

"POSSESSED"



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1. Psalm 121 (2:11)

Text, Bay Psalm Book (1640)
Music, American folk song ('Barbara Allen')

2. La Ditié de Jehanne d'Arc (3:29)

Poem, Christine de Pizan (1363-1430)
Music, Anon. Bayeux Manuscript (15th century)

3. O Deusa Dos Orixás (03:00)

Romildo S. Bastos &
Toninho Nascimento (1975)
Arrangement, Harvey Brough

4. Stu Pettu è Fattu Cimbalu d'Amuri (4:24)

From Anastasius Kircher's
'Magnes Sive de Arte Magnetica' (1643)

5. Canarios / Vassi d'lansã (2:52)

Improvisation after
Santiago de Murcia (1673-1739)/Traditional Brazilian

6. Ya Toda Me Entregué y Dí (3:15)

Poem, Santa Teresa de Ávila (1515-1582)
Music, 'Paseábase el Rey Moro'
(Anon. 15th/16th century)

7. Pizzica Nardó (1:21)

Traditional Italian

8. Não Tragais (2:23)

Anon. Cancionero de Paris (16th century)

9. Spellsong (1:56)

Caitriona O'Leary (2002)

10. Ecclesiae Militantis (excerpt) (1:37)

Guillaume Dufay (1400-1477)

11. Fandango (3:37)

Santiago de Murcia (1673-1739)

12. Montanara di Carpino (aka Tarantella del Gargano) (4:54)

Traditional Italian

13. Tamburello Solo (2:01)

Improvisation, Andrea Piccioni

14. Nunc Aperuit Clausa Porta (1:52)

Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)

15. Witchcraft Discovered and Punished To the tune of 'Fortune my Foe' (8:38)

Broadside Ballad (1682)

16. Pizzica Tarentata (3:24)

Traditional Italian

17. Music Makes Me (3:15)

Music, Vincent Youmens
Lyrics, Gus Kahn & Edward Eliscu (1933)
Arrangement, Harvey Brough





ON POSSESSION

Joan of Arc

Satanism voodoo, witchcraft, exorcism, schizoid-psycho killers with multiple personalities; the bizarre phenomenon of possession keeps audiences on the edge of their seats and pop culture impresarios exploit it for all that it's worth. These sensationalized portrayals frighten and fascinate us perhaps because having one's persona, that indescribable essence that makes you you, taken over by an alien spirit, demon, god, totem or other numinous character, is existentially terrifying in the context of the rational, demystified world that we live in. These movies, TV programmes, novels, comic books and other commercial contrivances also purport that such a subliminal, spiritualized and chthonic world actually exists between the cracks in modern world's cathedral of enlightenment.

Long before Linda Blair took on the Catholic Church and made one hell of a mess of her bedroom, possession was an integral feature of religious practice throughout the world. In the Christian west, the possessed individual was canonized or burnt at the stake depending on who or what was doing the possessing. In classical civilization possession trance, or "enthusiasm" as it is literally translated, was central to the worship of Dionysus and was described by Plato, in the Phaedrus, as one of the four categories of madness (telestic mania). In pre-animist and animist religions possession was a fundamental aspect of worship and a critical and binding event in the individual and community's relationship to nature and the divine.

Music plays an important role in most possession rites and practices. Many cults use particular instruments in specific ways to signal or instigate the trance that leads to and incorporates possession; the Thracian aulos was present in corybantic rites, the agogo initiates possession in the Brazilian Candomblé, and other cults and religions use a diversity of drums, bells, voices and stringed instruments.

Music also has many functions in possession, it can signify and invoke spirits and deities, exacerbate hysteria leading to possession and



Sigmund Freud

conversely exorcise or bring a calming conclusion to trance. Together with music, dance is often an important feature of possession rituals and those that are ceremonial frequently resemble theatrical performances, employing costumes, make up, props and role-playing to heighten the experience for participants and spectators.

