

Charles Stuart Calverley; Dic of Qns

120, 25: I cannot sing the old songs now!

It is not that I deem them low;

'Tis that I can't remember how

They go.

120, 23: O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsop, Bass!

Names that should be on every infant's tongue!

121, 15: Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,

(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers;

I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,

Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.

from C, remembered from grade school:

Toreadora,

Don't spit on the floor-a,

Use the cuspidor-a,

That's what it's for-a.

"Do you ask me, my joy,
(Or, as may be, my boy,)
To tell you exactly
What is a travois?
It is - why - what - deuce -
Well, look at - picture.
It's a kind of caboose
To convey a papoose. "

Argues me in classroom

Mont His Soc

PAM 817

~~Around the Town - Choteau Xmas 1907 received to "sheep"
pic of "wool in sack" - 4 wagons loaded c wool sacks, hitched together
11-12 sacks/wagon end-to-end
single hitch, 7 teams of horses
wagons: high wheels behind, o twice ht of front
long reins from driver to 2d team~~

- "... some are right when they declare
She's 30 miles from anywhere."

- "Let English Coast of Eton,
Since we can yell for Teton."

over

Dic of Qns, 512:8

James Kenneth Stephen (1859-1892)

Lapsus Calami. Sonnet

Good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A.B.C.
Than write such hopeless rubbish as ~~thy~~ worst.

Ib.

When the Rudyards cease from kipling

And the Haggards ride no more.

Ib. to R.K.

Sandison swipes John Clare "ever green" poem for anthem

Dinesen, 7 Gothic Tales, p. 50, "the hymn of good Paul Gerhardt":

Against me who can stand?

The lightning's in my hand.

Who dares to bring distress

Where I decide to bless?

Dawn is the ~~rainbow~~ meadow between night and day/
patch *hope*
Light's silken path where OO comes to lay.

Dawn is between the legs of night and day

The blood rivers in us sense/the mightier stream/nature's joyous tears whence/
flows the greenfield dream.

Dic of Quotations, Matthew Arnold

15:24 Where great whales come sailing by, Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye.

16:3 A wanderer is man from his birth./He was born in a ship/On the breast of
the river of Time.

16:7 Wandering between two worlds, one dead/The other powerless to be born.

16:14 ...the cold lunar beams/ Along eht sun arises, and alone/
Spring the great streams.

16:22 He laid us as we lay at birth/On the cool flowery lap of earth. (W'worth)

17:27 Truth sits upon the lips of dying men.

19:5 - full of phrase & fame

possible verse kernels in Sc Hn Scottish bgnd file

--also in Wn Folklore "Figurative Language" article in Sc lingo file

The rainbow eyes of memory/that reflect the colors of time.

from John Davidson poem on Greenock, in The Clyde photo copy in voyage file:

...here winter plies his craft,
soldering the years with ice...

Winter Misc - ● Humbert Wolfe

6W

520.8

W 832 W

332- /heaves peered & dew, resemble heaven

- . heavens are come down upon earth to live

15- cold /page . on handles of ^{gate} heaven

23- E. wind den Princes St.

- Winds mo in darkness piped a tune (Sturges?)

30- skate . ice & shores . wind

33- . star-captain

50- (snow-) mass overwhelmed all . wks of men hollow lanes

- Siberian weather, rel' is 1776

- Tamed by . season

The owl & his reason /
look

- bedded deep in snow

51- ice under . bed

53- cat turned electric in . cold [Give Varick one named Puss]

258- yellow waxes lights shall wait on honey love

272- . /red head, . last of its class / That dances as often dance it can

- . leaves are falling. So am I

310 - RLS: ... shining / across upon my window-pane /
· silver pencil of winter draws

314 - as though within · system of blind planets /
s' thing had been forgotten or overdriven

315 - ~~A~~ air was crumbling. There was no sky (10)

They knew not what dim his wentacorn, went lay. (10)

(study pp. 314-15)

314 - · sky was come upon · earth @ last

The wind from Eden, beyond the sky/the scent of heaven billowing by...

cut
padding
or
use
right
lines.

