I, i

brings us to Howth Castle & Environ! Sir Tristram, *viola d'amores*, had not encore passencore arrived rearrivred on a merry isthmus from North Armorica to wielder fight his peninsular war, nor stones sham rocks by the Ocone exaggeratexaggerated* theirselves* themselse in to Laurens county, Ga, doubling all the time, nor a voice redfire* from afire answered bellowed mishe mishe* chishe to tuftuff thoutartpatrick thoutartpatrick. Not yet though venisoon after had a kidson* kidsacdet buttended an a bland old isaac not yet & all's fair in vanessy, had were twin sosie seethers played siege to wroth with twone Jonathan jonathan. Not Rot 10 a peck of pa's malt had Shem Hem Jhem and or Sen Sen brewed by arlight & had worse bloody rory lack end to the regginbrow regginbrow was to be seen on ringsum ringsome the waterface.

The story tale of the fall is¹ retailed early in bed and later in life throughout most christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the wall at once entailed at such short notice the fall of Finnigan, the solid man, and that § the humpy hill hillhead himself promptly promptly sends an inquiring uninquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes. Two facts have come down to us Their resting The upturnpikepoint for place is at the knock out in the park where there have always been 20 oranges on laid on the green always ever & ever evermore since the Devlin Devlins first loved liffeey livy. ² What eha* clashes of wills & wits were not here & there abouts! What chance cuddlely, what castles aired & ventilated, what biddymetolives sinded by what egosetabsolvers tego-
tetabsolvers, what true feeling for hay hair with false voice § of haycup ja jiceup, what rorscrucians* rosycrucians byelected by rival contested of simily emilies! But And² O here how has sprawled upon the dust the father of forninations fornicationers fornicationists but O, my shining stars & body, how has finespanned in high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement. Was Wasis? Isot! Ere we were sure? The oaks 30 of old maythey rest rust in peat. Elms leap where ashes lay. Till nevernever may our pharce be phoenished! ²

¹The word “is” was repeated by error.
²Sic.
Bygmister Finnegan of the Stuttering Hand, builder, lived on in the broadest way imaginable⁵ imaginoble unn* imarginable in his [rushlit] toofarback for messuages and during mighty odd years this man of Hod Cement & made piled building upon super building on pon the banks of for the livers by the Soandso Soangso. He addle iddle wife wyifie and he annie Annie hugged the liddle crathur wither Wither tear tare in-hares hayre in honds tuck up your pardner part-in-her. though Though oftwhile balbulous⁶ [He would see by the light of the liquor his roundup tower to rise on itself [(joy-grantit joygrantit!)]], with a skierscape of an eyeful hoyth entirely $ and larrons of toolers o' toolers cluttering up on it & tumblers a' buckets clottering down.] The first was he to bare arms and the name. His crest [in vert with ancillars:] a hegoat, horrid, horned. His shield, jessed, helio [with archers strang.] of the second. Haich is for Husbandman planting handling his hoe. Hohohoho Mister Finn you're going to be Mr Mister Finn again. Comeday morning morn when § and your you're feelin' ho oh, you're Vine! senday end evening eve you're-foulin*, and, ah, Vinegar. Hahahaha Mister Finn Fine Funn you're going to be fined again.

And, as sure as Eve Abe ate little bit Ivvy's red apples, $ wan warning Finn felt tippling full. His howth howd filled heavy, his hodd hoddit did shake. There was a wall in course of erection. He fell stotted from the latter. Damb! He was dead dudd. Dump Dump! For all the world to see.

Size! I should say! MacCool, Macool, macool, why did ye die! Sore They⁶ sighed at Finn Funnigan's wake chrismiss chrisssormiss cake (wake). § There was plumbs and grooms grumes and sheriffs and eitherers' eitherers & raiders and cittamen too. And they all chimed in with the shoutmost shoviality. 'Twas he was the dacent gaylabouring youth! His A-scene as for his pillow Sharpen his pillowcone tap up his bier. Arrah where in this world would you hear such a din again it* say*? The owd whole hangsigns & the thirsty thirstey thurstey fidelios! They laid him low lax along-his last broadon his bed. With abuckalyps abucket lips of finisky at his feet & a barrowload of guinness gueness guenessis at his head. To Tee the total tootal of the fluid & the twaddle of the fuddled, O.

