

ULYSSES¹ TO IVANHOE² 2006

Robyn Gooden/ Mary Dwyer

A smart group of intelligent readers
Accompanied by two very able leaders
Began landscapes literary Irish Scot
Armed with great enthusiasm, red hot!

(To tune of *Molly Malone*)

*In Dublin's fair city where the bards are so witty,
Beds were booked at St Stephen's Green alone.
They moved their bone marrow, through streets broad and narrow,
Seeking authors and writers dead or alive-o.*

This band of learners sought poets of fame,
But first needed to know each other's name.

(To tune *Welcome as the flowers in May in dear old Donegal*)

*There was John and John and John and Joan; and Joan and her pal Pat,
Anthea, Sylvia, Maria, Pacita, Susannah and Kath;
Judith and Janet and Josephine and Jacqueline and Jennifer;
Marjorie, Mary, Margaret, Marloesje, Elizabeth and Christopher;
Faye, Carmel, and Robyn and Harvey; Dorothy and Ann-
We were as welcome as the flowers in May in dear old Ireland.*

Grafton Street heaved with a large surging throng,
Harvey warned us of things which could go wrong.
He advised bags be kept close to our vest,
Marjorie kept hers quite within her chest.
She was not going to lose any ticket,
Or have it fleeced by any pock-picket!

Evenings were culture, pub crawls and a play,
Where Maughan showed how wives always get their way!
With witty quips and culinary tips, he was a glutton
How tomorrow's lamb cutlets replaced yesterday's cold mutton.

Susannah tried to glean us in knowledge of writers Irish-
Joyce his lurks, perks; habits most unstylish!
We searched life in day of Leopold Bloom-
Maria searched for him in several rooms!

¹ United Literati Yonder Scribe Search of Eire-Scotland

² Interested Viewers And Novel Historians Of Everything

Wilde Oscar was Suz's fav'rite ev'ry way,
His Irish eyes smiling; and bright and gay.
As Jack or Earn', his importance a lark,
We found him on a rock, lolling in park.

We learned GBS used GHOTE to spell fish,
It inspired us to talk proper English!
The Yeats exhibit was a tad high tech,
Over top of our heads, but what the heck?

Marloesje at brew'ry was full of hip,
A Guinness glass – the highlight of her trip!
John/Jen-Castlemaine, never made a fuss
Always in style to step upon the bus.
John H.A.did limp aboard the clipper
Complimenting one shoe with a slipper!

Our farewell from Ireland took longer than intended,
T'was all afternoon before the plane was mended.
Toora loora looral, toora loora lye
Toora loora looral, it was an Irish sad goodbye.

(To tune *Scotland the Brave*)

Drums in the highlands and we heard the bagpipes playing
Our bonnie laddie drove us straight through the glen.
Then in the days ahead we wished that we were staying
Our hearts were captured by the beauties then.

Scot's mansion Abbotsford was so serene –
But Melrose Abbey.....a renovator's dream!
With literary landscapes, straths and glens and kirks
Our Susannah simply went berserk!
Her choice of vistas spectacular
Defied description in vernacular.
The N.L.of S.³ really blew our mind
Christopher's Maths' books on line we did find.

Harve produced quiz and put us to the test,
Pat, the Clarkes and Margaret proved the best!
Leavers /Losers, our group had quite a few;
These absent-minded travellers misplaced a thing or two.

³ The National Library of Scotland

Mary and Robyn left fudge in the fridge.
Sylv lost vitals to seagulls on the ridge.
Dorothy, her earring, she had a fit;
Jacqui her bag – but where did she put it?
NEWS FLASH! NEWS FLASH!
The Coopers mislaid their passports, they could not be had,
Marloesje pawned her jewellery to pay for the cab!

Marj(orie), Faye, Ann won category “best shopper”
Their retail therapy first class proper!
John from Jamboroo, his mind all at ease
Tried to board a coach full of Portuguese!

Perfect passengers Pacita, Janet, Joan,
Anthea and Carmel weren't ones to roam.
Judith, Jo and Kath , they too toed the line.
Eliz(abeth) and Joan, not late, always on time.

From Edinburgh, Ayr and Inverness,
Post offices were frantic to unburden our excess.
We traced Boswell and Johnson to Skye Isle;
We learnt how they walked, ate, slept, snuffed and smiled –
Through the heather and 'round the loch
Never a sign of writer's block!

Castle Dunvegan, an utter delight
Boswell and Dr Johnson stayed the night.
Flora MacDonald by far won the day,
With most impressive tombstone in the brae.

Harvey was our Lochinvar, our knight of the Thistle,
Managed matters without a bristle or a whistle –
He sorted all our troubles and righted all our wrongs
Entertained us in the evenings on the piano and with songs.

This Scottish tour, not just a lit'ry quest.....
There's still an answer to be laid to rest.....
What abides beneath the plaid kilt you see
Vexes us and remains a mystery!!!!!!!

Of haggis and banks and braes and bonnie doone,
Our wonderful journey ended too soon.
The company was great, always a laugh;
Thanks to you all, and Susannah and Harve.....

*But pleasures are like poppies shed,
You seize the flower, its bloom is dead;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.....(Robbie Burns)*

There's one more thing before we resign, Let's link our arms and sing *Auld Lang Syne*