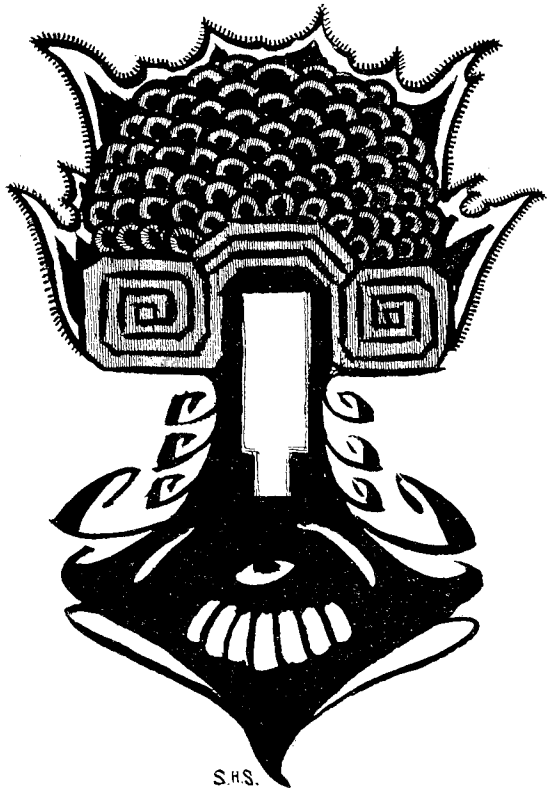
BOGEY BEASTS

JINGLES &c
BY S.H.SIME
MUSIC BY
HOLBROOKE

GOODWIN & TABB LTD 34, PERCY ST., LONDON


S.H.S.

PREFACE
by "The Nunk."

During a mixed Hob & Nob of our fraternity, the "Moonijim" presiding sufficiently in The High Seat, it was inconsiderately moved put and carried that this totally and irredeemably inadequate member: on the bald assumption that the identical hair of wisdom grew luxuriantly from his lethargic cortex: be ordered to spell out words of panegyrical ecstacy suggestive of corybantic dithyramboides suitable for prefacing this dubious book.

Even so is the habit of clogged silence always fraudulently misrepresented and the bashful afflicted with vertigo. Exultation in the rosy view of succesful eulogy does not irradiate this ones inside places. Now had one only been consulted in the beginning whenever that was – a person might with no excessive diffidence, a negligible person, might, I say, have added some spice of real nonsense to the matter: struck, with spontaneous abandon, a wilder note to galvanise this sulky and pedestrian versifier to delirious antic sallies: but the book is not mine.

'The Seekim" vexatiously insists that nothing is anybody's, but a mere legacy from necessitated ghosts. My very nose, he says, with no undue pride, was bestowed on me by my insufficently extolled ancestors; and they also persistenly do their rampageous thinking in my long suffering insides in spite of mere me. Things come into my unsuspecting head that would make a monkey blush – but everyone knows what nonsense ghosts do gabble.

Then is the sternly critical eye glowering over this ephemeral page a great-great Grandfathers optic?
However that may be, it is said by the knowing ones that every thing that has arrived at thingness - even the subtle minded and enlightened reader - nurses in it's profound depths a giddy radiance, a splendour of peculiar virtue and ineffable worth of its very own, of which it is at all times fondly conscious, but of which a callous obstructive and preoccupied universe is totally oblivious.
But never-the-less let the insufferable miscreant who made these pictures "look out."-When he retires inwards at the hour of unpeeling, stepping noiselessly with excessive caution down the steep stairway to the subconscious regions he will meet a rabble of infuriated ghosts, jabbering for vengeance on the reckless hanky-panky in this treatment of their fond manifestations. My own lacerated feelings are somewhat mollified by keeping a shuddering silence on the retributive tortures to be bestowed by meticulous experts - let imagination thrice barb the destined dart.
'The Zoom" politely refused to expand his esteemed opinion of the musical notes which adhere to some of these pages, fitted together by a fully licensed and certificated person who specializes in this dark pastime. He (The Zoom) tolerates no music but his own, he speaks with courteously suppressed arrogance and contempt of all extraneous sounds: his own idiosyncrasy of extemporaneous improvisation being the A and the O. "There is no bad music," he admits; "there is only music and not music - mine and the others"..... So thats that.

"THE NUNK"

Josef Hollrochs

Sidney H. Sime.

CAUSH

The Caush.

Go!
Hunt
Through Muspelheim
Or Singsuhay,—
Down the blue caverns of
Gunungʻa Gap.—
The Dreamy
Glens of Zoarcam
Survey—
The Postern Gate
Of Ghoulish Thabek
Tap—
Seek out
The Poison Pools
Of Dark Taboo—
Or pierce the Mogul Forest
Dank
And Sere,
Follow
The Wanderings of
The Famous Jew.—
The Wily Caush
You will not see
Or hear.
Ask Wulliewastle
Of the Pimply Hill—
Call
To the Takivins
Or Shewri-while—
Or speak to Jak
And mention it
To Jill—
Pray
To the Ibis
To the Crocodile—
Ask Rookenaw
Or ask Mo-akki-pat
Cotyth ask,
Or Zal
The wondrous Bird
Or Billywix,
Or Zig
Or Mang the Bat.
Yet of the Caush
You will not glean
A word.
Nor
In the Spicy Glades
Of Jinni-stan.
Nor where Abaddon
Preens
His murky wing
Nor on the awful Trail
The Yeth Hound
Ran;
Will you find
Footmarks
Of that Furtive Thing.
But
Where the Donkeys Obsequies
THEY chant
Down where THEY bury Ned
With Runic Rite
Lo!
You may spy
His shy
Eye,
Corposant,
Wink
In the Murky Purpleness
Of Night.

No. 1.

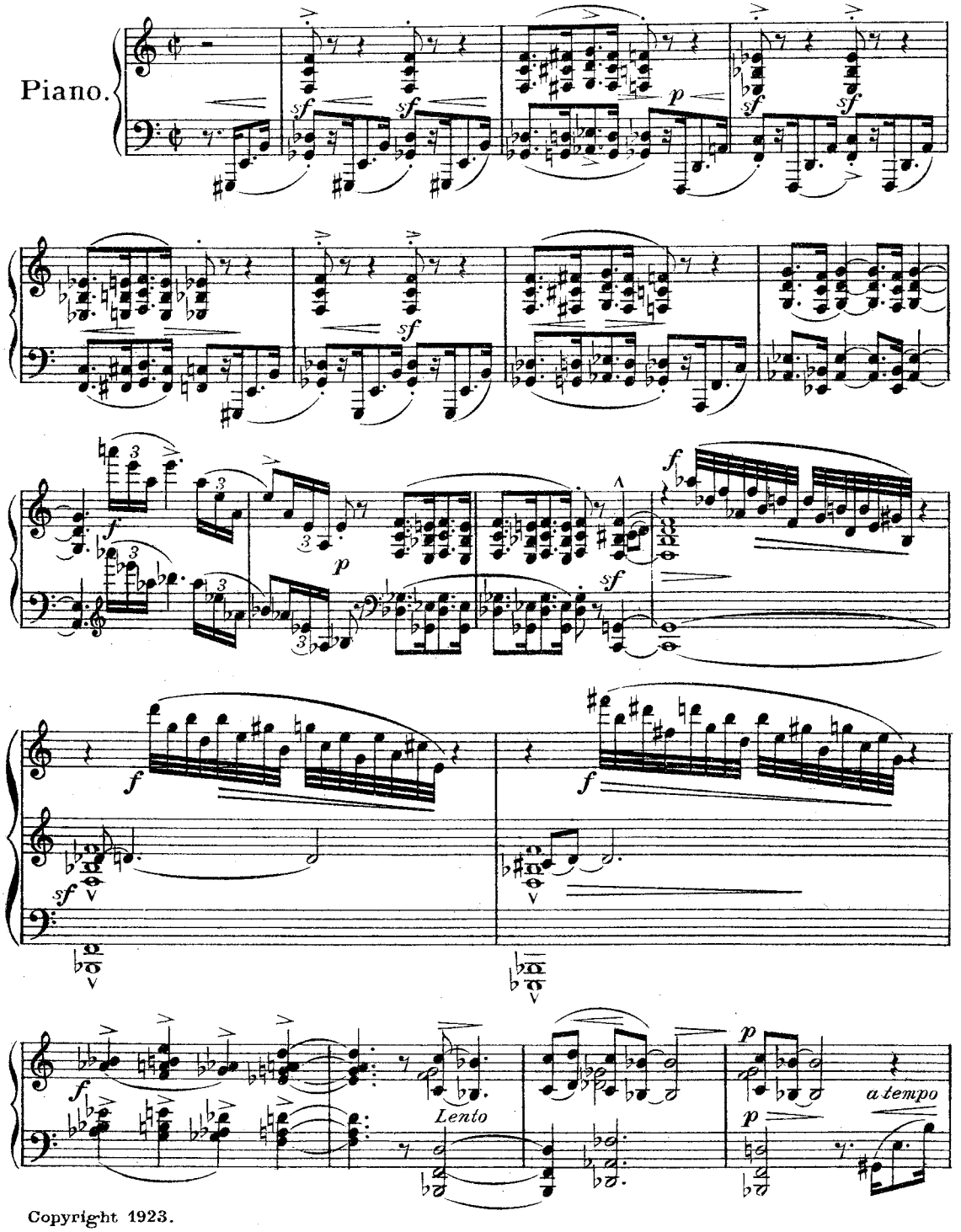
The Caush.

"They chant down where they bury Ned, with Runic Rite."

HOLBROOKE.

Poco guisto.

Piano.



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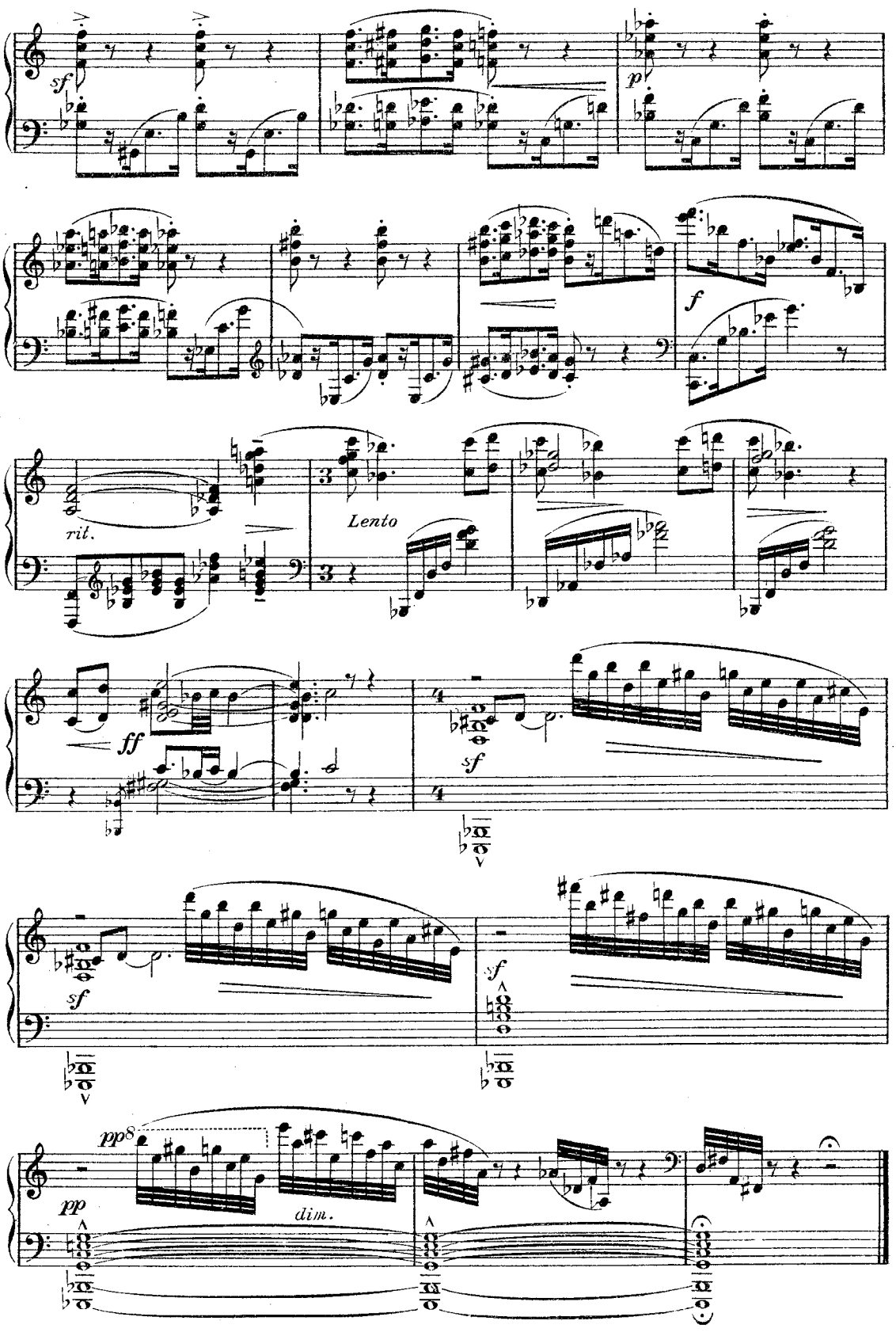
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Lento
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pp
pp8
dim.

SEEKIM

The Seekim.

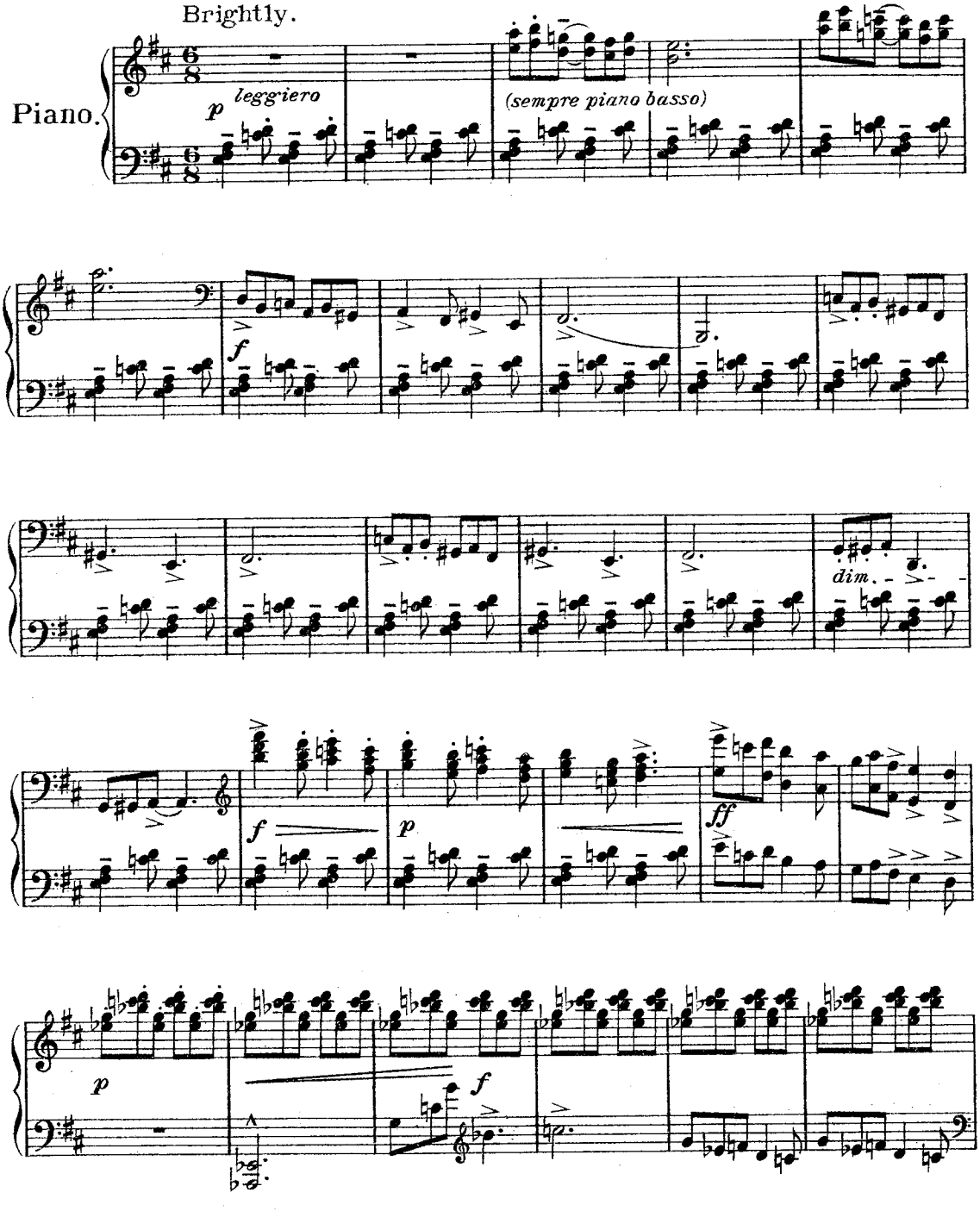
The Seekim
May seek
What he wants
When he knows
What
He aimlessly
Seeks,
But
Any old Quest
Is followed with
Zest,
And keeps him
Demented
For weeks.
The Seekim will know
What
He lacks
When he
Finds that he lacks
What he knows;
But taking of stock
Would give him a
Shock,
And add
To the weight of
His woes.

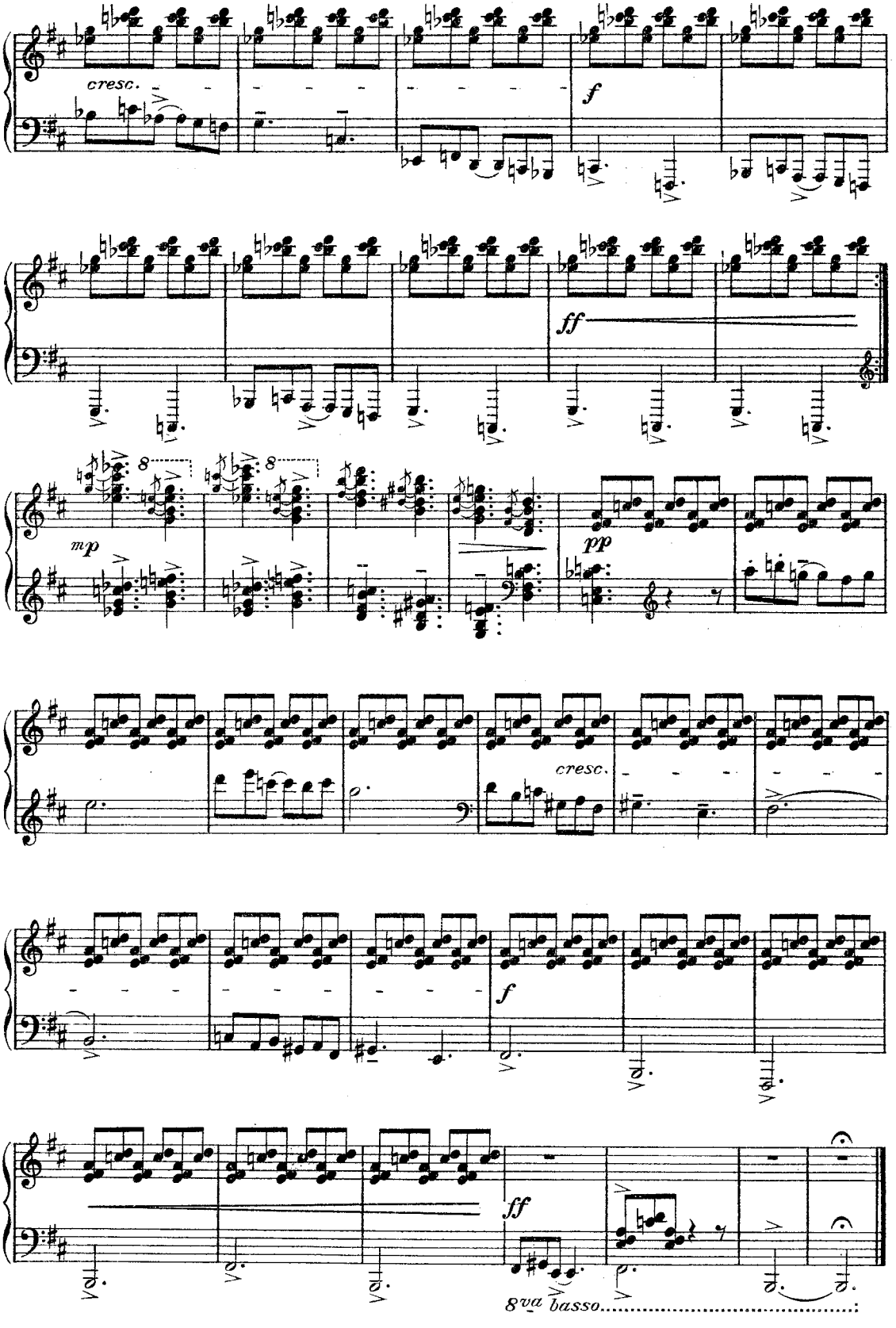
And if
He should guess
What
He fears
He'd fear
Any further to guess,
And pull down
The blind
In front
Of his mind;
To cover
His
Mental distress
The Seekim
Will
Slacken his pace
When he learns it is silly
To fuss
He'll follow
His toes
Where every toe
Goes:
He seems
To be somewhat like
Us.

