



THE  
LITTLE  
SONG  
BOOK

The book cover features a central illustration of a landscape. A path winds through a green field towards a line of trees. In the foreground, there are large green plants with yellow flowers. A pond reflects the scene, with a white bird flying above it. The entire illustration is framed by a decorative border with floral and geometric patterns. The title 'THE LITTLE SONG BOOK' is written in large, white, serif capital letters across the center of the illustration.



Miss Twinkle's Been On  
Holiday Again  
(Bid)



sung by Lucy

ark the green-eyed yellow idol, on her mantelpiece, a-gloating  
Hark the strange-tongued jesty parrot, in its gaudy feathers croaking  
"Pieces of eight" and "Polly want kiss-kiss"  
"Tear out his heart, oh, Priestess of Isis"  
So, I see Miss Twinkle's been on holiday again

Spy the banded serpent on the blue mosaic floor a-creeping  
Shy, the swarthy curl-toed slippered servant in his robes a-sleeping  
Spice in the cake and flies on the gherkin  
Mice in the bowl down by the oak skirting  
So, I see Miss Twinkle's been on holiday again

Where have you been  
What are those labels on your suitcase I have seen  
Oh, I know you've been jetsetting around  
By yourself

Dread, the loathsome legends on the darkly-fashioned cups and saucers  
By whose hands were thus inscribed, in some alley of the Kasbah's  
"Hotel Splendide", "Jamaica Blue Mountain"  
"Cursed be those that drink from the fountain"  
So, I see Miss Twinkle's been on holiday again

Where have you been  
Why is your skin so pale, yet foreign sins you've seen  
Oh, I know you've been jetsetting around  
On your own

Smell the pungent incense twisting, kris-like, up the beaded curtain  
Fell, the music, soul-atrissing, by some demon mirror-written  
Stuffed hippogrlyphs and mummified misfits  
Primaeval skulls, with hinges for biscuits  
So, I see Miss Twinkle's been on holiday again

Where have you gone  
What are those odd inflections of your native tongue  
Oh, I know you've been jetsetting around  
By yourself



## Why Do Spirits Haunt Ruby Koburn? (Bid)



sung by Alice

wake in dusty sunbeams in a twisted cotton mess  
Beside me hops a pirate fop in a guano-splattered dress  
"Avast!", I cry, kick out a foot  
But there's nought between tricorne and high-heeled boot  
No, no, not an earring of the brute!  
And I'm so unhappy, I could cry, "oh, pity me!"

Oh, why do spirits haunt me in the night and in the day?  
Why not just the night? Why?

I breakfast with a headless beard, an abbot, and a mist  
And at my feet, the nameless heat of a limbless oculist  
"Avaunt!", I sigh, and lob a bacon  
At the face of the foul forsaken host  
No, no, not while I'm on me toast!  
But they're so a part of me, like a big family

Oh, why do spirits haunt me in the night and in the day?  
Why not just the night? Why?

There's a spectre playing banjo by the old oak chest  
And he's eaten half the vests  
And he's dribbled on the rest  
And he fiddles with the volume on my set

I sport in vaulted corridors pursued by aching nuns  
The sound of beads surrounds me as I break into a run  
"Pax!", I pray to the mouldy mothers  
Flap your habits in some other's hall  
No, no, all your relics do appal  
And I excommunicate one and all (wish I could!)

Oh, why do spirits haunt me in the night and in the day?  
Why not just the night? Why?

