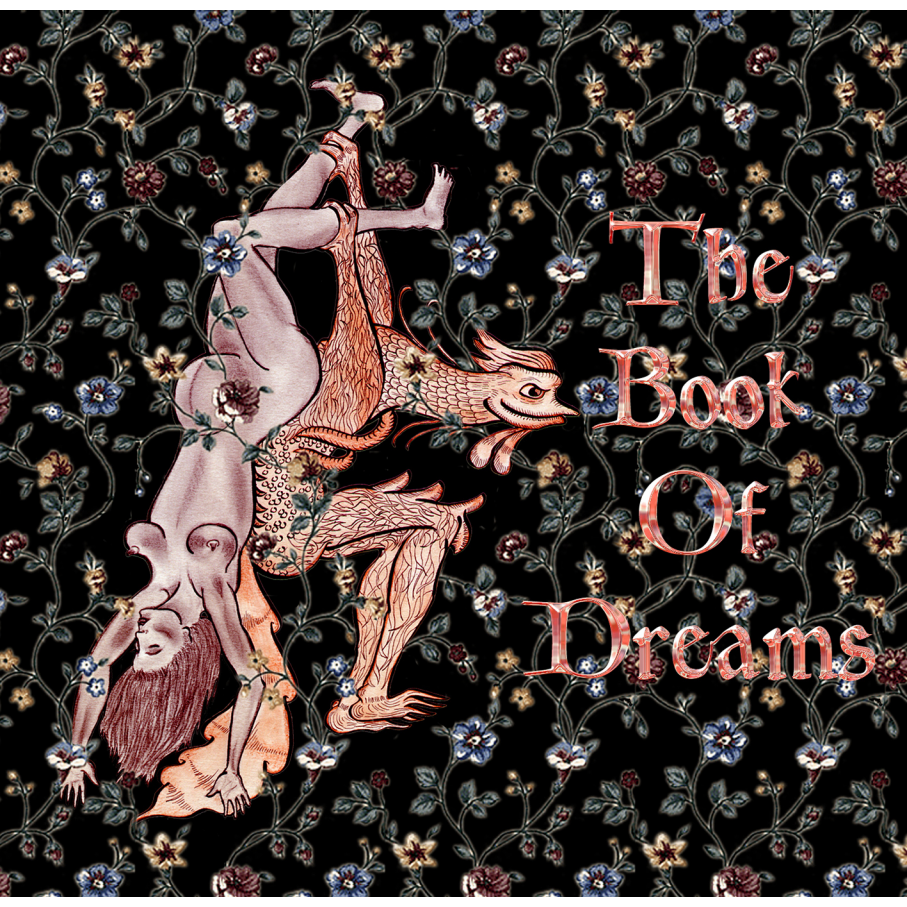


The  
Book  
Of  
Dreams



## The Return Of The Hesperus

Come all you mortals, if you want to hear  
The story of the horror floating here  
And the secret of her ways  
Out on a tide of greed, she floated  
Her sails were all a-puff-bridge bloated  
Sweet singing, were the bell-bottomed scurvy scum  
And on the prow, the red-eyed captain, banging on a wolf-skin drum

It's of a cruel, cruel sea  
It's of a cruel, cruel sea  
It's of a cruel, cruel sea  
It makes a fool of thee

One year later, in a sweat-night dream  
Out in the shadows of the sea was seen  
A diabolic silhouette  
She padded up, a-creeping-from vicious  
All brooding in a dread delicious  
We put her to the light, and she winked back a shock  
Her body was laced with plunder, and back from hell to dock

Hesperus, you went out boasting of a bounty on the Spanish main  
Hesperus, you came back coasting to the lubbers on the quay of pain

All up her rigging, twined in golden thread  
Shimmering robes adorn her figurehead  
And old Peggy's nest a-pearl  
See how her pockets bulge with booty  
All sprawling like a pearl-pile puddle  
But a poisons hidden in the doxy's teeth  
You steal one gem, 'tis said, and you doo'll be aft a wreath

We searched the dragsle-tail from stem to stern  
But sign of the vulgar rovers, there was none  
Nor a sausage on the poop  
But mark a trail of drip, drip, ruddy  
Down to the wicked whipper's study  
And the open log, with nature's juice still wet  
By the hand of a moonstruck monkey, these chilling words were set



## Night Of The Macaw

Once upon a midnight dreary  
In its cage, a blue macaw  
Pondered, weary  
Over kernels of forgotten lore  
Came a flapping beyond the dusky veil  
A voice, husky with ale:

"Peanut, Peanut, Peanut, Peanut Island!  
Peanut, Peanut Island!"

Deep into that darkness peering  
On its perch, a pale macaw  
Wondered, fearing  
Creeps forth a trembling claw  
Came a tapping upon the scanty sail  
A shanty horror tale:

"Peanut, Peanut, Peanut, Peanut Island!  
Peanut, Peanut Island!"

