

Isle Of The Blue Flowers

I took a boat
A little green and frilly thing, dear
I saw an island
That I'd never seen before

There were crabs in the vines
Weaving cloaks from the veils of the coelogyne
Through the canopy mist
Came the glimpse of a ghost that could not exist
On that island

I swam ashore
And suddenly I was surrounded
By friendly fins
That bore me up onto the sand

There were birds on the beach
And the sounds that I heard were as human speech
In the distance I saw
Stony spires rising up from the forest floor
On that island

I see it now, I see that I must belong here
How many years, how long have I been away

I took a path
A little grey and winding thing, dear
I saw a city
That I think I'd seen before

There were apes at the gate
And their coats were all ragged and out of date
As they ushered me through
All the flowers around me turned dusty blue
On my island



Sung by Bid

Old McShee

Come down to the harbour
In your rubber apron, Marge
There is a whale the size of
Winchester Cathedral on the barge

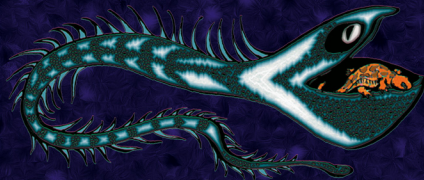
When we cut the spouter wide
Old McShee, we found inside
"Close it up again," he cried
"I'm waiting for the tide!"

Meet me at the table
In your Easter bonnet, Jill
There is a pig of vast proportions
They'll be serving with the krill

'Ere the porker could be dined
From its snout, a frail voice pined
"Pass me down a julep, pray-
It's rather hot today!"

Come and tend the heifer
In the trousers of your ilk
She has a bout of indigestion
And it's souring up the milk

When stethoscope was applied
A tetchy voice was heard inside
"I can see this is a farce -
This place is full of grass!"



Sung by Zarif

Dark Dreams Aboard The Sespertis

Dozy Corker lies dead, dreaming of it
In his underwater citadel
By his barrels, barley-bloated Corker quoted:

"I am the captain of the crew
And my boots are almost new
And I only drink Grand Cru"

Snoring Peggy, legs a-dangling in his
Guano-crusted nest of Babylon
Dribbling down the mizzen, his white prison echoed:

"I am the captain of all this
Whom the seagulls always miss
And the fishwives like to kiss"

And they sing, la, la, la

Fat Loon, face down in the rabbit, lazing
In his gore and grease pavilion
By fur muffled, entrail-battered Fat Loon muttered:

"I am the captain of the junk
And I sleep in the top bunk
And I only sup on skunk"

And they sing, la, la, la

Old Professor Puffmais, fever-frenzied
In his aft laboratory
Amid the desiccated, madly overstated:

"I am the captain of the ship
And the purpose of this trip
Is to wipe my frothy lip!"

And they sing, la, la, la



Sung by Alice

Clop's Birthdag

From Lazarus, there came a cake
Of seven tiers and fifty pillars, made of wood-ears
When he cut it, it exploded
Boom!

And from the hole, there crawled a lizard
Many-coloured and demented, brandy-scented
In a croaked voice, did it fondly croon

Happy Birthday, Clop
We wish you many more, you vile old dandy
Happy Birthday, Clop
And when we get ashore, I'll buy a brandy, 'cos
I've just drunk yours

From Goldenear, there came a box
Of many cogs and wheels and handles, with four candles
When he cranked it, it played Mozart
Ting!

And from a hatch, there hopped a monkey
Very toothless, deaf, and dusty, slightly musty
Screeched thus, tunclessly, with gummy grin

Happy Birthday, Clop
We wish you many sorts of wild adventures
Happy Birthday, Clop
And when we're into port, I'll buy you dentures, 'cos
I've just nicked yours

From Caesar Wheezer came a stew
Of seven smells and three aromas, and one fetor
When he stirred it, it emitted
Gloop!