There's a fetid shade that only haunts the study lamp  
And it gives my neck a cramp  
And it flickers off and on  
As I try to read my Necronomicon





*e fight beneath the sun  
Resplendent in our robes of finest fur, all copper-spun  
These spears of gold, these arrows of desire  
Fall like shrews upon the fold  
In the banks beside the sapphire!*

*We run across the pools  
We shun the lowly voles, all ragged in their dusty jewels  
They, mirrors, are: to shrewness all aspire  
Fishy otters of the deep  
Filthy ferrets on the creep  
In the banks beside the sapphire!*

*Come all, ye ravens  
And muster in the story  
Fly thence, ye magpies!  
There's not a shrew-worn opal  
Fallen on the field of glory*

*We sleep beneath the green  
In sheets of butterfly wings, crinkle soft, to deeply dream  
Of rats of ice, and caves of living fire  
Drawing daggers in the air  
Leading brownies to the fair  
In the banks beside the sapphire!*

*Shine on, oh, Castor  
Shine on the shrewy faces  
Burn up, oh, comets  
Before you come to fire upon  
These quiet, sable places*

*We tweet under the moon  
We sing the lays of Ariel and canticles of doom  
With tails we thrum and pluck the lapis lyre  
Thus we linger in the lore  
Of all noble shrews of yore  
As our twitterings outsoar  
In the banks beside the sapphire!*

## The Water-Shrew Shuffle

(Bid)



sung by Laura





Sweetmeat  
(Bid)



sung by Bid

his wood is full of shiny eyes  
Some are brown, some are red  
Some are in disguise  
And when you turn your head you hear  
A tiny whisper at your ear  
Don't walk so fast, my dear  
Don't you want to hear me singing

Prithee, little girl, stay awhile, rest your weary head beside me  
And I will sing you to sleep

This glade is full of purling strains  
Some are sighs, some are sobs  
Some are hunger pains  
And when you take another trail  
You hear a tiny throat bewail  
Don't turn so quick, my frail  
Don't you want to join me playing

Prithee, little girl, stay awhile, rest your weary head beside me  
And I will sing you to sleep

This sky is full of little stars  
Some are close to Mars

This earth is full of creeping claws  
Some are small, some are sharp  
Some are not in paws  
And when you stop too long you feel  
A tiny scratching at your heel  
I have not had my meal  
Don't you want to see me eating

Prithee, little girl, stay awhile, rest your weary head beside me  
And I will sing you to sleep

This wood is full of tiny eyes  
Some are fireflies



e likes the "Venus On A Bicycle"  
It's redolent of Mother Earth a lot  
Or maybe not  
I see him run through fields of granite doughnut heads

Oh, what is Mr Pinkwig's favourite  
Is it the cherub on the halibut  
In the sky  
Flying so high

He dreams of Caesar's bust, all gleaming nose  
And thievish Alexander's pouching pose  
A-fleeing foes  
He skips down avenues of unglazed earthenware

What's Mr Pinkwig's  
Favourite?  
(Bid)

Oh, what is Mr. Pinkwig's favourite  
Is it the bearded chops of Hlatshepsut  
With the bin  
On her head

He swoons at Vedic beauties, upside down  
And six-armed Kali makes his dhoti brown  
And Brahmins frown  
I see his steaming turban climbing temples high

Oh, what is Mr. Pinkwig's favourite  
Is it the octopussy amulet  
With its brain  
On a chain



sung by Lucy







*he King of Pelagonia  
Bade me what to do  
Lie her on a bed of thyme  
And bathe her paws in dew*

*Build a Harric replica  
Take it to her lair  
Pluck a twig of rosemary  
To place in her hair*

*Mend her broken carapace  
With spittle, gauze and string  
Weave a golden daisy chain  
Tie it to her wing*

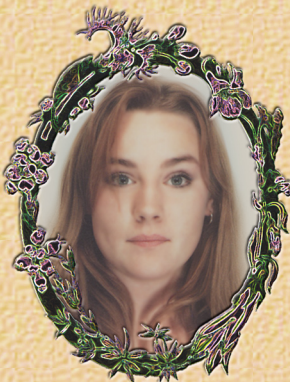
*Summon all the dragonflies  
To light the lane back home  
Rest by the sullen pond  
Leave her not alone*

*And all the snails and buttercups will come calling  
Calling her name, remembering her life and deeds  
Wishing upon wish that her beetles hadn't risen against her*

*March by the Charnock Tree  
To the castle made of clouds  
Bear her on a stretcher  
Past her adoring crowds*

