

*Three Sets of Songs and One String Quartet*

*composed by*

*Timothy Prepscius*

Performed by

**Sharon Harms, Soprano**

**Edwin Vega, Tenor**

**Melody Fader, Piano**

**Adam Matthes' PopUp String Quartet**

Sarah Franklin and Anna Hiemstra, violins

Adam Matthes, viola

Mark Humburg, cello

**Three Songs from *Chansons Innocentes* by e e cummings**  
**Sharon Harms, Soprano**  
**Melody Fader Piano**

**Tumbling-hair, e e cummings**

Tumbling-hair  
picker of buttercups  
  
violets  
dandelions  
And the big bullying daisies  
through the field wonderful  
with eyes a little sorry  
Another comes  
also picking flowers



**why did you go, e e cummings**

why did you go  
little fourpaws?  
you forgot to shut  
your big eyes.

where did you go?  
like little kittens  
are all the leaves  
which open in the rain.

little kittens who  
are called spring,  
is what we stroke  
maybe asleep?

do you know? or maybe did  
something go away  
ever so quietly  
when we weren't looking.



**hist whist, e e cummings**

hist whist  
little ghostthings  
tip-toe  
twinkle-toe

little twitchy  
witches and tingling  
goblins  
hob-a-nob hob-a-nob

little hoppy happy

toad in tweeds  
tweeds  
little itchy mousies

with scuttling  
eyes rustle and run and  
hidehidehide  
whisk

whisk look out for the old woman  
with the wart on her nose  
what she'll do to yer  
nobody knows

for she knows the devil ooch  
the devil ouch  
the devil  
ach the great

green  
dancing  
devil  
devil

devil  
devil

wheeEEE



**Three Songs from *Viva*, by e e cummings**  
**Edwin Vega, Tenor**  
**Melody Fader, Piano**

**when hair falls off, e e cummings**

when hair falls off and eyes blur And  
thighs forget (when clocks whisper  
and night shouts) When minds  
shrivel and hearts grow brittle every  
Instant (when of a morning Memory stands,  
with clumsily wilted fingers  
emptying youth colour and what was  
into a dirtied glass) Pills for Ills

(a recipe against Laughing Virginity Death)

then dearest the  
way trees are made leaves  
open Clouds take sun mountains  
stand And oceans do Not sleep matters  
nothing; then (then the only hands so to speak are  
they always which creep budgingly over some  
numbered face capable of a largest nonglance the  
least unsmile  
or whatever weeds feel and fish think of)

**so standing, e e cummings**

so standing, our eyes filled with wind, and the  
whining rigging over us, i implore you to  
notice how the keen ship lifts (skilfully  
like some bird which is all birds but more fleet)  
herself against the air--and whose do you  
suppose possibly are certain hands, terse  
and invisible, with large first new stars

knitting the structure of distinct sunset  
driving white spikes of silence into joists  
hewn from hugest color

(and which night hoists  
miraculously above the always  
beyond such wheres and fears or any when  
unwondering immense directionless  
horizon)

--do you perhaps know these workmen?

**be unto love, e e cummings**

be unto love as rain is unto colour; create  
me gradually (or as these emerging now  
hills invent the air)

breathe simply my each how  
my trembling where my invisible when. Wait  
if i am not heart, because at least i beat  
--always think i am gone like the sun which must go  
sometimes, to make an earth gladly seem firm for you:  
remember (as those pearls more than surround this throat)  
i wear your dearest fears beyond their ceaselessness

(nor has a syllable of the heart's eager dim  
enormous language loss or gain from blame or praise)  
but many a thought shall die which was not born of dream  
while wings welcome the year and trees dance (and i guess

though wish and world go down, one poem yet shall swim





# **String Quartet Nr. 2**

Movements I, II & III

Sarah Franklin and Anna Hiemstra, violins  
Adam Matthes, viola  
Mark Humburg, cello

Thank You

To all of you -  
to all the performers -  
Glenn Cornett of Spectrum.