And in a bubble, rode a guppy
Long of hair and rather peevisish, like all sea-fish
Bouncing smartly, did it welly too

Happy Birthday, Clop
We wish you many yet, you weird old hooray
Happy Birthday, Clop
And when, to land, we get, I'll buy a toupee, 'cos
I'm wearing yours



Sung by Bid

Dragon

Just another drink at the fountain
I'll walk around the village hall, maybe
Listen to the noise of the market
I'll go and see the judge's stall, later
He bought a horse, he bought a horse
He doesn't know how to ride
Just another drink at the fountain
I'll walk around the village hall

All Easter

This has been a very long day

All Easter

In the night, I'll fly back home, fly back home

Just a little kip on the gravestone
I'll fly around the tower spire, after
Look at all the webs on the angels
I'll go and light the vicar's fire, later
He's got a book, he's got a book
He doesn't know how to read
Just a little snooze on the gravestone
I'll fly around the tower spire

All Easter

This has been a very long day

All Easter

In the night, I'll fly back home, fly back home

Just another leap in the flowers
I'll sit and watch the river flow, sometime
Smelling all the scents in the garden
I'll go and see the witch's house, maybe
She made a broom, she made a broom
She doesn't know how to fly
Just another leap in the flowers
I'll sit and watch the river flow

All Easter

This has been a very long day

All Easter

In the night, I'll fly back home, fly back home



Sung by Jarif



Street Of A Thousand Soots

On the, on the sailor's stall
There's a hand in a green bottle
But don't ask him, he won't sell
It's his mother's, she's been trying
To buy it back for years
But he'll only sell the ears

And my feet walk up and down

On the trestle of the tart
There's a wig, moth-eaten, tangled
But don't ask her, she won't part
It's her sister's, dead but speaking
Through a local witch
"Don't sell me wig, you bitch"

And my feet walk up and down

I've got a bag of Roman coins
Some with Nero, some with Julius
But they want my rusty Ethelgrub
It's very busy here today

On the table of the judge
There's a melon with a chimney
But don't ask him, he won't budge
It's his uncle's, strangely shrunken
In a Spring deluge
On a fishing trip to Bruges

And my feet walk up and down

I've seen a book of lithographs
Some of Luther, some of Salome
But I'm searching for an Ethelgrub
It's very dusty here today



Sung by Alice

Luminous Creatures

Luminous creatures, soft and unbound
Swirling around
Under the trembling water, I see
They look so happy
I'd like to be that happy too
I am so happy here with you

Beautiful streamers, shifty of shape
Raggedy capes
Brushing my fingers with jelly and lace
In a wet embrace
I'd like to be a jelly too
I'm just a jelly here with you

When the moon's high above
There's a song that a mad sailor
Sings to his love
Of the white bubble lights in the water

Pulsating lights and delicate hues
Glimmering goo
And, under, a flash of a silvery school
They look so peaceful
I'd like to be that flashy too
I am so peaceful here with you

When the moon's high above
There's a song that a mad sailor
Sings to his love
Of the white bubble lights in the water

Globular strangers, ancient of cell
Audacious bell
Bobbing, stotilla-like, into the night
And out of my sight
I wonder who'll be singing soon
By the lights of the little jelly moons



Sung by Bid

Pinale

My love's a burning ship at dusk
Crackling red
His voice, a tolling bell of gold

We slide through icy waters
Silent
We've come to frightening all your
Sons and daughters

My heart's a flame inside a ring of jet

My love's a sullen peacock's eyes
Shimmering green
His flight, an eddy in a stream

We leap down cobbled alleys
Catslike
We've come from battling many
Laden galleys

My heart's a flame inside a ring of jet

My love's a serpent in the foam
Twisting in play
His hair, the black waves, curling white

We swim up sleeping timbers
Softly
We've come to creeping in all your
Doors and windows

My heart's a flame inside a ring of jet



Sung by Zarif



Raven's Treasure

Raven, don't sleep at the willow all day
Dozing aloud like a fallow field
Show us your rubies and emeralds, pray
-I would if I could, but my lips are sealed

Shiny little pearl, pretty little pearl, whiter than a goose
It's just a drop from an oyster shell
A tiny drop from a deeper well
My necklace is without, my necklace is without

Raven, don't dawdle in alleys a-night
Turking abroad like a privateer
Frighten us rather with sweet chrysolite
-I'd answer you true, but I cannot hear

Shiny little coin, little silver coin, spinning in the air
See how it turns like a butterfly
It only lasts but a day, and dies
My pockets are without, my pockets are without

Raven, don't stray in the mist of an eve
Harmony frowns on a wanderer
Don't drop the keys that you keep up your sleeve
-I'd stray if I could, but I cannot stir

Shiny little key, little copper key, turn it in the lock
Oh, wonder, how they would sing to me
A song of home and tranquillity
My boxes are without, my boxes are without