Possession holds a controversial, special and dualistic position within the worlds of psychology and psychiatry.

Whether metaphor or misconception, historically variations of insanity have been attributed to demonic possession. In such cases priestly magi and sorcerers were called on to employ their proficiency in magic to exorcise the possessed, drive out demons and so cure the afflicted.

Despite the ancient relationship between possession and madness and because possession is a normative and desired feature of so many religions and cults around the world, ethnologists, sociologists, psychologists and psychiatrists often refrain from pathologizing it, instead explaining possession as a cultural or religious phenomenon.

While possession is not recognized as a psychiatric or medical condition by DSM-IV – the manual published by the American Psychiatric Association that includes all currently recognized mental health disorders - some expressions of possession are considered symptomatic of schizophrenia, hysteria, Tourette's syndrome, epilepsy, mania and dissociative identity disorder. While the latter may be considered the possible result of

early sexual trauma, it is also diagnosed as iatrogenic, a bogus ploy for attention or weak ego formation rather than the invasion of any outside entity.

In some cases such as the Salem witch trials, a diagnosis of mass hysteria has been pronounced, not on those claiming to be or accused of being possessed, but on the officials and communities that condemned, prosecuted and punished them.

Investigations of some forms of possession such as southern Italian tarantism have included a diversity of analytic approaches weaving together historical, cultural, religious and psychological interpretations in an attempt to explain the antecedents, operation and dynamics of such complex traditions, practices and conditions.

Eric Fraad

The Oracle of Delphi



Hildegard von Bingen



A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE MUSIC

Finding the music for *Possessed* really came hand in hand with choosing the characters of our stage show. *Possessed* was first presented in 2010 at the Galway Early Music Festival and in 2012 on a tour of Ireland which included performances in Dublin, Kildare, Tuam and Wexford. We presented the show in four sections, each investigating a different and distinct cultural and historical manifestation of possession.

Part 1, *Ecstasy, The Theatre of Heaven*, was set in St. Patrick's Hospital, Dublin and featured the Chief of Psychiatry observing patients believing themselves to be the medieval Christian mystics, Saints Hildegard of Bingen and Teresa of Ávila who, while in the throes of their all-consuming communion with the Divine, would enter ecstatic trances and are even reported to have physically levitated. Saint Joan of Arc was another of our characters, she who was guided by the voices of Saints Michael, Margaret and Catherine to fight for the Dauphin of France. Hildegard is represented by her song "Nunc Aperuit Nobis Clausa Porta", Teresa by her poem "Ya toda me entregué y di" and Joan by some stanzas of the poem "Le Ditie

de Jehanne d'Arc" by her contemporary, the poet Christine de Pizan (1364 – c.1430) and an excerpt from Dufay's motet "Ecclesiae Militantis".

From divine possession to demonic and our Part 2, *Witches, The Theatre of Hell*. Here we presented the trial of Ann "Goody" Glover, who was hanged for the crime of witchcraft in Boston in 1688. She was an Irish woman who had already been sold into slavery and deported from Ireland to Barbados by Cromwell, somehow made her way to Boston where she worked as a laundress until she fell afoul of her employer, John Goodwin. He accused her of having caused four of his children to become seriously ill by black magic. Cotton Mather, in his 1689 best seller *Memorable Providences, Relating to Witchcrafts and Possessions*, described the afflictions of the children (unable to concentrate on their studies, unable to do their chores, unable to read the bible and even flying around the room) and the trial of Goody Glover (who spoke only Irish) in such a hysterical way that it really begs the question: who was possessed (by an unshakeable ideology), the accused or the accusers? Mather's denunciation of Glover and her conviction and execution were the direct precursors of the Salem witch trials.