Hurrah, there is but one globe for the § owlglobe wheels anew which is testamont to the same thing as who shall see. He, a being so on the

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⁵ Joyce may have meant to include the sign "&" here.
⁶ Joyce meant to add to this marginal insertion.
⁷ Placement doubtful. Joyce put the preceding phrase here in his fair copy.
⁶ Sic.
⁷ Not completed: "zith."
flat flounder of his bulk, with far far away back, let weep peat Hom, plate III. From Shopalist to Bailwick Bailywick [or from Ashton to baron south baron south [or from Long Long the Buythebanks to Round the head [he swim, swim, swim.8 [[All the way] the his baywinds choir oboe oboes shall wait him ³ [rockbound (HoHoahooahooah! HoHoahooahooah!)] in swim, swim, swim & all the livly long night [the deldale dappled dappling dappling night, the night of blue-bells blueybells9 blueabella] her flutes flute flute flute flute flute flute in tricky trochees of blueorofhells10 (how O carina! how O carina!)] [shall] wake him [with her kiti issavan essavans & her patten jackmartins [and about all the them inns & ouses.] tilling Tilling a teel of a tub tum, telling a toll of a tears teary turdy Tublin.]]]] For what we are, and* if we are, about to believe. So pass the kiss [& pooll the begg]. So sigh us! Whose Whase on the grand joint joyant giant joint joyant joiyorite* joint of a¹¹ dish dish? Finfaw Finnfofaw the Fush. What’s at his baked head? A loaf of Singpatherick’s Sing pany’s Keannedy’s bread. And what’s at his¹² hitched to hop in his tail tayl tayle? A glass of O’Connell’s O’Donnell’s¹¹ Danu U’Dunnell’s famous¹⁴ foamous old Dublin¹⁵ oldubn–ale olde Dubel Dubbelin aye. But Holystone Holestone, what do I see?¹⁶ In his reins is planted a 1/2d gaff. § Not one but legion. The king of the castle is k.o. The almost rubicund salmon of all knowledge is one pales with the yester world of¹⁷ But, lo, as you would quaffoff of his fraud stuff and sink teeth through the (that) pyth of an earthenborn pan (of his a)flowerwhite body) behold of him nowheremore. Fin nish. The (Only a) fadograph of [a] yesterworld’s (yester world). Almost rubicund salmon, he (ancient) of the ages of the Agape monites, he pales to kay oh, loaf, life & (schlook, slice & ) good¹⁸ redherring (goodridherring).

We may see the brontoichthyas form outlined, aslumbered, even in our nighttime by the side of the troutlet stream that bronto loved and loves. What though she be in flags & or flitters, she rowdyraggs or sunday-

8 The following is an insertion from the opposite page (MS p. 88 b) for which there is no indication as to placement.
9 Not crossed out: (“of” and “blueybells”).
10 Substituted for “blueabella” above.
11 Order doubtful.
12 Not crossed out: “his.”
13 Not crossed out.
14 Not completed: “fam.”
15 Not completed: “Du.”
16 Question mark omitted.
17 This unfinished sentence is crossed out in red here. Joyce wrote it on MS p. 89 b, probably at the time he wrote the first fair copy.
18 Not crossed out.
closies, with a mint of money or never a hapenny hapenny hapenny, yerra, we all love all of little Annie Ruiny, or we mean to say lobbles Nanny Anny Rainy, when under her brella, through piddle & peddle, she ninnygoes ninnys hees nansing by. There Yawl! Brontolone sleeps & snores in Benn Eder & in Seepeall-of-Iseut too. The cranial head of him, castle of his reason, look yonder. Howth? His clay clay feet, swarged with verdure, stick up where he last fell on em, § by the hump of the magazine wall, where our Maggie Maggie seen all couldn’t help keep it— all with her sister sister-sister-in-shawl. Wile over against this belle alliance beyond the Ill Sixty, bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabomb, are the ambushes the scene of the lying- lyfing-in-wait of the threentimes three upjack & hackums. From here when the clouds roll by, jamey, a clear view is § enjoyable of the mound’s mounding’s mass, now Williamstown national museum, with in a greenish distance the charful waterloose country and they two quithewhite villagettes who here show herselves so giglesome mixt* minxt the follyages, the prettys! Penetrators are admitted in this museumound free, welshe and the militaries one shellink. For her key supply to the § janitrix, the Mistresse Kate. Tip. Team.