No. 2.

The Seekim.

"Any old quest is followed with yest
and keeps him demented for weeks!"




cresc.
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mp
pp
cresc.
f
ff
8va basso

WILY GRASSER

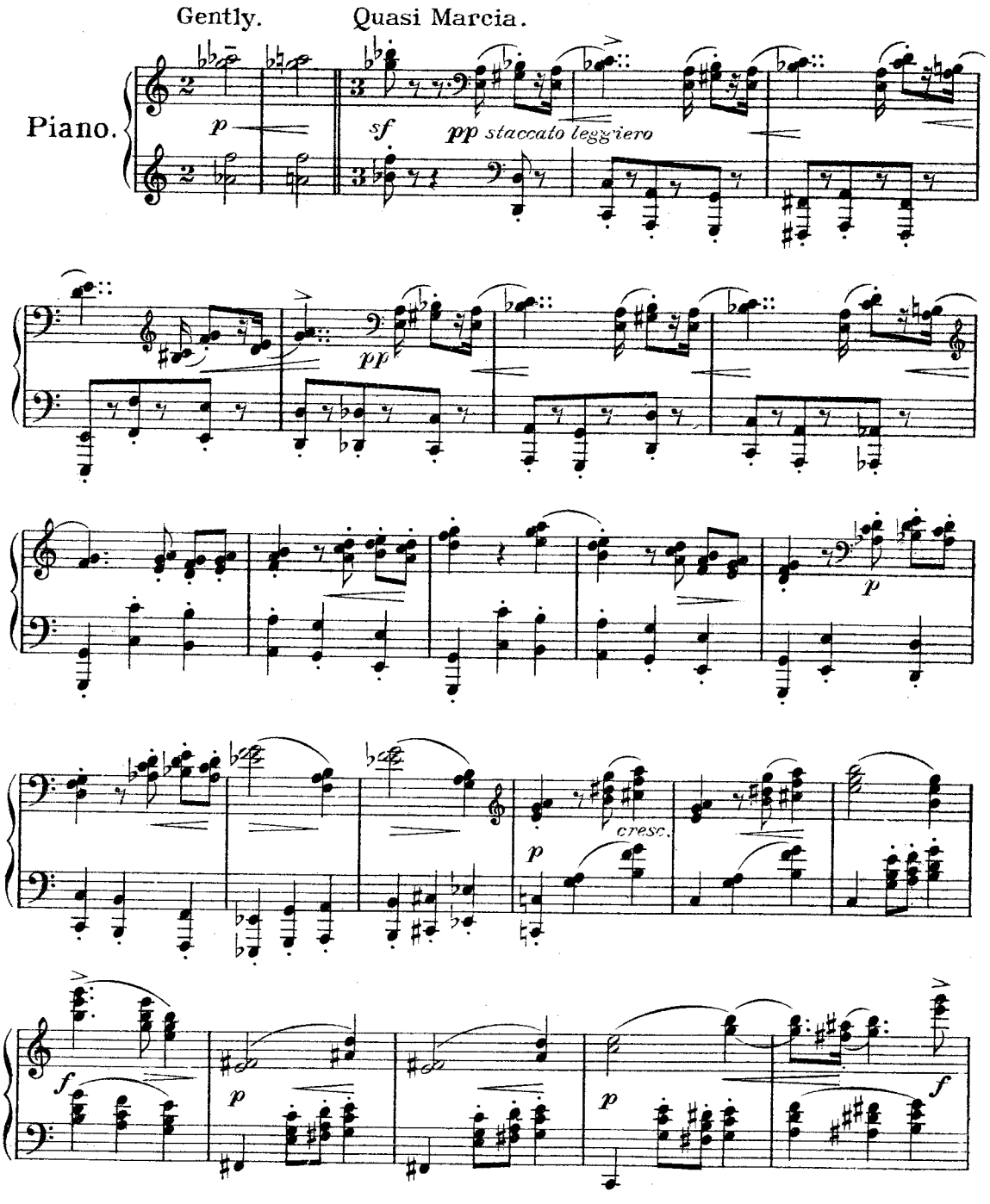
The Wily Grasser.

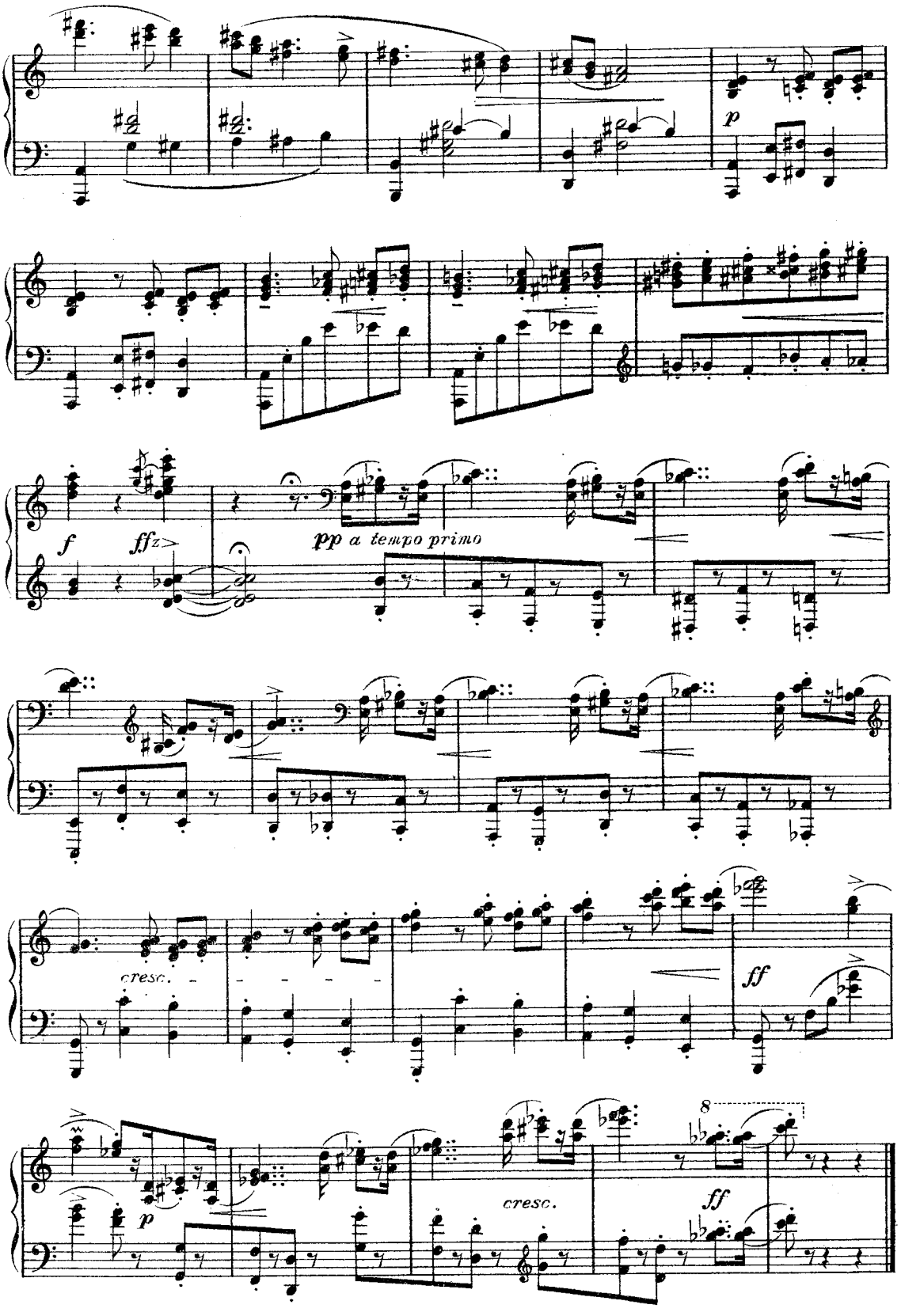
Once I saw
The Grasser
Sit,
Where
The Wuffle Wood
Leaves a lot
And Barks
A Bit,
Like a grown wood should.
Said he—
With an air
Of doubt—
Can you tell me true
Tell me
When the light goes out
Where
It goes out to?
Tell
Oh tell me
What the Days
Change to
When they're done,
Tell me
Where tomorrow stays
While
It's unbegun.
Will you tell me
If you know,
For my soul it grieves;
Why the trees
Do alway grow
Leaves
And leaves
And leaves?
Do you think
That one
Might make
Trees
Within this copse
Sprout
Sometimes with Buns
And Cake
Bottled Bass
And Chops?
Do you think that
They might grow
Feet
Instead of roots
Oh!
To see the Mistle-Toe
Gad about
In boots!
He did not wait
To hear
My mind—
I
Did not speak
To him—
For he capered
Down the wind
Through the woodways dim.

No 3.

The Wily Grasser.

He keeps the 4th dimension in a Cinch!
He has the tails of those Kilkenny Cats,
Which fought their famous fight to the last inch!




p
f
ffz
pp a tempo primo
cresc.
ff
8
p
cresc.
ff

CORROBBOBL

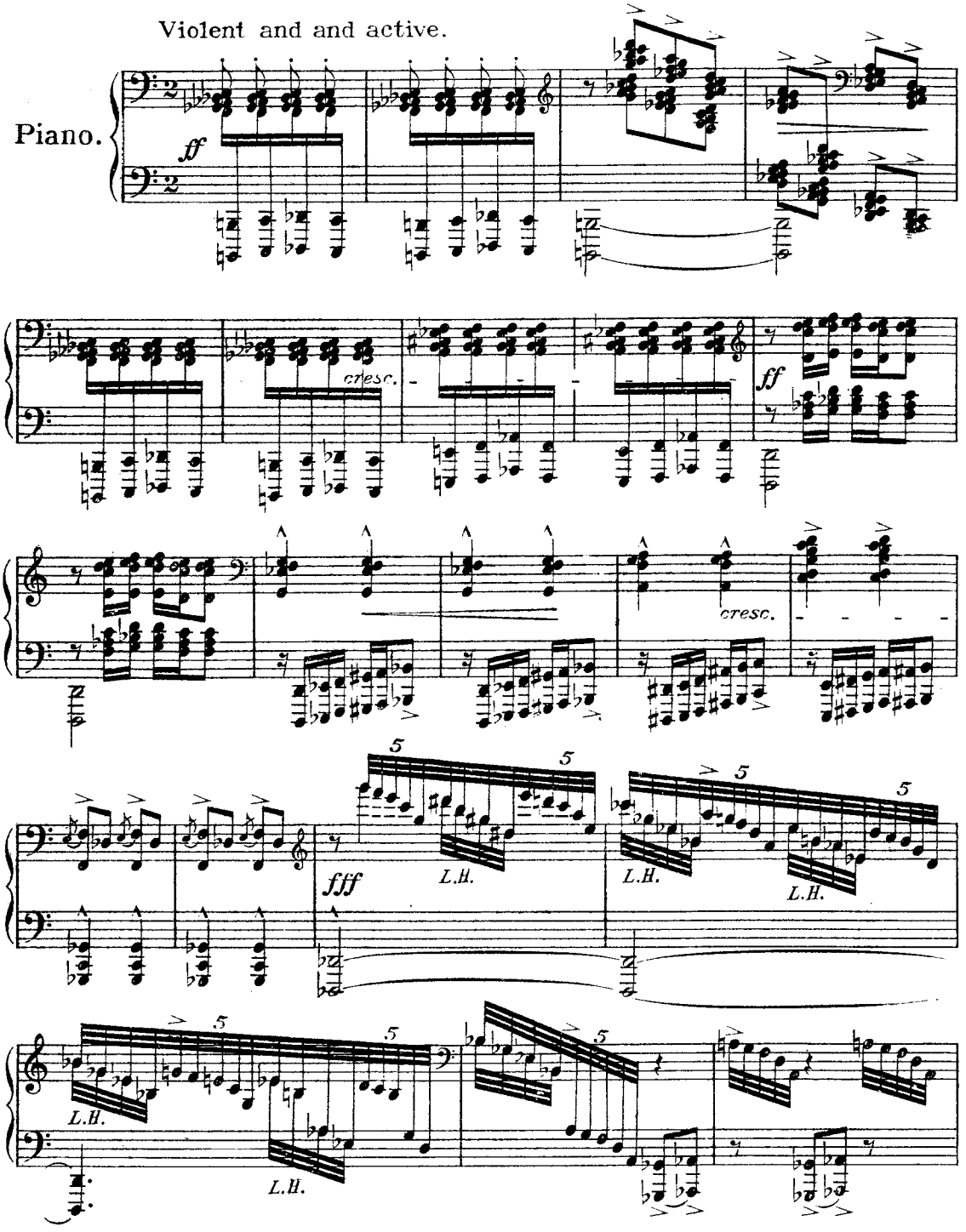
The Gorobobble.

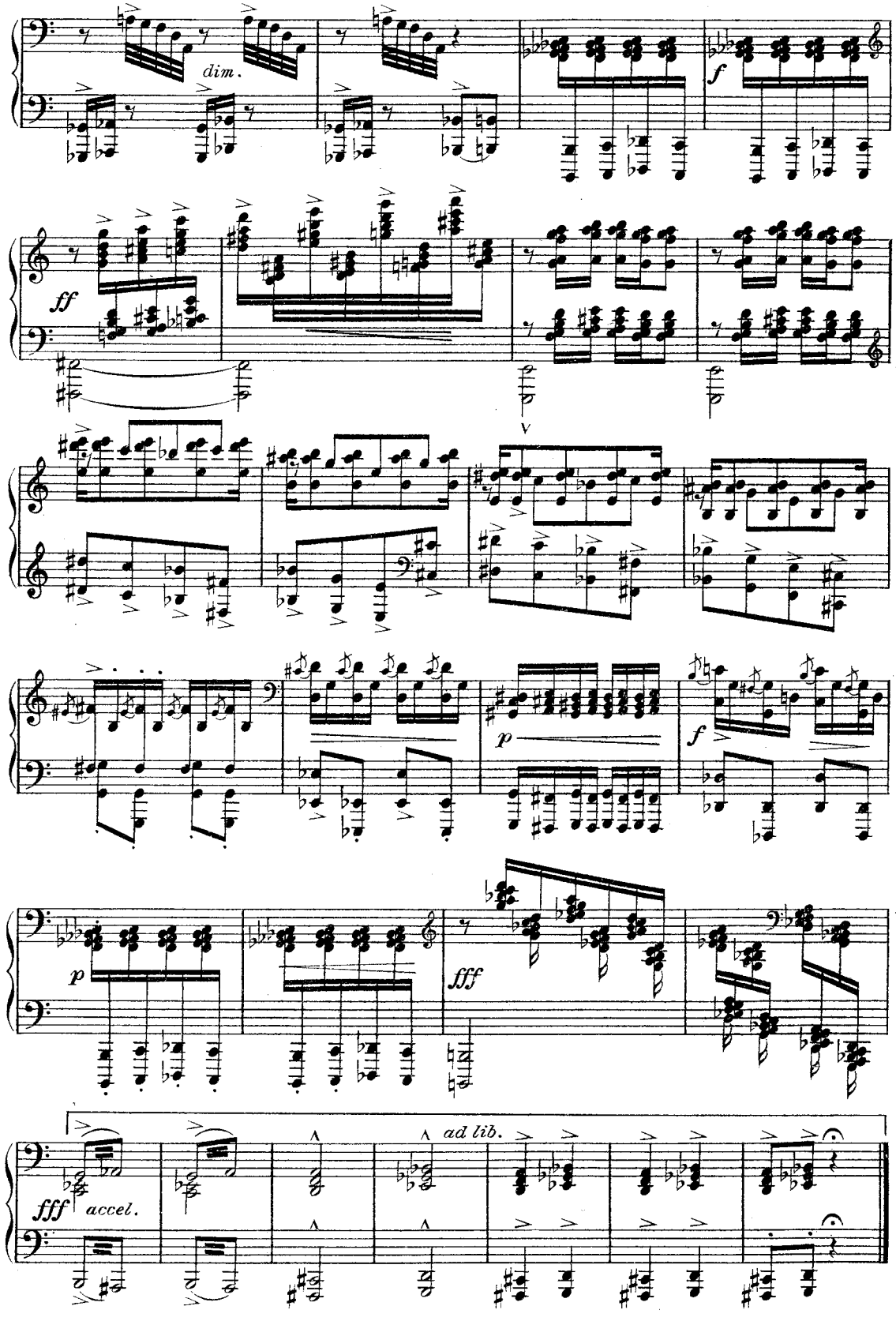
Large lumps of landscape
Untidy out of repair and greasy
The wind vexed and uneasy
On the left hand side
Of Badmansland.
The forlorn
Ghost of the Hooboo
Whimpers in the glimmering
Gleaming
Of the gloaming.
No less.
But more vexed and disgruntled
In its grimly grousing
Roves the unrivalled Gorobobble
Horn-mad says the Troll
Or up the blinking pole.
Podargie thinks it has eaten
The insane root
And the Fruit
Of the Pale Flower
Of Samarcand.
And Blue Lapland roseleaves.
The Gaffer at the Tavern,
In the Forest of Gnomes
Where the whispering Toadstools
Dance in the shadow of
The Upas Tree,
He says to me—
Say he—
It is just pretending.
But the Pale Maylily Maid
Affirms that it is said
By a highly respectable neighbour
Across the way:
That it got a savage bite
All at the dead of night
From the tooth of the Pewking Pewt
Counting beans by rote
In the caverns remote
Of the Shadderjax.
And quite enough, she cried,
Indignantly Hectic,
To make anybody angry.
Professor Cherie,
L.B.W. F.O.B. N.B.G.
In glass armour cap-a-pee
Sailed away to sea
In the Spiridean Frigate
The nine-decker
To explore the sloppy
Shores of Chop Suey.
Where they chew the Poppy.
Gorobobble instigated
The Deep Sea-spider
To rope the rolling keel
In the Doldrums.
And sent the Natter Jack
With the mad apples
Which ossified the Pineal
Gland
Of the Skipper.
Gorobb is closely sib
To Gullinbursti
The tusky one.
Born in the clouded city
Built by cuckoos.
Exiled at an early age
For licking salt
Off of the declivitous heights of
The shivering Volcanoes
Of Eilean Shona.
For sticking maggots in the amber
Cliff.
For choking with malice prepense
The Hybernaculum
With Star-Dust.
He is deaf
As was the eloquent Ass
To the voice
Of Apollo
And thinks with an Abacus.

No. 4.

The Gorobobble.

Over the plains of Badmansland on the left-hand side — where the forlorn ghost of the Hooboo whimpers in the glooming; — roves the unrivalled Gorobble in it's wrath.




dim.
f
ff
V
p
f
p
fff
fff
accel.
ad lib.

OOP OOP

The Oop Oop.

