

# AN ALPHABET OF MUSICAL BOGEYS

By

ARTHUR

LAYARD



LONDON

LAWRENCE & BULLEN, Ltd.

16 HENRIETTA STREET

COVENT GARDEN, W.C.















MUSICAL BOGEYS









The Pianos Offered for competition are now on view at  
Messrs. ERARD'S, 18, Great Marlborough St., London, W.,  
and may be inspected any week day before Jan. 15th, 1900.



## MUSICAL BOGEY COMPETITION.

**CLASS I.**—This Competition is open to Persons of all ages, who are Amateurs. Any person having sold a Painting or Drawing executed by himself or herself is disqualified from the competition.

**FIRST PRIZE**—A Grand Piano by **ERARD**,  
value One Hundred and Fifty Guineas.

**SECOND PRIZE**—Cheque for £10 10s.

**THIRD PRIZE**—Cheque for £5 5s.

Twenty other Prizes will be given, ranging in value from £3 3s. to £1 1s.

**CLASS II.**—For Children under Sixteen.

**FIRST PRIZE**—A Cottage Piano by **ERARD**,  
value Seventy-five Guineas.

**SECOND PRIZE**—A Gold Watch, value £10 10s.

**THIRD PRIZE**—A Silver Watch, value £3 3s.

And twenty other Prizes, ranging in value from £1 10s. to 10/6.

The Prizes in Class I. and II. will be awarded to the Competitors who send in the best original illustration, in black and red, of any verse in the "Alphabet of Musical Bogeys."

**CLASS III.**—For Children under Ten.

**FIRST PRIZE**—A Steam Engine or a Doll's House,  
value £5 5s.

Twenty other Prizes, value 10/6 to 5/-.

The Prizes in Class III. will be awarded to the Children who send in the best coloured tracing (in black and red) of any drawing in the "Alphabet of Musical Bogeys." (Before the Prizes are awarded, enquiries will be made as to the eligibility of each of the successful Candidates.)

[TEAR THIS OFF.]

### MUSICAL BOGEY COMPETITION.

Name.....

Address.....

280

Date.....

Class.....

(Here should be inserted the Class to which the competitor belongs.)

All Coupons should be numbered and must bear the Embossed Stamp;  
none recognised without.

Additional Coupons may be purchased separately from the Book, Price 1s.





## CONDITIONS

All Competitions must be sent on or before January 15th, 1900: the Prizes will be awarded on January 30th, 1900, and the names of the successful Competitors will be published on February 1st, 1900, in the following papers:—*Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, and *Daily News*.

Each drawing or tracing must bear the name and address of the Competitor, together with the number of the Coupon, **at the back.**

Every book issued contains one Coupon, and each drawing and tracing must be accompanied by the Coupon. Additional Coupons may be purchased separately from the Book, price 1/- each.

The size of each drawing or tracing should be about the size of the drawings in the Book, roughly about 7 by 6½ inches; the paper on which they are drawn should be cut to 12 inches high by 8 inches broad. All Drawings sent in remain the property of the Publishers.

**J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.,** has kindly consented to act as Judge, and from his decision there will be no appeal.

All communications should be addressed—

*Bogey Editor*, LAWRENCE & BULLEN, LTD.,

16, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN,

LONDON, W.C.





THE ALPHABET  
OF  
MUSICAL BOGEYS

*Written and Illustrated*

BY

ARTHUR LAYARD

*With Music by*

EMIL SAUER



LONDON: LAWRENCE & BULLEN, LTD.

16 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN

MDCCCXCIX



RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,  
LONDON AND BUNGAY



TO THE  
CHILDREN  
OF  
MY OLD FRIEND  
EMIL SAUER

WHOSE MUSIC HAS ADORNED MY  
NONSENSE RHYMES

A. L.













*Allegretto giocoso.*

Music by EMIL SAUER.

