

DANNY

A Poem By
J.M. SYNGE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRACE MARLIER



ONE NIGHT A SCORE OF ERRIS MEN, A SCORE
I'M TOLD, AND NINE
SAID 'WE'LL GET SHUT OF DANNY'S NOISE
OF GIRLS AND WIDOWS CRYIN'...



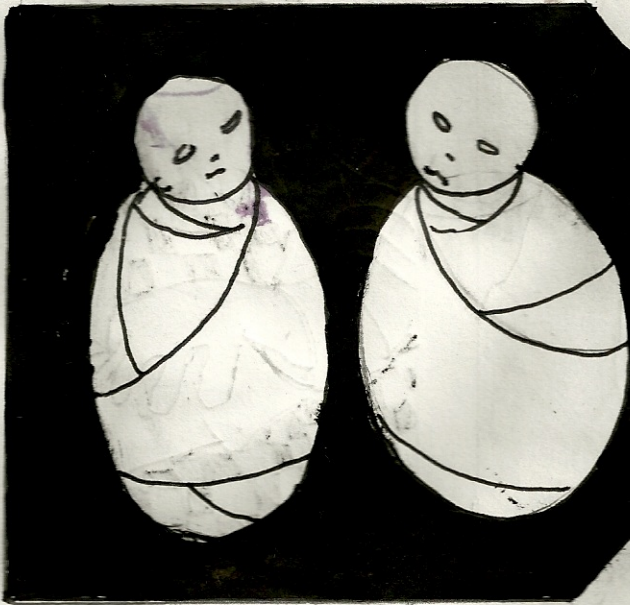
AT PLAYING HELL ON DECENT
GIRLS ...

THERE'S NOT HIS
LIKE FROM
BINGHAMSTOWN
TO BOYLE +
BALLYCROY





AT BEATING MAN AND BOY...



HE'S LEFT TWO
PAIRS OF
FEMALE TWINS



BEYOND
IN
KILLACREEST



HE'S STRUCK THE
PARISH PRIEST



AND TWICE IN
CROSSMOLINA FAIR ...



"BUT WE'LL COME 'ROUND HIM IN THE NIGHT
A MILE BEYOND THE MULLET
TEN WILL QUENCH HIS BLOODY EYES
AND TEN WILL CHOKE HIS GULLET."



IT WASN'T LONG
TIL DANNY CAME,
FROM BANGOR
MAKING WAY,
AND HE WAS CURSING
MOON AND STARS
AND WHISTLING
GRAND AND GAY.



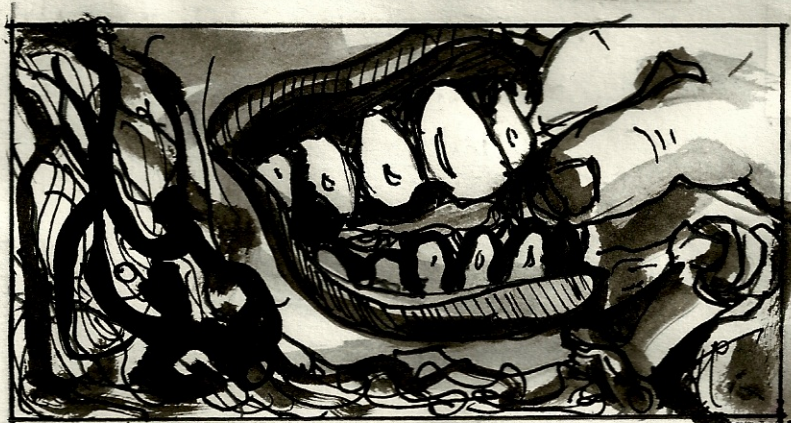
'TIL IN A GAP OF HAZEL GLEN
AND NOT A HARE IN SIGHT
OUT LEAPED THE NINE AND TWENTY LADS
ALONG HIS LEFT AND RIGHT



THEN DANNY SMASHED THE NOSE OF BYRNE...



HE SPLIT THE LIPS ON THREE...



AND BIT ACROSS THE RIGHT-HAND THUMB OF ONE RED SHAWN MAGEE.



BUT SEVEN TRIPPED HIM UP BEHIND
AND SEVEN KICKED BEFORE



AND SOME
WASHED OFF
THE BLOOD

SOME
TRAMPED
HIM IN
THE
MUD

SOME STOLE
HIS
PURSE
AND
TIMBER
PIPE

THEN SOME
DESTROYED
HIM
WITH THEIR
HEELS





AND WHEN YOU'RE WALKING
OUT THE WAY
FROM BANGOR TO BELMULLET
YOU'LL SEE A FLAT CROSS
ON A STONE
WHERE MEN CHOKED
DANNY'S GULLET.