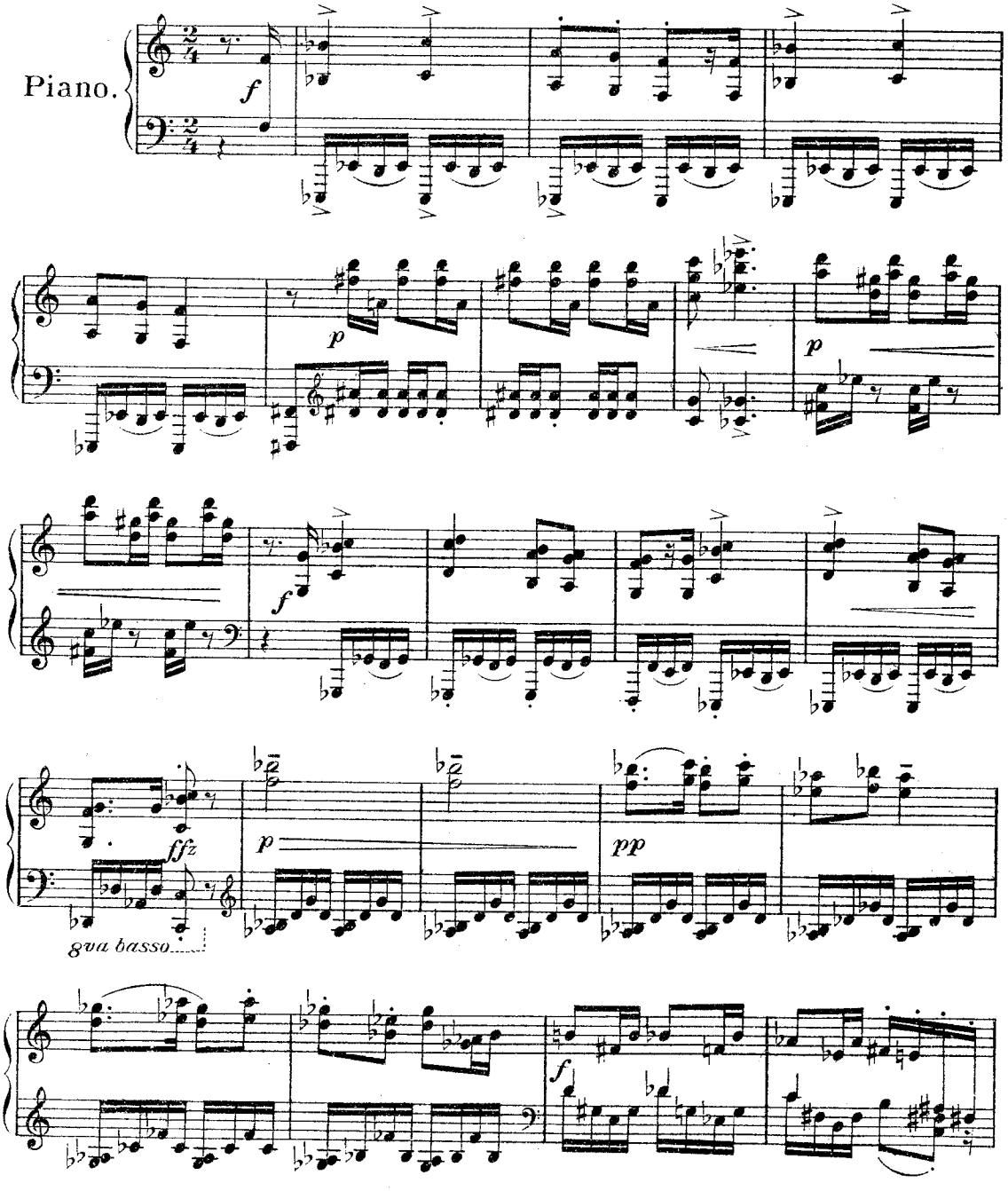
Do Cows
Get bored with chewing
Grass
And sick
Of seeing green,
And wish that they
Were as
The Ass—
Inedible
And lean?
And doth
The weary Oop Oop
Yawn?
Loathing
His barren lot,
And wish
That he had not been born
On such
A blighted spot?
For
Round the Pole
Which Odin stuck
In lands which always freeze
Hyperboreans
Curse their luck
Dancing
Like restless fleas,
And rage
To think of men
Who pass
Luxurious lives
Serene
Mid fire
And water
Food
And gas
In Barnes,
Or
Bethnal green.
Yet these ambitious beings
Would
Quit
Their voluptuous ease
To wander
In the Pathless Wood,
Or sail
The liquid Seas.
But
All will find,
Where'er they roam
Whatever else they strike-
That
Though they may not like
Their Home
Their Home
Is
What they like.

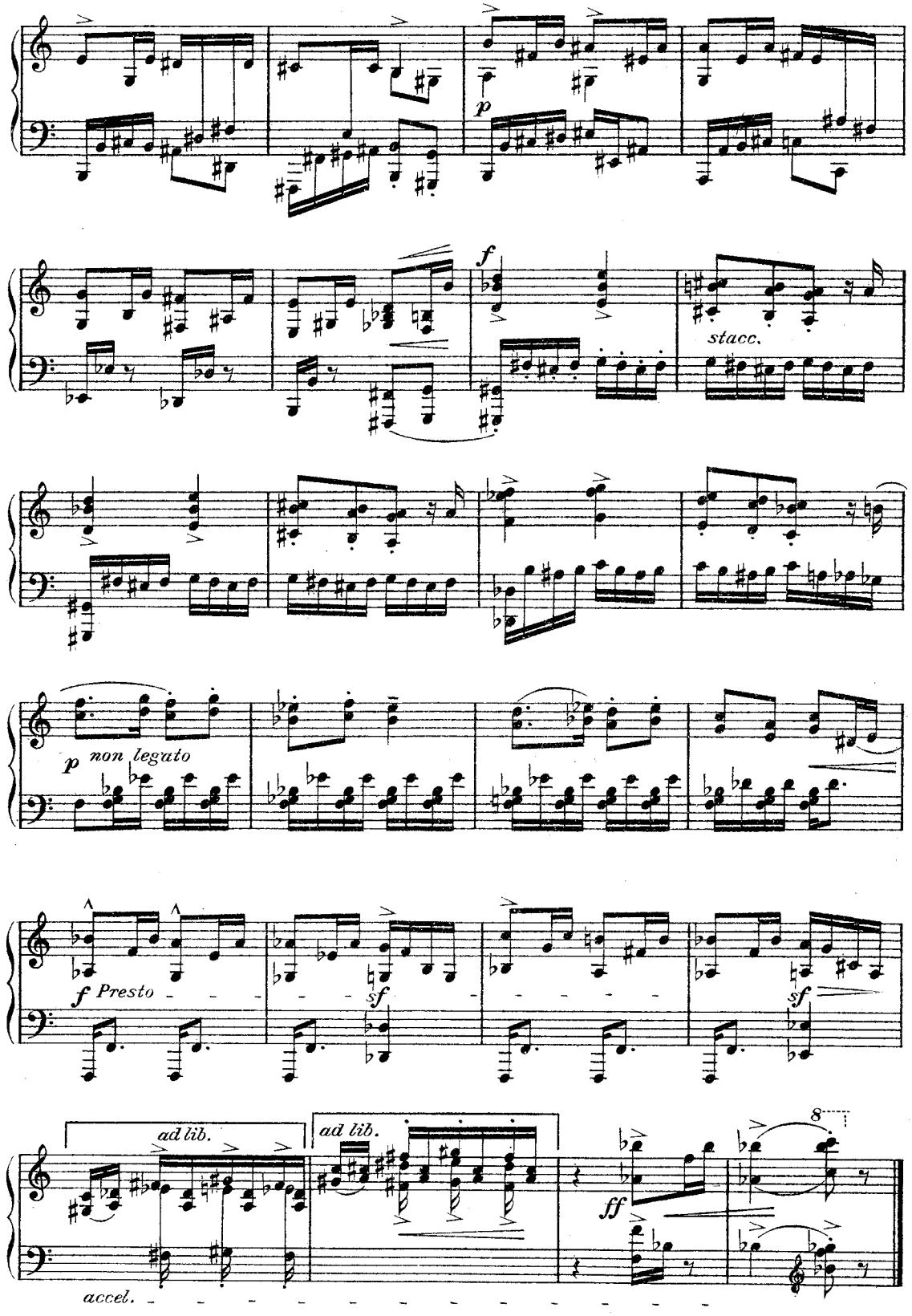
No 5.

The Oop Oop.

"And rage to think of men who pass
Luxurious lives serene
Mid fire and water food and gas
In Barnes or Bethnal green."

With much spirit.

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f Presto
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ad lib.
ad lib.
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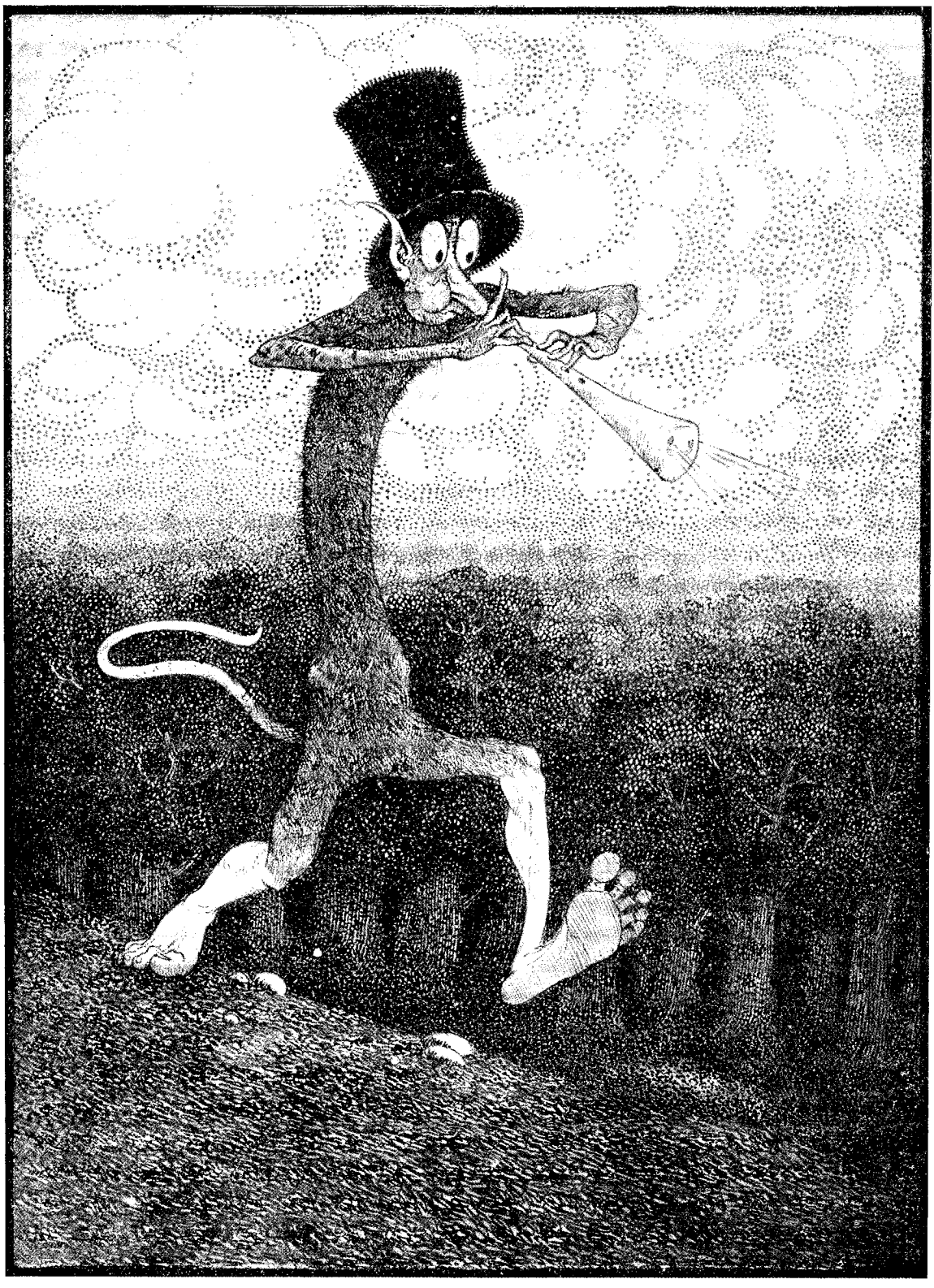
ff
accel.



ZOOM

The Zoom.

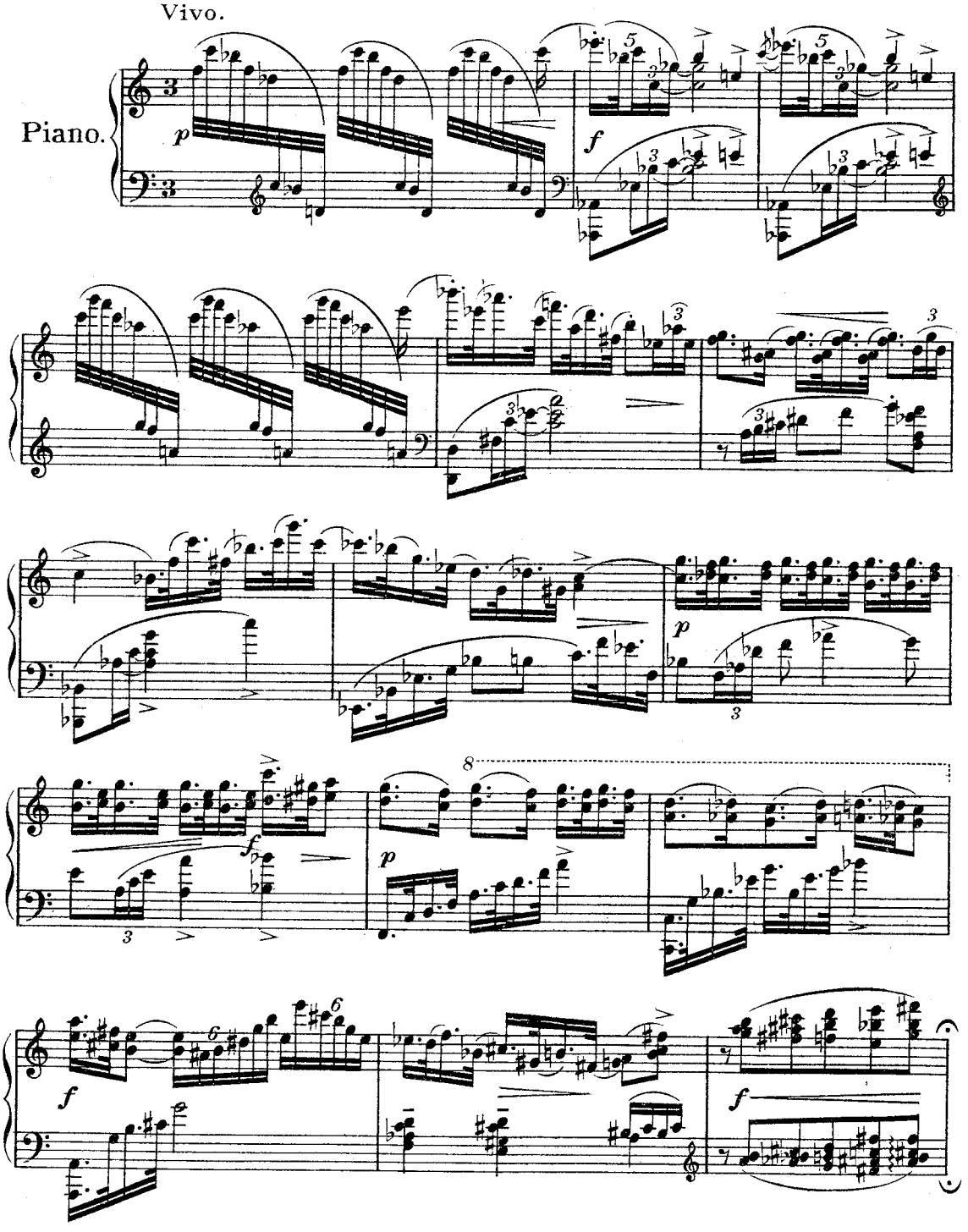
I don't know
Any noise
That I would rather hear
Than His,
The Zoom's,
Because
He joys
In music
With a noise-consuming
Gear
Y-wis.
Heard melodies
Are sweet,
THEY say,
But
Those unheard
Are what,
THEY call,
A perfect treat
And
Over every other kind
Perferred
A lot.
Beyond vast heaps
Of time
Outside the vulgar sense
Perdie!
A Forest lies
Sublime
Forever ranging
Through its groves
Immense
Is He.
There
Faded shadows lurk,
And there
The mouldy sin
Doth rot:
The Doom Ring
Does its work:
And ancient curses
Banned by Time
Are in
That spot.
I don't know
Anywhere
I would not rather
Roam,
And so —
I do not seek
His lair.
And would I keep
A Zoom
Myself
At Home?
Oh! no.

No. 6.

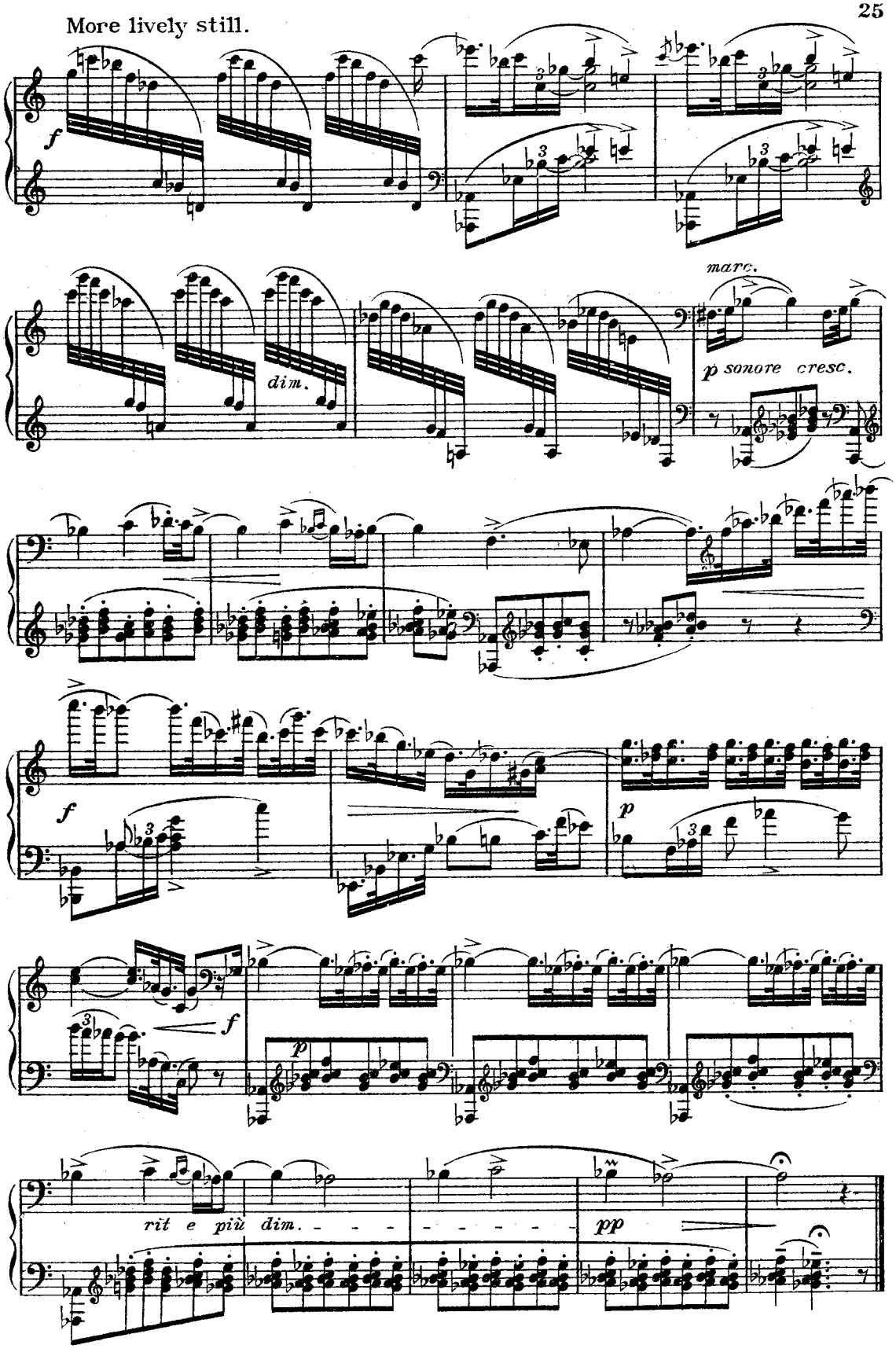
The Zoom.