The wind from Eden,~~at~~ beyond the sky

the scent of Heav'n hurrying by

attrib a "wind from Eden" verse to Angus's student Karen Peterson?

A wind from Eden came/Sun's gentle breath of flame

Glamis - Angus Folk Museum 7 July '84

R Fair
Scotland: beyond

Davie had

"Dance, Dance, Davie lad

And Whistle Willie young.

There's sheep's head in your pot

And you'll get the tongue."

One of the neerer grannie used to sing, gives me the shivers when I think of it, at least the sheep's head recalls being sent to the butcher with 3d for a sheep's head, and a penny, fourpence in all, the penny was for the blacksmith who singed the head off the head at the forge. I could never sup sheep's head broth, when the head was put on the plate with the teeth grinning, but the smell upset me for about two days.

(over)

Source: Angus Folk Museum
Rhymes and Music. Miscellaneous.

Letter from David Greig Mitchell,
written 1954.

"I remember one or two Grandma used to
diddle or sing to us children. That is a good
while ago, 'I am 67....'"

Written as if by fire on slate:

Who look on me look upon fate.

.

Queer jackdaw's nest, the remembering mind/Glittery trinkets of

astonishing kind.

Yellow Rose of Texas: is its beat the same as Emily Dickinson's poetry?

--when does Yellow Rose date from? If it's not applicable, is there another 4-beat song?

"Whither must I wander"--RL Stevenson poem made into song.

Murphy / 2 (The Glittering Hill)

p. 73 "A quiet home had parson Gray,
Secluded in a vale,
His daughters all were feminine,
& all his sons were male.

'Saint all vices 7. age,
He manfully did battle,
His chickens were a hybrid breed,
& quadruped his cattle."

check whether this was used in Bucking: (apparently I cut it from pp. 202-3 scene)

Oh, to be in...Samarkand.

Eating a...Tamarind."

(meant to be English ~~xx~~ upscale snotty)

Whose the praise, whose the blame?~~Whose~~ the badge bright with fame?

In what was turning out to be (the regular) family shivaree,...

"Give us a song, Mother," Neil asked...R'n, "Oh, ^{would you?} please! I can't carry a tune in a bucket..."

--Meg's voice so low she filled in (made to by her father) in choir for (male voice').

--Meg's song could be interspersed with sexual memory, if I indeed want to take Liz's advice and have some couple doing it to climax, along with her or Hugh asking "What comes next?" and the answer, "Everything."

While I was immersed in Latin phrasing for spots in The Whistling Season, C remembered lines her mother used to recite, possible a Ralph Dean poem:

Nox was lit by lux of luna
'Twas a moon so opportuna
to spy a possum or a coona.

add ?
Angus, seeing
Susan off?

Milton, Paradise Lost, Dic of Quotns, 346: 15

"Sable-vested night, eldest of things."

NWC
N 978.6
B966

Big Horn County in WWI

"Let us fight. wild mosquito on. wild Mont. bench
With a coyote for a bugler of a furrow for a trench
With a single fair commander giv'g orders not obeyed,
And a herd of cattle passing in. distance, on parade. "

adapt to: Let us fight the wild mosquito
On the wild Montana bench
With a coyote for a bugler
And the big ditch for a trench.

Med Line song

We take life straight, no chaser

But when we chase, there's none straighter

also use 40 miles a day on beans and hay?

The long-feather'd blue wings of hea ven.

. sky

brush and stone, bison bone (that was our West)

MT Lingo

--She was only a moonshiner's daughter/yet oh how I love her still...

--She was wild and wooly and full of fleas/and never^d been curried above her knees...

rookery

possible use: derisive use (by Angus or Lucas) toward Scotch churches.

" ": mocking Burns-like verse: ^{The} "smell of the devil's cookery/
wafts even into Knox's rookery.

like the long dogs of the lords that drag down deer.

--possible use: Susan recalls it as line of poetry

an air by Burns...