This way to the meussyroom. Mind your boot hat going in. Now yez yiz is in the Willingdone meysseyroom. This is Prooshian* Prooshious* gun gunz. This is a fifrinch. Tip. This is the flag-o’-the-prussian-prooshian-prooshian. This is a bullet that bing the flag-o’-th prooshian prooshan. This is the fifrinch that fire the bull that bang the flag-o’-prooshian. Tip. This the hat of lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleum hat. This is the Willingdone on his white harse. This the big Willingdone, grand & magentic, with his gold* tim* golten spurs, [& quarterbrass shoes shoes], this his big wide harse. Tip. This the first is three lipoleums lipoleum boyne hiena grousing in the living ditch.

This is an ingliss, this a scotcher, this a welsh valshe [one]. [This is the peg* beg lipoleum mording the lipoleum beg. This is the Delian alps sheltershocking the three lipoleums behind the erim crimmecaline.] This is the gay first lipoleum boy that spy the Willingdone Williamstown on his white harse. Tip. The Willingdone is an old many* mantrum mantrum montrument montrumon montrumoney montrumeny lipoleum is nice old young bustellen*. This § is the jinnies

19 These marginal jottings don’t seem to belong in the text proper. Joyce makes use of some of them in the succeeding episode. On MS p. 90 b Joyce wrote relevant
20 Diagrams accompany the following: the narrative of the Battle of Waterloo.
21 The word “is” was repeated by error.
22 Placement of “hiena” doubtful.
23 Sic.
24 Unpunctuated.
with the legahorns legohorns making their war oversides undisides
undisides the Willingdone. This is jinnies cooin her hands. This is
jinnies ravin her hair. This is the big Willingdone tallowscoop upside*
obscides on the jinnies. Tip. This \(\frac{\text{\textit{}}}{}\) is the Belchiam taking a
phillipy out of his bottle of Tiltswiter. This is the jinnies hasting dispatch
fontannoy* fortannoy* the Willingdone. Dear Liffer Leaveher
Awthur* Owthur, field gates gaze your the tiny frow? They The jinnies
think to they catch the Willingdone. This is the Belchiam [, bonnet &
busby,] breaking the word to the Willingdone. This the Willingdone
hurled dispatch dispatchback*. Cherry jinny, damn fairy ann, voutre,
Willingdone. Pip Tip. This is the Belchiam [in his cowashoes] ----
footing the camp to for the jinnies. Tip. This is Prooshing rooshing
balls. This the ffrinch! Tip. Guns Gunz, hares, this is\(\text{25}\) jinnies in
their \(\text{...... yalla bawn bloaters bleeches, this is the* ffrinch*}
lipoleums in the red ditches rody (rowdy) hoses. Tip! This is the
Willingdone order, fire! Tonerre! This is the smokings & bannockburns*
froodenfills & panicburns. This is the Willingdone, he cry, Brom
Bromme [Bromme], Cambromme! This is \(\text{\textit{}}\) jinnies her
away runaway [down down a bunkershill bunkershells] cry: Dun-
derwater Underwater. Goat strap strip Finnland* Finnlambs! This
is the Willingdone he branlish his tallowscoop on the scissing jinnies riny-
away. This is lipoleum lipo leum hennessy hinnessy that spy the
Willingdone on his big white harse. \(\text{\textit{}}\) This is the three little \(\text{\textit{}}\)
lipoleums. Tip. This is the hinnessy that spy laughing spying the
Willingdone, this is the lipsyg dooley that get the funk from the hinnessy.
This is the hindoo Shin Shin with his tubabine* between the dooleyboy
hiena & the hinnessy. Tip. This is the Willingdone, he laugh that* his*
& pick up from the field battlefield bluttle filth bluddle filth a flag
hat o' the ffrinch lipoleums. This the hindoo getting mad ranjymad
for a bombshell bombshoot. This is the Willingdone hang the half of a
flag hat o' the* lipoleum on at the tail at on the backend of his big white
wide white harse. This the harse of the Willingdone wangling his taill-
scrapp tailloscrupp [\& the half o' hat] to the hindoo seeboy. This is
the hindoo hattermad madrashattaras, upjump \& pump pumpim
[\., like as [he cry to the Willingdone. [Ap] Bukkarru Pukkarru!
Pukka] Yurep!]) This the hindoo he shaking [warm] hands with
hinself shoot blow\(\text{26}\) the hat of lipoleums off* the tail & the whole of the
half hat of o' lipoleum off the end of the tale of the back back end back

\(\text{25 Sic.}\)
\(\text{26 Crossed out.}\)
of the big wide harse. Tip. This way the mewseyroom mewseyruin.

Mind your boots* going out. §

* * * * *

Phew!