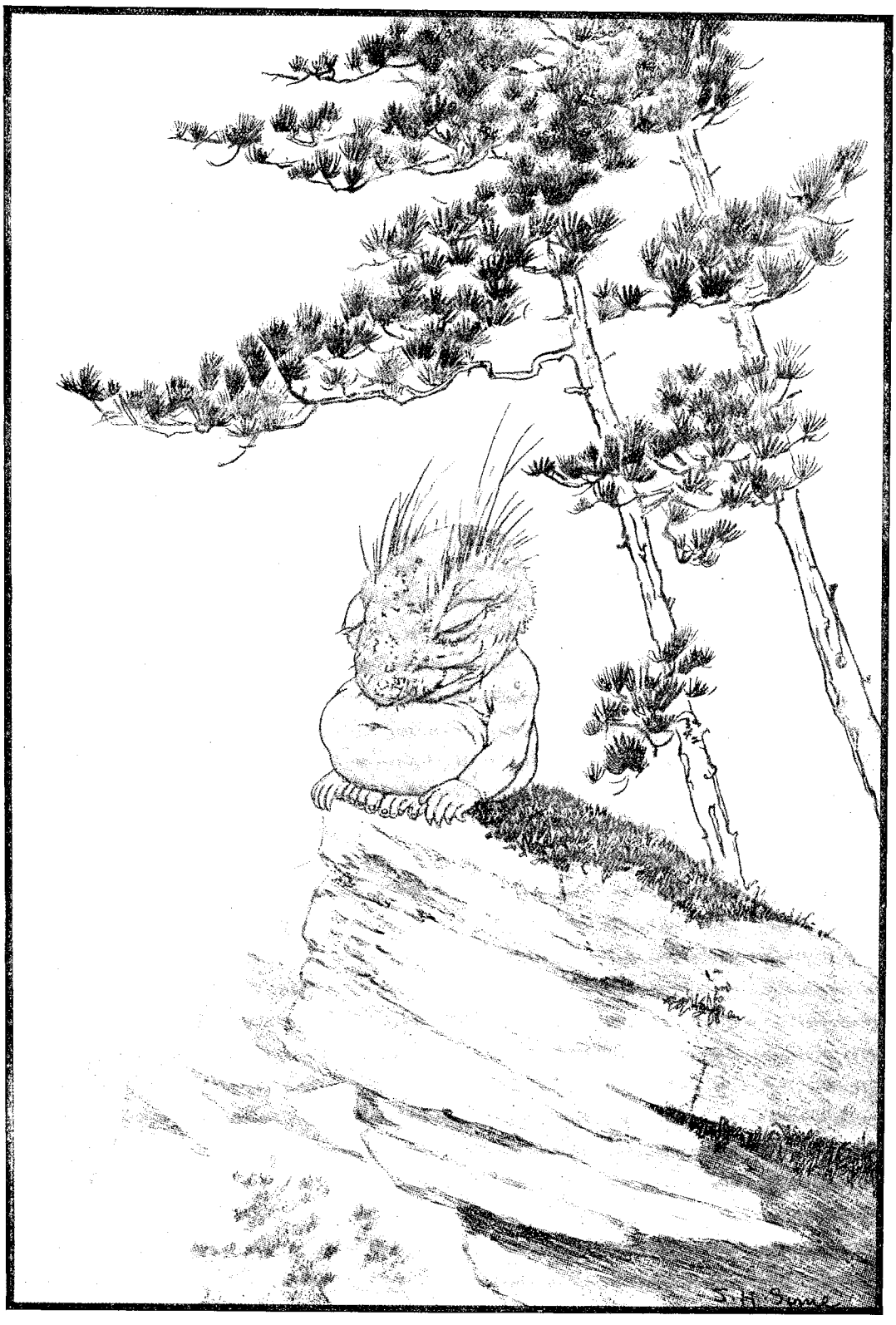
I don't know any noise
That I would rather hear than his,
In music with a noise con-suming
Y-sar Y-wis.

Vivo.



More lively still.





NUNK

The Nunk.

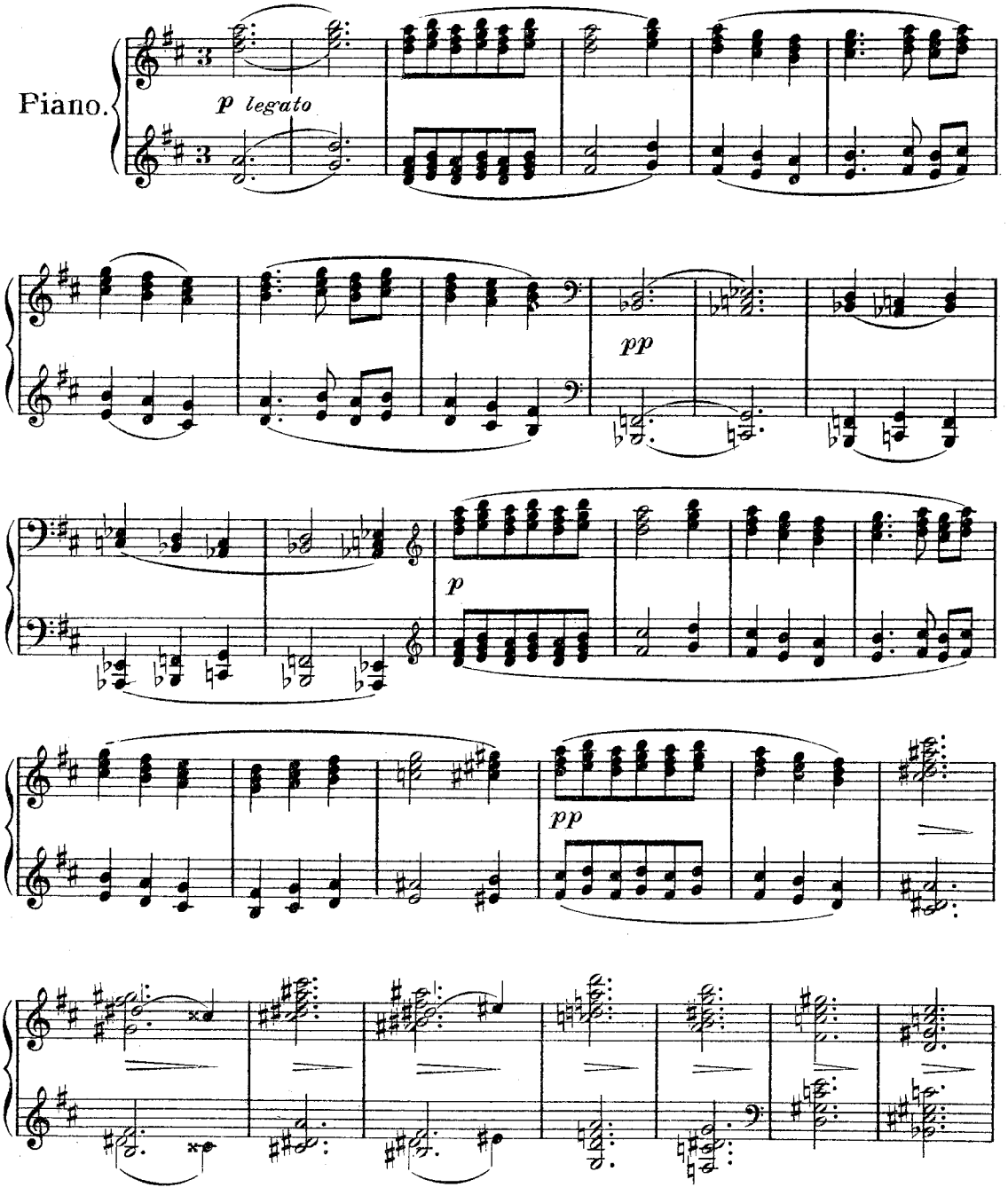
The Nunk
Says—
Here I'll sit,
Sufficient occupation,
So long
As I have wit
To value
Contemplation.
Let others obfuscate
The things
That should be clear;
And let them
Ululate
For all their world
To hear.
And
Let them talk
And brag,
Obese
With ostentation
Or wave
Their Parish Flag,
For
Self glorification.
What is your label
Friend?
Says he
To passers by
What Fake
Do you
Pretend?
How is your
Weather eye?
The Nunk says—
Let me sit,
Sufficient occupation
As long as I have
Wit
To live
In contemplation.

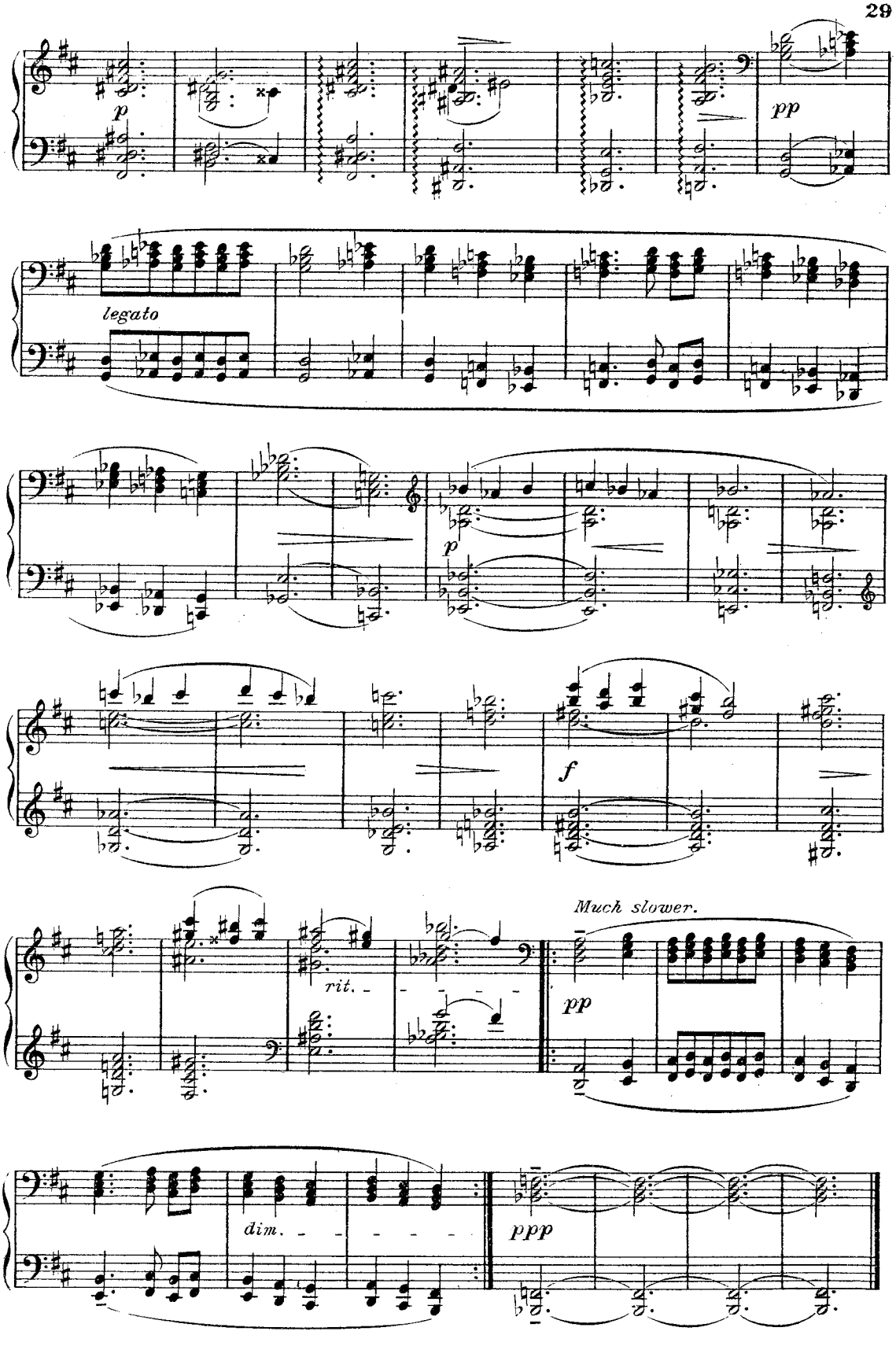
No. 7.

The Nunk.

And let them talk and brag
Here with
The Knut says "Let me sit"
Sufficient occupation
As long as I have art
To live in contemplation.

In solemn wise. (*Poco Lento.*)




p
pp
legato
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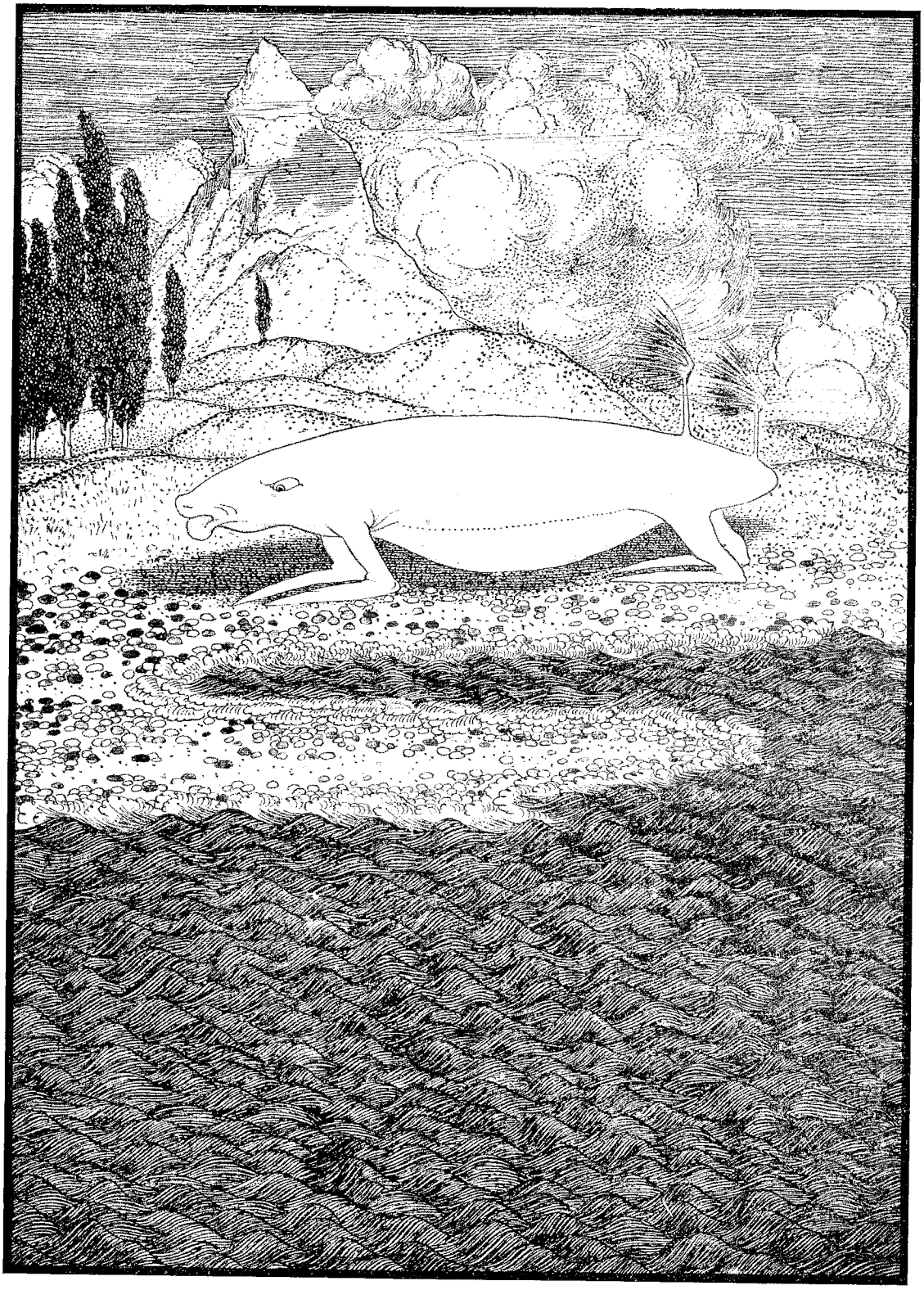
rit.
Much slower.
pp
dim.
ppp



TWO TAIL SOGG

The Two-Tailed Sogg.

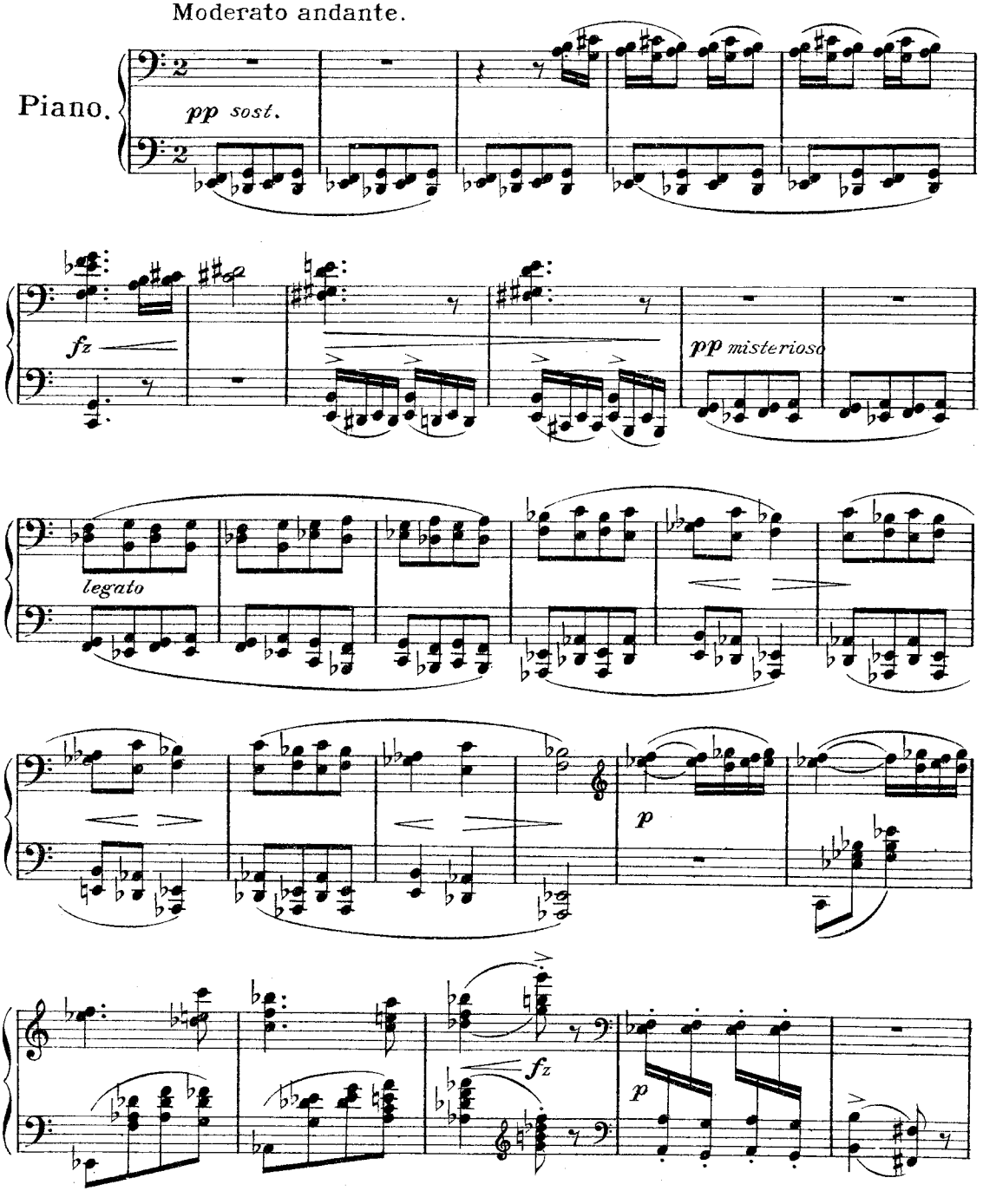
There are
Regions
Of Fancy
Remote,
Where the Sogg
Has a mind
To remain
But a Phantom
And care
Not a fig,
For
He knows
His ineffable luck,
He has heard what we do
To the Duck
And
He knows
Of the fate
Of the Pig,
And that change
Would be simply insane
So he chooses to
Dreamily
Gloat
In
The Regions of Fancy
Remote.
Ah! if beggars
Were choosers —
We might
Turn old Time
On
A long travel
Back,
Till he found us
A similar
Rest
In the notion that woke us
To birth.
When
We find that the game
Is not worth
All the reckless
Expense
Of our best,
And
It wins not
The treasure
We lack.
Far
And fast
We would hurry
Our flight —
If but beggars were choosers —
We might.
There are nine
Breezes
Perfume the Sea,
In
Those Regions
Of Fancy
Remote;
And the Lily-white Hand
Of Romance
Beckons
On to that Far-Land
Of Dreams.
But
A Slave in the City
Of Schemes,
Can but envy the Sogg
Of his chance
To remain
Just to dream
And to Gloat,
By
The shores of the Bright Faërie
Where the Nine Breezes
Perfume
The Sea.

