

All music, instruments and programming:
Desprez, unless otherwise noted
Vocals: Thilde Meer, Liez G, Desprez
2022 Desprez
desprez.online

1. Interior (remix)

Her mind lives in a quiet room,
A narrow room, and tall,
With pretty lamps to quench the gloom
And mottoes on the wall.

There all the things are waxen neat
And set in decorous lines;
And there are posies, round and sweet,
And little, straightened vines.

Her mind lives tidily, apart
From cold and noise and pain,
And bolts the door against her heart,
Out wailing in the rain.

Lyrics: Dorothy Parker

Vocal: Thilde Meer

*Additional music: Shostakovitch - Quintet in g minor
for violins, viola, cello and piano, Op. 57*

2. Send No Money - Heads

Send no Money

Standing under the fobbed
Irpendent belly of Tune
Tell me the truth, I said,
Teach me the way things go.
All the other lads there
Were itching to have a bash
But I thought wanting unfair.
It and finding out clash.

So he patted my head, booming Boy,
There's no green in your eye:
Sit here, and watch the hail
Of occurrence clobber life out
To a shape no one sees -
Dare you look at that straight?
Oh thank you, I said, Oh yes please,
And sat down to wait

Half life is over now,
And I meet full face on dark mornings
The bestial visor, bent in
By the blows of what happened to happen.
What does it prove? Sod all

In this way I spent youth,
Tracing the trite untransferable
Truss-advertisement, truth

Heads in the Women's Ward

On pillow after pillow lies
The wild white hair and staring eyes; Jaws stand
open; necks are stretched With every tendon shaiplly
sketched;
A bearded rmuth talks silently
To someone no one else can see.

Sixty years aso they smiled
At lover, husband, first-born child. Smiles are for
youth. For old age come Death's terror and delirium

Lyrics: Philip Larkin

Vocals: Desprez, Liez G

3. Vivis ex Lapidibus

*Source: Olivier Messiaen - Apparition de l'église
éternelle*

4. Mountains of Mourn

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,
With the people here working by day and by night.
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat,
But there's gangs of them digging for gold in the
street.

At least when I asked them that's what I was told,
So I just took a hand at this digging for gold,
But for all that I found there I might as well be
Where the Mountains of Mourn sweep down to the
sea.

I believe that when writing a wish you expressed
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed,
Well if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball,
They don't wear no top to their dresses at all,
I've seen them myself and you could not in truth,
Say that if they were bound for a ball or a bath.
Don't be starting them fashions now Mary Macree,
Where the Mountains of Mourn sweep down to the
sea.

QUALIS ARTIFEX

DESPREZ

THILDE MEER LIEZ G

There's beautiful girls here, oh never you mind,
With beautiful shapes nature never designed,
And lovely complexions all roses and cream,
But O'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same:
That if of those roses you venture to sip,
The colours might all come away on your lip,
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting for me
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

trad. Irish

Vocal: Thilde Meer

5. With Full Faith

Sources:

Ani Ma'amin (trad. Jiddish)

Tchaikovsky - String Quartet in e flat minor op. 30

6. Death & Co - Child (remix)

Death & Co

Two, of course there are two.
It seems perfectly natural now--
The one who never looks up, whose eyes are lidded
And balled, like Blake's.
Who exhibits

The birthmarks that are his trademark-
The scald scar of water,
The nude
Verdigris of the condor.
I am red meat. His beak

Claps sidewise: I am not his yet.
He tells me how badly I photograph.
He tells me how sweet
The babies look in their hospital
Icebox, a simple
Frill at the neck
Then the flutings of their Ionian
Death-gowns.
Then two little feet.
He does not smile or smoke.

The other does that
His hair long and plausible
Bastard
Masturbating a glitter
He wants to be loved.

I do not stir.
The frost makes a flower,
The dew makes a star,
The dead bell,

The dead bell.

Somebody's done for.

Child

Your clear eye is the one absolutely beautiful thing.
I want to fill it with color and ducks,
The zoo of the new

Whose name you meditate --
April snowdrop, Indian pipe,
Little

Stalk without wrinkle,
Pool in which images
Should be grand and classical

Not this troublous
Wringing of hands, this dark
Ceiling without a star.