How warming 'twas to have been in there! But how keling is the airabouts here! Such reasonable weather too. The wind is so-westerly sowesterly around the downs & on every blasted knolly-oak-rock stuck—high there's a the same gnarlybird gathering up one little true little free—little-poor little-fine little-slick little-civil little late little nice little swell—little a runlittle dolittle preelittle porelittle wipelittle pickalittle (kickalittle) eatlittle (waitlittle) dinelittle* (pinelittle) kenlittle livea-little aleavanelittle (leavanelittle) pilfalittle gnarlybird. \ She never comes out when Thon's there or on show shower or when Thon's a on flash with Thon's the tindergirls or when Thon's blowing thonders on Thon's gaelieboys* gaelieboys down the gael of Thon. [Her is be too moochy afeerd [I do veer. [Now she comes, a peacefugle, picking here, pecking there— ] Pussypussy plunderbussy plunderpussy, it all goes into her nabsack & she borrowed burrowed the coach coacher's lamp to see. Cartridges & ratlin buttins & nappy boots & flags flasks of all nations & clavicurs & seaps scampulars & piles of pennies & [moonlit] brooches with [bloodstaned] breaks in em & maps & keys & the last sigh that came from the heart & the first sin the sun saw. She—brings us her We know all men by these her presents from the gone-away past \ how there'll be eggs for the brekkers come to mourning. For where wherever there's wherever a the gale find seek guess find [the] gall & wherethen* wherethen's a hind seek hunt seek the hun.]] The best cheapest plan is to tour round east & north & to the review the of two mounds. Pardon. Behold this sound \ of Irish sense. Really? Here English might be seen. Royally? ·············· A sovereign punned to paltry pence. Regally? A silence makes a scene. Behold!

Hush! Caution! Echoland!

How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the fading engraving gravure that used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his innkempt house. § Used they? (I am sure that [tiring] tramp [with the chocolate box [, Miny Mitchel, ]] was listening.) I say, the remains of the famous gravemures where used to be blurted the Tollmuns of the Incabus. Used he we? (He is only pretending to be sounding his tugging at the bos* harp from a second tired listener. Fiery Phil Fergus Far-

27 The “museyroom” passage was recopied on MS pp. 95-98 before Joyce composed the later passages.
It is well known. Look for himself. See? By the mausoleum mausolime wall. Finnfna* Fimfim Fanfan fanfan fimfim. With with a grand funferall. Fumfum fumfum! They will be tugging forever. They will be listing forever. They will be pre tumbling forever. The Their harpsichord harpsichord will be theirs forever.

And four Four things therefore these four, saith Mamalu Mampalujis in his Grand Old Historiorum writ by Boriorum, sall ne'er fail in to Dyfflinarsky till [the] heathersmoke & the cloudweed Eire's isle Sall28 hide. [And here now they are the four of them four Erins.] A swelledhead bulbenhead on surmounting surmounted an alderman. Ay, ay! A shoe on a poor old woman. Ah, ho! An auburn maid, a bridabride, to be deserted. A dear, a dear! A pen no weightier than a polepost. And so. And all. §

* * * *

29 The Annals tell bring how
1132 AC AB Men like gnats to ants wondern all over as on a groot Wide Wallfisch and20 that lay in a Runnel. Bloaty Blubber Blubby wares in upat Eblaniam.

566 A.-G.* B.A. On Bell Baalfirenacht Ballfireeve of this year a crone that ‡ hadde a wickered kish for to hale dead turves from the bog lookit under the blay of her kish as she ran & found herself full rich suck-vulle of swalle swart goody shoon quickenshoon and & smalle illigant brogues. Bluchy works on at Hurdlesford.

[Silent]

566 A.D. O.D. At that time it came to pass that* many 2 fair bronze-locked maidens grieved to because their minions minion were was ravished of them by an ogre* Europeus Pius and. Bloody wars in Dublin Ballyvaughacleaaghbally.

