



THIS  
**LONELY CROWD**

*“I long to talk with some old lover’s ghost,  
Who died before the god of love was born.”*

*Love’s Deity, John Donne*

### FLORBELA EX-PUNK

*(Mais Alto, Florbela Espanca)*

Mais alto, sim! mais alto, mais além  
Do sonho, onde morar a dor da vida,  
Até sair de mim! Ser a Perdida,  
A que se não encontra!

Mais alto, sim! Mais alto! Onde couber  
O mal da vida dentro dos meus braços,  
Dos meus divinos braços de Mulher!

### CLÍODHNA'S WAVE

*(The bubble floats, Mary Shelley)*

The bubble floats before,  
The shadow stalks behind.

### VANCIAN NOISE

*(When You Come, Maya Angelou)*

When you come to me, unbidden,  
Beckoning me  
To long-ago rooms,  
Where memories lie.

Offering me, as to a child, an attic,  
Gatherings of days too few.  
Baubles of stolen kisses.  
Trinkets of borrowed loves.  
Trunks of secret words,

I CRY.

### FURIOSA

*(I Live, I Die, I Burn, I Drown, Delmira Agustini)*

And my hour of greatest delight arrived  
I find my pain beginning all over once again.

## GO WHERE PEOPLE SLEEP AND SEE IF THEY ARE SAFE

(*Mopsa the Fairy: Ch. 8, A Story*, Jean Ingelow)

In the night she told a story,  
In the night and all night through,  
While the moon was in her glory,  
And the branches dropped with dew.

'Twas my life she told, and round it  
Rose the years as from a deep;  
In the world's great heart she found it,  
Cradled like a child asleep.  
In the night I saw her weaving  
By the misty moonbeam cold,  
All the weft her shuttle cleaving  
With a sacred thread of gold.

Ah! she wept me tears of sorrow,  
Lulling tears so mystic sweet;  
Then she wove my last to-morrow,  
And her web lay at my feet.

Of my life she made the story:  
I must weep—so soon 'twas told!  
But your name did lend it glory,  
And your love its thread of gold!

## MYTILDA

(*Minha Cidade*, Cora Coralina)

Eu sou a dureza desses morros,  
revestidos,  
enflorados,  
lascados a machado,  
lanhados, lacerados.  
Queimados pelo fogo.  
Pastados.  
Calcinados  
e renascidos.

## THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF CURIOUS AND INTERESTING NUMBERS

(*Requiescat*, Oscar Wilde)

Tread lightly, she is near  
Under the snow,  
Speak gently, she can hear  
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair  
Tarnished with rust,  
She that was young and fair  
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,  
She hardly knew  
She was a woman, so  
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,  
Lie on her breast,  
I vex my heart alone,  
She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear  
Lyre or sonnet,  
All my life's buried here,  
Heap earth upon it.

## REDIBENZED

(*Hope*, Emily Jane Brontë)

Hope Was but a timid friend;  
She sat without the grated den,  
Watching how my fate would tend,  
Even as selfish-hearted men.

She was cruel in her fear;  
Through the bars one dreary day,  
I looked out to see her there,  
And she turned her face away!

Like a false guard, false watch keeping,  
Still, in strife, she whispered peace;  
She would sing while I was weeping;  
If I listened, she would cease.

False she was, and unrelenting;  
When my last joys strewed the ground,  
Even Sorrow saw, repenting,  
Those sad relics scattered round;

Hope, whose whisper would have given  
Balm to all my frenzied pain,  
Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven,  
Went, and ne'er returned again!

## THIS LONELY CROWD

*Proudly Are*

**Hurleburlebutz** — Guitars

**Bonijov** — Guitars

**Trushbeard the King** — Drums

**Rainha Branca** — Bass, Voice

**Hamelen** — Guitars, Voice

Recorded January - October 2016 at **GUERRILLA DREAMIN' STUDIO** and **NICO'S STUDIO**,  
thru the looking glass of Curitiba - Brazil.

Produced by **Trushbeard the King**.

Art Direction and Design by **Julian "Nightingale" Fisch**.

Photography by **Rafael "Black Phillip" Worell**.

All songs composed and performed by **This Lonely Crowd**.

### Lyrics:

**FLORBELA EX-PUNK** extracted from Florbela Espanca's *Mais Alto*;

**CLÍODHNA'S WAVE** extracted from Mary Shelley's words;

**VANCIAN NOISE** extracted from Maya Angelou's *When You Come*;

**FURIOSA** extracted from Delmira Agustini's *I Live, I Die, I Burn, I Drown*;

**GO WHERE PEOPLE SLEEP AND SEE IF THEY ARE SAFE** extracted from Jean Ingelow's *Mopsa the Fairy*;

**MYTILDA** extracted from Cora Coralina's *Minha Cidade*;

**PIRLIMPIMPIM** is some faerie dust;

**THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF CURIOUS AND INTERESTING NUMBERS** extracted from Oscar Wilde's *Requiescat*;

**REDIBENZED** extracted from Emily Brontë's *Hope*.

*All copyrights, if there are any, were infringed in the name of our love for these adorable writers.*

*In memory of Daniel Orta.*

*Dedicated to our children, the next This Lonely Crowd:  
Laura, Catarina, Benício, Arthur and Matheus.*

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