VOICE.  The Au - di - ble Bo - gey in place of a

PIANO.  *p*

 nose, Has a trum - pet on which he un - cea - sing - ly blows. He car - ries his mu - sic in

 *poco marcato*

 front in a bag, And the end of his tail has a mu - si - cal wag. Ha! Ha! Hoo! Hoo! Hee!

 *poco ritard.* *a tempo* *poco ritard.* *a tempo*

 Hee! - - - His tail has a mu - si - cal wag! - - - Ha! Ha! Hoo! Hoo! Hee!



 Hee! - - - His tail has a mu - si - cal wag!

 *riten.* *espressivo* *riten.*







THE Audible Bogey in place of a nose,  
Has a Trumpet on which he unceasingly blows.  
He carries his music in front in a bag,  
And the end of his tail has a musical wag.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
His tail has a musical wag !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
His tail has a musical wag !





AL



THIS Blinky-eyed Bogey is no nightingale ;

His voice has gone—crack !—so instead with his tail  
He plays on the Cymbals—clong clangy, clung cling !—  
As relished by Bogeys unable to sing.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

By Bogeys unable to sing !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

By Bogeys unable to sing !







THE Clarion Bogey has only one lung ;

Be that as it may, he leaves nothing unsung ;  
And the blast is so great, so unspeakably strong—  
When he blares out behind him, it drives him along.

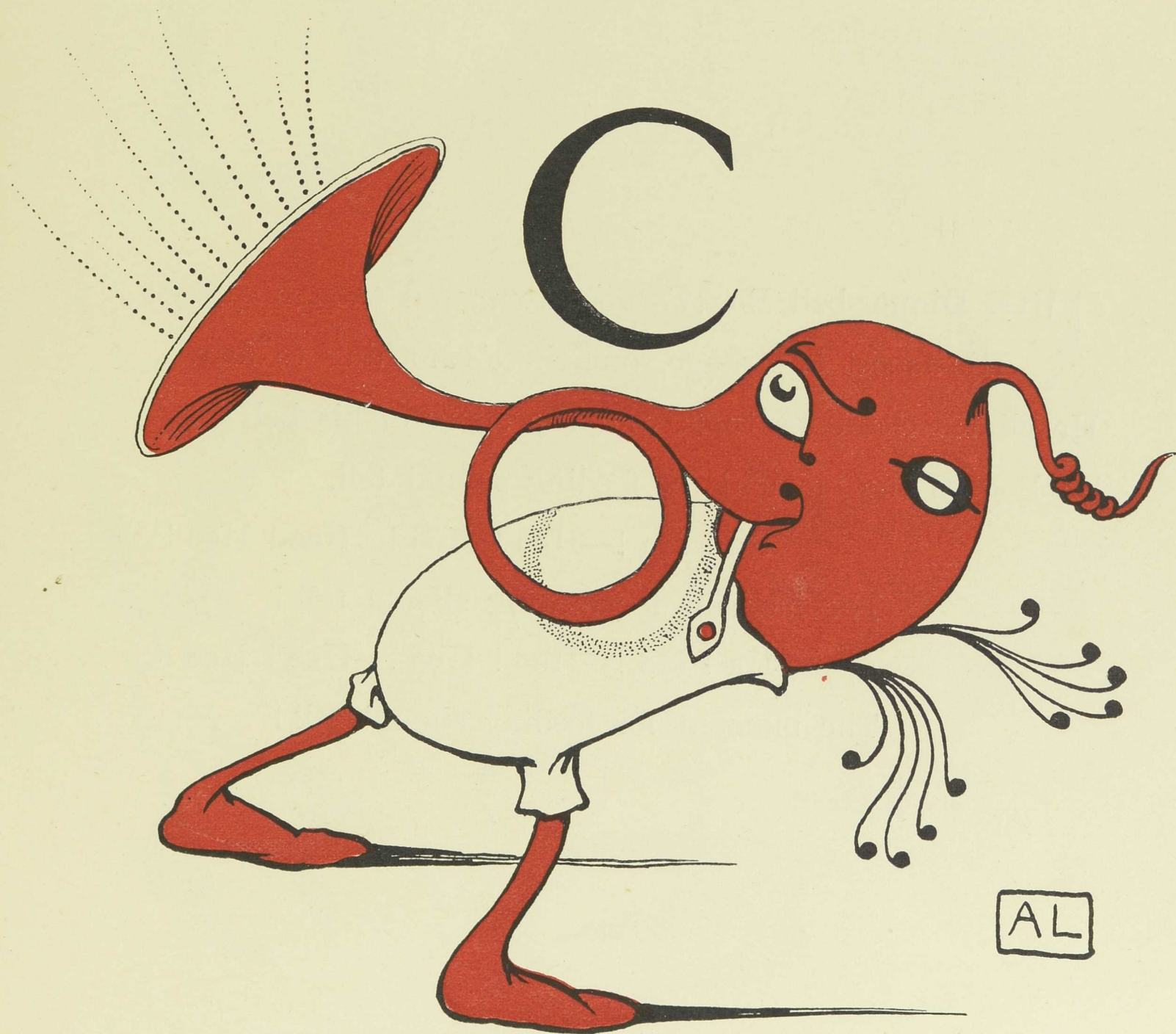
Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

