

Supplementary program information • For all other information on tonight's program, see page 28 in *APPLAUSE at Strathmore*.

Strathmore and PostClassical Ensemble *present*
Charles Ives: A Life in Music

Thursday, November 3, 2011

part of

The Ives Project

Thursday November 3–Saturday, November 5, 2011

MEMORIES (1897)

Charles Ives

We're sitting in the opera house,
the opera house, 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 whistle and we hum, beat time with the drum,
We're sitting in the opera house,
the opera house, the opera house,
awaiting for the curtain to rise with wonders
for our eyes,
a feeling of expectancy, o certain kind of ecstasy,
expectancy and ecstasy, expectancy and ecstasy
shhhhhhhhhhh!
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 'twos 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 CIRCUS BAND (1894)

Charles Ives

All summer long, we boys dreamed
'bout big circus joys!
Down Main street, comes the band,
Oh, Ain't it a grand and glorious noise!
Horses are prancing, Knights advancing;
Helmets gleaming, Pennants streaming,
Cleopatra's on her throne
That golden hair is all her own.
Where is the lady all in pink?
Last year she waved to me I think,
Can she have died? Can that! rot!
She is passing but she sees me not.

FELDEINSAMKEIT (1900)

Herman Almers

*Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn' Unterlass,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.
Und schöne weisse Wolken ziehn dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Traume;-
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin,
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Raume.*

Quite still I lie where green the grass and tall
and gaze above me into depths unbounded,
By voices of the woodland a constant call,
And by the wondrous blue of Heav'n surrounded.
Lovely snow white clouds drift far and wide,
like silent dreams through deeps of azure wending,
I feel as though I long ago had died,
Still I lie where green the grass and tall
and gaze above me into depths unbounded. *(continued next page)*

(continued from previous page)

REMEMBRANCE (1921)

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

THE HOUSATONIC AT STOCKBRIDGE (1921)

Robert Underwood Johnson

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 overshy
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 dream?
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!

MAJORITY (1921)

Charles Ives

The Masses
The Masses have toiled,
Behold the Works of the World!
The Masses are thinking,
Whence comes he Thought of the World!
The Masses are singing,
Whence comes the Art of the World!
The Mosses are yearning,
Whence comes the Hope of he World.
The Masses are dreaming,
Whence come the Visions of God!
God's in His Heaven,
All will be well with the World!

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN (1914)

Vachel Lindsay

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum
(Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Halleluiah

Saints smiled gravely and they said,

“He's come”

(Washed in the blood of he lamb?
the blood of the lamb?)

Walking lepers followed rank on rank
Lurching bravoos from the ditches dank
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale
Minds still passion ridden, soul powers frail:
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death
(Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of he lamb?)
Ev'ry slum had sent its half a score
The round world over.
(Booth had groaned for more)
Ev'ry banner that the wide world flies,
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.
Big-voiced lassies made their banjos bang,
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang:

Are you? Are you washed in the blood?
In the blood of the lamb of the Lamb?
Hallelujah, Lord, Hallelujah!

It was queer to see
Bullnecked convicts with that land make free.
Loons with trumpets blowed a blare
On, on, upward thro' the golden air!

(Are you washed in the blood in the blood
of the Lamb,
in the blood of the lamb,
the Larnb of the lamb, the lamb?)

Jesus came from the courthouse door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones,
Round and round the mighty courthouse square,
Yet! in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.
The lame were straightened, withered limbs
uncurled
And blind eyes opened on a new sweet world
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

THOREAU (1915)

His meditations are interrupted only by the
faint sound of the Concord bell, “A melody,
as it were, imported into the wilderness.
At a distance over the woods the sound
acquires a certain vibratory hum as if the
pine needles in the horizon were the strings
of a harp which it swept ... a vibration of
the universal lyre, just as the intervening
atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth,
interesting to the eyes by the azure tint it
imparts.” —*Thoreau*

He grew in those seasons like corn in the
night, in revery, on the Walden shore,
amidst the sumach, pines and hickories,
in undisturbed solitude. —*Charles Ives*
quoting Thoreau

DOWN EAST (1919)

Songs! Visions of my homeland,
come with strains of childhood,
Come with tunes we sang in school days
and with songs from mother's heart,
Way down east in a village by the sea,
stands an old, red farm house
that watches o'er the lea;
All that is best in me, lying deep in memory,
draws my heart where I would be, nearer
to thee

CRADLE SONG (1919)

A.L. Ives

Hush thee, dear child to slumbers;
We will sing softest numbers;
Nought thy sleeping encumbers.
Summer is slowly dying;
Autumnal winds are sighing;
Faded leaflets are flying.
Bright the willows quiver;
Peacefully flows the river;
So shall love flow forever.

AT THE RIVER (1916)

Robert Lowry

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Yes we'll gather at the river
that flows by the throne of God.
Shall we gather, shall we gather at the river?

SERENITY (1919)

J. G. Whittier

O, Sabbath rest of Galilee
O, calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee,
the silence of eternity
Interpreted by love.
Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess,
the beauty of thy peace.



Today's Program

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Interpreting Ives

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SLOW MARCH (1888)

One evening just at sunset we laid him in the grave;
Although a humble animal his heart was true and brave.
All the family joined us, in solemn march and slow,
From the garden place beneath the trees and where
the sunflowers grow.

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THE SIDE SHOW (1921)

"Is that Mister Riley,
who keeps the hotel?"
is the tune that accomp'nies
the trotting-track bell;
An old horse unsound,
turns the merry-go-round,
making poor Mister Riley
look a bit like a Russian dance,
some speak of so highly,
as they do of Riley!

WALTZ (1895)

Round and round the old dance ground,
Went the whirling throng,
Moved with wine and song;
Little Annie Rooney,
(now Mrs. Mooney),
Was as gay as birds in May,
s'her Wedding Day.

Far and wide's the fame of the bride,
Also of her beau,
Every one knows it's "Joe;"
Little Annie Rooney,
(now J. P. Mooney,)
All that day, held full sway
o'er Av'nue A!
"An old sweetheart!"

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