(3)

Sir Walter Scott--Scottish Minstrelsy

R 821.04 Minstrelsy of.
Scots South Border

M 784.4941

M 723 m 2

Moffat, Alfred E.

The Minstrelsy of Scotland

LIVING WITH BALLADS**Willa Muir

UW 784.4941 M8961

--has "Tam Lin" material

Scottish Metrical Psalms - Dic of Quotns, 421

PR
4300
1897
B5

The Complete Poetical Works of Burns

p. 161

821
B 93 cod

Burns/1

62 - Lament in rhyme, lament in prose
With salt tears trickling down your nose

64 - ... ace of hearts

65 - three times doubly

68 - as long ^(long 'n) as my arm

72 - I am a son of Mars/ who have been in many wars/ & show my cuts & scars...

73 - whilst e both hands I can hold glass steady

73 - ~~I am a fool~~ Sir Knave is a fool in session....

But I am a fool by profession

74 - My bonny lass, I work in brass

A finker is my station

I've travelled round all Christian ground

In this my occupation

77 - all doctor's saws & whittles

79 - What was I, of my generation
that I shd get such exaltation

Burns/2

80 - Lord, hear my earnest cry & prayer/against . presbytery of Ayr

89 - Green, slender, leaf-clad holly boughs
w/ twisted & graceful, round her brows,
↓ tk her for some Scottish ~~maiden~~ muse

96 - Many & sharp . numerous ills /inwoven with our frame.

102 - when winds rave thru . naked tree

104 - . legend fire of strong desire

109 - 3 - mile prayer

105 - I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts
& tell about

Their jugglin' house-poor arts

125 - (wind) to blow a body blind

135 - I dined on a lord

141 - dark waste hills, & brown unrightly plains

143 - Heaven can boil . pot / though . devil piss in . fire

147 - Poor Burns - even Scotch drink cannot quench

He cheeps like some bewildered chicken

Burns/3

149 - In some savage liquid plain / only known to wandering swains

152--Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers...

154 - I sit & count my sins by chapters
- How can I write what ye can read?

157--How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
how virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
how genius, the illustrious father of fiction,
confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction--

161--The news of princes, dukes and earls
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera girls.

169--O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg

171--Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder

10 And never a shoe well I need to beg.

Burns/4

- 195 - Here lies Johnny Pidgeon / What was his religion?
... Strong ale was abbeys / Small beer, persecution...
... But a full / flowing bowl / Was saving of his soul
- 196 - His bristling beard just rising in its might
- 200 - cooery . first in . nation .
- 201 - ^{But} Jolly has raptures to give .
- 204 - . natives of . sky
- 211 - My heart was caught before I thought
- 215 - Green grow . rashes , O

Burns/5

215 - He'll have misfortunes great & small
... He'll be a credit to us all

read,
Ch. 5

216 - Her flowing locks, · saven's wing
Adorn her neck & bosom (clinging)

216 - They heat your brains, & fire your veins
- Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung

222 - I rather think she is aloft, / & imitating thunder

225 - Ruin's wheel has driven over us.

227 - I have been east, I have been west,

I " " at Saint Johnston;

· bonniest sight that ever I saw

Was · ploughman boddie dancing.

Smear-white stockings on his legs,

& silver buckles glancing.

A good blue bonnet on his head

& oh, but he was handsome!

Burns/6

- 232 - Tailor / all thine - bed - possible use?
- 233 - An all-thine charms, & conquering arms
- He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed...
- 236 - ... maggot's meat / Dished up in her winching sheet
- 238 - Call - eves to - knolls / Call them where - heather grows
(check Sc Nat'l Dic, if "knowes" are knolls)
- 238 - clay - cold death
- 240 - Eppie Adair
" - By love, & by beauty / by law, & by duty
- 241 - It is - moon - I know her horn
- 242 - She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled
- 248 - Her air so sweet, & shape complete
- 250 - Bad luck on - peeing that tempted my (Jenny?)
- 251 - Or they rehearse, in equal verse / The charms of lovely Davis
- 252 - Eagle's gaze alone surveys / Sun's meridian splendor

Burns / 7

255 - diamond drops of dew

264 - Their graves are growing green to see

27th - The lily's hue, rose to dye / the kindling lustre of an eye

272 - Their capon crows & queer ha ha's

273 - Come, in thy raven plumage, night!