Lyrics: Sylvia Plath

Vocals: Desprez, Liez G

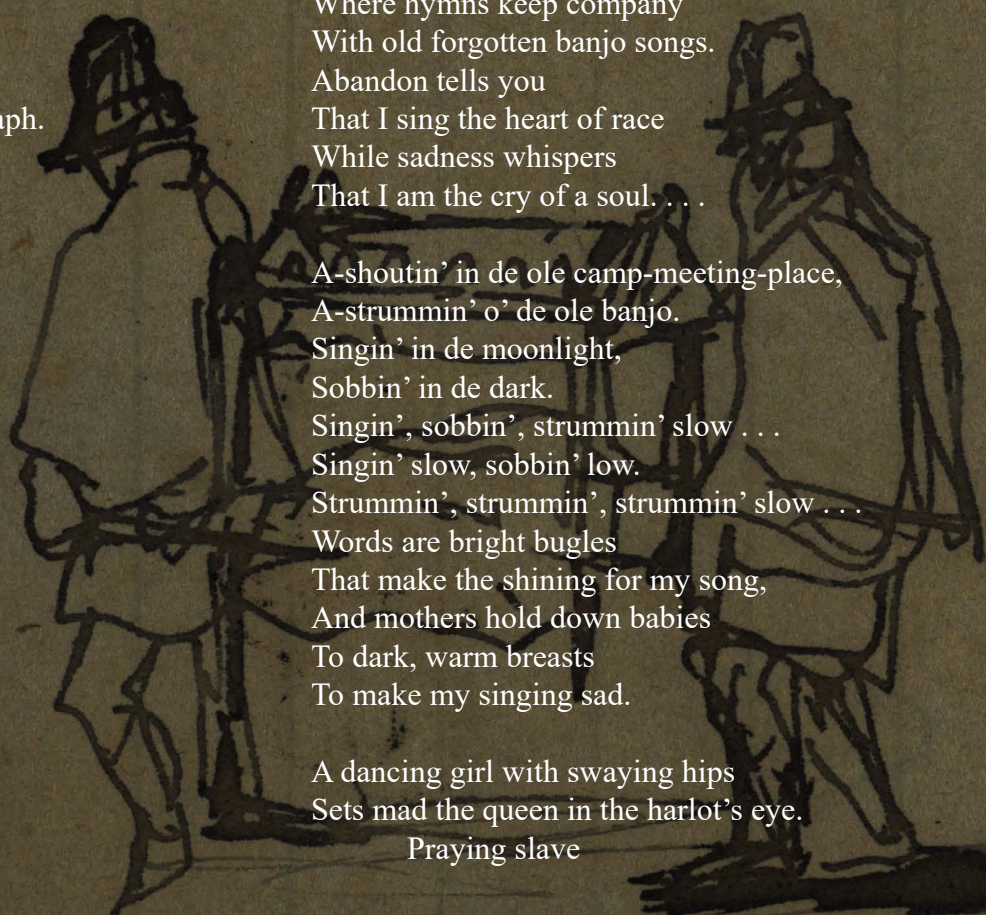
7. Song (remix)

I am weaving a song of waters,
Shaken from firm, brown limbs,
Or heads thrown back in irreverent mirth.
My song has the lush sweetness
Of moist, dark lips
Where hymns keep company
With old forgotten banjo songs.
Abandon tells you
That I sing the heart of race
While sadness whispers
That I am the cry of a soul. . . .

A-shoutin' in de ole camp-meeting-place,
A-strummin' o' de ole banjo.
Singin' in de moonlight,
Sobbin' in de dark.
Singin', sobbin', strummin' slow . . .
Singin' slow, sobbin' low.
Strummin', strummin', strummin' slow . . .
Words are bright bugles
That make the shining for my song,
And mothers hold down babies
To dark, warm breasts
To make my singing sad.

A dancing girl with swaying hips
Sets mad the queen in the harlot's eye.

