

Printed at Bismarck's Death: Chamber Music

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Produced by Printed at Bismarck's Death, Ingo Beitz & Bruno Kramm

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Chamber Music V.1

Words: James Joyce (Copyright Control), Music: Ansgar Noeth

Camuanorghia

Words and music: Martin von Arndt

A wind has come up from afar
Like a worn out cape round some faded name
Memorandum for a key and green roof
Like a sole voice singing in the marshy dusk:
The crowds of the grave, they will return
The crowds of the grave, they will return
The crowds of the grave, they will return
To Camuanorghia!

There's no crossing though the track has branched off
It's the west winking sickly and his creature appears
It's the scorched hide of the lame and the blind
A sole voice singing in the desert dusk:
The crowds of the grave: they will return,
Led by the cry of a nightingale born
Led by the cry of a nightingale born
Led by the cry of a nightingale still-born
In Camuanorghia.

A sole voice singing in the passing-bell-dusk:
The crowds of the grave: they shall return:
Led by the cry of a nightingale born
Led by the cry of a nightingale still-born
In Camuanorghia.

The Rusty Rivers

Bucuresti – Brugge 1997

Words: Martin von Arndt, Music: Ansgar Noeth

A cat's skull underneath –
Never let me drown
In these waters again –
The blinds / Half / Open
Leave a muddy / Infected / Trace
On the table / On the carpet
Worn out / Shy
At mankind –
Never let me drown
In these waters again.

Time and time again –
Never let me drown
In these waters again –
I will go blind, half / Open
Half blind, half blind, half blind / Instead.

Lightlessness creeps to the door –
Never let me drown
In these rivers again –
My head / Crude / And boned
Bruising heavily
On the dishes / On a tin cup
Spilling stains / Rusty stains
Of waters, of muddy
Muddy / Infected / Waters
To the door.

Crowds

Words and music: Ash, Murphy, Jay, Haskins (Copyright control)

The Sarajevo-Suite

Music: Printed at Bismarck's Death

1. Trazenje Rijeci Za Vukovar / Looking for words for Vukovar

Words: Mate Ganza

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You're looking for the word for Vukovar
Not the word impressed on your mind
That bends and bows or changes obediently
But the word that remains
After all these deadmen
The word throwing a shadow in your mind
The word you cannot bury
Since the word saves from sinking into oblivion
You're looking for the word for Vukovar
The incorruptible word.

2. Ruke Katedrale / Hands of the dome

Words: Ivan Golub

Oh Lord, thou art inside
And my bloody tears,
Infants in God's embrace
Shiver,
And the elder worry
About the days to remain.
The raised hands of Zagreb's dome pray
And terrified lips whisper:
Thou seest the days unknown
And I know: thou livest and seest. Amen.

3. Pusta zemlja / The wasted land

Words: Srecko Diana

This is the wasted land, oh Sibyl!
With ruins dotted, fragments and human bones
With terror and fear
This is the wasted land, oh Sibyl!
The expellee's burnt house
Smashed cross of those crucified
This is the wasted land, oh Sibyl...
That tanks have rooted up
That violence has splashed with blood
That blasphemers have degraded
In misdeed's insane head
And in their devilish nothingness
This is, indeed, the wasted land
Oh you, sterile mistress
This is the wasted land, oh Sibyl...

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Look at this phenix taking wing –
Thou hast told us,
Oh Lord, thou savest me,
Oh Lord, oh Saviour,
For all's in flames
But they can't burn up the whole of it.
This is the wasted land, oh Sibyl...

Unter verschnittenen Weiden...

Words: Georg Trakl, Music: Martin von Arndt

Moonriver

Words: Mercer (Copyright control), Music: Henry Mancini

Never send flowers to a clergyman's funeral

Words and music: Martin von Arndt

Through a / Window / Dusty / Waiting
Father's / Sermons, / Memories / Fading...

Straddled / Two legs / „Now it's / Bedtime!“
Even clerics / Know their / Foreskins...

Nicanoranoranoranoranorana, ...

Fourteen / Years of / Silence, / Starving
Law and / Order / Murmur, / Murder

Enter: / A black robe- / „Pa! it's / Bedtime!“
Took a / Hatchet / Lowered it – / ...ah!

Nicanoranoranoranoranorana, ...

Through a / Window / Bloody / Staring
Father's / Creature's / Flowerettes / Tearing...

Nicanoranoranoranoranorana, ...

Almost An Ode

Words: Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Music: Ansgar Noeth

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Impressum

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