1132 A.D. D.O. Two sons at one time hour were born to a goodman & his wife hag. There were name Caddy & Primas & Caddy. Pri ma Primas was a gentleman & came of sentryman & drilled by decent dacent people. Caddy was went to Winehouse & wrote a piece peace of

28 Sic.
29 Joyce wrote the following on the backs of pages, having paused to make his first revisions for the above and to write the passage which is now FW 14/27-15/30, a paraphrase of the famous Edgar Quinet passage.
30 Not crossed out.
fun farce. Bloody worse* words in Ballybaughacleagh Ballybaughacleaghbally for Dublin. §31

* * * * *

Yet how Peaceably32 eirinical in grayquiet all dimmering downs (dunes) & gloaminger glades, selfstretches afore us this freedland’s plain. Since the high old times of Hebear and Hairyman the tulips twolips amass themselves at Rush33 the cornflowers have been staying at Ballymun, ‡ the dogrose duskyrose has chosen chosen out Goatstown crossroads, twolips have pressed togatherthem by sweet Rush, the place for townland of twilights twilights, and the whitethorn and redthorn have fairy gayed the valleys mayvalleys of Knockmaroon and though, for rings round them during a hundred thousand yeargangs, the Formoreans have bittled the Toath of the Danes and the Oxman Oxman have has been pestered by the Firebugs & the § Joynts have given thrown up wallmaking & Little on the Green is child of father of the city, their these pax sealing buttonholes have quad- rilled across the centuries and here now whiff to us fresh & laid34 maid- made-of-all-smiles as on the day of combat Killall whoo.

The babbling babblers of with their tongues have been &35 have gone, they were & went, thighng thugs were and howynam songtoms were & gumly comely norers norgels were & pollyfool franceses franceses; men have thawed, clerks have sursummed sursummed sursummed hummed, the blond has sought of the brune: Else kiss thou may mean [kerry] piggy?: and the dunces duncedames have countered § to the hellish fellows: Who ails tongue coddo, apace dumbbeksally dumbbillselly?: & they fell upon one another & themselves they fell have fallen: yet still [nowa- nights as all in nights of yore] do all the bold Floras Floras of the field to their faum* shyfaun lovers say only: Cull me I am ere I wilt to thee, and but a little later: Pluck me ere* whilst I blush. Well, may they wilt, marry!36 and And profusely blush, be troth! For that saying is as old as the howths, wherever you have lay a whale in a whilbarrow (isn’t it the truth I’m fallen ye?) you’ll have fins & flippers to shimmy & shake.

Excuse us, Lictor. Can you direct one to the §37

* * * * *

31 What follows belongs to the basic draft.
32 Sic.
33 The preceding was rewritten several lines later.
34 Not completed.
35 Not crossed out.
36 The exclamation point was substituted for a comma.
37 Sic. Joyce ended his primitive draft here. Revision preceded the writing of the pseudohistoren dialogue between Mutt and Jute and perhaps also the Annals passage cited above.
Scuse me, guy. *Who is this This kerl on the kopje [who the joe-
biggar be he?] * Forshapen like a pigmayde hoagshead.  
‡ You tollerd 
døsk domk? N. you You talkatiff Scowegian?  Nn. you You spigotty 
anglise? Nnn. You Phonio Saxo? Nnnn. 'Tis clear all so. Tis a 
Jute. Let us swop hats & exchange a few verbs with each either  
[& have a talk about the blootty creep* kreeks].

Jute — Jute!

Mutt — Much Mutts pleasure.

Jute — Are you Jeff?

Mutt — Someward.

Jute — You are not a jeffmute?

Mutt — No, only an utterer.

Jute — What is the mutter with you?

Mutt — I became a stummer.

Jute — What a turrurrurrrrrible thing to because!  How?

Mutt — Aput the buttle.

Jute — Whose Poddle?  Wherein?

Mutt — The Inns of Dungtarf where used ought to be.

Jute — You are almost inedible to me.  Become a little more wiseable

as if I were you.  Let me cross your.

Mutt — Up Up Urp Boohoos Boohooru!  Booroosurp!  Booru!
Usurp!  I trundle with from wrath rath in my mine mines § when I remmmerem.

Jute — Let me cross your qualm with gilt trinkgilt.  Here is coyne, a

piece of oak.Oaks.

Mutt — How I know it the livery greytecloke of Cedric Silkyshag [with
his hairsyde out]!  4 He is him.  Thormentor Thormentor.  He was
poached on that eggtentical spot by the.  Here ‡ where the
liveries.  There where the missers mooney:  Minnikin Passe.

Jute — Simply Simply because, as Taciturn pretells, the our wrong-
story shortener, he dumpted the this wholebarrow of rubbages on to
soil here?

Mutt — Just like a puddingstone at inat the brookcells of a riverpool.

Jute — Lord Loud Load a marshy marshey!  With what Wid wad

for a noise like?

Mutt — Somular to a bull in a Clompturf.  I could snore to him
[woolesley side in], with my owth by the neck I am sutton on old
Brian O’Tlynn O’Flinn.