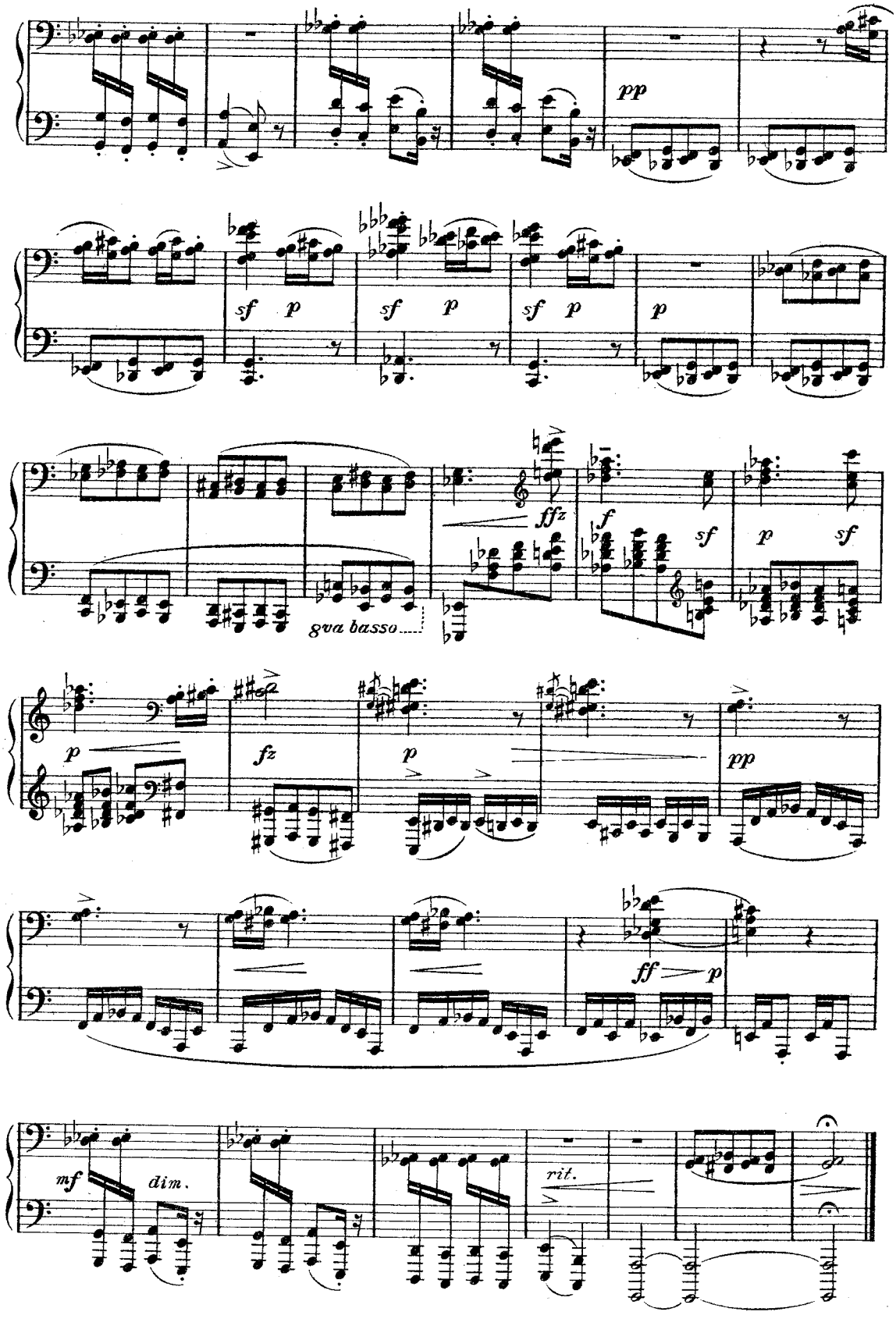
No. 8.

The Two-Tailed Sogg.

"Ah! If beggars were choosers?"

Moderato andante.

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mf
dim.
rit.

IFFYSOROS

The Iffysaurus.

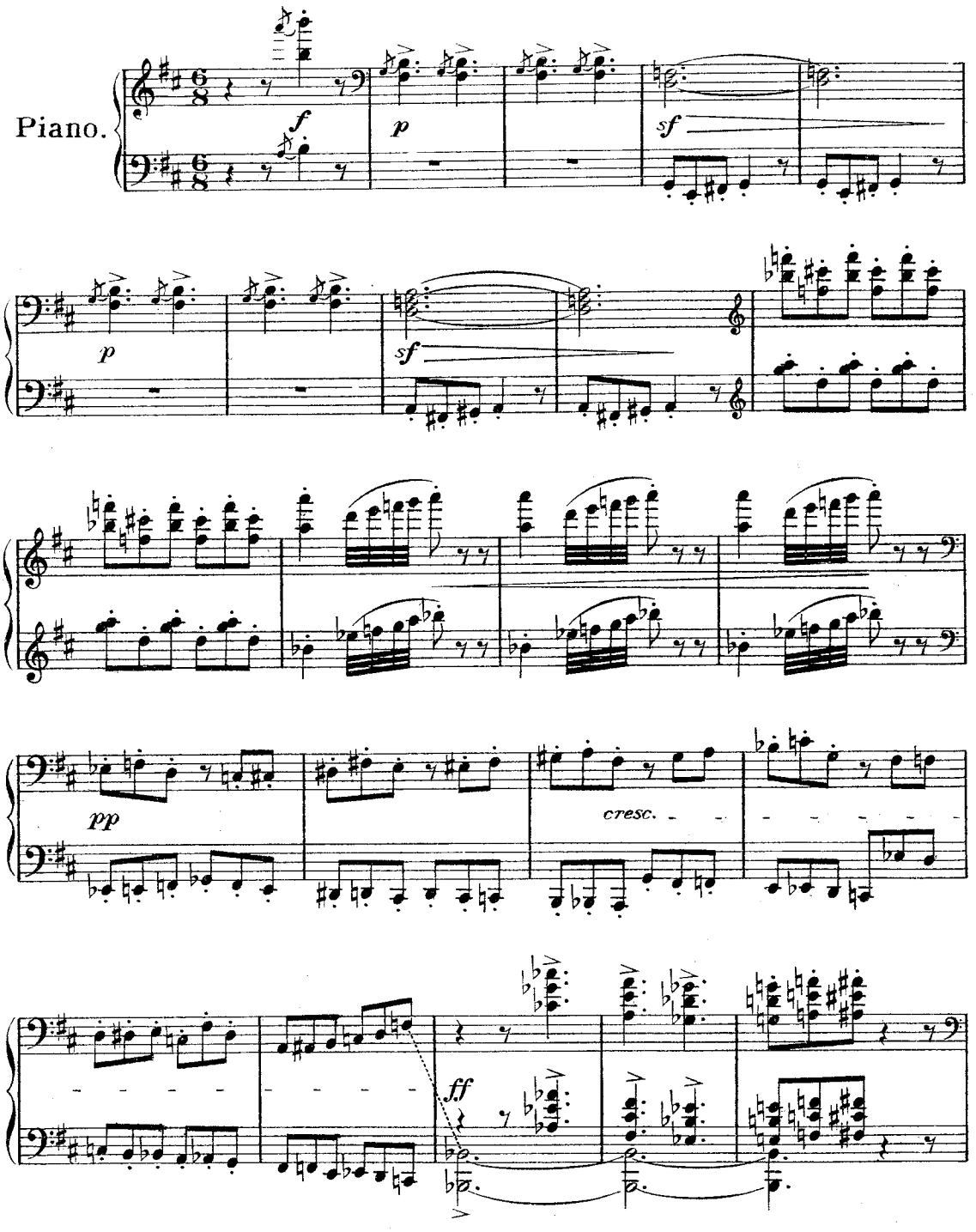
A Bantling
Of the Pit-a-Pat,
In need of his five wits
Is he;
For Sniffatit the Chawsome Cat
Makes life
A gaunt anxiety.
It worries
All
With tooth and claw,
Forever chasing things
To chaw.
But should
The Bulls-eye glare
On high,
What time the Toadstone gleam
Below;
The Iffysaurus then may ply
His craft
Immune
From every foe.
He hopes
To fake a Magic Bomb
And put the Kibosh
On the Tom.
His mind he feeds
With mysterie,
With magic spells
With artful stunts
For wicked lore and grammarye
Deep
In the Kabbala
He hunts.
The sleepless curse
I know not why
He put
On Moonijimmies eye.
He stimulates his
Parlous brain—
And gains
An intellectual range
Equal
To almost any strain—
By feeding on a diet
Strange
The wildest oats he champs
With glee
Washing 'em down with
Ooshk-'a-pai
Barbecued Earwigs
Soused
In Tar
With Mandrake soup
Stewed Palimpsest
Popes noses
Grilled
With Caviare
And Toucans Tongues
He wolfs with zest,
But best of all
He loves
To munch
A Kippered Banshee for
His lunch.

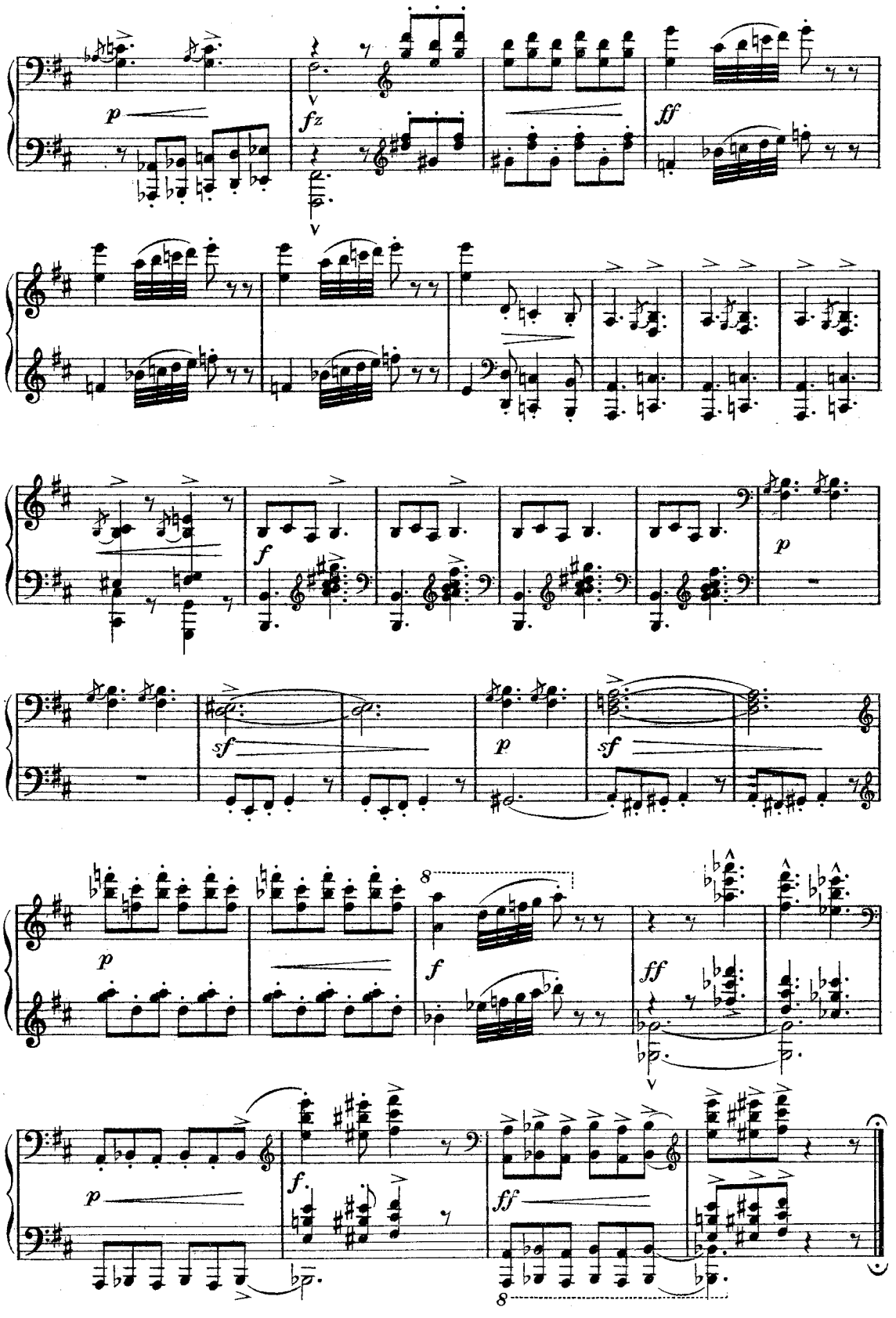
No. 9.

The Iffysaurus.

"He makes life a gaunt anxiety."

Stealthily and Lively.

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8

SNIDE

The Snide.

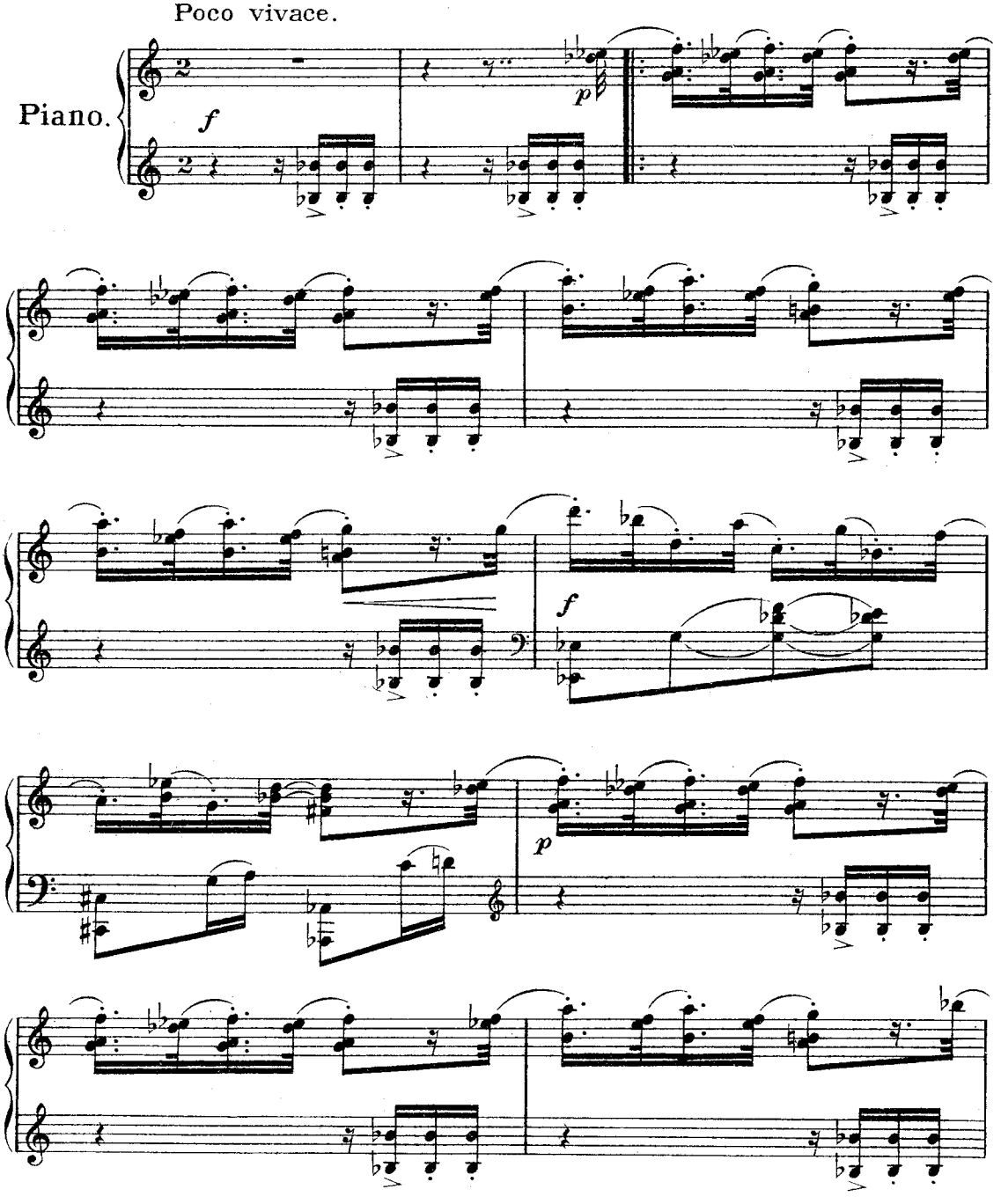
I
Know the Riches
Of
An Ocean Cave
Below the opal twilight
Of the Sea.
But
All the Gold
And Gems
Beneath the Wave,
Are nothing
For the likes of such
As He.
He
Owns the Wandering Wood
Of Cobalt Rats;
He keeps
A Fourth Dimension in a Cinch;
He has the tails
Of those Kilkenny Cats
Which fought
A l'outrance
To the final
Inch.
A Cage
Of Attercops
Which spit like sin;
A differential Calculus
- In wine;
That Bee
That haunts the Bonnet
- On a pin,
The apples of
The Pyban Tree —
Are mine.
But
He has volumes
By the Cock
And Bull;
Also the Star
That rounded Tycho's Eye,
And Amaltheas Horn
- Forever full;
And in his cellars
-Chained,
Are Incubi!
My Unicorn
Is of a Modish
Breed,
But He
Has eggs
From off the mare
Her nest.
My simple treasures
Seem
But poor indeed
Matched
With the Snides
And so
I gave him best.

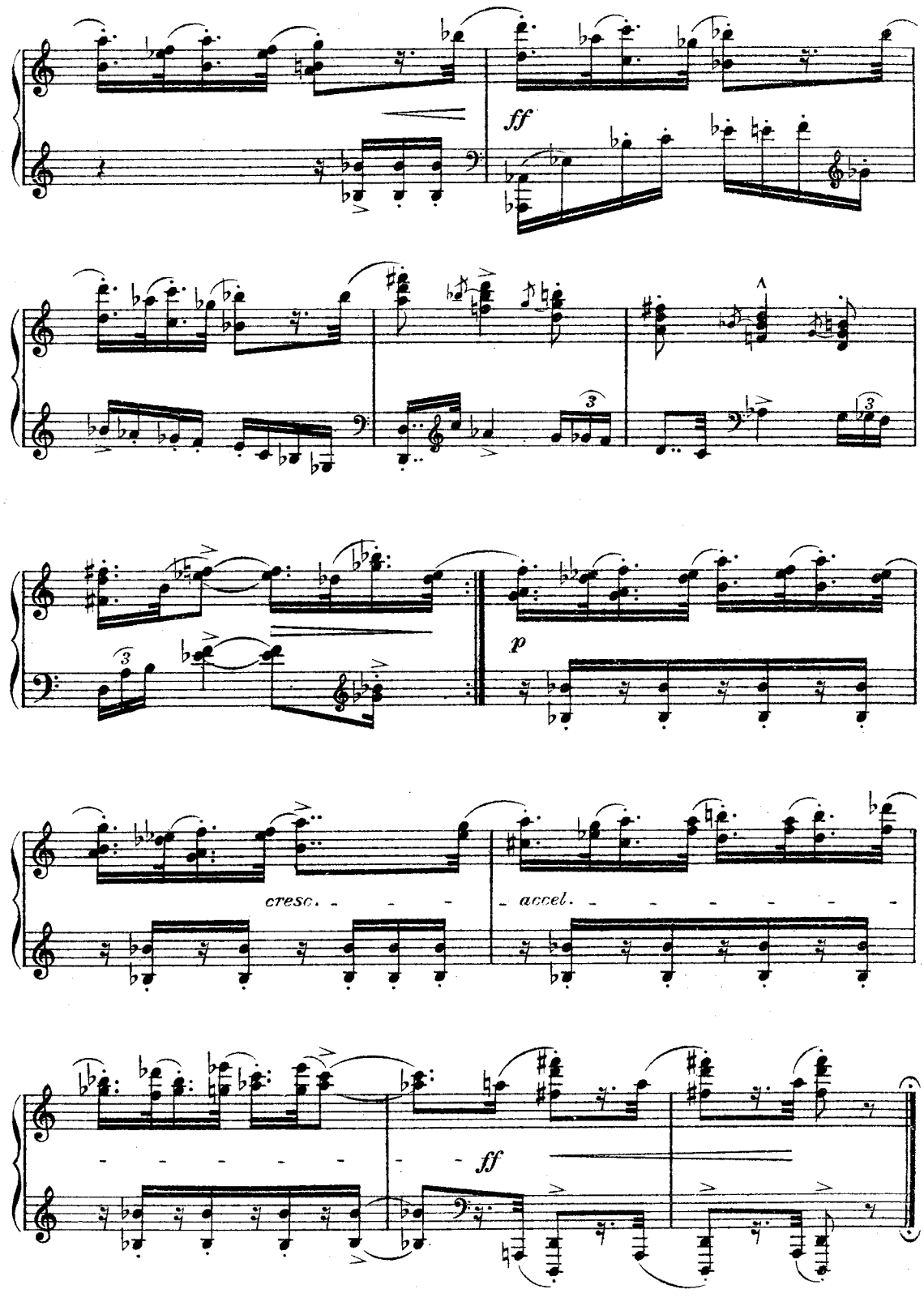
No 10.