Praying slave



Jazz-band after
Breaking heart
To the time of laughter .
Clinking chains and minstrelsy
Are wedged fast with melody.
A praying slave
With a jazz-band after . . .
Singin' slow, sobbin' low.
Sun-baked lips will kiss the earth.
Throats of bronze will burst with mirth.
Sing a little faster,
Sing a little faster,
Sing!

Lyrics: Gwendolyn Bennett

Vocal: Thilde Meer

8. Peu de Science, Un Peu de Cœur

Sources:

Giacomo Rossini - Petite Messe Solennelle

Giuseppe Verdi - La Traviata

9. The North Ship II (remix)

This was your place of birth, this daytime palace,
This miracle of glass, whose every hall
The light as music fills, and on your face
Shines petal-soft; sunbeams are prodigal
To show you pausing at a picture's edge
To puzzle out the name, or with a hand
Resting a second on a random page -

The clouds cast moving shadows on the land.

Are you prepared for what the night will bring?
The stranger who will never show his face,
But asks admittance; will you greet your doom
As final; set him loaves and wine; knowing
The game is finished. when he plays his ace
And overturn the table and go into the next room?

Lyrics: Philip Larkin

Vocals: Thilde Meer, Desprez

Additional sources:

Claude Debussy - Sonata for cello and piano

Ralph Vaughan Williams - The Lark Ascending

10. The Dead (remix)

Revolving in oval loops of solar speed,
Couched in cauls of clay as in holy robes,
Dead men render love and war no heed,
Lulled in the ample womb of the full-tilt globe.

No spiritual Caesars are these dead;
They want no proud paternal kingdom come;
And when at last they blunder into bed
World-wrecked, they seek only oblivion

Rolled round with goodly loam and cradled deep,
These bone shanks will not wake immaculate
To trumpet-toppling dawn of dooms truck day:
They loll forever in colossal sleep;
Nor can God's stern, shocked angels cry them up
From their fond, final, infamous decay.

Lyrics: Sylvia Plath

11. Pursuit (remix)

*Dans le fond des forets votre image me
suit*

Racine

There is a panther stalks me down:
One day I'll have my death of him;
His greed has set the woods aflame,
He prowls more lordly than the sun.
Most soft, most suavely glides that step,
Advancing always at my back;
From gaunt hemlock, rooks croak havoc:
The hunt is on, and sprung the trap.
Flayed by thorns I trek the rocks,
Haggard through the hot white noon.
Along red network of his veins
What fires run, what craving wakes?

Insatiate, he ransacks the land
Condemned by our ancestral fault,
Crying: blood, let blood be spilt;
Meat must glut his mouth's raw wound.
Keen the rending teeth and sweet
the singeing fury of his fur;
His kisses parch, each paw's a briar,
Doom consummates that appetite.
In the wake of this fierce cat,
Kindled like torches for his joy,
Charred and ravened women lie,
Become his starving body's bait.

Now hills hatch menace, spawning shade;
Midnight cloaks the sultry grove;
The black marauder, hauled by love
On fluent haunches, keeps my speed.
Behind snarled thickets of my eyes
Lurks the lithe one; in dreams' ambush
Bright those claws that mar the flesh
And hungry, hungry, those taut thighs.

His ardor snares me, lights the trees,
And I run flaring in my skin; what lull, what cool can
lap me in
When burns and brands that yellow gaze?

I hurl my heart to halt his pace,
To quench his thirst I squander blood;
He eats, and still his need seeks food,
Compels a total sacrifice.
His voice waylays me, spells a trance,
The gutted forest falls to ash;
Appalled by secret want, I rush
From such assault of radiance.
Entering the tower of my fears,
I shut my doors on that dark guilt,
I bolt the door, each door I bolt.
Blood quickens, gonging in my ears:

The panther's tread is on the stairs,
Coming up and up the stairs.

Lyrics: Sylvia Plath
Vocal: Thilde Meer

12. The Blind Lady

Music: Francis Poulenc - Caprice en ut majeur
(d'apres la Finale du Bal Masque)

13. Bereft Child's First Night (remix)

I've come to close your door, my handsome, my dar-
ling
I've come to close your door and never come again.
The shadow on the ceiling will not be mine, my dar-
ling.
So if you wake in terror cry some other name.

