

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.