

Wondrous Free: Song of America II  
Thomas Hampson Media (THM), 2009

Thomas Hampson, baritone  
Wolfram Rieger & Craig Rutenberg, piano

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1. My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free (1759)

Music: Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791)

Text: Thomas Parnell (1679-1718)

**German Translation by Kathrin Brunner**

My days have been so wondrous free,  
the little birds that fly with careless  
ease from tree to tree  
were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters if a tear  
of mine increased their stream.  
And ask the breathing gales if e'er  
I lent a sigh to them.

Meine Tage waren so wundersam frei.  
Die kleinen Vögel, die mit sorgloser  
Leichtigkeit von Baum zu Baum fliegen,  
Waren so selig wie ich.

Frag das fließende Wasser, ob von mir  
Ja eine Träne in seinen Strom fiel.  
Und frag die luftigen Stürme,  
Ob ich ihnen je einen Seufzer lieh.

## 2. A Simple Song (1971)

Music: Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Text: Leonard Bernstein & Stephen Schwartz

Sing God a simple song:

Lauda, Laude...

Make it up as you go along:

Lauda, Laude...

Sing like you like to sing.

God loves all simple things,

For God is the simplest of all.

I will sing the Lord a new song

To praise Him, to bless Him, to bless the Lord.

I will sing His praises while I live.

All of my days.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,

Blessed is the man who praises Him.

Lauda, Lauda, Laude...

And walks His ways.

I will lift up my eyes

To the hills from whence comes my help.

I will lift up my voice to the Lord

Singing Lauda, Laude.

For the Lord is my shade,

Is the shade up on my right hand,

And the sun shall not smite me by day

Nor the moon by night.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord

Lauda, Lauda, Laude...

And walks His ways.

Lauda, Lauda, Laude, Lauda, Lauda, di da di day...

All of my days.

### 3. Songs My Mother Taught Me (1895)

Music: Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Text: Adolf Heyduk (1835-1923)

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished,  
Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished.  
Now I teach my children each melodious measure;  
Often tears are flowing from my memory's treasure.

4. A Time For Farewell (1982)

Music: Jay Ungar (b. 1946)

Text: Cleo Laine (b. 1927)

I can see a distant light,  
hear the music all surrounding  
that shatters the silence  
so heavy to bear  
lifts my soul into the night  
fills my heart with love abounding  
and brings me peace we all surely will share.

Tho it's time for farewell  
the time for the parting  
whatever the dawn may bring you  
will be part of my heart  
each living moment, each summer  
each autumn, each winter, each spring.

I can see...

There'll be a part of my heart fill'd with the mem'ry of summer  
each autumn, each winter, each spring.

5. Shenandoah

Traditional

Arranged by Stephen White (b. 1943)

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Away, you rolling river  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter  
Away, you rolling river  
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter  
Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,  
Away, you rolling river  
Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,  
Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

6. God Be In My Heart (1950)

Music: Elinor Remick Warren (1900-1991)

Text: Anonymous 16th Century

**German Translation by Kathrin Brunner**

God be in my heart  
And in my understanding;  
God be in my eyes  
And in my looking;

God be in my lips  
And in my speaking;  
God be in my heart,  
God be in my heart

And in my thinking;  
God be with me at the end  
And at my departing.  
Oh, oh, God be in my heart.

Gott sei in meinem Herzen  
Und in meinem Kopf;  
Gott sei in meinen Augen  
Und in meinem Blick;

Gott sei in meinen Lippen  
und in meiner Rede;  
Gott sei in meinem Herzen,  
Gott sei in meinem Herzen.

Und in meinem Denken,  
Gott sei bei mir am Ende  
Und bei meinem Abschied.  
Oh, Oh, Gott sei in meinem Herzen.

7. Looking Glass River (1909)

Music: John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951)

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

Smooth it slides upon its travel,  
Here a wimple, there a gleam –  
O the clean gravel!  
O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,  
Paven pools as clear as air –  
How a child wishes  
To live down there.

Smooth it slides upon its travel,  
Here a wimple, there a gleam –  
O the clean gravel!  
O the smooth stream!



8. At Even (1930)

Music: Elinor Remick Warren (1900-1991)

Text: Thomas S. Jones, Jr. (1882-1932)

You and I, the road, and the fading twilight,  
Dusk and shadows lost in the winding distance.  
Then the night, and all but the starry spaces.  
Folded in the darkness.  
Just the winding road and the hills at even.  
You and I alone, with the stars above us.  
Only this, and silence to seal forever.  
Only dream of beauty.  
You and I, the road, and the fading twilight.