## The Narison

(Robinson/Presence)



Alice







*Ego Meridiem*  
(Bid/Presence)



*Laura*

*hen I was green, I laboured for a mouse  
Shadowing rain and dappling sun  
Over my toes a snail would pull his house  
And from my head a spider spun*

*And I eat the midday sunlight  
And I eat the midday sunlight*

*When I was strong, a robin's heart I felt  
Beating inside me, small and red  
My hair was thick, my feet were long and held  
Many a badger's hearth and bed*

*And I eat the midday sunlight  
And I eat the midday sunlight*

*Now I am old, a pirate's heart I wear  
Hanging from my arm, black as jet  
I sit on bones of sweethearts in despair  
And on my skin their names are set*

*And I eat the midday sunlight  
And I eat the midday sunlight*





## Willy Whispers (Bid)



sung by Alice

ho loves red bones without the flesh  
Without the skin to tickle and caress  
I think you love it less  
To touch a head without the hair  
Although I know some people like it bare  
I think you're not from there

Lend me; lend me your body to cavort in organdie  
Don't let me stay a bony thing  
I want to have a double chin  
Like you

Who kisses teeth without a mouth  
Without a tongue to flicker on the couch  
I think you may say, "ouch"  
To look in eyes without the lids  
All smouldering without the winky bits  
I think you won't want kids

Lend me; lend me your body to vibrate in sympathy  
Don't let me stay a misty imp  
I want to have a proper limp  
Like you

When next you wake the charnel kin  
Be sure to bring a little extra skin  
And leave it in the tin  
And if you see us in the town  
Presaging doom or just hanging around  
Walk by without a frown

Lend me; lend me your body to cohort in Picardy  
Don't let me stay a willy wisp  
I want to have a funny lisp  
Like you







am the mayor's footman  
No-one has ever seen him  
He's never in his carriage  
He hasn't got the time

All the crowds are waiting  
Waiting by the fountain  
They want to see the poet  
They want to hear him rhyme

Oh, what shall I say, the ship's in the bay  
The captain's got his cat and he's started to whip  
Oh, what shall I do, they're starting to boo  
Will someone help me find the mayor, and quick

I am the mayor's butler  
He's never at the table  
He's rarely ever able  
To find himself the time

All the Lords are waiting  
Waiting by the pudding  
They want to see the penny  
They want to see it shine

## The Mayor's Song (Bid/Robinson)

Oh, what shall I say, the King of Malay  
Is choking on his chilli crab and he's sick  
Oh, what shall I do, they're starting to spew  
Will someone help me find the mayor, and quick

I am the mayor's tailor  
No-one has ever seen him  
He's never in his trousers  
He hasn't got the time

All his clothes are waiting  
They're waiting for a fitting  
I don't know what his size his  
It's a slipping crime



Oh, what shall I say, the silk's in today  
The seamstresses have started to sew and to snip  
Oh, what shall I use, he may not like puce  
Will someone help me find the mayor and quick

sung by Laura





he said that she'd like to lose all the pain  
Her tender senses feel every day  
Driven by the spell, she's hidden by the spell

Tired and passed over, she hoped that she'd gain  
The power to give, not take all the pain  
Driven by the spell, she's hidden by the spell

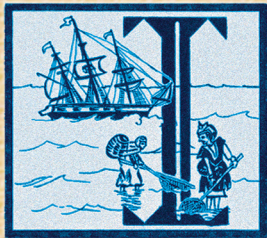
Burn all around her, burn to the ground  
For the weak deserve the pain that they've found  
Driven by the spell, we're driven by the spell

## The Spell (Huntley)



lax2





*I'm just a tug boat captain with one hundred dolphin slaves  
They live in tiny caves, in the salty waves  
And as they toil in fields of seaweed far beneath my ship  
I'm standing by the rudder and I'm brandishing a whip*

*And we say: "Row the boat ashore!"  
And we say: "Tie him to the door!"  
And then we'll "Nail him on the floor!"  
Bring him up, bring him up*