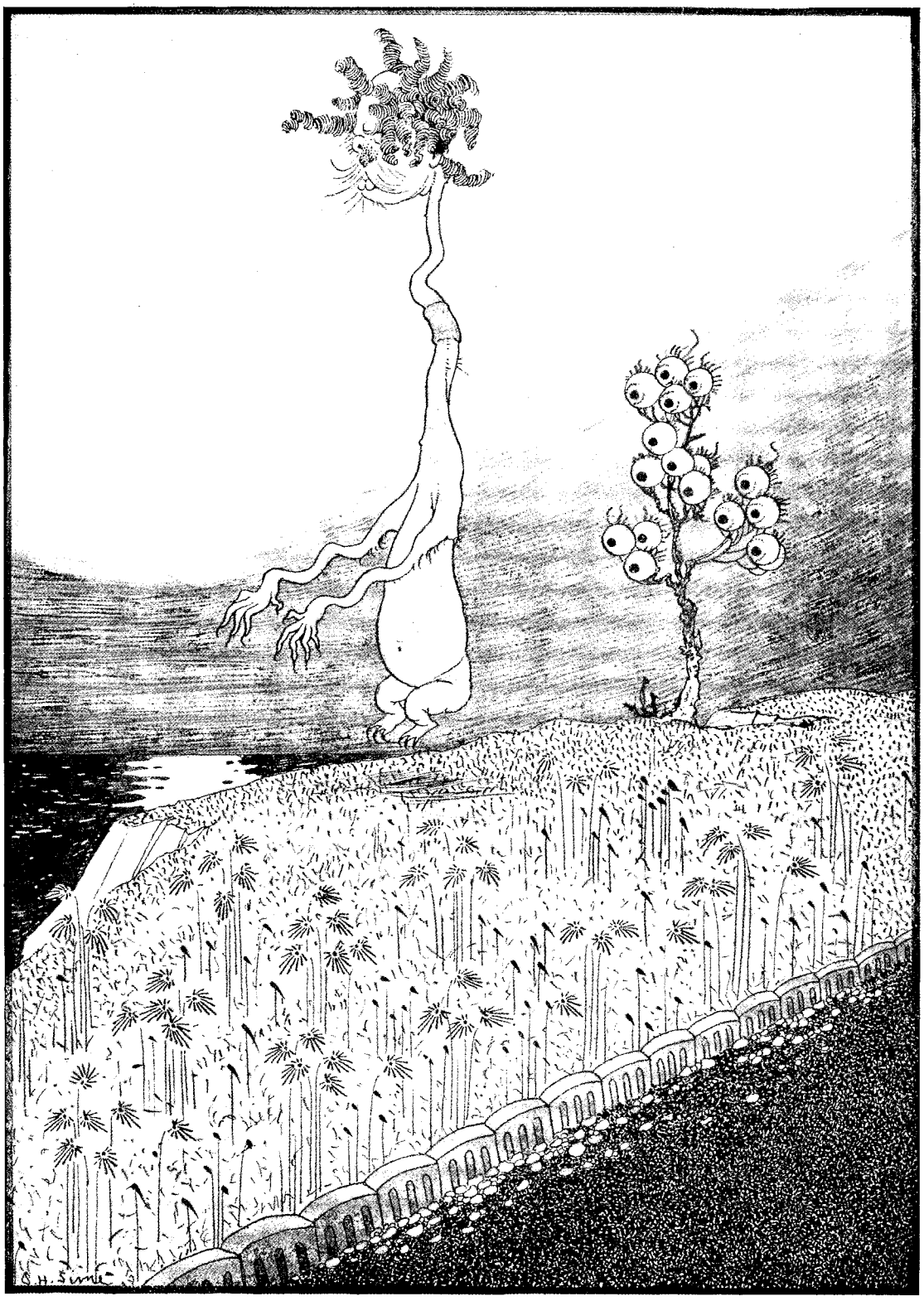
The Snide.

But all the Gold and Gems beneath the wave
Are nothing for the likes of such as he.

Poco vivace.




ff
p
cresc.
accel.
ff



PST

The Pst.

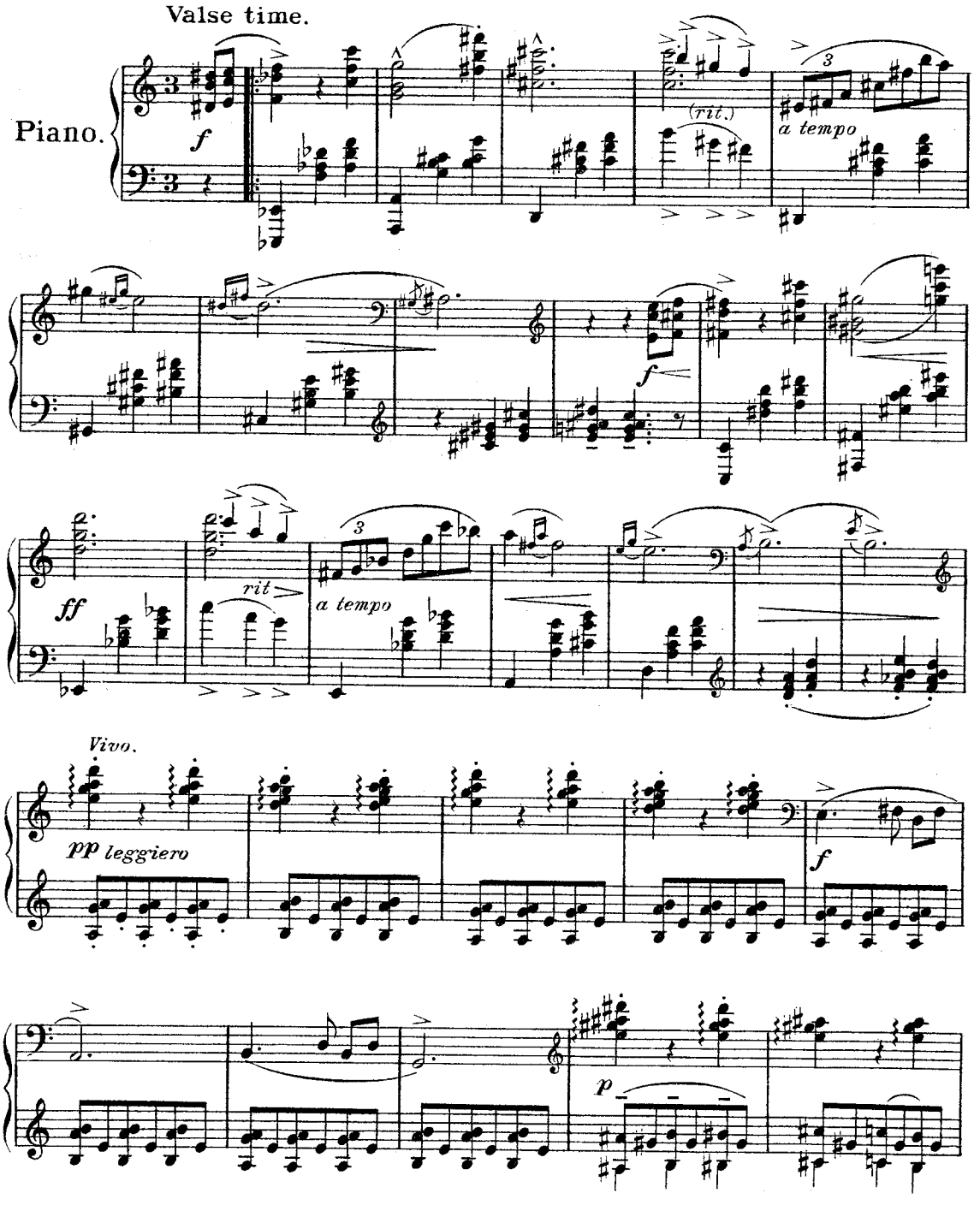
Not for cash
Or glory,
Nor
A conceited whim,
No tradition
Hoary,
A-tittilutes
His limb.
Not to
Please a rabble,
Or
Charm the caltured few,
Or stir up tongues
To gabble
Of things
They never knew.
He
Finds a place
A mile hence
A place
Devoid of lumps
And dances
There
In silence
Because
He has "the Jumps!"
I would do as he does
If I
Were just like he;
But
Would he do
What I does,
If he
Resembled
Me.

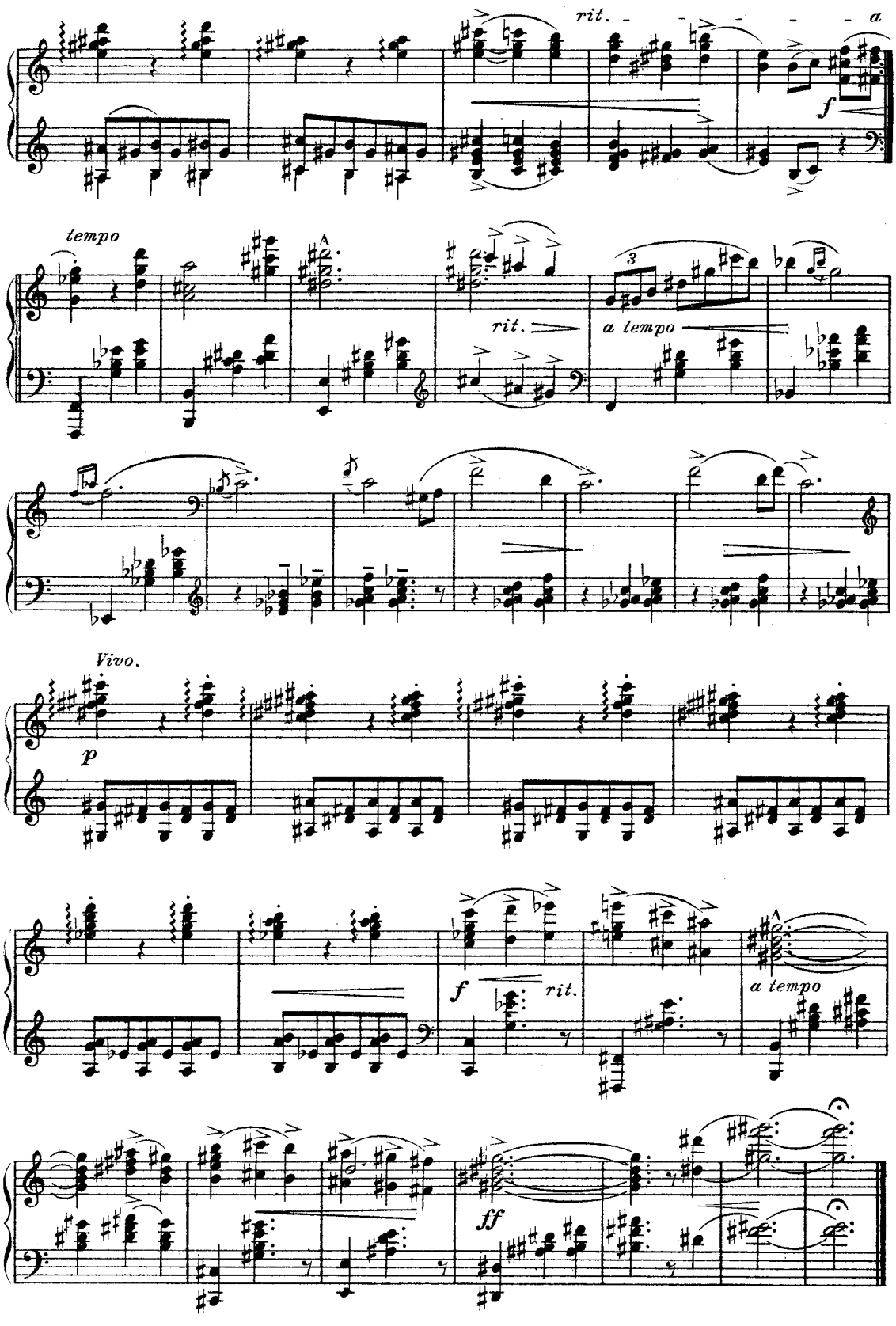
No 11.

The Pst.

Movement is his music
So dancing is with him
Just a crazy fossick
Ineffable and dim.

Valse time.




rit.
a
f
tempo
3
rit.
a tempo
Vivo.
p
f
rit.
a tempo
ff

MOONIJIM

The Moonijim.

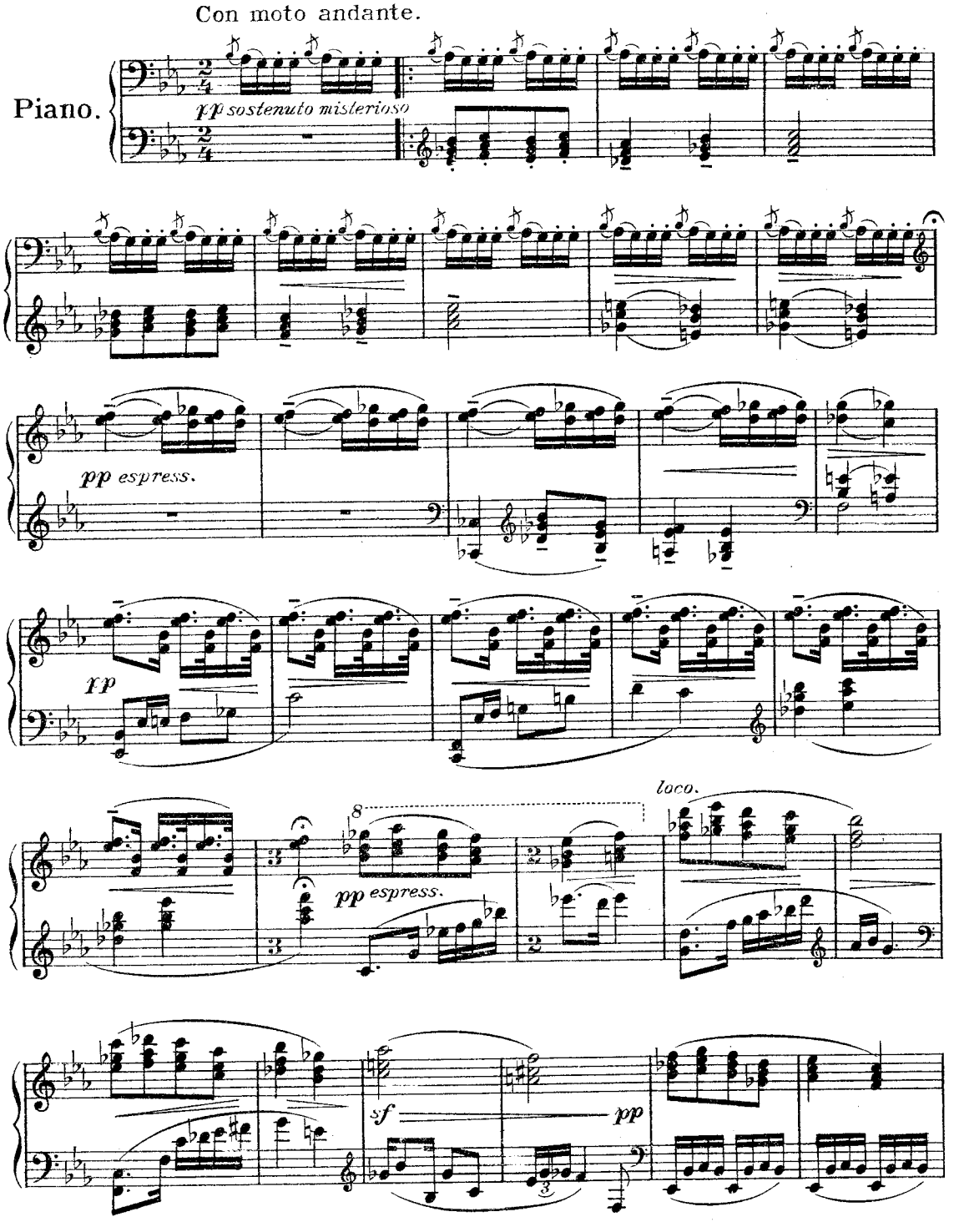
That yesterday
Can never be
Tomorrow,
Fills Moonijim
With suicidal sorrow.
It obfuscates
His brain
With Bile,
And
Spiflicates his spleen,
Just to prefer
What is
Not there,
To
What has not yet
Been.
Yet
He himself
Is neither here
Nor yonder;
In a remote dimension
Doomed
To wander.
If I
Had never been,
It would
Not bother me
I guess:
But Moonijims
Pamper their whims,
Out of sheer
Cussedness.
They dawdle
Only in those outer spaces
So far apart
From all the other
Places,
That lie
Outside
Your furthest thought
Between
The IS and NOT.
OH!
Things
Crawl there
That never dare
Seek
Any other spot.

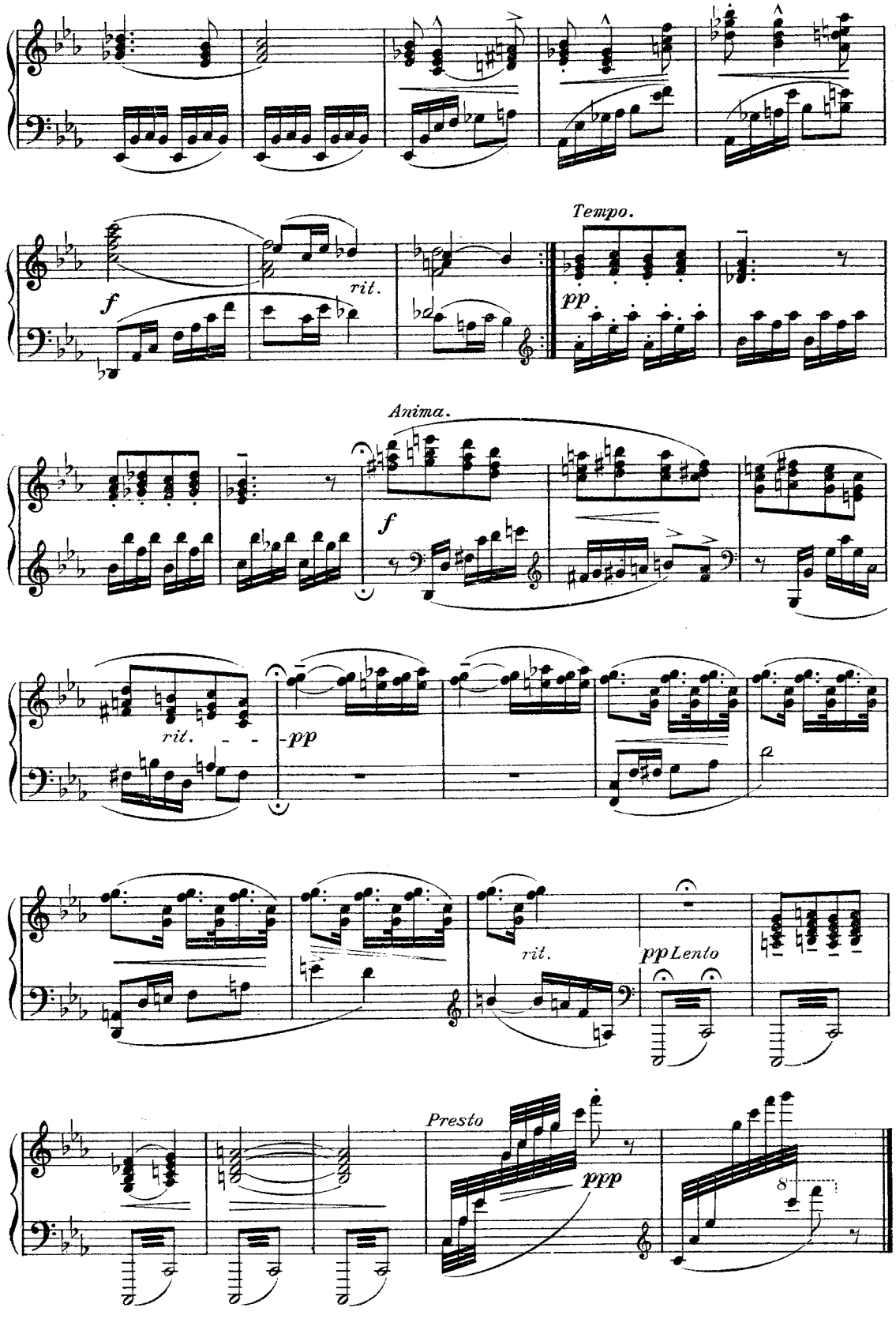
No. 12.