Goody is represented by "Spellsong", a song I wrote as an off-kilter (in 7/8 time), traditional Irish incantation. Her story is also evoked in "Psalm 121". This is a version from the Bay Psalm Book (1640, the first book to be printed in New England), a book very dear to the psalm-loving puritans, sung, following the popular tradition of

adapting folk tunes to psalm texts, to the tune of Barbara Allen, a popular song of the oral tradition of England, Ireland and America (this one was collected by Cecil Sharp in Tennessee, 1916) and performed in the monodic, heterophonous style as described in many 17th century New England texts, a style that still flourishes in some Baptist congregations of the Southern U.S. and also amongst the members of the Free Church of the Isle of Lewis, Hebrides, Scotland.

Part 3, Candomblé, The Theatre of the Gods. From 17th century North America to 18th and 20th century South America and a little flirtation with the African/Brazilian animistic religion of Candomblé, where adepts are possessed by deities (orixás) while in a music-induced trance.

The music of Africa and the New World, although considered scandalous by the church, quickly became popular in 17th century Portugal and Spain and it is clear that musical ideas and styles were readily traded back and forth across the Atlantic and incorporated into musicians' repertoires. The "Fandango" and "Canários" (the first by Santiago de Murcia, a Spanish composer and guitarist, the second an improvisation after Murcia) might well contain some of the rhythms of Candomblé; the canários was certainly danced in 17th cent Bahia.

In Candomblé specific drum rhythms are used to summon and dismiss each orixá (as in "Vassi d'lansã"), rhythms that are thought to originate in the rhythm of the deity's name as spoken in

the Yoruba language. Our samba, "O Deusa Dos Orixás", a 20th century popular version of the Kongo/Angola-originating street samba, sings of lansã, goddess of winds, hurricanes & the realm of the dead, and Ogun, god of iron, hunting, politics & war.

Part 4, Tarantella, The Theatre of the Spider, was derived from the written observations of Athanasius Kircher who in 1641 witnessed numerous cases of tarantism in Puglia, Southern Italy. Tarantism also involves complicated rituals and specific, functional music. Chronicled for centuries as a feverish, trance-like state brought on by the bite of a tarantula (taranta), and only curable through musical ritual, tarantism is a complex folk belief in which the ceremony of possession and musical cure provide a huge emotional release for the afflicted. The spider would appear to be symbolic but the affliction is undeniably real. As documented by anthropologist Ernesto de Martino in Apulia in 1959, when the victim (tarantata – usually a woman) fell ill musicians were immediately called for. They first had to find the right tune (by investigation of the type and colour of the offending "spider" and by trial and error; for some taranta spirits were sensitive to fast music, others to slow) and then they had to play for many hours as the tarantata moved and danced (in a quite specific choreography and setting) until finally she felt the spider's spirit leave her body. The tarantata and her family were then obliged to travel to the church of St. Paul in Galatina on his feast day (28th of June) in order to pay tribute to the saint and express their gratitude

for the healing. In the church another ritualized possession and healing were enacted (where the saint was invoked as both the spider who bites and as the saviour who heals).

Our scene presented Kircher describing various exorcisms and cases of tarantism which were acted out before him by his assistants and the tarantate. These resulted either in the deliverance of the possessed individual or the death of the tarantata. Our musical offerings represent several types of tarantelle with which to cure the victim: the fast, traditional "Pizzica Nardó", "Pizzica Tarentata" and "Montanara di Carpino", the slow, 17th century "Stu Pettu è Fattu Cimbalu d'Amuri" and a traditional, improvised tamburello solo.

Our finale, a song from the 1933 movie, Flying Down to Rio, "Music Makes Me (Do the Things I Never Should Do)"... speaks for itself!

