimepress of	25			
Delville, soon fluttered its secret on white highway and brown	26			
byway to the rose of the winds and the blew of the gael, from	27			
archway to lattice and from black hand to pink ear, village crying	28			
to village, through the five pussyfours green of the united states	29			
of Scotia Picta— and he who denays it, may his hairs be rubbed	30			
in dirt! To the added strains (so peacifold) of his majesty the	31			
flute, that onecrooned king of inscrewments, Piggott's purest, <i>ciello</i>	32			
<i>alsoliuto</i> , which Mr Delaney (Mr Delacey?), horn, anticipating	33			
a perfect downpour of plaudits among the rapsods, piped	34			
out of his decentsoort hat, looking still more like his purseiful	35			
namesake as men of Gaul noted, but before of to sputabout, the	36			
FW044				
snowycrested curl amoist the leader's wild and moulting hair,	1			
'Ductor' Hitchcock hoisted his fezzy fuzz at bludgeon's height	2			
signum to his companions of the chalice for the Loud Fellow,	3			
boys' and <i>silentium in curia!</i> (our maypole once more where he rose	4			
of old) and the canto was chantied there chorussed and christened	5			
where by the old tollgate, Saint Annona's Street and Church.	6			
And around the lawn the rann it rann and this is the rann that	7			

2. Episode **TWO** (18 pages, from 030 to 047). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

Hosty made. Spoken. Boyles and Cahills, Skerretts and Pritchards,	8			
viersified and piersified may the treeth we tale of live in stoney.	9			
Here line the refrains of. Some vote him Vike, some mote him	10			
Mike, some dub him Llyn and Phin while others hail him Lug	11			
Bug Dan Lop, Lex, Lax, Gunne or Guinn. Some apt him Arth,	12			
some bapth him Barth, Coll, Noll, Soll, Will, Weel, Wall but I	13			
parse him Persse O'Reilly else he's called no name at all. To-	14			
gether. Arrah, leave it to Hosty, frosty Hosty, leave it to Hosty	15			
for he's the mann to rhyme the rann, the rann, the rann, the king	16			
of all ranns. Have you here? (Some ha) Have we where? (Some	17			
hant) Have you hered? (Others do) Have we whered? (Others dont)	18			
It's cumming, it's brumming! The clip, the clop! (All cla) Glass	19			
crash. The (klikkakkakkaklaskaklopatzklatschabattacreppycrotty-	20			
graddaghsemmihsammihnouithappluddyappladdypkonpkot!).	21			
{	<i>Ardite, ardit!</i>	22		
	Music cue.	23		

<p style="text-align: center;">“THE BALLAD OF PERSSE O'REILLY.”</p>				
<p>FW045</p>				
<p>Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty</p>	<p>1</p>			
<p>How he fell with a roll and a rumble</p>	<p>2</p>			
<p>And curled up like Lord Olofa Crumple</p>	<p>3</p>			
<p>By the butt of the Magazine Wall,</p>	<p>4</p>			
<p>(Chorus) Of the Magazine Wall,</p>	<p>5</p>			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Hump, helmet and all?	6			
He was one time our King of the Castle	7			
Now he's kicked about like a rotten old parsnip.	8			
And from Green street he'll be sent by order of His Worship	9			
To the penal jail of Mountjoy	10			
(Chorus) To the jail of Mountjoy!	11			
Jail him and joy.	12			
He was fafater of all schemes for to bother us	13			
Slow coaches and immaculate contraceptives for the populace,	14			
Mare's milk for the sick, seven dry Sundays a week,	15			
Openair love and religion's reform,	16			
(Chorus) And religious reform,	17			
Hideous in form.	18			
Arrah, why, says you, couldn't he manage it?	19			
I'll go bail, my fine dairyman darling,	20			
Like the bumping bull of the Cassidys	21			
All your butter is in your horns.	22			
(Chorus) His butter is in his horns.	23			
Butter his horns!	24			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

(Repeat) Hurrah there, Hosty, frosty Hosty, change that shirt	25			
[on ye,	26			
Rhyme the rann, the king of all ranns!	27			
<i>Balbaccio, balbuccio!</i>	28			
We had chaw chaw chops, chairs, chewing gum, the chicken-	29			
[pox and china chambers	30			
Universally provided by this soffsoaping salesman.	31			
FW046				
Small wonder He'll Cheat E'erawan our local lads nicknamed him	1			
When Chimpden first took the floor	2			
(Chorus) With his bucketshop store	3			
Down Bargainweg, Lower.	4			
So snug he was in his hotel premises sumptuous	5			
But soon we'll bonfire all his trash, tricks and trumpery	6			
And'tis short till sheriff Clancy'll be winding up his unlimited	7			
[company	8			
With the bailiff's bom at the door,	9			
(Chorus) Bimbam at the door.	10			
Then he'll bum no more.	11			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Sweet bad luck on the waves washed to our island	12			
The hooker of that hammerfast viking	13			
And Gall's curse on the day when Eblana bay	14			
Saw his black and tan man-o'-war.	15			
(Chorus) Saw his man-o'-war.	16			
On the harbour bar.	17			
Where from? roars Poolbeg. Cookingha'pence, he bawls Donnez-	18			
[moi scampitle, wick an wipin'fampiny	19			
Fingal Mac Oscar Onesine Bargearse Boniface	20			
Thok's min gammelhole Norveegickers moniker	21			
Og as ay are at gammelhore Norveegickers cod.	22			
(Chorus) A Norwegian camel old cod.	23			
He is, begod.	24			
Lift it, Hosty, lift it, ye devil ye! up with the rann, the rhyming	25			
[rann!	26			
It was during some fresh water garden pumping	27			
Or, according to the <i>Nursing Mirror</i> , while admiring the mon-	28			
[keys	29			
That our heavyweight heathen Humpharey	30			
Made bold a maid to woo	31			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

(Chorus) Woohoo, what'll she doo!	32			
The general lost her maidenloo!	33			
FW047				
He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded philosopher,	1			
For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.	2			
Begob, he's the crux of the catalogue	3			
Of our antediluvial zoo,	4			
(Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Co.	5			
Noah's larks, good as noo.	6			
He was joulting by Wellinton's monument	7			
Our rotorious hippopotamuns	8			
When some bugger let down the backtrap of the omnibus	9			
And he caught his death of fusiliers,	10			
(Chorus) With his rent in his rears.	11			
Give him six years.	12			
'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children	13			
But look out for his missus legitimate!	14			
When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker	15			
Won't there be earwigs on the green?	16			

2. Episode **TWO** (18 pages, from 030 to 047). **Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.**

(Chorus) Big earwigs on the green,	17			
The largest ever you seen.	18			
Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! Anonymoses!	19			
Then we'll have a free trade Gaels' band and mass meeting	20			
For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavery.	21			
And we'll bury him down in Oxmanstown	22			
Along with the devil and Danes,	23			
(Chorus) With the deaf and dumb Danes,	24			
And all their remains.	25			
And not all the king's men nor his horses	26			
Will resurrect his corpus	27			
For there's no true spell in Connacht or hell	28			
(bis) That's able to raise a Cain.	29			