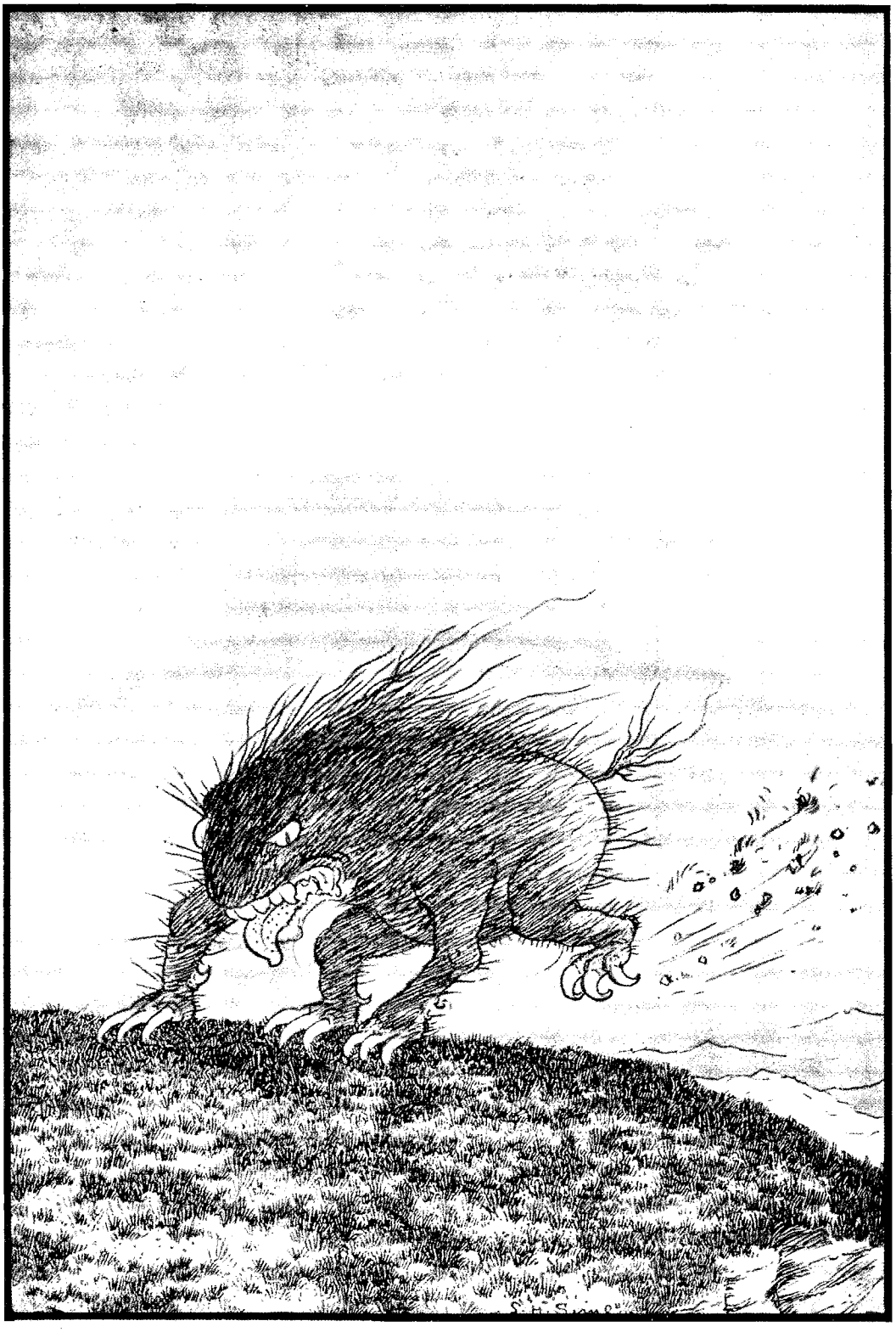
The Moonijim.

"Yet he himself is neither here— nor yonder."

Con moto andante.




Tempo.
f
rit.
pp
Anima.
f
rit.
pp
rit.
pp Lento
Presto
ppp



SNAITSH

The Snaitch.

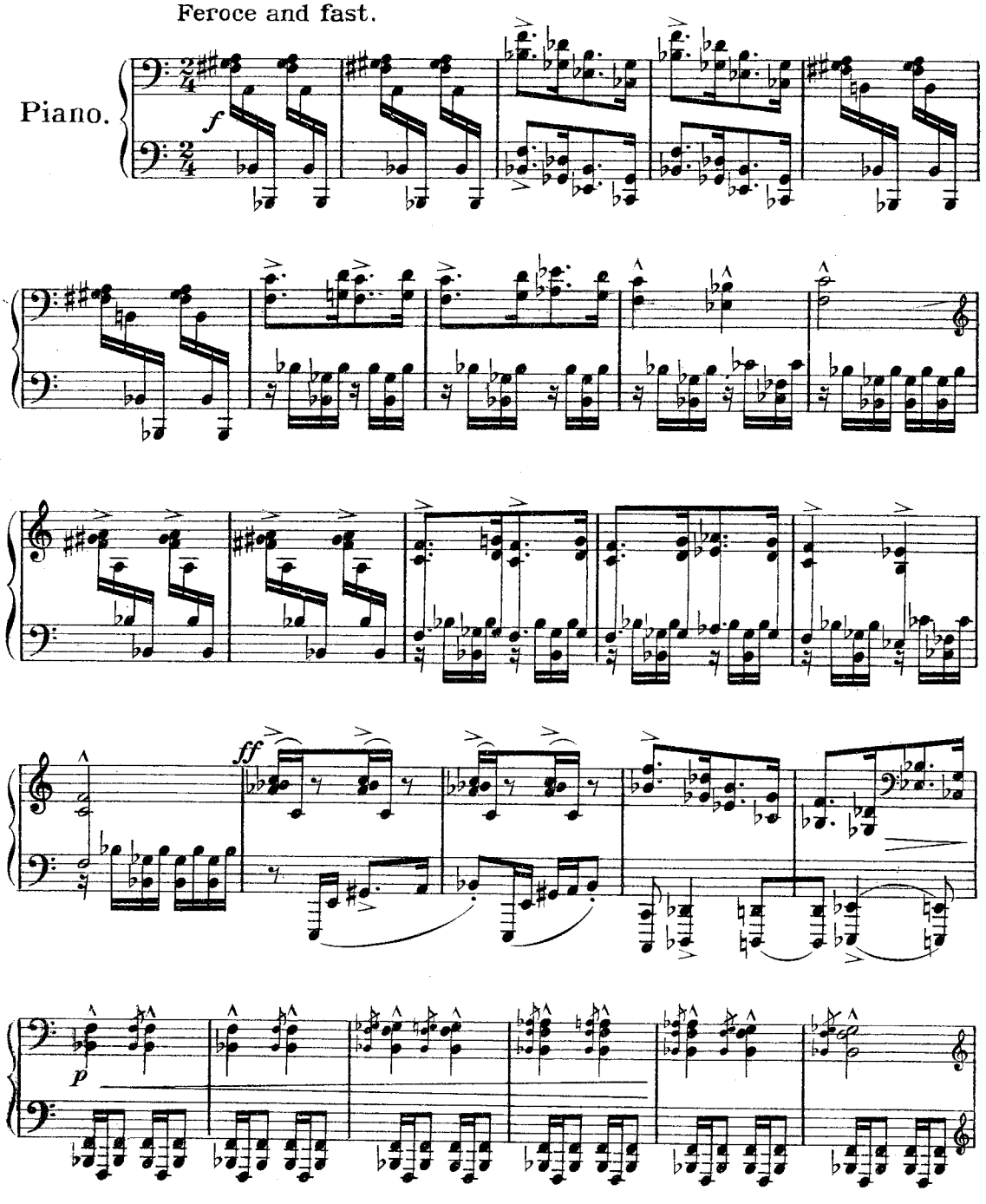
You may hear the faint sound
Of the Purr,
After dark
Of the Snaitch
By the Vertigo Cliff
When the Chissil Bobs
Roll
Down the slopes of the Park
And the Mauthe Dog
Is out
On the sniff.
When the Elephant fell
From the Cusp
Of the Moon
And the Purple-Winged Sybarite
Sobbed
The impeccable tone
Of his humming Bassoon
To the tune
Of his Baritone
Throbbed.
He
Has sat at the feet
Of the elderly Bird
And he knows what
The wild Boobi
Knew
And a great many stunts
You might think
Were absurd
Which I will not relate
Unto you.
Vulture Hopkins
The miser,
They say,
In his lair
Had
A pink spotted Snaitch
As a pet.
And Gwendoline Fair
Of the amber bright hair
If alive
Would be feeding one
Yet.
Living Snaitches
Are scarce,
But their fossil debris
Might be found
By a scrutiny
Keen
Of the Primaeval Shores
On an Eocene Sea
Or
In slabs
Of the old
Miocene.

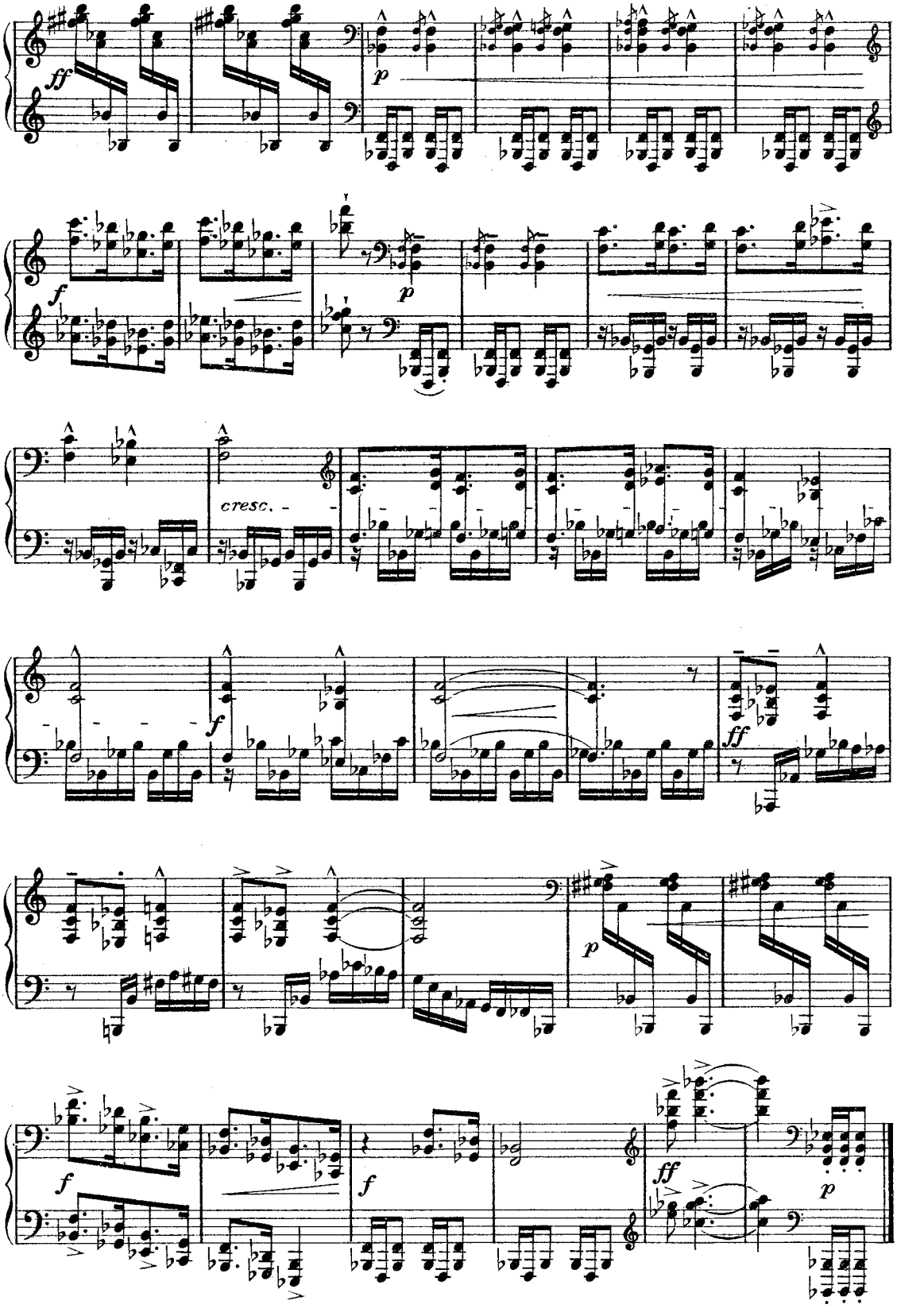
No. 13.

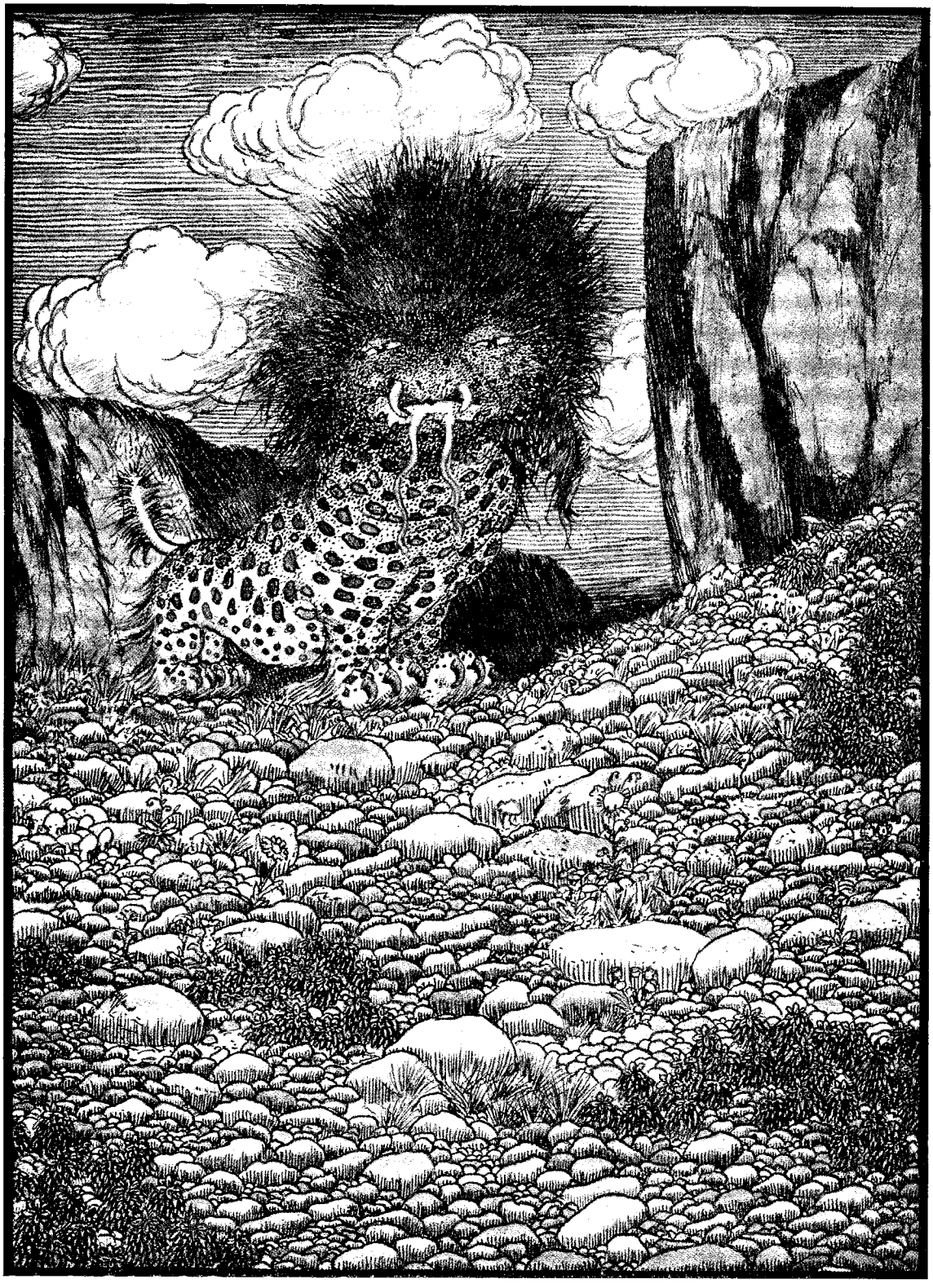
The Snaitch.

"Now when you hear him in your Dreams,
Don't start up in a fright,
And shock the household with your screams
Two wrongs won't make a right."

Feroce and fast.




ff
p
f
p
cresc.
f
ff
p
f
f
ff
p



PRAPSNOT

The Prapsnot.

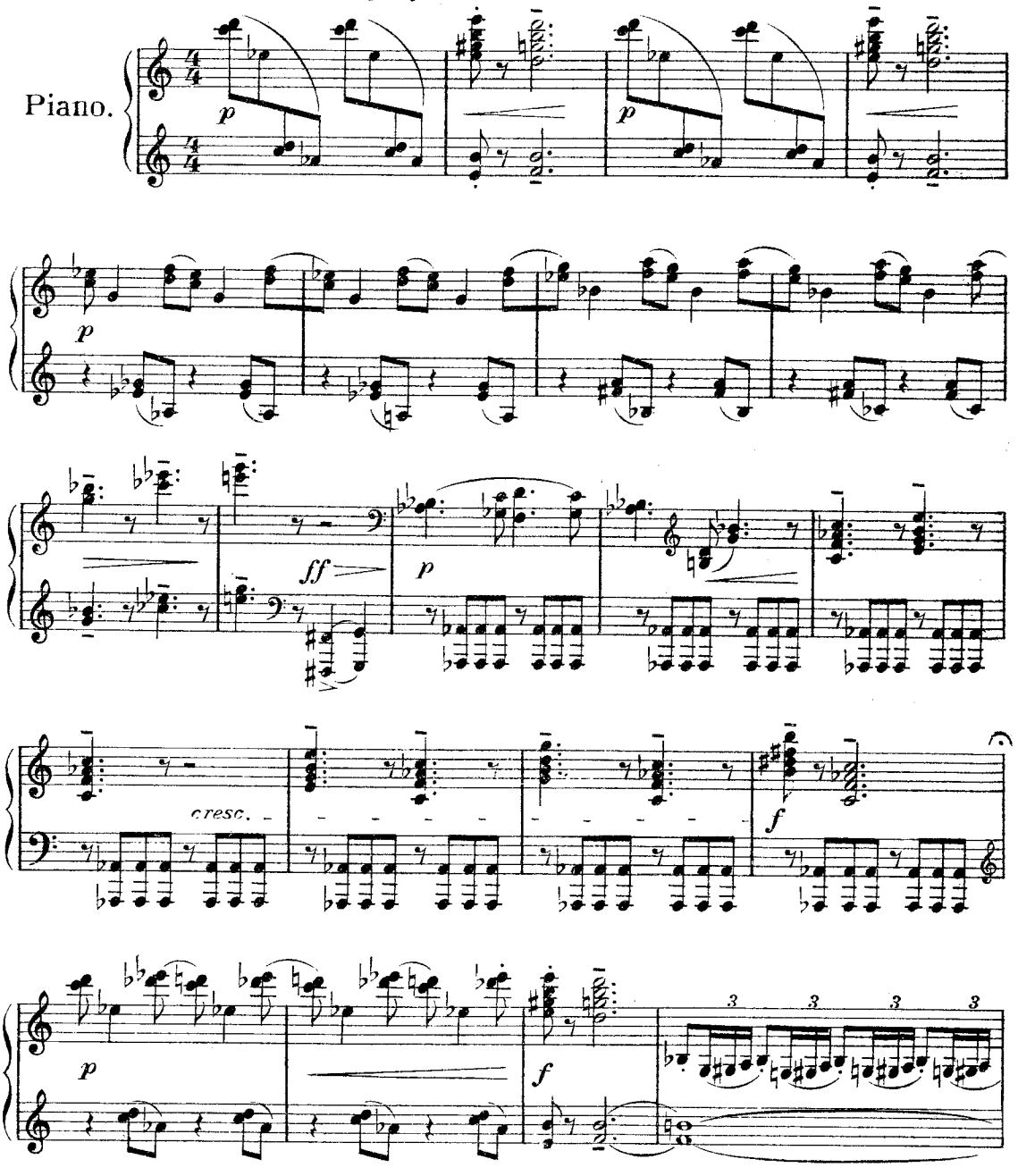
They have no Prapsnot
In
The Zoo,
And if you ask
The Keeper
The reason
Why?
He'll look askew,
And slowly
Wink his peeper.
Then
Sorrowfully
He will tap
Against his nose
A finger
And say to you, alas!
Poor chap!
The last one
Could not
Linger.
He faded,
Sir!
Without a sound
In a mysterious manner
We did our best
To pull
Him round
But
Could not find
The spanner.
The Llama, Sir!
Laments
His loss
Old Yak
He aches with sorrow,
I've ordered,
Sir!
Another gross,
They might arrive
Tomorrow.
Then
He will turn away
To hide
His grief
For that lost mammal
And squirt some more
Insecticide
On the Moth eaten Camel.
And should his palm
Extend
Abaft,
You may.
If you feel willing
To help him
In his beastly craft,
Anoint it
With a shilling.