He blares,—and it drives him along !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

He blares,—and it drives him along !







THE Dinner-bell Bogey's good-tempered though queer ;  
His aspect is strange, but there's nothing to fear.  
He climbs Squidger trees, and the clang of his bell  
To Bogeys the moment for feeding should tell.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

The moment for feeding should tell !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

The moment for feeding should tell !



D



A·L



**T**HIS Elegant Bogey can warble a tune  
With a voice that will carry from here to the moon.  
Some Bogeys consider the twist of her tail  
Has something to do with the powerful wail.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
To do with the powerful wail !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
To do with the powerful wail !



E





**T**HE Flageolet Bogey when wishing to play  
Arranges himself in a curious way.

But his phrasing and tone are so very complete  
That all Bogeys are ravished, and utter, "How sweet!"

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
Are ravished, and utter, "How sweet!"

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
Are ravished, and utter, "How sweet!"



F





THIS Garrulous Bogey, whose voice never tires,  
Ingeniously stands near the telegraph wires ;  
And twirling his tail to the curves of a clef,  
Sings louder—*crescendo*,—and louder,—*ff* !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

*Crescendo*,—and louder,—*ff* !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

*Crescendo*,—and louder,—*ff* !



G



AL



THE Humming-top Bogey revolves on one toe,  
And wears a tight frock made of best calico.  
It is printed with sharps to agree with his wings,  
And the sounds of the sibilant scales that he sings.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
The sibilant scales that he sings !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
The sibilant scales that he sings !







THE Ill-favoured Bogey belabours his gong,  
Keeping time with his feet as he marches along.  
He bangs with his tail the Gong over his head,  
When the Dinner-bell Bogey is seedy in bed.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
The Dinner-bell Bogey's in bed !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
The Dinner-bell Bogey's in bed !





A·L



**T**HE Jubilee Bogey breathes hard in his horn,  
Not caring a straw that his boots are so worn.  
It adds to his grace that he's somewhat awry,  
And possesses a quaver instead of an eye.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

A quaver instead of an eye !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

A quaver instead of an eye !





AL



THE Kettle-drum Bogey jogs over the ground  
With a "rub-a-dub-dub,"—an inspiring sound.  
But whether his arms or his tails beat the blows  
Is the thing which all Bogeys say nobody knows.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