Caitríona O'Leary



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a Smithsonian/Folkways recording, 1997

Photographs Used

Photographs from eX's production of Possessed directed by Eric Fraad (2012)

Images Used

Poster from the film,

La Pelle di Satana (1971)

Portrait of Sigmund Freud (1922)

by Max Halberstadt

Poster from the film

Kwaheri (1964)

Joan of Arc's Death at the Stake (1843)

by Hermann Anton Stilke

Right-Hand Part of *The Life of Joan of Arc* Triptych

The Oracle of Delphi Answers an Inquirer's Question

by Philippe Auguste Jeanron; unknown artists' representation
known as *Pythia at Thrace*

Image of Hildegard von Bingen

Poster from the film

Tarantulla (1955)

Psalm 121

I to the hills lift up mine eyes,
From whence shall come my aid,
My help doth from Jehovah come,
Which heav'n and earth hath made.

Hee will not let thy foot be mov'd,
Nor slumber; that thee keeps.
Loe hee that keepeth Israell,
Hee slumbreth not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thy keeper is, the Lord
On thy right hand the shade.
The Sun by day, nor Moone by night,
Shal thee by stroke invade.

The Lord will keep thee from all ills
Thy soule hee keeps always,
Thy going out and thy income,
The Lord keeps now and aye.

(Bay Psalm Book, 1640)

La Ditie de Jehanne d'Arc

Tu, Jehanne, de bonne heure née,
Benoist soit cil qui te créa!
Pucelle de Dieu ordonnée,
En qui le Saint Esprit réa

Sa grant grace, en qui ot et a
Toute largesse de hault don,

N'onc requeste ne te véa.
Qui te rendra assez guerdon?

Par miracle fut envoyée
Et divine amonition,
De l'ange de Dieu convoiée
Au roy, pour sa provision.

Une fillette de XVI ans
(N'est-ce pas chose fors nature?),
A qui armes ne sont pesans,
Ains semble que sa norriture

Y soit, tant y est fort et dure!
Et devant elle vont fuyant
Les ennemis, ne nul n'y dure.
Elle fait ce, mains yeulx voiant.

En Christianté et l'Eglise
Sera par elle mis concorde.
Les mescreans dont on devise,
Et les herites de vie orde

Destruira, car ainsi l'acorde
Prophecie, qui l'a predit,
Ne point n'aura misericorde
De lieu, qui la foy Dieu laidit.

Donc desur tous les preux passez,
Ceste doit porter la couronne,
Car ses faiz ja monstrent assez
Que plus prouesse Dieu lui donne

Qu'à tous ceulz de qui l'on raisonne.
Et n'a pas encor tout parfait!

Si croy que Dieu ça jus l'adonne,
Afin que paix soit par son fait.

(Christine de Pisan (1364 – c. 1430))

The Song of Joan of Arc

You, Joan, were born at an opportune time,
Blessed be He who created you!
Maiden, appointed by God,
In whom the Holy Spirit poured His great grace,

In whom there was and is
The greatest generosity of noble gifts,
Who never refused any of your requests,
How can we ever repay you?

Miraculously sent,
By Divine command,
She was guided by God's angel
To the king, for his support.

A little girl of 16
(Is this not something supernatural?),
To whom weapons are not heavy,
Indeed she seems to have been brought
up for this,

So strong and sturdy is she!
And before her flee the enemies,
Not one can endure.
She does this with many eyes watching.
In Christendom and the Church,

Through her will be harmony.
The unbelievers one speaks of
And heretics and their despicable lives

She will destroy,
For thus is it prophesied
That she will have no mercy
For any place that speaks ill of God.

Therefore, above all of history's brave men,
She must wear the crown,
For her deeds show well
That God has given her more courage

Than all those famous men.
And she has not finished yet!
I believe that God has given her to us
To bring about peace.

O Deusa Dos Orixás

*lansã, cadê Ogum? Foi pro mar.
Mas lansã, cadê Ogum? Foi pro mar.*

lansã penteia os seus cabelos macios
Quando a luz da lua cheia clareia as
Âguas do rio.
Ogum sonhava com a filha de Nanã
E pensava que as estrelas eram os
olhos de lansã.

