

## Memories

*(Words and music by Charles Ives)*

### A. Very Pleasant

We're sitting in the opera house;  
We're waiting for the curtain to  
arise  
With wonders for our eyes;  
We're feeling pretty gay,  
And well we may,  
"O, Jimmy, look!" I say,  
"The band is tuning up  
And soon will start to play."  
We whistle and we hum,  
Beat time with the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house;  
We're waiting for the curtain to  
arise  
With wonders for our eyes,  
A feeling of expectancy,  
A certain kind of ecstasy,  
Expectancy and ecstasy... Sh's's's.  
"Curtain!"

### B. Rather Sad

From the street a strain on my ear  
doth fall,  
A tune as threadbare as that "old  
red shawl,"  
It is tattered, it is torn,  
It shows signs of being worn,  
It's the tune my Uncle hummed  
from early morn,  
'Twas a common little thing and  
kind 'a sweet,  
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow  
up both his feet;  
I can see him shuffling down  
To the barn or to the town,  
A humming.

## The Housatonic at Stockbridge

*(Words by Robert Underwood Johnson,  
music by Charles Ives)*

Contented river! In thy dreamy  
realm  
The cloudy willow and the plummy  
elm:  
Thou beautiful!  
From ev'ry dreamy hill  
what eye but wanders with thee at  
thy will,  
Contented river!  
And yet over-shy  
To mask thy beauty from the eager  
eye;  
Hast thou a thought to hide from  
field and town?  
In some deep current of the sunlit  
brown  
Ah! there's a restive ripple,  
And the swift red leaves  
September's firstlings faster drift;  
Wouldst thou away, dear stream?  
Come, whisper near!  
I also of much resting have a fear:  
Let me tomorrow thy companion  
be,  
By fall and shallow to the  
adventurous sea!

## They are There

*(Words and music by Charles Ives)*

There's a time in many a life,  
when it's do though facing death  
and our soldier boys will do their  
part  
that people can live  
in a world where all will have a say.  
They're conscious always of their  
country's aim,  
which is Liberty for all.  
Hip hip hooray you'll hear them say  
as they go to the fighting front.

Brave boys are now in action  
They are there, they will help to free  
the world  
They are fighting for the right  
But when it comes to might,  
They are there, they are there, they  
are there,  
As the Allies beat up all the  
warhogs,  
The boys'll be there fighting hard  
and then the world will shout  
the battle cry of Freedom.  
Tenting on a new camp ground.

When we're through this cursed  
war,  
All started by a sneaking gouger,  
making slaves of men  
Then let all the people rise,  
and stand together in brave, kind  
Humanity.  
Most wars are made by small stupid  
selfish bossing groups  
while the people have no say.  
But there'll come a day  
Hip hip Hooray  
when they'll smash all dictators to  
the wall.  
Then it's build a people's world  
nation Hooray  
Ev'ry honest country free to live its  
own native life.  
They will stand for the right,  
but if it comes to might,  
They are there, they are there, they  
are there.  
Then the people, not just politicians  
will rule their own lands and lives.  
Then you'll hear the whole universe  
shouting the battle cry of Freedom.  
Tenting on a new camp ground.

## **Remembrance**

*(Words and music by Charles Ives)*

The music in my heart I bore / Long after it  
was heard no more - Wordsworth

A sound of a distant horn,  
O'er shadowed lake is borne,  
my father's song.