

A, tung and trit

JAMES JOYCE

never so ever

And he ceased and it was ~~ever~~ so dusk of both of them. But still ~~one~~ thought of the deeps he would profound on the morrow and still ~~the other~~ thought of the scrapes he would escape if he had luck enough.

O how it was dusk! It was so dusk that the tears of night began to fall, first by ones and two, then by threes and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, as we weep now with them. O! O! O! Par la Plute for the fire ones were wecking

Then there came down to the ~~hither~~ bank a woman of no appearance (I believe she was a Black with ~~chills~~ at her feet) and she gathered up the Mookse where he was spread and carried him away to her invisible dwelling for he was the holy sacred solemn spit of her bushop's apron. So you see the Mookse he had reason as I knew and you knew and he knew all along. And there came down to the ~~hither~~ bank a woman to all important (though they say that she was ~~cool~~ spite the cold in her heed) and, for he was as like it as blow it to a hawker's hank, she plucked down the Gripes from his limb and carried him away with her to her unseen shieling. And so the poor Gripes got wrong for that is always now a Gripes is, always was and always will be. And it was never so thoughtful of either of them. And there were left now an only elm tree and but a stone. O! Yes! And Nuvoletta, a lass.

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She climbed over the bannistars; she gave a childy cloudy cry: Nuée! Nuée! A lightdress fluttered. She was gone. And into the river that had been a stream (for a thousand of tears had gone on her and come on her), there fell a tear, the loveliest of all tears (I mean for those who are "keen" on the pretty-pretty sort of thing you meet by ~~par-roads~~) for it was a leap tear. But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping as though her heart was brook: Why, Why, Why! Weh, O! Weh! I'se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay!

it is, De Rore Coeli.

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