*Mas lansã cadê Ogum? Foi pro mar.
Na terra dos orixás, o amor se dividia*

Entre um deus que era de paz e outro
deus que combatia.
Como a luta sã termina quando existe
um vencedor
Iansã virou rainha da coroa de Xangó.

Mas Iansã cadê Ogum? Foi pro mar.

*(Romildo S. Bastos &
Toninho Nascimento, 1975)*

The Goddess of the Orishas

*Iansã where is Ogum?
But Iansã where is Ogum? He went to the sea.*

Iansã combs her sleek hair
When the light of the full moon glimmers
on the river.
Ogum dreamed of the daughter of Nanã
And believed the stars to be the eyes of Iansã.

But Iansã where is Ogum? He went to the sea.

In the land of the Orishas love was divided
Between a peaceful god and a fighting god.
Since a fight only ends when there is a winner
Iansã became the queen of the crown of Xango.

But Iansã where is Ogum? He went to the sea.

Stu Pettu è Fattù Cimbalu d'Amuri

Stu pettu è fattù cimbalu d'amuri
Tasti li sensi mobili e accorti
Cordi li chianti sospiri e duluri
Rosa è lu cori miu feritu a morti
Strali è lu ferru, chiaì sò li miei arduri
Marteddu è lu pensieri, e la mia sorti
Mastra è la donna mia, ch'a tutti l'huri
Cantando canta leta la mia morti.

*(from Anastasius Kircher's
'Magnes Sive de Arte Magnetica', 1643)*

This breast has become a harpsichord of love
The keys are keen and primed senses
The strings are complaints, sighs and torments
The rose is my heart, fatally wounded
The pins are darts, the levers are my passions
The hammers are my cares and my fate
The maker is my lady, who at all hours
Sings, happily singing of my death.

Ya Toda Me Entregué y Dí

*Ya toda me entregué y dí,
Y de tal suerte he trocado,
Que mi Amado es para mí
Y yo soy para mi Amado.*

Cuando el dulce Cazador
Me tiró y dejó herida,
En los brazos del amor

Mi alma quedó rendida;
Y, cobrando nueva vida,
De tal manera he trocado,
*Que mi Amado es para mí
Y yo soy para mi Amado.*

Hirióme con una flecha
Enherbolada de amor,
Y mi alma quedó hecha
Una con su Criador;
Ya yo no quiero otro amor,
Pues a mi Dios me he entregado,
*Y mi Amado es para mí
Y yo soy para mi Amado.*

(Santa Teresa de Ávila 1515-1582)

*Now I am wholly yielded up, foregone,
And this the pact I made,
That the Beloved should be all mine own,
I His alone!*

Struck by the gentle Hunter
And overthrown,
Within the arms of Love
My soul lay prone.
Raised to new life at last
This contract 'tween us passed,
*That the Beloved should be all mine own,
I His alone!*

With lance embarbed with love
He took His aim –
One with its Maker hence
My soul became.

No love but His I crave
Since self to Him I gave,
*For the Beloved is mine own
I His alone!*

(trans. Benedictines of Stanbrook, 1913)

Não Tragais Borzeguis Pretos

Não tragais borzeguis pretos
Que na corte são defesos
Ora com borzeguis pretos.
Não tragais o que defeso
Porque quem trae o vedado
Anda sempre aventurado
A ser vexado e preso.
Veremos andar aceso
Ora en cuidados secretos
Ora com borzeguis pretos.

E se saber a razão
Deste meu trago quereis
A cor que trago nos pes
Me deu do coração
Porque o meus cuydados
Acesos e mais secretos
Era me ventura pretos.

Não tragais borzeguis pretos
Que na corte são defesos
Ora com borzeguis pretos.

(Cancionero de Paris, 16th century)

Do not wear black boots
At court it is now forbidden
To wear black boots.
Do not wear that which is forbidden
For he who wears what is banned
Will always run the risk
Of being shamed and imprisoned.
They will now see you
Passionately pursuing secret desires
Now wearing black boots.

