

The Upstart Crow

Desprez



All music, instruments and programming:
Desprez, unless otherwise noted
Vocals: Thilde Meer, Desprez
2021 Desprez
desprez.online

1. The Kings Sit

Source:
Perotinus - Sederunt Principes
Swedish folksong (trad.)

2. The Wifebeater - remix

Lyrics: Anne Sexton
Vocal: Thilde Meer

There will be blood on the carpet tonight
and blood in the gravy as well.
The wifebeater is out,
the childbeater is out
eating soil and drinking bullets from a cup.
He strides back and forth
in front of my study window
chewing little red pieces of my heart.
His eyes flash like a birthday cake
and he makes bread out of a rock.

Yesterday he was walking
like a man in the world.
He was upright and conservative
But somehow evasive, somehow oontagious.
Yesterday he built me a country
and laid out a shadow where I could sleep
But today a coffin for the madonna and child,
today two women in baby clothes will be hamburg.

With a tongue like a razor he will kiss,
the mother, the child,
and we three will color the stars black
in mernory of his mother
who kept him chained to the food tree
or turned him on and off like a water faucet
and made women through all these hazy years
the enemy with a hear t of lies.

Tonight all the red dogs lie down in fear
and the wife and daughter knit into each other
until they are killed.

3. Expectations

Source: Edvard Grieg - Aase's Death

4. Giulietta quasi una Fantasia

Source:
Ludwig van Beethoven - Piano Sonata nr. 14 op. 27
S'dremlen Feigl (trad. klezmer)

5. Over the Hill And Far Away - remix

Source:
traditional + The Water Is Wide (trad.)
Lyrics: John Gay
Vocals: Thilde Meer, Desprez

Were I laid on Greenland's coast
And in my arms embraced my lass
Warm amidst eternal frost
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

And I would love you all the day
Every night would kiss and play
If with me you'd fondly stray
Over the hills and far away.

Were I sold on Indian soil
Soon as the burning day was closed
I could mock the sultry toil
When on my charmer's breast reposed.

And I would love you all the day
Every night would kiss and play
If with me you'd fondly stray
Over the hills and far away.

6-9. Hamlet Suite

6. Enter
7. Prayer
8. Ghost
9. Hamlet

10. D960

Source:
Franz Schubert - Piano Sonata D.960

11. I Felt a Funeral - remix

Vocal: Thilde Meer

Lyrics: Emily Dickinson

Additional source:

Sergei Rachmaninov - Prelude in Bm opus 32 nr.10

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading - treading - till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through -

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum -
Kept beating - beating - till I thought
My Mind was going numb -

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space - began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here -

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down -
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing - then -

12. Teplice Spa

Source:

Ludwig van Beethoven - Symphony nr. 7

13. Usque ad Mortem

Source:

Francis Poulenc - Motets pour le temps de Penitence

Igor Stravinsky - Symphonie des Psaumes

Hora din Campie (trad. Roumania)

Zoltan Kodaly - Arva Vagyok

Aghchka Jerazanke (trad. Armenia)

14. Not Waving, But Drowning - remix

Lyrics: Stevie Smith

Vocal: Desprez

Nobody heard him, the dead man,
But still he lay moaning:
I was much further out than you thought
And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking
And now he's dead
It must have been too cold for him his heart gave
way,
They said.

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always
(Still the dead one lay moaning)
I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning.

15. Dirge

Source:

Ernst Bloch - Concerto Grosso for strings and piano
nr. 1

Bruralaat (trad. Norway)

16. Tornar a Lagrimar

Source:

Antonio Vivaldi - La Stravaganza op. 4 nr. 2 RV 357

Claudio Monteverdi - Il Ballo dell' Ingrate

Antonio Vivaldi - Concerto for Strin. in Dm RV

169

Elenska Racenica (trad. Bulgaria)

От ворон отстала, а к павам не пристала

