***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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