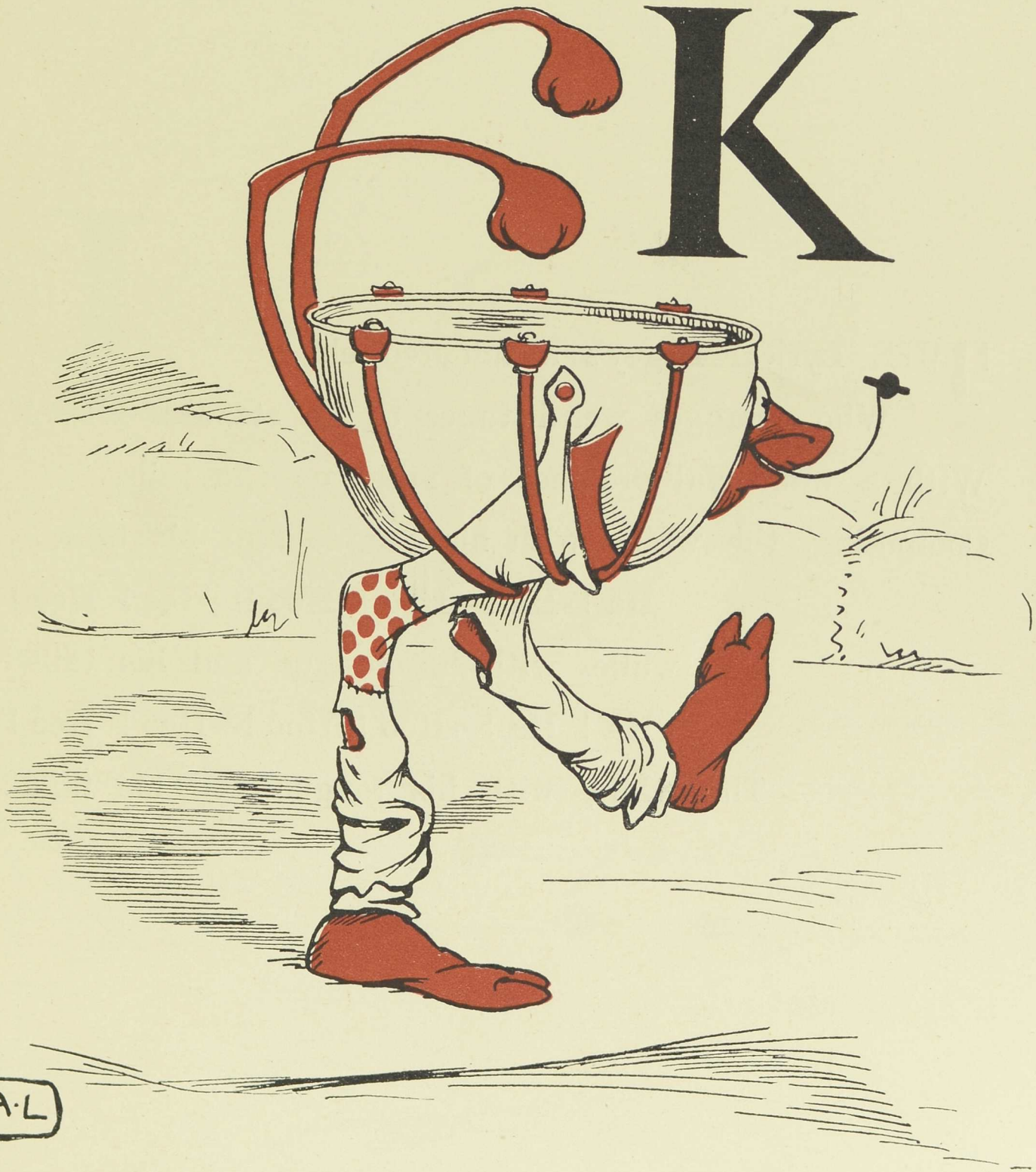
All Bogeys say nobody knows !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

All Bogeys say nobody knows !



K



A.L.



THE Lyrical Bogey's a talented elf,  
Who arranges weird tunes as he steadies himself  
With a wonderful presence of mind on the rails,  
Composing, the while, with his tongue and his tails.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
The while, with his tongue and his tails !  
Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
The while, with his tongue and his tails !







THIS Monkish old Bogey blows hard in his Flute,  
And the cloisters re-echo the sibilant toot.