Raven, don't pray in the chapel alone
Murmuring lies to an effigy
Come and be shriven, with maundy atone
-I'd sing if I could, but an elegy

Dirty little tongue, little quiet tongue, trip it in the mouth
Unload your burdens and trespasses
Enshrine your booty in benefice
My altar is without, my altar is without



Sung by Florence

Lord Fishgartie's Last Expedition

There's a temple carving somewhere in the greasy green
Of a coronation scene
Hidden under insect-ridden vines
The faces of these nobles has an artless hand erased
By gibbons' heads, replaced
Perverting with accursed design

But I recognise his trousers, and they've even carved the stain on
And the figure in the background, wearing what looks like a turban
And I remember

Lord Fishgartie went out on a cold December morning
With the door flung open wide
And his surly batman, Krinesh, by his side

Further up the river, there's a village in a marsh
And the people, short and harsh
Their platter, mostly mint and grubs
The men's eyes, framed in monocles, from local timber wrought
A kind of golf, their sport
Played with human femur clubs

And the women keep his footsteps, in dried mud upon an altar
And they feed their young ones porridge when their faith begins to falter
And I remember

Lord Fishgartie went out on a cold December morning
With the door flung open wide
And his surly batman, Krinesh, by his side

I met a bitter shaman on a dirty little knoll
Sticking pins into a doll
Who, seeing me, jumped up and said
"Bahah, mu-mu, Gartie!
Bahah, fishy-fishy fool!"
With that, his face turned blue
He clasped his chest, and fell down, dead

At my feet, the ghastly idol lay, its mien malefic
Frout-bones were the limbs, the head was garficiocephalic
And I remember

Lord Fishgartie went out on a cold December morning
With the door flung open wide
And his surly batman, Krinesh, by his side



Sung by Alice

Fragment Of A Parchment

Climbing up the narrow steps, I came before
The kraken-carved infernal door
Obsidian and cold

"Oh, fleeting efflorescence
That blows with the wind
I have come to leave my blood
And fill my heart with dust -
Why, thou art open to me!"
The door opened...

Standing in a vaulted chapel, charnel-black
My rasping breathing echoing back
The mocking choir of worms

"Oh, shallow iridescence
That dies with the sun
I have come to see my kin
And fill their eyes with light -
Why, thou art solace to me!"
The fires lit...

Crossing the mosaic floor, I came unto
The empty altar, faded blue
Stained in peccant rites

"Oh, passing sanctuary
That fades with the flesh
I have come to raise my fold
And fill their souls with dread -
Why, thou art wishful for me!"
The altar moved...



Sung by Bid

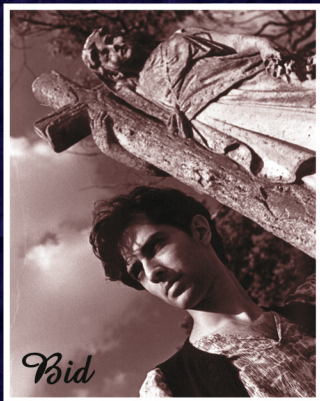
Azul Como El Diablo



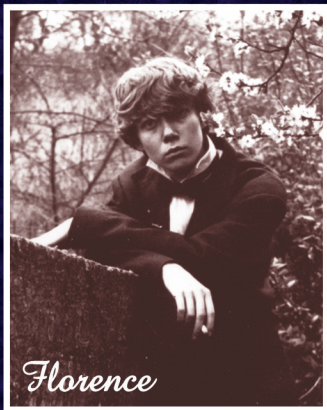
Alice



Bid



Florence



Zarif



SCARLET'S WELL



Singers

Alice Healey Alice
Zarif Davidson Zarif
Bid Lord Fishgarlic
Florence Goety Jill

Players

Bid Guitars, Bass, Banjo, Ukulele,
Mandolin, Parker-Violin, Viola
Orson Presence Accordion,
Piano, Organ, Viola
Lucien De Chaffetrey Drums, Percussion

Produced by Toby Robinson, Bid,
and Orson Presence

Recorded at The Moat Studio
Executive Producer - Bid

Design and Artwork by Florence and Bid
Booklet illustrations by Florence

All songs written by Bid
All songs published by Complete Music Ltd

Thanks to Lester Square, Annie & Edmond

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