There's first time and last, my handsome, my treasure,
No other time, nothing between.
So whenever the hand of darkness clenches on your
candle
Shut your eyes, my darling. and slip back into our
dream.

Lyrics: Frances Bellerby
Vocal: Thilde Meer
Additional source: Tchaikovsky - Symphonie nr. 6

14. Ignorance (remix)

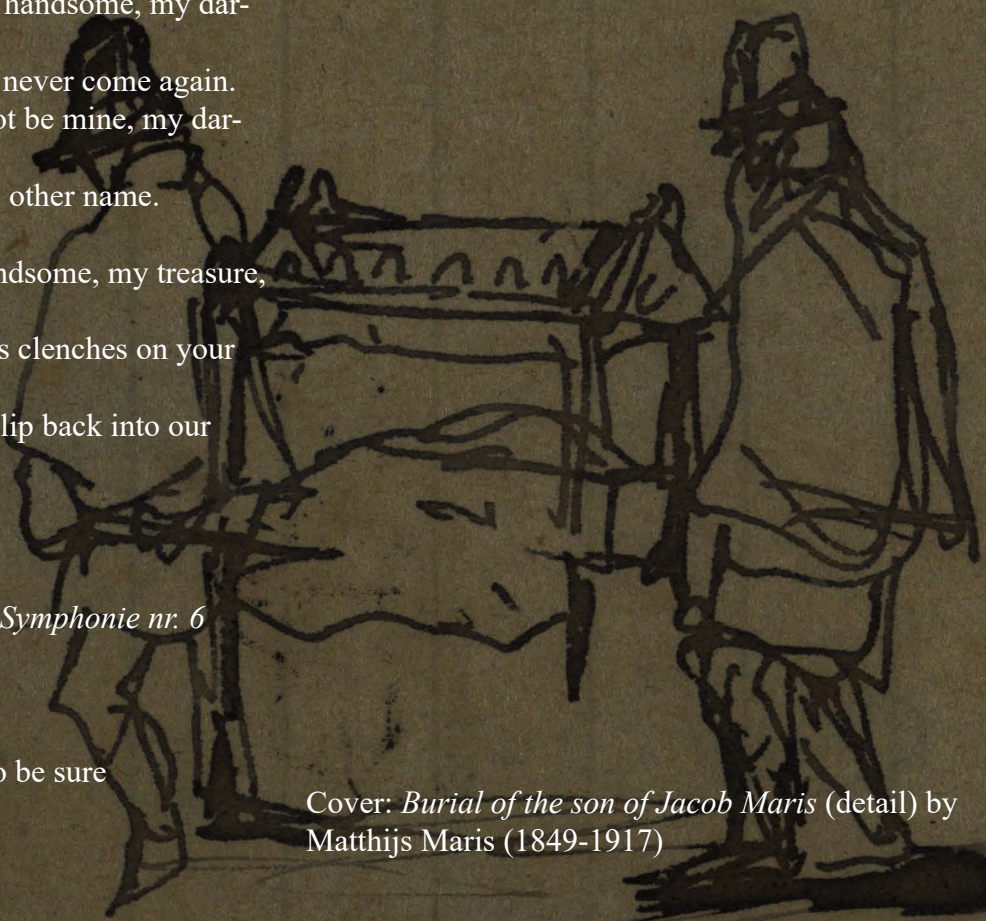
Strange to know nothing, never to be sure
Of what is true or right or real,
But forced to qualify or so I feel

Or Well, it does seem so:
Someone must know.

Strange to be ignorant of the way things work:
Their skill at finding what they need,
Their sense of shape, and punctual spread of seed,
And willingness to change;
Yes, it is strange,

Even to wear such knowledge - for our flesh
Surrounds us with its own decisions
And yet spend all our life on imprecisions,
That when we start to die
Have no idea why.

Lyrics: Philp Larkin



Cover: *Burial of the son of Jacob Maris* (detail) by
Matthijs Maris (1849-1917)