"Devil!", said he, "oh, thing of seaweed!"  
In its rage, a blue macaw  
Thundered, wearied  
"Come you back from that Stygian shore  
To haunt a poor macaw with stainless tail!"  
Came back the plaintive wail:

"Peanut, Peanut, Peanut, Peanut Island!  
Peanut, Peanut Island!"



# The Ballad Of Johnny Freak

Johnny's gone a-courting  
Now his pit-imp squats alone in the gloom  
These walls once echoed with your screams  
These bricks once dripped with the rheum of extremes  
Now whitewashed cellars amplify a holy tune

Oh, Johnny Freak, talking sweet  
Looking near, Johnny Good  
Oh, Johnny  
We've heard you singing to a less uplifting hymn  
But we think it's genuine, Johnny

Johnny's on the peace path  
Now his hunchback limps adust in the tower  
This bell once moaned in mighty fire  
This clapper swung with the weight of desire  
Now tinkles merrily for birdies in the bower

Oh, Johnny Freak, talking sweet  
Looking near, Johnny Good  
Oh, Johnny  
We've seen you pressing flesh in quite a different way  
But we think it's going to pay, Johnny

Freak's become the mayor  
Now his monstrous goat just sings every day  
Once more the fleshy rites of Ra  
Once more the mouth-watering stench of decay  
Clear out the larder, stuff the fairy in the jar

Oh, Johnny Freak, talking sweet  
Looking near, Johnny Good  
Oh, Johnny  
We've seen you kissing babies that you used to eat  
And we think it's kind of sweet, Johnny



# River

Once was a tree  
And from its wood  
Built there a chapel  
Where went the good  
And in their praising of things  
I heard not a voice  
That I could understand  
So let it be silent, then

White, white river  
Don't leave us here alone  
We're a couple of horses  
And a dirty old man  
And we're worn out to the bone, you see  
We're worn out to the bone

Once was a stream  
And in its flood  
Circled her body  
A giraffe of blood  
And in its damming was made  
A curse from a thing  
Everyone understood  
So let it be barren, then

White, white river  
Don't lead us from your trust  
We're an overgrown hill  
And a shrinking old forest  
We're worn down to the dust, you see  
We're worn down to the dust

All creatures dream  
Wherein they weave  
Crowns of sweet laurel  
And make-believe  
And in the waking is lost  
All shadows and strange smelling secrets  
So let it be forgotten, then

White, white river  
Don't let us from your sight  
We're a couple of wheels  
And an empty old barrow  
We're fading with the light, you see  
We're fading with the light



## Dream Love

Burn odours round her, fill the drowsy air  
For in walking, these sights are not so fair  
Weave silent dances round her to and fro

Young love lies here  
Young love lies here below  
Young love lies here below

Draw close the curtains of that evergreen  
Here violets perhaps will bud unseen  
Here in the silence, lapped in tender light

Young love lies down  
Young love lies down tonight  
Young love lies down tonight

Young love lies down, away to popped death  
So fails the sun with warm, delicious breath  
Cool shadows deep across the sleeping face

Young love lies down  
Young love lies in its place  
Young love lies in her place



## Mr Mystery's Mother

In the dungeons of the greedy  
Down a tunnel, liver-red  
Runs a servant, rank and seedy  
And his hands are wet with dread

We are waiting at the table  
We are speaking to the wine  
Singing  
Mr Mystery's mother's boiling wolf tonight  
Boil, wolf, wolf, wolf, wolf

Heavy stench-mist hovers knee-high  
Curling evil up the stairs  
Cauldrous billows cross the carpet  
Twining fingers round the chairs

We are waiting at the table  
We are pointing at the bread

Rats are streaming from the cellars  
Clutching satchels stuffed with cheese  
Bars are pouring from the chimney  
Like a black scarf in the breeze

We are waiting at the table  
We are laughing at the soup

Clanking trolley shudders frightful  
Gibbon-driven through the door  
Greasy bead-sweat on the silver  
Dripping wolfsome on the floor

We are crying at the table  
We are lifting up the lid



## Purple Rushes

Underneath the growing green  
We slumber in our narrow shells  
In this shady grove we dream  
Of the breaking of the spell  
It's easy

And we wait for nothing

Up above our heads is told  
Our stories, carved in the stone  
One of us died of a cold  
All came here to be alone  
Forever

And we wait for nothing

Pearly flowers bloom in the valley  
Spelling out our names to the jays  
So they know who they're stealing from

Underneath the drifting stars  
We gaze upon the grace of love  
Candles flicker in the flowers  
Little notes flutter above  
To someone

And we wait for nothing

Purple rushes sway by the river  
Murmuring our lives to the trees  
So they know who they're growing from





# Death

Fay, comfort me in my art  
This brush, dipped in lividity  
This canvas, ever dark  
Come, warm my skin with your breath  
Bright and wet with life you are  
So far, yet close to death

Look into the pool  
Where the fish leap  
Dig, dig, dig, down to the water  
Everyone's buried at sea  
With a whistle and song