*I'm just a frowzy pirate with a verger in the hold  
In the dark and cold, he's eighty-one years old  
He's counting out the coffers loosened from a motley band  
I'm standing by the funnel with a suitcase in my hand*

*And we say: "Row the boat ashore!"  
And we say: "Tie him to the door!"  
And then we'll "Nail him on the floor!"  
Bring him up, bring him up*

## The Captain's Song (Bid/Presence)

*Ich bin der deutsche Fubarzt, und ich speise die Kanone  
Ich wasche mein Pulverhorn, mit Sauerkraut von Bonn  
Ich ebe das faule Gemüse, und bin halluziniert  
Ich kauderwelsche mit dem Küster, er hat mich rekrutiert*

*I'm just a salty sea dog with a peg-leg in the nest  
He wears a dirty vest, he never looks his best  
He cries out "Ship!" and "Shark!" and "Spaniard!" when he sees it fit  
I'm standing by the fo'c's'le and I'm covered in his spit*

*And we say: "Row the boat ashore!"  
And we say: "Tie him to the door!"  
And then we'll "Nail him on the floor!"  
Bring him up, bring him up*



Bid





Petite Bourrée  
(Presence)

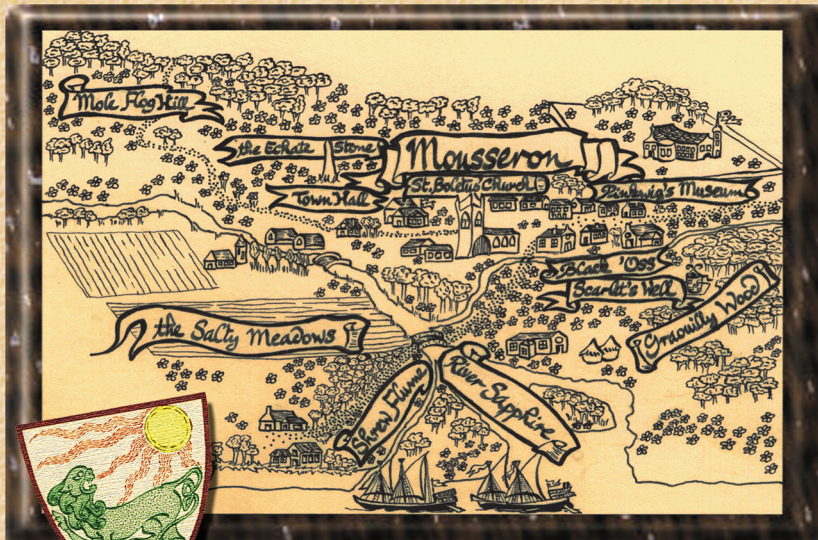


O Foolish Man!

Thou Hast made thee too

many letters!





# SCARLET'S WELL

Lucy Tiddy.....Lucy  
LAURA PIGGOTT.....LAURA  
Alice Healey.....Alice  
Bid.....THE CAPTAIN, THE CREATURE,  
THE FOOTMAN, THE BUTLER  
ORSON PRESENCE.....THE TAILOR  
FLORENCE.....HERR DOKTOR STRUMPF  
BACKING VOCALS by Bid, ORSON PRESENCE, YANN FAURIE, FLORENCE

ORSON PRESENCE.....ACCORDION AND KEYBOARDS  
Bid.....GUITARS AND MANDOLIN  
Toby Robinson.....MAYOR'S GUITAR  
YANN FAURIE.....BOURRÉE STICKS  
ALEXANDER MORRIS.....CLARINET  
with the players of **GEMSO** Vegas® led by BARRY GEMSO

Produced by Toby Robinson, Bid and Orson Presence  
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EXECUTIVE PRODUCER : Bid

COVER DESIGN by FLORENCE and Bid  
STRANGE LETTERS, FRAMES, FLOWERS AND CREATURES by FLORENCE

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