Philactery-wise on his cloak there is writ

The tune in Plain-Song which he strives to emit.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

Plain-Song which he strives to emit !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

Plain-Song which he strives to emit !



M





THE Natural Bogey o'erleaps a high hill,  
Like those singular folk that Sir John Maundevile  
Declares that he saw, who had only one foot ;  
See his Book, where your artist a drawing has put.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
Your artist a drawing has put !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
Your artist a drawing has put !







THE Overture Bogey just dotes on a skip,  
Hopping over each bar with a flexuous hip,  
While the crotchets stream forth from the ends of his hair:  
'Op. 1, *Giocoso's* his favourite air.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

'Op. 1 is his favourite air !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee

'Op. 1 is his favourite air !







THE Poly-chord Bogey performs on three strings,  
And plays hard arrangements of intricate things.  
A violoncello grows out of his face,  
And his legs make the music, with infinite grace.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

Make music, with infinite grace!

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

Make music, with infinite grace!



P





THE Quavery Bogey intones in his throat

Serenades to the moon, which are all on one note.

It seems at first sight that this cannot be true,

But Bogeys attain what no human can do.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

Attain what no human can do !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

Attain what no human can do !







THE Rattle-tailed Bogey is eager to fly

When the weather is fine, and rotates in the sky,  
While the rattle revolves at the end of his tail,  
With a whizz that would soften the heart of a whale.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

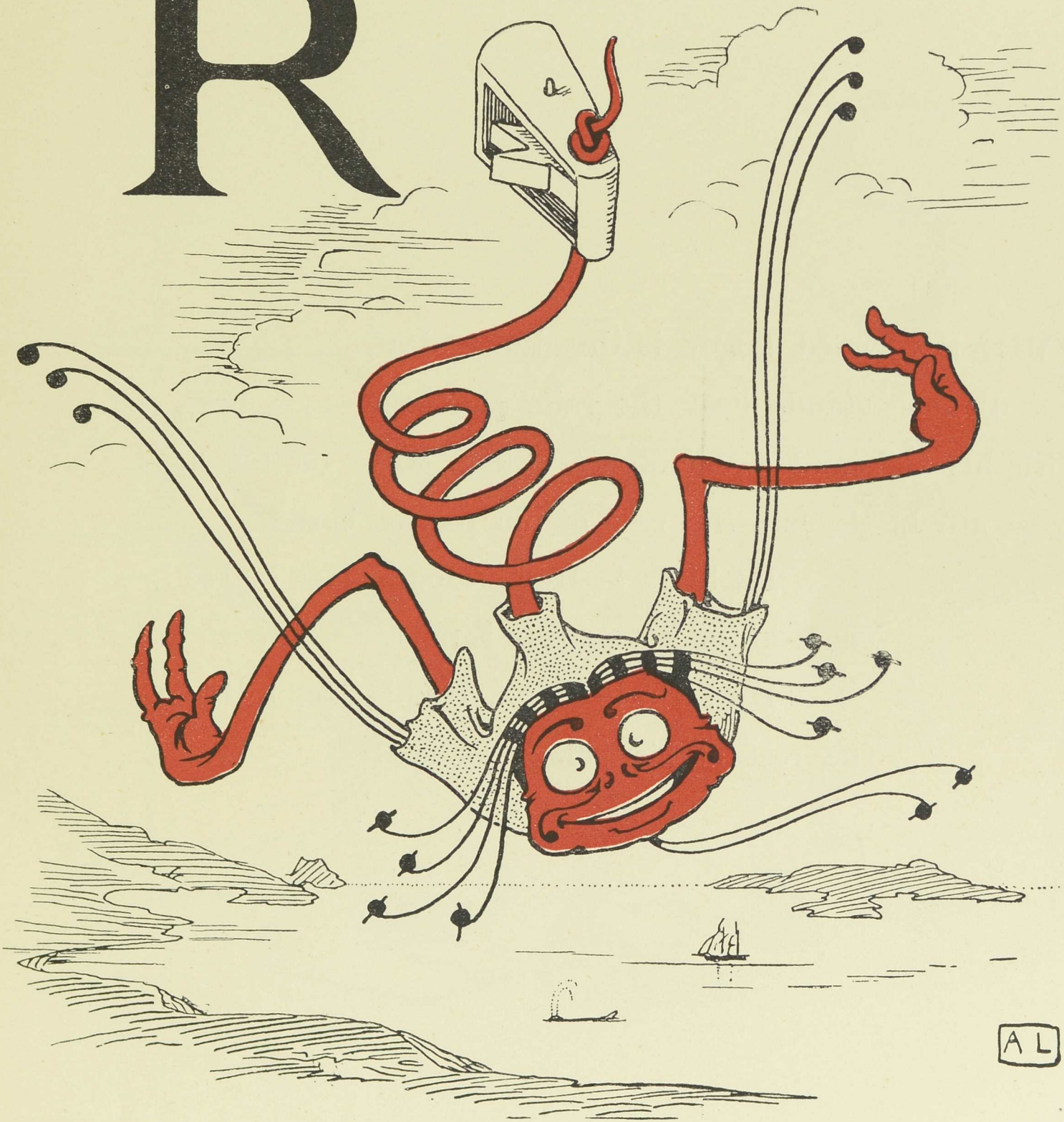
The heart of an obdurate whale !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

