

38 was. ^{twas} ~~his~~ ^{priester} ~~rite~~.
JAMES JOYCE

Nock, the muddy
nickers; Christ's

(brown jesus (thur him no quartos!) till that on him so
poorin sweat the juggaleer's veins (quench his quill!) in
his naper scrag stud, out burst bright tamquam taugh-
tropes. O He Must Suffer! From this misbelieving fea-
maker to his nonredible fancyflame. Ask for Bosthoon,
late for Mass, pray for blaablaablack sheep. (Sure, you
could cite any pippap passage, Eye bet, as foyné as
that moultlyousy Erewhig, yerself, mick!) Dear and
he went on to scripple gentlemine born, muddy bread,
he would pen for her, he would pine for her, how he
would patpun fun for all with his froucky frowner
so and his glumsome grinner otherso. And how are you
waggy? My animal is sorrafool! And treste, ah trieste
ate I my liver! *Se non è vero son novatore* O jerry!
He was soso, harriot all! He was shuffellow steifel! He
was mistermysterion. Like a purate out of pensionee with
a gouvernement job. All moanday, teersday, wailsday,
thumpsetay, frightday, shatterday till the fear of the
Law. Look at this twitches! He was quiskins, floored on
his plankraft of shittim wood. Look at him! Sink deep
or touch not the Cartesian spring! Want more ashes,
griper? How he was lying low on his rawisde laying
siege to goblin castle. And bezouts that, how he was laying
him long on his laughside lying sack to croakpart-
ridge. (Be thou wars ~~his~~ intestions! quoths the reve-
rend biskop Leech). Ain opes too soon ear! If you could
me lendtill, my pascal's candle and the price of a
plate of poultice. Panked. With best apolojigs to self for
the clericals and again begs guerdon for bistrispissing
on your bunificence. Well, wiggywiggywagtail, and how
are you yaggy? With a capital Tea for Thirst. Blott.

Church
vases,
Bellial!

M
Tipoo

Shagavat

x dismal

hyes was med

and merry
money thanks

Too low
sure,
Rolaf's

Now, (brush your saton hat, me elementate joyclid,
son of a Butt! She's mine, he Skibbering's eagles, sweet
tart of Whiteknees Archway) watch him signing away

having caught at his thy
bfurking eplamum 17 in his bolsillos,
the ^{THE SITION NO 11} ~~over~~ like underworp, sahib,
he could ever funna
without difficulties, the aboleshrick,