And if you wish to know the reason
Why I want to wear
This colour on my feet
It comes from the heart
For my desires,
Passionate and most private,
Were my black misfortune.

Do not wear black boots
At court it is now forbidden
To wear black boots.

Ecclesiae Militantis

Ecclesiae militantis
Roma, sedes triumphantis
Patri sursum sidera
Tamen cleri resonantis
Laudem pontifici dantis
Promat voce libera!

Sanctorum arbitrio
Clericorum proprio
Cordo meditantì,
Nequam genus atrio
Recedat ludibrio
Umbrae petulantì

(Guillaume Dufay (1400-1477))

May Rome,
Triumphant seat of the militant church
Of the Heavenly Father,
Resound to the clergy freely singing
Praise to the pope!

Through the intercession of the saints
Through the mediating hearts
Of the priests themselves
Let all evil retreat from the doorway
To the mocking insolence of the shadows.

Montanara di Carpino (aka Tarantella del Gargano)

‘Sta donni comma dei fari pi ama’ ‘sta donni?
Di rose dee fari ‘nu bellu ciardini.

‘Nu bellu ciardini
di rose dee fari ‘nu bellu ciardini
‘ntorni d’‘ntorni lei annammurari.

Lei annammurari
‘ntorni d’‘ntorni lei annammurari

di prete preziosi e ori fini
a mezzo ce la cava ‘na brava funtani.

‘Na brava funtani
a mezzo ce la cava ‘na brava funtani
e ja ja fa’ corri l’acqua sorgentivi.

L’acqua sorgentivi
e ja ja fa’ corri l’acqua sorgentivi
‘ncoppa ce lu mette n’auciello a cantari.

N’auciello a cantari
‘ncoppa ce lu mette n’auciello a cantari
cantava e repusava bella dicevi.

Repusava bella dicevi
cantava e repusava bella dicevi
pi voi so’ addivintato n’auciello
pi’ fareme ‘nu sonno accanto a voi
bella madonna.
Me l’ha fatto annammura’
la cammenatura e lu parla’
si bella tu nun ci jve
annammura’ nun me facivi
me l’ha fatto annammura’
la cammenatura e lu parla’.

Pure la cammenatura e lu parla’
me l’ha fatto annammura’
la cammenatura e lu parla’
si bella tu nun ci jve
annammura’ nun me facivi.
A voie lli, a voie lli, a voie llà.

E sta ‘ncagnata che vuo’ da me?
mammeta lu ssape e lo vuo’ dice pure a te.
Ah! pinciùè
sta ‘ncagnata che vuo’ da me?
mammeta lu ssape e lo vuo’ dice pure a te.

Ah pinciùè
sta ‘ncagnata che vuo’ da me?

(Traditional Italian)

How can I show my love for this woman?
With roses in a beautiful garden
I will surround my beloved
And with precious stones and polished gold
And in the centre of the grotto, a lovely fountain
From which shall flow spring water
And above it I will put a singing bird
Who sings and sits and says:
Beautiful one, for you I have become a bird
I have dreamed of being near you, lovely lady.
I have fallen in love with your elegance and
your speech
Were you not beautiful I would not have
fallen in love.
La la la
Ah, little one, you are angry, what do you
want of me?
Your mother knows and she would tell you.

Nunc Aperuit Nobis Clausa Porta

Nunc aperuit nobis clausa porta
Quod serpens in muliere suffocavit,
Unde lucet in aurora flos de Virgine Maria.

(Hildegard of Bingen 1098-1179)

Now is opened to us a closed door
Which the serpent, by the woman, choked,
Therefore there shines brightly in the dawn the
flower of the Virgin Mary.

Witchcraft Discovered and Punished

Now listen to my Song, good People all,
And I shall tell what lately did befall
At Exeter a place in Devonshire,
The like whereof of late you ne'er did hear.

