The Lugubrious Whing-Whang

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The Lugubrious Whing-Whang

ger-ish hand: tick-le me, love, in these lone

some ribs.

Is it the gib-ber of gungs and keeks? Tick-le me, love,

in these lone-some ribs, or what is the sound the whing-whang seeks,
The Lugubrious Whing-Whang

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Crouching low by the winding sheets and holding his breath

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For weeks and weeks. Tickle me, love,

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In these lone some ribs.

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Tickle me! Love!

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ff

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mp
A roint him the wrait-est of wraith-ly things! Tick-le me, love,

in these lone-some ribs, 'tis a fair whing-whang-ess with phos-phor rings,

and bridal jewels of fangs and stings, and she sits and as sad

ly and soft-ly sings as the mil-dewed whir of her own dead wings.
tick - le me, dear, tick - le me

here:

tick - le me, love,

in these lone - some ribs.

Tick - le me, love!

circa 2' 40"