9. Richard Cory (1948)  
Music: John Woods Duke (1899-1984)  
Text: E. A. Robinson (1869-1935)

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,  
We people on the pavement looked at him:  
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,  
Clean favored and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,  
And he was always human when he talked;  
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,  
"Good morning," And he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich, yes richer than a king,  
And admirably schooled in every grace:  
In fine, we thought that he was everything  
To make us wish we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,  
And went without the meat and cursed the bread;  
And Richard Cory one calm summer night,  
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

### **German Translation by ORF-Redaktion**

*Immer wenn Richard Cory in die Stadt kam,  
beneideten wir Leute von der Straße ihn:  
ein Gentleman vom Scheitel bis zur Sohle,  
aristokratisch der Gang, schmal die Figur.*

*Er war immer stattlich gekleidet  
und sprach nur in gedämpftem Ton;  
doch klopfte das Herz dem, den er grüßte,  
und er glänzte, wenn er ging.*

*Und er war reich, reicher als ein König,  
und in den Tugenden geschult.  
Jeder von uns wünschte,  
er wäre an seiner Stelle.*

*Doch das Leben ging weiter,  
und wir verfluchten unser Dasein  
- und in einer schönen Sommernacht  
schoß Richard Cory sich eine Kugel durch den Kopf.*

10. Miniver Cheevy (1948)  
Music: John Woods Duke (1899-1984)  
Text: E. A. Robinson (1869-1935)

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,  
Grew lean when he assailed the seasons;  
He wept that he was ever born,  
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old  
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;  
The vision of a warrior bold  
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,  
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;  
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,  
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown  
That made so many a name so fragrant;  
He mourned Romance, now on the town,  
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,  
Albeit he had never seen one;  
He would have sinned incessantly  
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace  
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;  
He missed the mediaeval grace  
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,  
But sore annoyed was he without it;  
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,  
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,  
Scratched his head and kept on thinking:  
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,  
And kept on drinking.

11. Luke Havergal (1948)

Music: John Woods Duke (1899-1984)

Text: E. A. Robinson (1869-1935)

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,  
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,  
And in the twilight wait for what will come.  
The leaves will whisper there of her, and some,  
Like flying words, will strike you as they fall;  
But go, and if you listen she will call.  
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal –  
Luke Havergal.

No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies  
To rift the fiery night that's in your eyes;  
But there, where western glooms are gathering,  
The dark will end the dark, if anything:  
God slays Himself with every leaf that flies,  
And hell is more than half of paradise.  
No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies –  
In eastern skies.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,  
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss  
That flames upon your forehead with a glow  
That blinds you to the way that you must go.  
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,  
Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.  
Out of a grave I come to tell you this –  
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,  
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.  
Go, for the winds are tearing them away, –  
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,  
(Nor any more to feel them as they fall;) [line omitted by Duke]  
But go, and if you trust her she will call.  
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal –  
Luke Havergal.

12. Grief (1953)

Music: William Grant Still (1895-1978)

Text: LeRoy V. Brant (1890-1969)

**German Translation by Susan Perkins**

Weeping angel with pinions trailing  
An head bowed low in your hands.  
Mourning angel with heartstrings waiting  
For one who in deaths hall stands,  
Mourning angel silence your wailing  
And raise your head from your hands,  
Weeping angel with pinions trailing,  
The white dove, promise, stands!

*Weinender Engel mit hängenden Flügeln  
und in die Hände gesenktem Haupt.  
Trauernder Engel, in Schmerzen wartend  
auf einen, der vor dem Tode steht.  
Trauernder Engel, hör auf zu weinen  
und heb den Kopf aus deinen Händen,  
weinender Engel mit hängenden Flügeln,  
sieh, die weiße Taube, Hoffnung, steht vor  
dir!*

13. Heavenly Grass (1946)  
from *Blue Mountain Ballads*  
Music: Paul Bowles (1910-1999)  
Text by Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)  
**German Translation by Werner Richter**

My feet took a walk  
In heavenly grass  
All day while the sky shone  
clear as glass,  
My feet took a walk  
In heavenly grass.  
All night while the lonesome stars  
rolled past,  
Then my feet come down  
to walk on earth  
And my mother cried  
When she gave me birth.  
Now my feet walk far  
And my feet walk fast,  
But they still got an itch  
for heavenly grass.  
But they still got an itch  
for heavenly grass.