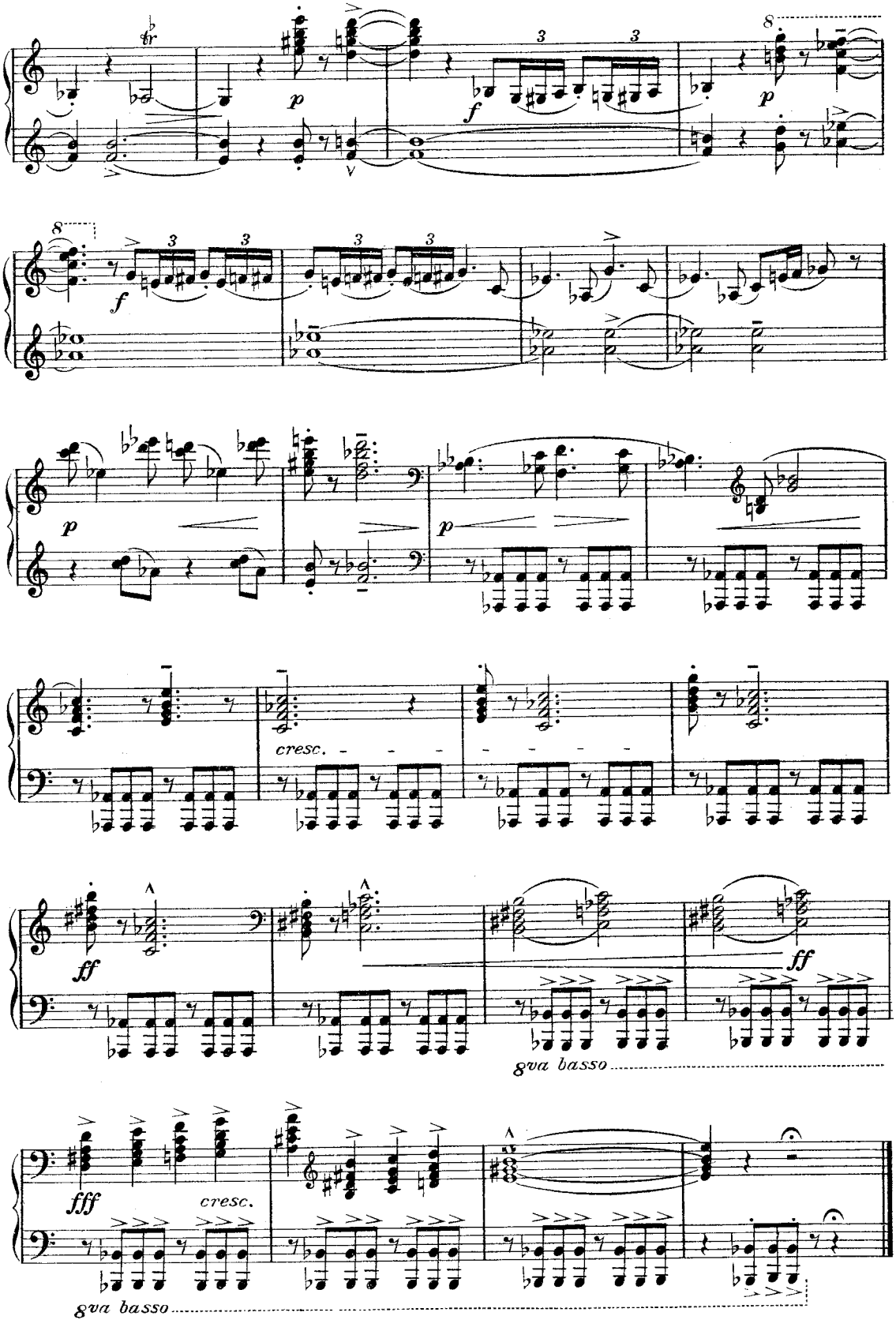
No. 14.

The Prapsnot.

"He faded, sir, without a sound
In a misterious manner
We did our best to pull him round
But could not find the spanner."

Con moto. *(Carefully.)*




p
f
p
f
p
p
cresc.
ff
ff
8va basso
fff
cresc.
8va basso

TA TA

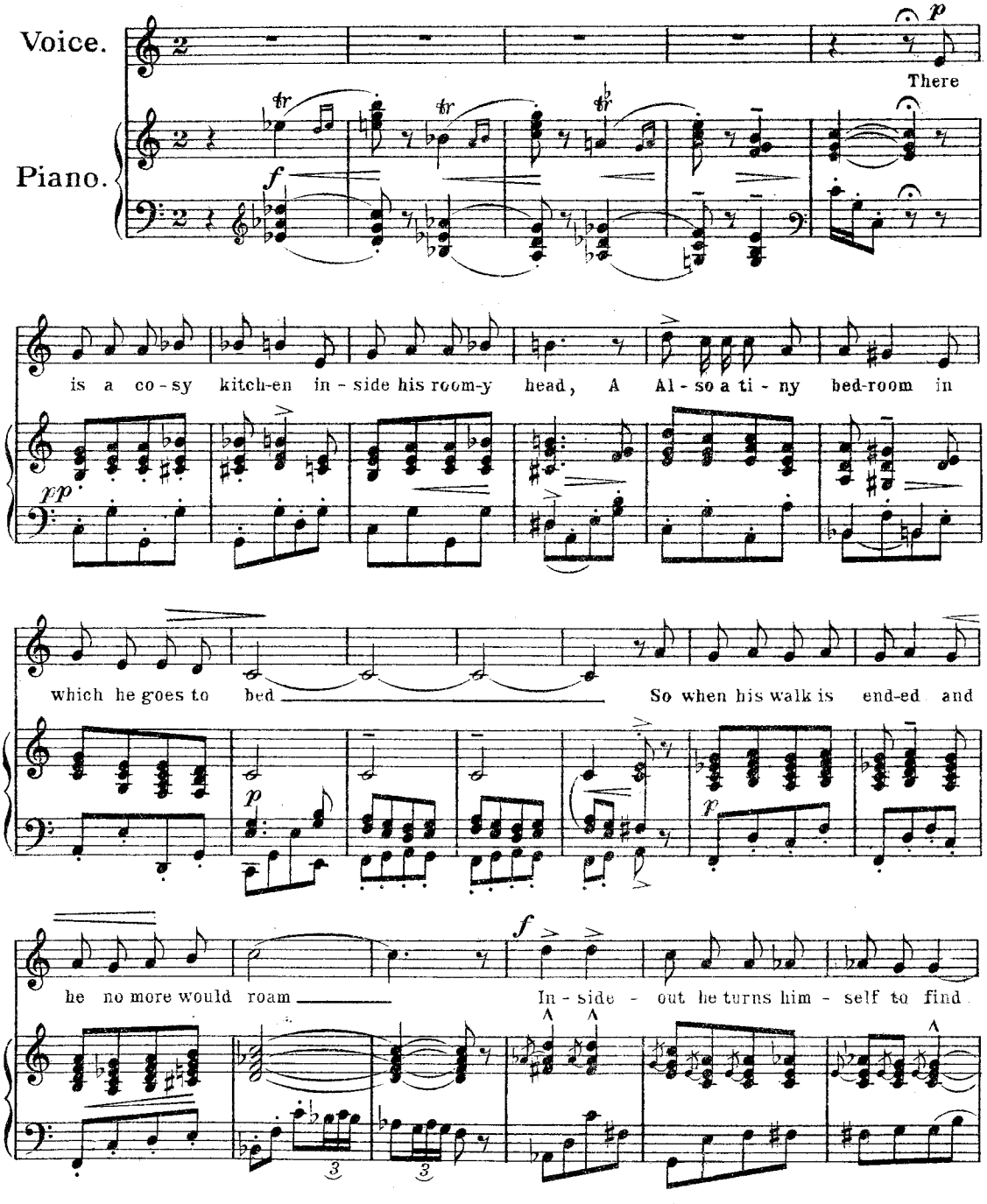
The Ta-Ta.

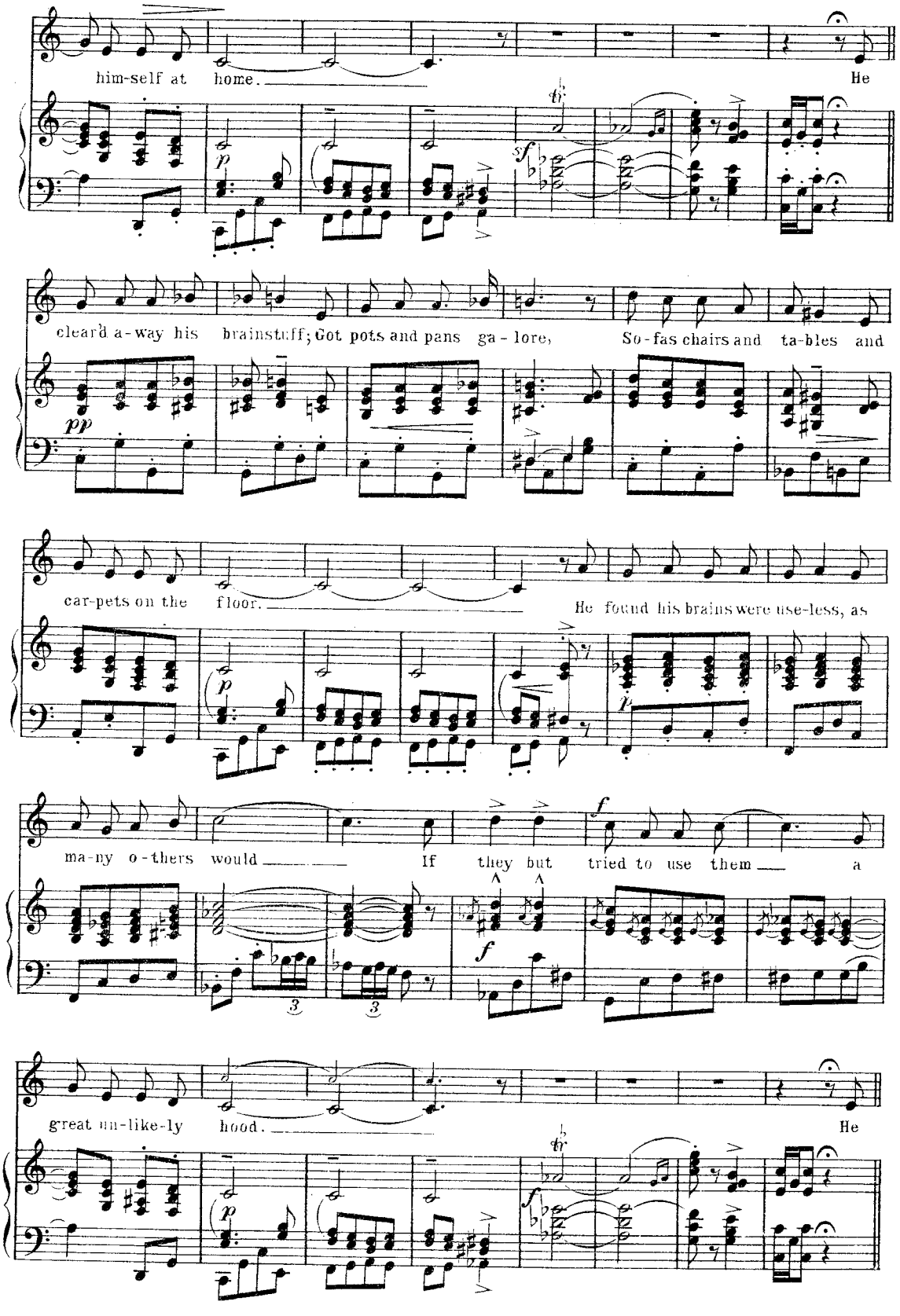
There is
A cosy Kitchen
Inside his roomy head
Also
A tiny bedroom
In which
He goes to bed
So when his walk
Is ended
And he
No more would roam
Inside out
He turns himself
To find
Himself
At Home.
He cleared away his
Brain stuff
Got pots
And pans
Galore!
Sofas
And chairs,
And tables,
And carpets for
The floor.
He found his brains
Were useless;
As many others would
If they
But tried to use them
A great
Unlikelihood.
He
Pays no rent
No taxes
No use has he
For pelf
Infested not with servants
He plays with work
Himself.
And when his
Chores
Are ended
And he would
Walk about,
Outside in he turns
Himself
To get himself
Turned out.

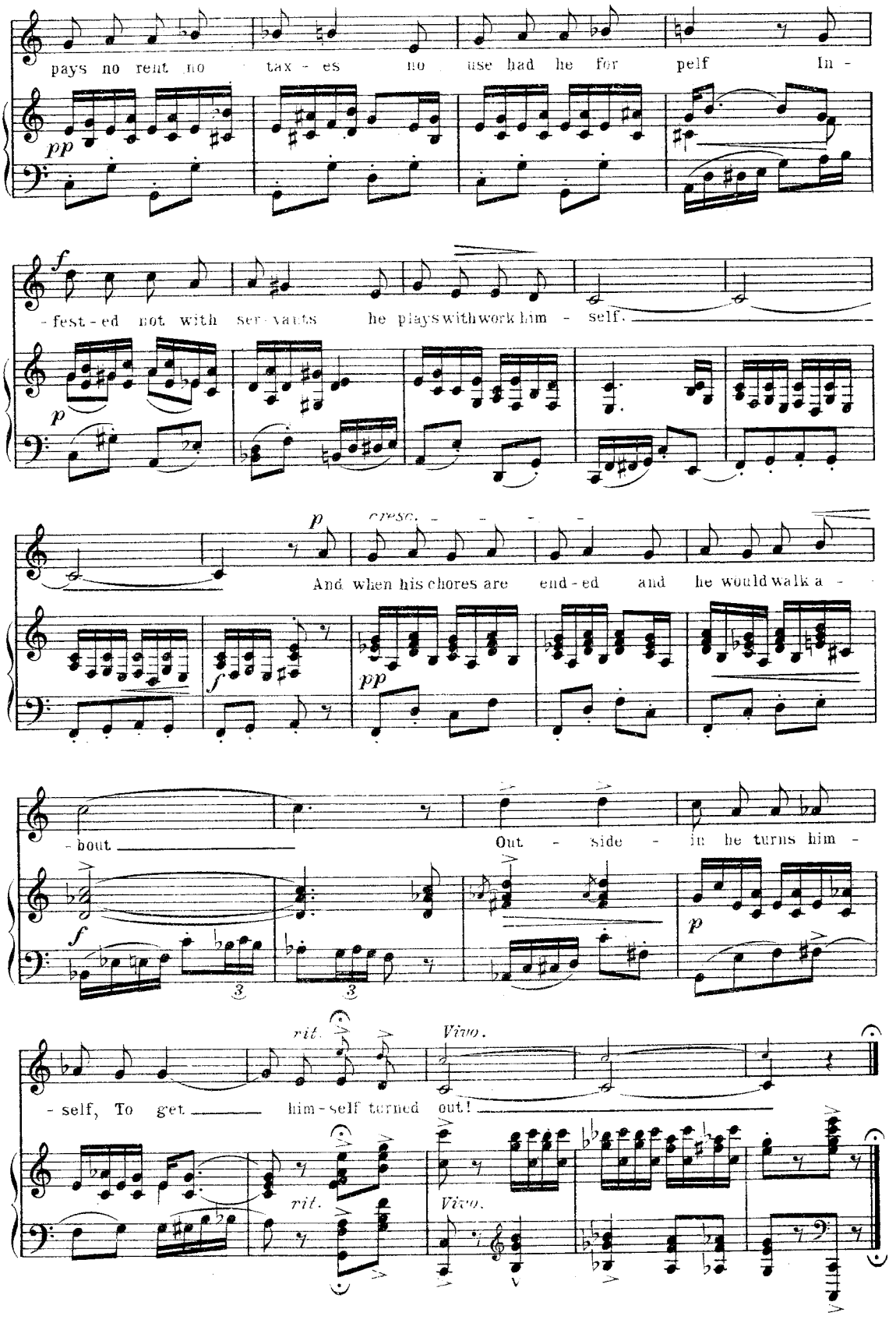
No 15.

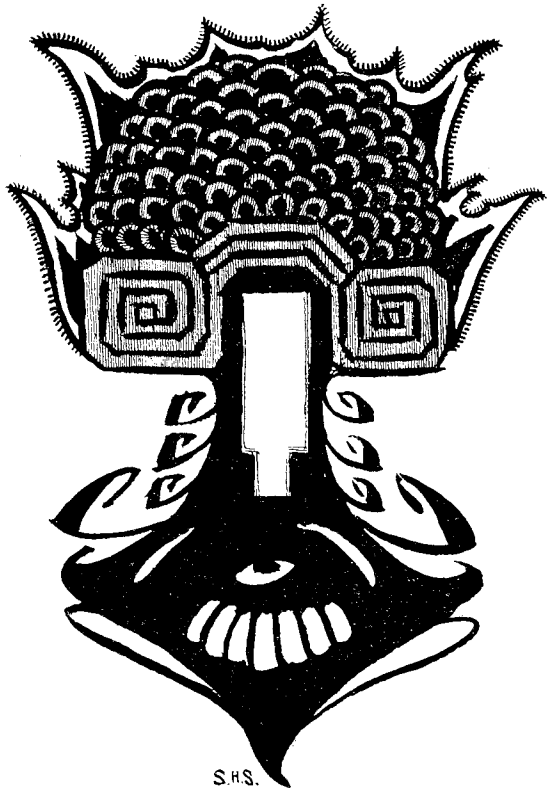
Song:- The Ta-Ta.

"He found his brains were useless,
As many others would —
If they but tried to use them?"—




him-self at home. He
clear'd a-way his brainstuff; Got pots and pans ga-lore, So-fas chairs and ta-bles and
car-pets on the floor. He found his brains were use-less, as
ma-ny o-thers would If they but tried to use them a
great un-like-ly hood. He


pays no rent no tax - es no use had he for pelf In -
pp
f
- fest - ed not with ser - vants he plays with work him - self.
p
p
cresc.
And when his chores are end - ed and he would walk a -
f
pp
- bout
Out - side - in he turns him -
f
p
rit.
Vivo.
- self, To get him - self turned out!
rit.
Vivo.


S.H.S.