38 Rewritten for Jute’s next dialogue.
39 Not crossed out.
40 Joyce intended to make an addition here.  In the next draft we find “Rooks
roarum rex Roome!”  MS 47471 a, 30.
A First-Draft Version of Finnegans Wake

Jute – Boiledoil Boiledoyl & rawhony for on me if I § can forestand you your such a nose noise noise nose as you make out of it. [You tell of rutterdamrott unheardof & unscene.] Good aftermeal! [See you doomed.]

Mutt – Rest a while. Half Walk a look onward roundward you will see [how old the plain] From19 Inn the Bigning Bygning to Finnisthere. Punct. Thousand & one livestories have netherfellen here. They are tombed to the mound ishes to ishes to ishes, erde from erde. § This earth outh is not but brickdust. He who runes may read it. But speak siftly. Be in your wisht. Whyst? Tis viking viceking's soil.42 §

* * * * *

Stoop, if you are abedminged, [to this claybook.] what curios of signs, (please stoop) in this allahbhed, a hatch, a celt, an earshare see* to* the pourpouse of which was to cassay the earthcrust at all [of] hours [furroward & bagowards bogowards like an ox yoxen at the turnpath]! Here are say figurines billicoose arming and mounting. Mounting & arming bellicose figurines are see there here. And —Author, this little effinge stands43 is for fire a fing called in quiltum flintforfall. —ace at the eased. O I say!! —ace at the waist. Ho you fie!

Upwards & down them! —ace to —ace! When a § piece does duty for the whole we soon get used to an allforabit allphorabit. Here are selveram cued little petty petteet peas of quite a pecuinar interest insallittle as they are the pellets that make the tomtums tomhappy's payroll. Right are rocks and with these rocks Rogers orangotangos rangled rough & rightgoring* rightgorong*. Wisha, wisha, whydid the whyditha? § This Thik is for thorn that's tuck in its toil like tom tomfool's anger traitor thurst for vengeance. What a [mnice old mness it mmakes,] middenhide's mniddenhide's hoard of abjects! olives, bats, kimmels, dollies, alfrids, —_— pethers44 gormons daltons* [&] Oiolets' eenz creakish with — the-hipoocough age [now] quite epsilen [saweldey's *eh* oldvoldy & wobblewers] not hand worth a wipe of a grass. Sss! See the snake wormes wurrums everywhere our durs* durl bin is swarming with sneaks! Subdivide and sundolot and but the tale comes out the same balifuson. Axe plays* on axe thwacks on axe aeks

19 Sic.

42 The following passage from MS 47482 a, 84 b was written after the completion of Draft Two. To it Joyce added the material from pp. 83 b, 80 b, 78 b, 81 b. The first draft proper continues with the Prankqueen piece.

43 Not completed.

44 Sic.
thracks axewise. One by one please place one be three and one before. Two nursus one make free tree free and idem behind. What a tale to unfurl & with what an end in view of squattor autosquattor auntisquattor & postprone—squat in squattor postprone auntisquattor! And to say that we us to be are all every tim mick & larry of us, sons of the sod, sons little sons, yea & weelittle sons least little sons when we are usses not to be every sue, ciss & sally of us, dugters of for Nan. Accusative ahnsire! Dam to infinities!§

* * * * *

True there was no lumpend paper papeer as yet in the waste and the mountain pen still groaned for the micies to deliver him. You gave me a boot (signs on it!) and I ate the wind. I tipped quizzed you a quid (with for what?) and you went to quod. But the world, mind, is, was & will be writing its own runes wrunes for ever, man, on all matters that fall ÿ under the ban of our senses. A bone, a pebble, a ramskin: chip them, chop chap them, cut them allways: leave them to terracook in the slow slowness of their even muttering pot: and the day gutenmorg of a magnum charter we must one way dawn else there is there no virtue more in alcohorn. For that is what paper is made of, made of, hides and hints and misses in prints. Till we finally (though not yet for all) meet with the acquaintance of Mr Typ, Mrs Top and all the little typtoppies—Fillstop Fillstap. So you need hardly tell spell me that every word will be bound to carry 3 score & ten tomtypical readings through the book of life Ballyliving duble ends out till Daleth, who opened it, closes thereof the door.§

The movables movibles are scrawling in motion march marching, all of them again ago in pitpat & zingzang to for every little busy earywig eeriewhig tells ’s a little bit of a toytale to tell. Of a man noarch and of a wife chopwife and or of a pomme so fall grave and a famme fammy of levity or of the golden youths that wanted gilding or of the maid–miss that what the misschiefvmiss made maide a man do. It