*Meine Füße spazierten  
In himmlischem Gras,  
Des Tags, da der Himmel schien  
klar wie Glas,  
Meine Füße spazierten  
In himmlischem Gras.  
Des Nachts, von einsamen Sternen  
durchrast,  
Da kamen die Füße  
zur Erde herab,  
Und meine Mutter schrie,  
Als sie mein Leben mir gab.  
Nun geh'n meine Füße weit,  
Sie gehen rasch fürbaß,  
Doch es bleibt ihnen die Sehnsucht  
nach himmlischem Gras.  
Doch es bleibt ihnen die Sehnsucht  
nach himmlischem Gras.*

14. Lonesome Man (1946)  
from *Blue Mountain Ballads*  
Music: Paul Bowles (1910-1999)  
Text by Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)

My chair rock-rocks by the door all day  
But nobody ever stops my way,  
Nobody ever stops my way.  
My teef chaw-chaw on an old ham bone  
An' I do the dishes all alone,  
I do the dishes all by my lone.  
My feet clop-clop on the hardwood floor  
'Cause I won't buy love at the hardware store,  
I don't want love from the mercantile store.  
Now the clock tick-tocks by my single bed  
While the moon looks down at my sleepless head,  
While the moon grins down at an ole fool's head.

**German Translation by Werner Richter**

*Mein Stuhl schauk-schaukelt an der Tür wohl immer,  
Doch niemand besucht mich in meinem Zimmer,  
Keiner kommt je auf Besuch in mein Zimmer.  
Meine Zähne nig-nagen ein altes Rippenbein,  
Und den Abwasch, den mach ich ganz allein,  
Meinen Abwasch schaff ich durchaus allein.  
Meine Füße trip-trapsen auf dem Holzfußboden,  
Denn ich kauf mir keine Liebe im Elektroladen,  
Nein, ich will keine Liebe aus dem Krämerladen.  
Und die Uhr tick-tackt an meinem Bett ohne Mädels,  
Wenn der Mond mir bescheint den schlaflosen Schädel,  
Ja, wenn der Mond grinst über meinem Narrenschädel.*

15. Cabin (1946)

from *Blue Mountain Ballads*

Music: Paul Bowles (1910-1999)

Text by Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)

**German Translation by Werner Richter**

The cabin was cozy  
And hollyhocks grew  
Bright by the door  
Till his whisper crept through.  
The sun on the sill  
Was yellow and warm  
Till she lifted the latch  
For a man or a storm.  
Now the cabin falls  
To the winter wind  
And the walls cave in  
Where they kissed and sinned.  
And the long white rain  
Sweeps clean the room  
Like a white-haired witch  
With a long straw broom!

*Das Blockhaus lag still,  
Und Stockrosen wuchsen  
Bunt bei der Tür,  
Bis sein Flüstern sich einschlich.  
Das Sonnenlicht am Fenster  
War golden und warm,  
Bis sie auftat die Luke  
Einem Mann oder einem Unwetter.  
Doch nun fällt das Blockhaus  
Dem Winterwind anheim,  
Und die Wände, sie brechen,  
Wo sie sich geküßt und gesündigt.  
Und der lange weiße Regen  
Fegt leer das Zimmer  
Wie eine weißhaarige Hexe  
Mit einem großen Reisigbesen!*



16. Sugar in the Cane  
from *Blue Mountain Ballads*  
Music: Paul Bowles (1910-1999)  
Text by Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)

I'm red pepper in a shaker,  
Bread that's waitin' for the baker.  
I'm sweet sugar in the cane,  
Never touched except by rain.  
If you touched me, God save you,  
These summer days are hot and blue.  
I'm potatoes not yet mashed,  
I'm a check that ain't be cashed.  
I'm a window with a blind,  
Can't see what goes on behind.  
If you did, God save your soul!  
These winter nights are blue and cold!

**German Translation by Werner Richter**

*Ich bin roter Pfeffer im Streuer,  
Bin Brot auf dem Weg zum Bäcker.  
Ich bin süßer Zucker im Zuckerrohr,  
Von niemand berührt, nur vom Regen.  
Wenn du mich berührst, Gott sei gegrüßt dir,  
Die Sommertage sind hier heiß und düster.  
Ich bin Kartoffeln vor der Maische,  
Bin ein Scheck, uneingelöst,  
Ich bin ein Fenster mit zugeklapptem Laden,  
Kann niemand sehn, was drin vor sich geht.  
Und wenn du es sähest, Gott gebe dir Halt!  
Die Winternächte sind hier düster und kalt!*

17. In Flanders Fields (1917)  
Music: Charles Ives (1874-1954)  
Text: John McCrae (1872-1918)

In Flanders fields the poppies blow;  
Between the crosses, row on row  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
the larks still bravely singing fly,  
Scarce heard amidst the guns below

We are the dead. Short days ago  
we lived, felt dawn,  
saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
in Flanders fields... Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you from falling hands we throw,  
We throw the torch. Be yours to hold it high  
If ye break faith with us who die...  
We shall not sleep though the poppies grow  
In Flanders fields...