The heart of an obdurate whale !



R





THE Six-legged Bogey is dreadfully deaf,

But he stands near the rails and concocts a base clef  
With his tail, and two crotchets which wave on his head.  
These are black, but the rest of his person is red.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

The rest of his person is red !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

The rest of his person is red !



S





**T**HE Trom-bony Bogey is terribly thin,  
And his instrument slides in the bones of his chin.  
Should you hear its terrific and deafening blare,  
You will know all at once what it is to be there.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

At once what it is to be there !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

At once what it is to be there !







THE Un-musical Bogey\* thinks much of himself;

'Tis pity he hasn't been put on the shelf.

His voice is so gruesome, so awful, so vile,

That when Bogeys are round, you may hear them revile.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

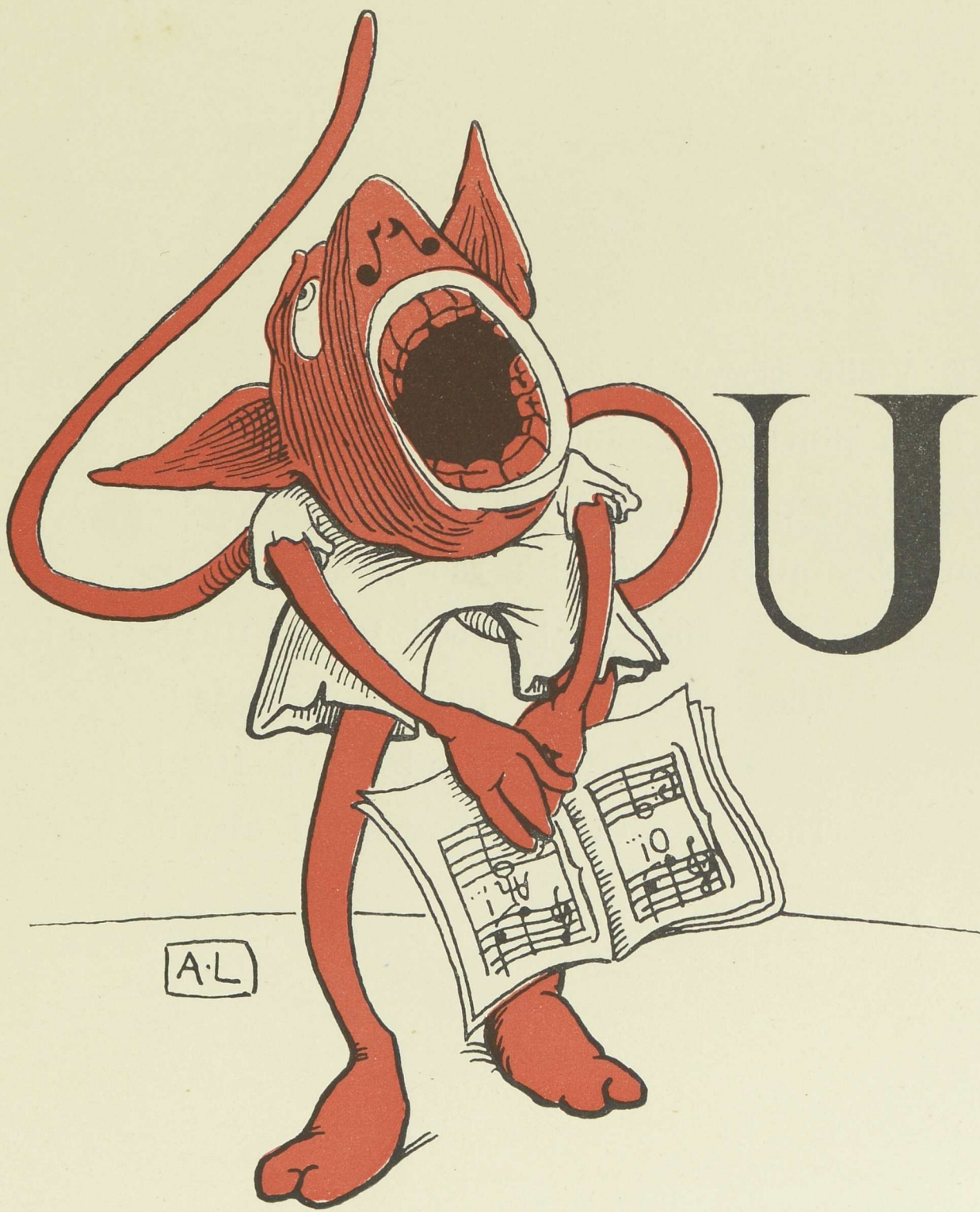
When round, you may hear them revile !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

When round, you may hear them revile !

\* NOTE.—The fact is this tiresome Bogey ought not to have been included in this Portrait Gallery ; but, like a good many other bores who know as much about music as a dust-pan, he had to be included in the party for fear of offending his vanity.—(A. L.)







THE Violin Bogey is stylish and bland,  
Each province of music is at his command,  
Sonatas, Concertos, in fact what you please,  
He can play all the lot with the greatest of ease.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
The lot with the greatest of ease !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !  
