***The Apocrypheosis***

 ***of James Clarence Mangan***

 ***as Related by One James***

 ***Augusta Aloysius Joyce***

*The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!—*J.C. Mangan

1.

*Fell Time, that greedy landlord Time,*

 *He takes starved children for his rent,*

 *And spinsters by their labour bent,*

*And many a bone in many a rhyme*

*There is to pick with him! Among one’s*

 *Pet peeves, he greys the hair, he ploughs*

 *To earth the Woman with Three Cows ‘The Woman with Three Cows’:*

*And along come the tramplin’ young ones!* *a poem by Mangan.—*[Mr V]

**2.

*Poor Mangan, he with the umbrella*

 *Carried about in driest weather,*

 *A singular fellow altogether,*

*A needy sot, but he could tell a*

*Story or two in golden phrases*

 *To make your red hair stand on end.*

 *‘Twas few who cared to be his friend,*

*A difficult man: I sing his praises.*

*Behold him in your mind’s eye now,*

 *In his blue cloak and his blond wig,*

 *Green spectacles and a great big*

*Witch hat that makes it work somehow,*

*That whole mad-genius business.*

 *Among the world’s distinguished forgers*

 *He stands supreme, his work is gorgeous!*

*Translated out of languages*

*He did not know, attributed*

 *To non-existent poets, such as*

 *‘Selber’ (his very self!) with touches*

*Of greatness now appreciated,*

*But praise of little use to him*

 *That’s dead these many more than twenty* *‘Twenty Golden Years Ago’, a poem*

 *Not very golden years. No plenty* *written by ‘Selber’—German for ‘self’, i.e.,*

*He ever knew, his life was grim* *written by himself, James Mangan. How*

 *perverse of the man! Forgery is, of course,*

*And he obscure, and stone-cold dead* *plagiarism in reverse. Right or wrong,*

 *Like you at six-and-forty years:* *immoral or imaginative, lawful play*

 *Such was his lot. I’ve shed my tears* *or a matter for the law… All these grave*

*For him!* An Gortya Mor*, the dread* *questions will be cleared up only with.*

 *the coming of the Apocryphalypse.*

*Famine, made him turn patriot*

 *And put a fire into his verses*

 *That on the English showered curses*

*For leaving the Irish poor to rot.*

*This man, an idol once of mine,*

 *Was taken by the cholera*

 *In all his weird regalia*

*In the year eighteen-forty-nine.*

*On his memorial let us hang an*

 *Old ivy wreath, on Ivy Day,*

 *And for his spirit let us pray,*

*The spirit of James Clarence Mangan!*

3. *Oscar:*

Among the poets constellated

 In Heaven, though it may seem full,

 There’s room for the Apocryphal

Who never were, but were translated!

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