45 Joyce’s space.
46 Joyce added the following after revising the first draft material through FW 15 (MS p. 103) and after adding the Mutt and Jute, and Annals passages.
47 Given the distribution of this material in the notebook and the relative uniformity of Joyce’s hand, I think we can safely assume that Joyce began by writing the material on MS p. 81 b and from it drew his inspiration for the passages on MS pp. 80 b and 78 b. The emphasis in the first segment is on the narrative with overtones drawn from the ALP chapter; that of the second is on the manner of telling it—the dissemination of a cultural fact.
48 In the lower margin Joyce wrote: p↑↑↑↑p

1 1

a
was of a night. Lissom! lissom! I am doing it. Hark, the corne
entreats! And the larpnotes prittle. §

* * * * *

It was one night at a long time ago when Adam was delvin & his
madami madamene spinning watersilts Sir Howther had his burnt head
up in his brain-hive lamhouse with laying [cold] hand on himself.
And his two little jimmies were not yet kicking on the oil cloth of van
[homerigh] the cashel homecashel earthhouse* earthenhouse, Tristopher & Hilary. With their dummy. And who come to the keep of the
inn but the niece of his a prankwrench. And the prankwrench picked a
rosy one & made her wit foerenenst the dour. And spoke she to the dour
in petty perusiennes: Why do I want like a cup poss of porter porter
pease. But the dour handworded her grace [in dootch nossil]: Shut. So she her grace o’malice snapped up Tristopher and she ran, ran, ran
rain, rain, rain. And Sir Howther warlisses after her in his Finngallese:
Stop deep stop. Come back to my Earin Stop. But the she swareded in her at to him: Unlikely Unlikelyhood. And there was a
brandnewwail [that same sabbath] somewhere in Erio. Then the prankwrench went for a hundred forty years walk and she washed the scabs
blessings off the jimmyn and she had her four [owlers] monitors for to
taught him § his tickles and brought him she was back (came raining
back through the westerness) again in a brace of samers back to
Sir Howther another night at another time. And where did she come but
to the bar of his bristolry. And Sir Howther had his heels down drowned
in his r-de* cellarmalt shaking [warm] hands with himself and his little
jiminy, Hilary and § his dummy were on the watercloth, kissing &
spitting tearsheet of the cashel, wringing & coughing in their first
infancy. And the prankwrench said to the wicked picked a paly one
& made witter before the wicked. I want Why do I liking 2 cupsa
poss of porterpeace. § But the wicked handworded her grace. Shut.
Then the prankwrench her grace o’malice put down Tristopher & picked
up with Hilary and she ran, ran, ran rain, rain, rain. And Sir Howther
bleethered after her: Stop Deep Damd stop Come back with my Earin.
Stop. But she swaredad to him: Am liking it. And50 there was a
Then the prankwrench went for a hundred years was walk with Hilary and
she punched holes in curses into in her & she had her four [larkical]
monitrix to taught him his tears & then she went with her Larryat*
Larrihill for another hundred years walk & brought § in a pair of

49 The word "I" was repeated by error.
50 The word "and" was repeated by error.
changes she was back to Sir Howther. And why did she halt at all but by the ward of his mansionhouse [another a third time for the third charm]. Sir Howther had his hurricane *hips* up to his pantrybox and his little jiminy Tristopher Toughertrees & the dummy were belord on the tarsheet watercloth, kissing & spitting [& roguing & poghing] in their second infancy. And the prankswench she picked a plank and said to the gate made (her wittest) in front of the Archway (Arkway) of Triumph & asked: Why am do I like 3 *cupps* *poss* porterpease. And Sir Howther came hip hip handicap out of through the gate as far long as he could his arkway of his 3 cashels [yellow green blue red orange violet hair all* in his [broadginger his civic chollar &] albufshirt * like a redway redyellor orangeman in his violet indignon [by to the whole length length of the strength strength of his bowman’s bill.] And he put his rude hand to his haekneyseat E C Haitch. And he ordered And his thick speech spuck for her to shut up shop, dummy. And the dummy shot the shutter down and they all drank free. And this that was the first peace of porter of illiterate porthry in the whole flooding. The prankswench was to get hold the her dummy dummyship & the jirmes was to keep their peace peace-wave & the Sir Howther was to get the wind up.

