Charles Stuart Calverley; Did 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 trevira?
It is — why — what, indeed
Well, look at the picture.
It's a kind of carouse.
To convey a papoose."
Around the Town - Christmas 1907

pic of "wood in: sack" - 4 wagons loaded with wool sacks, hitched together end-to-end
11-12 sacks/wagon

single hitch, 7 teams of horses
wagon: high wheels behind, a tine bit of front
long reins from driver to 2d team

"... some are might when they declare
She’s 30 miles from anywhere."

"Hot. English coast of Etow,
Since we can yell for Teton."

Cover
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 meadow between night and day/
patch
Light's silken path where 00 comes to lay.

Dawn is between the legs of night and day
The bloody rivers in us sense/the mightier stream/nature's joyous tears whence/
flows the greenfield dream.
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'worlth)

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

19:5 — full of Shares and 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 photocopy in voyage file:

...here winter plies his craft,
soldering the years with ice...
Winter Hockey • Humbert Wolfe

332. pleasure provided a clear, resemble heaven
- heavens are come down upon earth to live
15. cold fringe, an handle of heaven
23. E. wind do Prances 57
- wind no in darkness piped a tune (5700a?)
30. skates, ice & snow, wind
33. star-captain
50. (snow) mass overwhelmed all acts of men... hollow lands
- Siberian weather, ref to 1776
- Tamed by season
- bedded deep in snow
51. ice winter, bed
53. cat turned electric in cold (Five Varite are named Puss)
+ 250. yellow wazon lights shall want on honey love
272. red bead, lost of its claw. That dances as often dance it can
- leaves are falling. So am I
3/10 - RCS: ... shining powers upon my window-pane/
- silver pencil of winter draws

3/14 - as though within a system of blind planets/
- thing had been forgotten or overruled

3/15 - air was crumbling. There was not sky (10)
- They knew not what claim has went on, went by. (10)

(study pp. 3/14-15)

3/14 - my was come upon earth at last
The wind from Eden, beyond the sky/the scent of heaven billowing by...
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
Danie had

"Dance, Dance, Danie lad,
And Whistle Willie young.
There's sheep's head for your pot
And you'll get the tongue."

One of the verse Granny used to sing, gives me the shivers when I think of it, at least the sheep's head recollect being sent to the butcher with 3d for a sheep's head, and a penny, passage in all, the penny was for the lillah risk who singed the hairs 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, and the smell upset me for about two days.
Laura: Angus Falls Museum.

Phrases and Music. Miscellanea.

Letter from David Brig Mitchell,
written 1954.

"I remember one or two Cerannie used to
diddle as sing to us children. That is a queer
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 Blittering Hell)

p. 73

“A quiet home had passed away,
Secluded in a vale,
His daughter all in feminin,
To all his sons were male.

‘Canst all . . . view esta age,
His manually died cattle;
His chickens came a brilliant breed,
6 quadrupeds 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 ♠ 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, 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.
Milton, Paradise Lost, Dic of Quotns, 346: 15
"Sable-vested night, eldest of things."
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 heaven.
brush and stone, bison bone (that was our West)
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 been curried above her knees...
rookery

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

"mocking Burns-like verse: "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...
Sir Walter Scott—Scottish Minstrelsy

R 821.64 Minstrelsy

S. M. Bourdon

M 784. 4941
M 723 m 2

Moffat, Alfred E.

The Minstrelsy of Scotland
LIVING WITH BALLADS**Willa Muir

--has "Tam Lin" material
The Complete Poetical Works of Burns
p. 161
62 - Lament in rhyme, lament in prose
  With salt tears trickling down your nose
64 - ... ace of hearts
65 - three times doubly
   (long's)
66 - as long as my arm
72 - I am a son of Mars, who have been in many ways, I show my cuts & scars...
73 - whilst two hands I can hold, glass steady
73 - I am a poet Sir Knave is a poet in session...
   But I am a poet by profession
74 - My honey land, I work in space
  A tenner is my stations
  I've travelled round all Christian ground
  In this my occupation
77 - all, doctor, saws & whistles
79 - What was I of my generation
   That I did get such exaltation
Bums'z

80 - Lord, hear my earnest cry & prayer/against my ._presbytery of Ayr
89. Green, slender, leaf-clad holly boughs

we twisted, graceful, round her brows,
1 & took her for some Scottish muse
96 - Many & sharp - numerous ills/inwoven with our frame.
102 - when winds rave them, naked tree
104 - liquid fire of strong desire
105 - drip therein rotten, hollow heads

