

		Paragraph Number							
		Gabler Line Number							
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Songs	1	"When the Bloom Is on the Rye"					Blue bloom is on the.		
	2	<i>The Rose of Castile</i>							A jumping rose on satiny breast of satin, rose of Castile.
	3	"The Shade of the Palm"							
	4	"Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye"							
	5	"Love and War"							
	6	"Tutto è sciolto" from <i>Sonnambula</i>							
	7	"M'appari"							
	8	"Tis the Last Rose of Summer"							
	9	Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies							
	10	"The Croppy Boy"							
	11	"The Memory of the Dead"							
	12	"The Minstrel Boy"							
	13	"The Men of the West"							
	14	"See the Conquering Hero Comes" from <i>Judas Maccabeus</i>							
	15	"The Lost Chord"							
	16	<i>La Figlia del Reggimento (The Daughter of the Regiment)</i>							
	17	"My Irish Molly O"							
	18	"The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls"							
	19	"A Last Farewell" from <i>M'appari</i>							
	20	"Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye"							
	21	"Down among the Dead Men"							
	22	"How Sweet the Answer Echo Makes"							
	23	"The Heart Bowed Down"							
	24	"Love's Old Sweet Song"							
	25	"Seaside Girls"							
	26	"Waiting"							
	27	"In Old Madrid"							
	28	"Twas Rank and Fame"							
	29	"We Never Speak As We Pass By"							
	30	"Rift in the Lute"							
	31	<i>Blumenlied</i>							
	32	"O Mary Lost the Pin of Her Drawers"							
	33	"What Are the Wild Waves Saying?"							
	34	Minuet from <i>Don Giovanni</i>							
	35	"Quis est homo?"							
	36	"Quie sdegno"							
	37	"Home Sweet Home"							
	38	"The Boys of Wexford"							
	39	"By the Sad Sea Waves"							
	40	"Songs without Words"							
	41	"Pomp and Circunstance"							
	42	"John Peel"							
	43	"I Am the Captain of Pinafore"							
	44	"The Thirty-Two Counties"							
	45	<i>The Seven Last Words of Christ</i>							

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...sweetheart, goodbye! I'm off, said Boylan with impatience.

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18	a lovely. Gravy's rather good fit for a. Golden ship. Erin. The harp that	once or twice. Cool Hands. Ben Howth, the rhododendrons. We are their	harps. I. He. Old. Young.
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7		Mr Dedalus laid his pipe to rest beside the tuning fork and, sitting,	touched the obedient keys.
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20	Ah, sure my dancing days are done, Ben; Well....		
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6	Most beautiful air ever written, Richie said: <i>Sonnambula</i> . He	heard Joe Maas sing that one night. Ah, what M'Guckin! Yes. In his way.
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6	Choirboy style. Maas was the boy. Massboy. A lyrical tenor if you like.	Never forget it. Never.							
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Down among the dead men. Appropriate.

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6			All lost now.	Fall, surrender, lost.	Lovely air. In sleep she went to him.
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22	Echo. How	sweet the answer. How is that done?			
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7					The harping chords of prelude closed. A chord, longdrawn,	expectant, drew a voice away.
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23	to sing to you of a heart bowed down.					
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7	<i>...Sorrow from me seemed to depart.</i>	Through the hush of air a voice sang to them, low, not rain, not leaves		
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7	Good, good to hear: sorrow from them each seemed to	from both depart when first they heard. When first they saw,		
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7					<i>Full of hope and all delighted...</i>	Increase their flow. Throw flower at
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24	<i>Love that is singing: love's old sweet song.</i>	<i>Love's old sweet sonnez la gold.</i>				
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7		The voice of Lionel returned,		How first he saw that form endearing, how sorrow seemed to part	how look, form, word charmed him; won...heart.			
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Blumenlied

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34			twinkling fingers in the trble playes again. The	landlord has the prior. A little time. Long John.;	lightly he played a
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34	light bright tinkling measure for tripping ladies, arch and smiling, and for	their gallants, gentlemen friends. One:one, one, one, one, one: two, one, three, four.	
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34	Minuet of <i>Don Giovanni</i>	he's playing now. Court dresses of all descriptions in castle chambers	
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10	The voice of dark age, of unlove, earth's fatigue made grave approach	and painful, come from afar, from hoary mountains, called on good men
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10	and true. The priest he sought. With him he would speak a word.						
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10	The priest's at home. A false priest's servant bade him welcome. Step	in. The holy father. With bows a traitor servant. Curlycues of chords.		
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10	The voice of warning, solemn warning, told them the youth had	entered a lonely hall, told them how solemn fell his footfalls there, told
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10	The voice of penance and of grief came slow, embellished, tremulous.	Ben's contrite beard confessed. <i>In nomine Domini</i> , in God's name he knelt.
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10	cursed three times. You bitch's bast. And once at masstime he had gone to	play. Once by the churchyard he had passed and for his mother's rest he
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10					All gone. All fallen. At the siege of Ross his father, at Gorey all his	brothers fell. To Wexford, we are the boys of Wexford, he would. Last of
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38						To Wexford, we are the boys of Wexford, he would.
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10	<i>Bless me, father, Dollard the croppy cried. Belss me and let me go.</i>					
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25				Those girls, those lovely. By the sad sea waves. Chorusgirl's romace.		
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39				By the sad sea waves.		
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10		Low sank the music, air and words.Then hastened. The false priest	rustling soldier from his cassock. A yeoman captain. They know it all by
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25	The lovely name you.		
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10	With hoarse rude fury the yeoman cursed, swelling in apoplectic	bitch's bastard. A good thought, bot, to come. One hour's your time to live,	your last.		
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3		Dolor! O, he dolores! The voice of the mournful chanter called to	dolorous prayer.		
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10	At Geneva barrack that young man died.At passage was his body	laid.Dolor! O, he doloes! The voice of the mournful chanter called to	dolorous prayer.		
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10			Pray for him, prayed the bass of Dollard. You who hear in peace.	Breathe a prayer, drop a tear, good men, good people. He was the croppy	boy.	
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10	Scaring eavesdropping boots croppy bootsboy Bloom in the Ormond	hallway heard the growls and roars of bravo, fat backslapping, their boots	
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8	murmered Mina. Mr. Dollard. And <i>The Last Rose of Summer</i> was a lovely song. Mina loved that song. Tankard loved the song that Mina.
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2	clinking glasses all, brighteyed and gallant, before bronze Lydia's tempting	last rose of summer, rose of Castile.			
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8	clinking glasses all, brighteyed and gallant, before bronze Lydia's tempting	last rose of summer, rose of Castile.			
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10				A youth entered a lonely Ormond hall.	
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44	clinking glasses all, brighteyed and gallant, before bronze Lydia's tempting	last rose of summer, rose of Castile.			
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