

**KITTY OF THE SHERRAGH  
VANE AND  
THE SCHOOLMASTERS, PP.  
247-385**

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# KITTY OF THE SHERRAGH VANE

AND

# THE SCHOOLMASTERS

BY

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# KITTY OF THE SHERRAGH VANE.

## PART I.

THE Sherragh Vane  
Is up Sulby glen,  
High up, my men—  
High up—you'll not see a sight of it  
From the road at all,  
By rayson of the height of it—  
Terbil high; and a little skute<sup>1</sup>  
Of a waterfall,  
Slip-sloppin from the root  
Of an ould kern<sup>2</sup>—  
You know the turn  
At the Bridge, and the Chapel?

<sup>1</sup> Squirt.

<sup>2</sup> Mountain ash.

Well, in on the gate,  
Behind there, that's the road, like straight  
For Druid-a-whapple ;  
And just you're passin  
The School, and up you go—  
A track—a track, you know,  
On the side of the brew,<sup>1</sup> criss-crassin,<sup>2</sup>  
Till you'il come out on the top like a landin,  
And the house standin  
Two fields back--  
And all that steep  
You can't see the river, not the smallest peep,  
Nor the gill, nor nothin ; but lookin right over  
At Snaefell,  
By Jove! or  
Barrule, or Slieu Core—  
'Deed, you'il have to be cayful<sup>3</sup>  
With cows and the lek ; and no road for a cart  
Up yandher place,

<sup>1</sup> Hill.<sup>2</sup> Zigzagging.<sup>3</sup> Careful.

But comin in from another art,<sup>1</sup>

About nor-wes',

*Ballagh way?* Yes.

That's the road they were doin the haulin—

Tear the people was goin a-callin—

Nicholas' Tear—that's Nicky-Nick-Nick—

And his wife a Gick of the Ballagick—

Down in Kirk Bride—you know them, what?

And a son and a daughter, that's the lot—

Saul the son, a name he got

From his grandfather on the mother's side—

Rather big people down in Kirk Bride.

But the daughter was Kitty—so, aisy then!

That's Kitty of the Sherragh Vane—

Kitty, Kitty—sure enough—

Kitty—Kitty—hould your luff!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Point of the compass.

<sup>2</sup> Sail close to the wind : here = take care !



*Nice-lookin*, eh?

Aye, that's your way—

Well, I tell ye, the first time ever I seen her,

She wasn' much more till<sup>1</sup> a baby—

Six years, maybe,

Would have been her

Age; and the little clogs at her,<sup>2</sup>

Clitter-clatter,

And her little hand

In mine, to show me the way, you'll understand,

Down yandher brew,

And me a stranger too,

That was lost on the mountain;

And the little sowl in the house all alone,

And for her to be goin

The best part of a mile—

Bless the chile!

Till she got me right—

And not a bit shy, not her!

<sup>1</sup> Than.

<sup>2</sup> Which she had.

Nor freckened,<sup>1</sup> but talkin away as purty <sup>2</sup>  
As a woman of thirty—  
And—"That's the way down to the School," says  
she,  
"And Saul and me  
Is goin there every day;  
You'll aisy find the way"—  
And turns, and off like a bird on the wing,  
Aw, a bright little thing!

Isn' it that way with these people of the mountain?  
No accountin,  
But seemin very fearless though—  
Very—not for fightin no!  
Nor tearin,<sup>3</sup> but just the used<sup>4</sup> they are  
Of fogs and bogs, and all the war  
Of winds and clouds, and ghos'es creepin  
Unknownst upon them, and fairies cheepin

<sup>1</sup> Frightened.      <sup>2</sup> Prettily.      <sup>3</sup> Making rows.

<sup>4</sup> Because they are accustomed to.

Like birds, you'd think, and big bugganes<sup>1</sup>  
In holes in rocks; lek makin frens<sup>2</sup>  
With the like, that'll work like niggers, they will,  
If you'll only let them; and paisible  
Uncommon they are; and little scraps,  
That's hardly off their mammies' laps  
'll walk about there in the night  
The same as the day, and all right—  
Bless ye! ghos'es! ar'n' they half  
Ghos'es themselves? Just hear them laugh,  
Or hear them cry,  
It's like up in the sky—  
Aw, differin  
Total<sup>3</sup>—aye; for the air is thin  
And fine up there, and they sucks it in  
Very strong,  
Very long,  
And mixes it with the mould  
Of all their body and all their sowl—

<sup>1</sup> Hobgoblins.<sup>2</sup> Friends.<sup>3</sup> Quite.