Their juggling horses - ponies and
125 - (wind) to blow a body blind
135 - I dimmed e a lord
141 - dark waste hills, & brown unsightly plains
143 - heaven can boil - pot through devil pits in /sin
147 - Poor Bums - even Scotch drink cannot quench

He cheers like some bewildered chicken
149 - An em' savage liquid plains 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 to 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
Here lies Johnny Podgorn / What was his religion?
... Strong ale was abolition / Small beer, persecution...
... But a full/loving bowl / Was-saving of his soul

- His thirsting heart just rising in its might
- Folly has raptures to give.
- Maturity of my
- My heart was caught before I thought
- Green grew rather, 0
215 - He'll have minstrelies great & small
... He'll be a credit to us all

216 - Her flowing locks, - raven's wing
Adorn her neck & bosom (clinging)
216 - They beat your brains, & pick 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,

1 - at Saint Johnston;
- tournament right that even I saw
- war. ploughman ladde dancing.

Snow-white stockings on his legs,
& silver buckles gleaming.

A good blue bonnet on his head
& oh, but he was handsome!
Runn/6

232 - Tailor fell thin bed - possible use?

233 - An all-them charms, & conquering arms

- He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed...

236 - ... maggot's meat/Dressed up in her winding sheet

238 - Call ever to kneels / Call them where heather grows

(check Sc Nof'd Die, if "kneels" are kneels)

238 - Clay - cold death

240 - Eppie Adair

- By love, & by beauty, by law, & by duty

241 - It is a moon - I know her born

242 - She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled

248 - Her arm so sweet, & shape complete

250 - Bad luck on praying that tempted my (Jenny?)

251 - Oh they resemble, in equal name / The charms of lovely David

252 - Eagle's gage, alone surveys / Sun's mellow splendor
Burns/7
255 - . diamond drops of dew
264 - Their graves are growing green to see
271st. - The lily's hue, rose's dye / the beaming lustre of an eye
272 - Their capon crows to queen he ha's
273 - Come, in thy seven prunage, night!
... & bring an angel pen to write...
279 - My hand unstained with plunder,
280 - A heart like a lord & a hue like a lady
283 - Robin Adair called as tune
   - woman? Phillis. Fair rhyme for Rascal Fair Tyme
   - 264: adorn etc - go of fair; ne'er ch her can compare
284 - (That) deer-drop of diamond, her eye
288 - dance to: lady's early song
Bruns/8
293 - Peace, thy olive wand extend / o bid wild war his savage end
294 - Her pretty ankle is a spy...
      Would make a saint forget his sky.
295 - Ocean's edge, & ocean's floor
      ... Round & round; seasons go.
295 - Look abroad thru nature's range,
      Nature's mighty law is change.
296 - The feathered people you must see,
      Perch'd all around on every tree.
299 - Their pounces are murder, & never their cry
310 - ... every way complete
391 - Seamed with streams of moving fire (lightning)
Ramsay/

p213 - adapt Buros complaint to:

The suitor told his queerest stories/
The maiden's laugh was rarely chords.
long, clogs of lords
dragging din deer from gleen
cry "rebellion" to their hands, lords
they become drappers of men.
bestowed upon
Beauty gave her full receipt
vouching her in every way complete
All xmas

The clouds in white winter mirth
down to live upon the earth.
use in ch. 2, Lucas's Stone Stories, instead of the Mathew Arnold:

In the green bed 'tis a long sleep/Along with your 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 Quoth'm*

416: 9  Answer came there none.
417: 4  They carried at meal, a glance of steel.
417: 7  wearless forms of air.
417: 28  what pleases Heaven.
417: 31  To that dark win, - grace!
418: 15  O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west
419: 11  back of beyond
419: 18  2 torches, middle 6 spade
419: 20  an overtrue tale
419: 25  to be plain,
420: 28  like any now 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 bone.

Too bad for bone, if bone strike stone. If stone strike bone, too bad for bone.
Ruin's wheel drove over us
in gold-spoked quietness
Gold spokes flashing quietly
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
a nip to share
we'll shun old despair
care

air merry air
bare

care

dare

hare
lair

mare stag + mare

pair

quair

rare
tear

wear

snare

cannot compare

a Nethermud air
show an ankle, show a pair
to make 1 lassies share
show at'll make

let Keir bring a nip to share
milk of life just everywhere

lassies instead of lassies
Flow gently, sweet Afton—p. 261, Burns' Complete Works
threnody: song of lamentation

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

- see w/ Susan at TTA?
adapted "Everlasting choirs/raise a concert sweet" from Frank O'Connor, Leinster, Munster & Connaught, p. 94.