The lot with the greatest of ease !







**T**HE Weep-Minim Bogey is flooded with tears,  
And howls with emotion whenever he hears  
Any songs of his youth which recall by their notes  
Those far away days when he sowed his wild oats.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

Those days when he sowed his wild oats !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

Those days when he sowed his wild oats !



W



A.L.



THE 'Xtraord'nary Bogey reclines on his back,  
And warbles sweet tunes with a marvellous knack.  
He twirls on his tail an immense tambourine:  
You might think he was old, but he's only nineteen.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

But truly he's only nineteen !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

But truly he's only nineteen !







THE Yesterday Bogey (so called from her trick  
Of never regarding the beat of the stick),  
Can sing quite in tune, but when ten bars behind,  
A Bogey conductor is somewhat unkind.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

A Bogey conductor's unkind !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

A Bogey conductor's unkind !







THE Zig-zag-gy Bogey curvets in one boot,  
Pressing out a wild air to a ear-splitting hoot.  
A long Concertina's his body, you see,  
An instrument Bogeys entitle Squeegee.

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

All Bogeys entitle Squeegee !

Ha ! Ha !—Hoo ! Hoo !—Hee ! Hee !

All Bogeys entitle Squeegee !











RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,  
LONDON AND BUNGAY.















NR (fol.)

LAYARD, ARTHUR

ALPHABET...

1899



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By Royal Warrant.

# ERARD PIANOS.

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