Fay, be not proud of your wit  
Edged on many donkeys flayed  
And great epistles writ  
Rat will find sleep in your head  
Thus your intellect is weighed  
By how luxurious the bed

Look up to the spire  
Where the knells live  
Bell, bell, bell, ring in the tower  
Hear the real tune of the sage  
All grey matter now

Fay, do you burn with your eyes  
Do snowmen burst into fire  
Is the air full of sighs  
Sweet, scorn the lights of their lust  
On, they multiply desire  
Off, mirror disgust

Look up to the skies  
Where the crow flies  
Puff, puff, puff, smoke from the chimney  
See the true shade of the fair  
She wears it well



## Dream Land

Where sunless rivers weep  
Their waves into the deep  
She sleeps a charmed sleep  
Awake her not  
Led by a single star  
She came from very far  
To seek where shadows are  
Her pleasant lot

She left the rosy morn  
She left the fields of corn  
For twilight cold and torn  
And water springs  
Through sleep, as through a veil  
She sees the sky look pale  
And hears the nightingale  
That sadly sings

Rest, rest, a perfect rest  
Shed over brow and breast  
Her face toward the west  
The purple land  
She cannot see the grain  
Ripening on hill and plain  
She cannot feel the pain  
Upon her hand

Rest, rest, for evermore  
Upon a mossy shore  
Rest, rest at the heart's core  
Till time shall cease  
Sleep that no pain shall wake  
Night that no morn shall break  
Till joy shall overtake  
Her perfect peace



# CERBERUS

Strange company she harboured  
In her journey through the damned  
And their footprints still trail in the blackened sand  
Here, parrot claw! Monkey hop!  
Peg and boor! Monkey Hop!  
The smells of pirate grub insinuate a deep repose  
Peanut crunch, banana bunch, liquid lunch  
And somewhere in Lethian night  
Six carmine eyes unclose

We're going down to the Underworld  
That's where we like to roam  
In summer, down the Styx we sail  
We roll in the pit of Acheron  
It's like a second home  
And down on Pluto's plain we wait

Nine times the space that measures  
Grace From Sin I prowled behind  
From their babble I perceived a tale unkind  
Sail, cursed Star! Pockets picked!  
Double crossed! Buckets kicked!  
Their songs of marrow-bones and cleavers  
Jar the sombre cowl  
Samba squawk, raggy-rime, doubtful rhyme  
And twist the strains of raw refrains  
Where punctuates a growl

Whose is this horrifying face  
That from the shadows leaps  
It is I! Beast of doom! Book your tomb!  
And up your fleshed and furred and feathered backs the terror creeps

Belag that bloody Lyre, my dear  
That plucker is a jinx  
For last was struck those wires, I fear  
Came to me forty . . . . . winks!



Diary Of An Edwardian Beeftoot  
(Day Three : Mousseron Steam Fair)

Scatter the cushions  
Peel back the grapeskin  
Ill lie back on satin and dream  
Of top-eared delinquents  
Hopping on black shiny boots  
Smoking cheroots

My mother said that I never should  
Play with the rabbits of Mousseron Wood  
They'll cut off your trousers, they'll bounce on your shoes  
And then they will sing you the blues

Gather the peacocks  
Tune up the arch-lutes  
Ill join in on my flute and play  
A feathered fandango  
Piping in cacophonous keys  
And dissonant breves

My mother said that I oughtn't to mock  
The sparrows of Mousseron Wood in a frock  
They'll wrestle you down and they'll stamp on your head  
And then they will leave you for dead

Roll me a snowball  
Throw in a morello  
Ill float on my lilo and read  
Of hazel-eyed hoodlums  
Sleeping on pecan pie beds  
And sesame sheets

My mother said that I shouldn't acquaint  
The squirrels of Mousseron Wood with a saint  
They'll trip up his donkey and drown it in seeds  
And then they will drink all his mead



# SCARLET'S WELL

Alice Healey : The Return Of The Hesperus, Purple Rushes, River  
Elisabeth Bean : Mr Mystery's Mother  
Julia Stone : The Ballad Of Johnny Freak  
Lydia Wilson : Diary Of An Edwardian Beetroot  
Naomi Glass : Death  
Zarif Davidson : Night Of The Macaw, Dream Land, Dream Love  
Bid : CERBERUS

Bid : All plucked and bowed instruments, percussion  
Orson Presence : Accordion, keyboards, percussion  
Toby Robinson : Tuba, showman-engine "Betsy"

Produced by Toby Robinson & Bid  
Production Assistant : Lee Bowman

Recorded at The Moat Studios  
in Autumn 2001

Design and artwork by Florence and Bid  
Booklet illustrations by Florence, beetroot by Bid

All songs by Bid except :  
Dream Land & Dream Love, words by Christina Roseff

*Thanks to Lester Square*

This is the third album in the Scarlet's Well series

[www.bid.clara.net/swell](http://www.bid.clara.net/swell)