* * * * *

O phenix culprit! Ex nicklow cometh good. Hill and, rill once in company [billeted], we see less be proud of. Breast it high and bestride! but only for that they will not speak breathe the secret secret of their silent sourcelessness. Quarry silex, Homfries* Homfrie Noanswa? Undy festiknees, Livia Noanswa? Wolkencap is on his head him, frowned; audiurient, he would hear eyesdrop were it mice mouse at hand, were it dinned din of bottles [in the far ear]. Murk, his vales are darkling! with liptith she liseth lithpeth to him ever and ever of the and how all the time of thuch and thuch and thow and thow: she he she ho she ha to la: hairflake, if he could but twig her!: he is impalpabunt, he abhears. The soundwaves are his buffeteers: They trompe him with their trompes: the wave of roaring and the wave of

51 The word “and” was omitted.
52 This last sequence (from “Gate”) is only a rough approximation of Joyce’s revision which defies reproduction. The phrase “in front . . . triumph” was inserted in a space left by Joyce.
53 Unpunctuated.
54 Not crossed out: “of porter.”
55 This marks the end of the draft material from MS 47482 a. I am transcribing below the first available version of the last pages, which is to be found at the end of the second draft in MS 47471 a.
56 Joyce substituted a comma for the word “and.”
hooshed and the wave of bawhawrd and the wave of don'tmindthefellow respectfully neverneedhemhorselugggarsandlistletomine. Perpetrated in his offspring, the moaning pipes piper tells could tell him to his face Facebook how only butt for him his old butt there would not be a spier on the town or a vestal in the dock, no, nor a you yew nor an eye ✿ wilbud* to play catch-clash cash cash in old nilbud now by swamplight nor a’toole § a’tall a’tall and noddy hint to the convey-nience. He sweated his creased crew in beneath the auspice for the living and he urned his dead and he made house for us & delivered us to boll weevils amain and begad he did in his windower’s house till his with a 10 blush mantle upon him from earnsend to earnsend.\[57\]

* * * * *

And would again could whispering grassies wake him. Anam a dhoul! did Did ye drink me dead? Now be asy, good Mr Finnimore, sir! And take your laysare and don’t be walking abroad, sis. Sure, you’d only lose yourself the way the roads are [that] winding now and wet your feet, maybe. You’re better off, sir, where you have all you want and we’ll be bringing ✿ you presents, won’t we? Honey is the holiest thing ever was [(mind you keep pot!)]\[58\] or some goat’s milk, sir? The men-here’s always talking of you. The grand old Gunne, they do be saying, that was a planter for you! He’s duddandgunne now but peace to his 20 great limbs with the long rest of him! ✿ Everything’s going on the same. Coal’s short but we’ve plenty of hog in the yard. And barley’s up again.

The boys is attending school regular, sir. ✿ Hetty Jane’s a child of Mary. And Essie Shanahan has let down her skirts. ‘Twould delight your heart to see. Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet and repose your honour’s lordship! I’ve an § eye on queer Behan and Old old Kate and the milk buttermilk butter, trust me. And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. ✿ And it’s herself that’s fine too, don’t be talking, and fond of the concertina of an evening: Her hair’s as brown as ever it was. And wivvy and wavy. Repose you now! Finn 30 no more!\[59\]

* * * * *

And be the hooky salmon sammon there’s a big rody lad now at random on the premises, ✿ I am as it’s told me, flourishing like a lord mayor

\[57\] The following is the first available version of the Finnegan passage (now FW 24/10–28/34). This version was added late to the third draft of the chapter. It may conceivably be a second rather than a first draft. The first word of this passage follows “earsend” without a break.

\[58\] This parenthetical insertion is in the hand of an amanuensis.

\[59\] The second draft text continues here without a break.
(on for show), the height of a brewer's Brewster’s chimney, humming his shoulders like he’s such a grandfallar with a pockedwife in pickle that’s a flyfire and three sly little lice nittle clinkers, two twin twilling bugs and one midget pucell pucelle, and either he did what you know or he did not what § you know with weep the clouds alone for [weeping* smiling] witnesses and that’ll do now but however that may be ’tis sure for one thing that he, overseen as we thought him, came to at this place some time on another in a hull of a wherry and has been repeating himself like fish ever since an as also for all batin the60 bulkhead, [he bloats about, the that innebbiate,] that he was of humile commune & ensectuous from nature, as his you may guess from after his byname, & that he is he & no other he who is primarily responsible will be ultimately res punchable for the high hall cost of everything. ¶

60 The word “the” was repeated by error.