... & bring an angel pen to write ...

279 - My hand unstained with plunder,

280 - A heart like a lord & a hue like a lady (use for Rob?)

283 - Robin Adair cited as tune

- sawsack Phillis. Fair rhymes for Rascal Fair tune

- 284: Adam etc - gn of. fair; never & her can compare

284 - (That) dew - drop of diamond, her eye

288 - dance to. Lark's early song

Burns/8

293 - Peace, thy olive wand extend / & bid wild war his savage end

294 - Her pretty ankle is a spy ...
Would make a saint forget . sky .

295 - Ocean's ebb, & ocean's flow
... Round & round . seasons go .

295 - Lk abroad thine nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change

296 - The feathered people you might see ,
Perched all around on every tree

299 - Their pounces we murder, & terror their cry

310 - ... every way complete

391 - Seamed with streaks of moving fire (lightning)

Ramsay / ~~185~~

p 213 - adapt Burns couplet to:

The suitor, told his queerest stories /
The maiden's laugh was ready chorus.

• long dogs of lords
dragging deer ^(em) from glen
cry "rebels" to these hoards hordes
They become draggers of men.

bestowed upon
Beauty gave her full receipt

vouching her in every way complete

~~All young~~

8 The clouds in white winter mirth

~~are come~~

have come down to live upon the earth.

use in ch. 2, Lucas's Stone Stories, instead of the Mathew Arnold: *used*
#

In the green bed 'tis a long sleep/Along with your~~x~~ past, mounded deep.
By Jesus, lads, that's what I was, alone. Damn near in the green bed
sometimes too, my spirits got so low....

Walter Scott, Dic of Quot'ns

- 416: 9 Answer came there none.
417: 4 They carved at meal / a gloves of steel.
417: 7 . newless forms of air.
417: 28 what pleases Heaven.
417: 31 To that dark inn, . grave!
418: 15 O, young Lochinvar is come out of west
419: 11 . back of beyond
419: 18 2 tracks, fiddle & spade
419: 20 an over true tale
419: 25 To be plain,
420: 28 like any man going.

The medaled soldier cried, here's battle's truth/Fear ached in me like a rotten tooth.

Mercy I sought, mercy came not.

Mercy I sought, mercy I got.

It's bone's loss

Too bad for bone, if bone strike stone. / If stone strike bone, too bad for bone.

Ruin's wheel drove over ~~me~~ us
in gold-spoked quietness
Gold spokes flashing quietly

use at end of ch 7,
Angus about writing
Rob's remembrance?

word?

The thought is never quite the deed.

How can I write what you can read?

I fell through life/from steeple high/Earth awaiting me/ever more nigh.

Say not that I am sadly dead
Say I ~~am~~ in earth's green bed
~~I've gone to~~
sleep now

Bring along

a sip to share

are
is rarely rare

we'll drown old despair

care

air merry air

bare

care

dare ^{hold the calls} double dare

hare

lair

mare stag & mare

pair

quair

rare

tear

wear

snare

can't compare

a Nethermuir air

show an ankle, show a pair
to make. lassies stare
show ^{what'll make} enough

Ld Keir brings a sip to share
milk of life just everywhere

losses instead of lassies

Flow gently, sweet Afton--p. 261, Burns' Complete Works

of wind?

threnody: song of lamentation

--Am. Heritage dic'y: "the hermit bee/drones a quiet threnody"--Walter de la Mare

- use w/ Susan @ 7th A?

adapted ""Everlasting choirs/raise a concert sweet" from Frank O'Connor,
Leinster, Munster & Connaught, p. 94.