

Seminal

All music, instruments and programming:
Desprez, unless otherwise noted
Vocals: Thilde Meer, Desprez
2019 Desprez
desprez.online

1. Mad Girl's Love Song

Sylvia Plath (1932-1963)

“I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;
I lift my lids and all is born again.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,
And arbitrary blackness gallops in:
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed
And sung me moon-struck, kissed me quite
insane.

(I think I made you up inside my head.)
God topples from the sky, hell's fires fade:
Exit seraphim and Satan's men:
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

I fancied you'd return the way you said,
But I grow old and I forget your name.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

I should have loved a thunderbird instead;
At least when spring comes they roar back again.
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)”

2. Kandels Hora

Music: Harry Kandel

3. Aunt Helen

T.S. Eliot (1888–1965)

Miss Helen Slingsby was my maiden aunt,
And lived in a small house near a fashionable
square
Cared for by servants to the number of four.
Now when she died there was silence in heaven
And silence at her end of the street.
The shutters were drawn and the undertaker
wiped his feet —
He was aware that this sort of thing had occurred
before.
The dogs were handsomely provided for,
But shortly afterwards the parrot died too.
The Dresden clock continued ticking on the
mantelpiece,
And the footman sat upon the dining-table
Holding the second housemaid on his knees —
Who had always been so careful while her mis-
tress lived.

4. Meditation

Traditional

5. Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo,
hurroo
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo,
hurroo
While goin' the road to sweet Athy
A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
hurroo, hurroo

With your drums and guns and drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,
hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,
hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild
When my heart you so beguiled
Why did ye run from me and the child
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo,
hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo,
hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run
When you went for to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo,
hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo,
hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Traditional

6. The Emperor of Ice-cream

Wallace Stevens (1879–1955)

Call the roller of big cigars,
The muscular one, and bid him whip
In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.
Let the wenches dawdle in such dress
As they are used to wear, and let the boys
Bring flowers in last month's newspapers.
Let be be finale of seem.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

Take from the dresser of deal,
Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet
On which she embroidered fantails once

And spread it so as to cover her face.
If her horny feet protrude, they come
To show how cold she is, and dumb.
Let the lamp affix its beam.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

*Additional music: Henry Purcell - Music for the
Funeral of Queen Mary*

7. Funerailles

*Additional music: Pjotr Ilyitsch Tchaikovsky -
The Doll's Funeral | Franz Liszt - Marche Funè-
bre*

8. Homage to my Hips - remix

Lucille Clifton (b. 1936)

these hips are big hips.
they need space to
move around in.
they don't fit into little
petty places. these hips
are free hips.
they don't like to be held back.
these hips have never been enslaved,
they go where they want to go
they do what they want to do.
these hips are mighty hips.
these hips are magic hips.
i have known them
to put a spell on a man and
spin him like a top!

9. Counting the Mad

Donald Justice (1925-2004)

This one was put in a jacket,
This one was sent home,
This one was given bread and meat
But would eat none,
And this one cried No No No No
All day long.

This one looked at the window
As though it were a wall,
This one saw things that were not there,
This one things that were,
And this one cried No No No No

All day long.

This one thought himself a bird,
This one a dog,
And this one thought himself a man,
An ordinary man,
And cried and cried No No No No
All day long.

10. Nocturne - remix

Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

Always I knew it that it could not last
(Gathering clouds, and the snowflakes flying),
Now it is part of the golden past
(Darkening skies, and the night-wind sighing);
It is but cowardice to pretend.
Cover with ashes our love's cold crater –
Always I've known that it had to end
Sooner or later.

Always I knew it would come like this
(Pattering rain, and the grasses springing),
Sweeter to you is a new love's kiss

(Flickering sunshine, and young birds singing).
Gone are the raptures that once we knew,
Now you are finding a new love greater –
Well, I'll be doing the same thing, too,
Sooner or later.

*Additional music: Georg Friedrich Händel -
Oboe Sonata in B-flat major, HWV 357*

11. The Circus Band

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

All summer long we boys
dreamed 'bout circus joys!
Down Main Street comes the band,
Oh! "Ain't it a grand and glorious noise!

Horses are prancing, knights advancing
Helmets gleaming, pennants streaming,
Cleopatra's on her throne!
That golden hair is all her own.

Where is the lady all in pink?
Last year she waved to me I think,

Can she have died? Can! that! rot!
She is passing but she sees me not.

Music: Charles Ives

12. The Maiden

*Additional music: Franz Schubert - String Quartet in d minor Der Tod und das Mädchen D. 810
| String Quintet in C D.956, Adagio*

13. Mad Girl's Love Song - remix 2

Sylvia Plath (1932-1963)

14. Life Is Fine

Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

I went down to the river,
I set down on the bank.
I tried to think but couldn't,
So I jumped in and sank.

I came up once and hollered!
I came up twice and cried!
If that water hadn't a-been so cold
I might've sunk and died.

But it was Cold in that water! It was cold!

I took the elevator
Sixteen floors above the ground.
I thought about my baby
And thought I would jump down.

I stood there and I hollered!
I stood there and I cried!
If it hadn't a-been so high
I might've jumped and died.

But it was High up there! It was high!

So since I'm still here livin',
I guess I will live on.
I could've died for love—
But for livin' I was born

Though you may hear me holler,
And you may see me cry—

I'll be dogged, sweet baby,
If you gonna see me die.

Life is fine! Fine as wine! Life is fine!

Primary music: Samuel Barber - Excursions II

15. From the Coptic - remix

Stevie Smith (1902-1971)

Three angels came to the red red clay
Where in a heap it formless lay,
Stand up, stand up, thou lazy red clay,
Stand up and be Man this happy day.

Oh in its bones the red clay groaned,
And why should I do such a thing? It said,
And take such a thing on my downy head?
Then the first angel stood forth and said,

Thou shalt have happiness, thou shalt have pain,
And each shall fall turn and about again,
And no man shall say when the day shall fall
That thou shalt be happy or not at all.

And the second angel said much the same
While the red clay lay flat in the falling rain,
Crying, I will stay clay and take no blame.

Then the third angel rose up and said,
Listen thou clay, raise thy downy head,
When thou hast heard what I have to say
Thou shalt rise Man and go man's way.

What have you to promise? the red clay moans,
What have you in store for my future bones?
I am Death, said the angel, and death is the end,
I am Man, cries clay rising, and you are my
friend.

16. Lullaby

William Byrd

For Mila

Music: William Byrd - Lullaby | Robert Schumann - Kinderszenen, Op 15 nr.12, Kind im Einschlummern