At the last Assizes at Exeter,
Three aged Women that Imprisoned were
For Witches, and that many had destroy'd;
Were thither brought in order to be tryd

For Witchcraft, that Old Wicked Sin,
Which they for long time had continued in;
And joyn'd with Satan, to destroy the good
Sweet Innocents, and shed their
harmless blood.

But now it most apparent does appear,
That they will now for such their deeds pay dear:

For Satan, having lull'd their Souls asleep,
Refuses Company with them to keep.

A known deceiver he long time has been,
To help poor Mortals into dangerous Sin;
Thereby to cut them off, that so they may
Be plung'd in Hell, and there be made his Prey.

So these Malicious Women at the last,
Having done mischiefs, were by Justice cast;
For it appear'd they Children had destroy'd,
Lamed Cattel, and the Aged much annoy'd,

Having Familiars always at their Beck,
Their Wicked Rage on Mortals for to wreck:
It being proved they used Wicked Charms,
To murder Men, and bring about sad harms.

And that they had about their Bodys strange
And Proper Tokens of their Wicked Change:
As Pledges that, to have their cruel will,
Their Souls they gave unto the Prince of Hell.

The Country round where they did live come in,
And all at once their sad complaints begin;
But Roar in cruel sort, and loudly cry
'Destroy the Witch and end our misery'

But all's in vain, no rest at all they find,
For why? all Witches are to cruelty enclin'd;
And do delight to hear sad dying groans,
And such laments as wou'd pierce
marble Stones.

O God, do Pardon them, while thus they lie
Condemned for their Wicked Deeds to Die:
Which may each Christian do, that they
may find
Rest for their Souls, though Wicked
once inclin'd.

(Broadside Ballad, 1682)

Pizzica Taranta

Rirolala rirolala
Addhu te pizzicau la tarantella?
Sutta lu giru della gunnella.
E Santu Paulu miu de le tarante
Pizzichi le caruse mo tutte quante.

Nanni nanni nanni na
Bellu l'amore e chi lu sape fa!

E Santu Paulu miu de Galatina
Fame na grazia a mie su la prima.
E Santu Paulu miu de le tarante
Fame na grazia a mie a tutte quante.

Nanni nanni

E Santu Paulu miu de Galatina
Fammella cuntentà sta signorina.
E Santu Paulu miu de li scurpiuni
Pizzichi li carusi a li pantaluni.

Nanni nanni
(Traditional Italian)

Where did the little spider bite you?
Under the hem of my skirt.
And my Saint Paul of the tarante
You bite all the girls.

Nanni nanni nanni na
Love is beautiful and so are those who know
how to make love!

And my Saint Paul of Galatina
Grant me grace first of all.
And my Saint Paul of Galatina
Grant me grace and everyone.

Nanni nanni

And my Saint Paul of Galatina
Hear this young girl's prayer.
And Saint Paul of the scorpions
You bite the boys in the pants.

Nanni nanni

Music Makes Me (Do the Things I Never Should Do)

In me you see a sinner and dancing is my crime
It seems a sin: I gotta give in to syncopated time
It makes me lose my dignity, it makes me
lose my poise
Some folks call it music, my folks call it noise.
I like music old and new, but music makes me
do the things I never should do.



I like music sweet and blue, but music makes
me do the things I never should do.

My self control was something to brag about
now it's a gag about town
The things I do are never forgiven and just
when I'm living them down
I hear music then I'm through 'cause music
makes me do the things I never should do.

(Youmans, Kahn, Eliscu, 1933)

Translations: C.O'Leary



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Voice & Guitar

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Guitars & Percussion

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Psaltery, Guitar, Percussion

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Recorded June 2010, St. Peter's Church of
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Tracks 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17

Recorded June 2012, Temple Lane Studios,
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Tracks 1, 2, 8, 10, 13, 16

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