### **Anonymous German Translation**

*Auf Flanderns Feldern blüht der Mohn  
Zwischen den Kreuzen, Reihe um Reihe,  
Die unseren Platz markieren; und am Himmel  
Fliegen die Lerchen noch immer tapfer singend  
Unten zwischen den Kanonen kaum gehört.*

*Wir sind die Toten. Vor wenigen Tagen noch  
Lebten wir, fühlten den Morgen  
und sahen den leuchtend Sonnenuntergang  
Liebten und wurden geliebt, und nun liegen wir  
Auf Flanderns Feldern...*

*Nehmt auf unseren Streit mit dem Feind:  
Aus sinkender Hand werfen wir Euch  
Die Fackel zu, die Eure sei, sie hoch zu halten.  
Brecht ihr den Bund mit uns, die wir sterben  
So werden wir nicht schlafen, obgleich Mohn wächst  
Auf Flanderns Feldern.*

18. General Booth Enters Into Heaven (1926)  
Music: Sidney Homer (1864-1953)  
Text: Vachel Lindsay (1879-1931)

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
The Saints smiled gravely and they said, "He's come."  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed rank on rank,  
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank  
Drabs from the alleyways, drug fiends pale  
Minds still passion ridden, soul flowers frail:  
Vermin eaten saints with moldy breath,  
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death  
(Are you washed in the blood of the 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 lasses made their banjoes bang,  
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang;  
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Hallelujah! It was queer to see  
Bull necked convicts with that land make free.  
Loons with trumpets blown a blare, blare, blare,  
On, on, upward thro' the golden air!  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Booth died blind and still by Faith he trod,  
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God!  
Booth led boldly and he look'd the chief  
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,  
Beard a-flying, air of high command  
Unabated in that holy land.

Jesus came from out the court house door,  
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there  
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.  
Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!  
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl  
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,  
Rulers of empires and of forests green!  
The hosts were sandall'd and their wings were fire!  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

But their noise play'd havoc with the angel choir,  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
Oh shout Salvation! It was good to see  
Kings and Princes by the Lamb set free.  
The banjos rattled and the tambourines  
Jing-jing-jingl'd in the hands of Queens.

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer  
He saw his Master thro' the flag fill'd air.  
Christ came gently with a robe and crown  
For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt down.  
He saw King Jesus; they were face to face,  
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

19. The Sea (1893)

from *Eight Songs*, Op. 47

Music: Edward MacDowell (1861-1908)

Text: William Dean Howells (1837-1920)

**German Translation by Werner Richter**

One sails away to sea, to sea,  
One stands on the shore and cries;  
The ship goes down the world,  
and the light  
On the sullen water dies.  
The whispering shell is mute,  
And after is evil cheer;  
She shall stand on the shore  
and cry in vain,  
Many and many a year.  
But the stately wide winged ship  
lies wrecked,  
Lies wrecked  
on the unknown deep;  
Far under,  
dead in his coral bed,  
The lover lies asleep.

*Einer segelt hinaus zur See, zur See,  
Eine steht am Strand und weint.  
Das Schiff fährt um die Welt,  
und kein Licht  
Mehr auf dem öden Wasser scheint.  
Die rauschende Muschel bleibt stumm;  
Danach wird böser Lärm nur gewahr.  
Sie muß am Strand stehen  
und vergebens weinen  
So manches um manches Jahr.  
Doch das stattliche Schiff  
mit breiten Decks  
Liegt als Wrack, als Wrack  
in namenloser Tiefe;  
Am Meeresgrund  
und tot im Bett aus Korallen  
Liegt der Geliebte, als ob er nur schliefte.*

20. Nelly Was a Lady (1849)  
Music & Text: Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

Down on the Mississippi floating,  
Long time I travel on the way.  
All night the cottonwood a-toting,  
Sing for my true love all the day.

Now I'm unhappy, and I'm weeping,  
Can't tote the cottonwood no more;  
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,  
Death came a-knocking at the door.

Nelly was a lady.  
Last night, she died.  
Toll the bell for lovely Nell,  
My dark Virginny bride.

When I saw my Nelly in the morning,  
Smile till she opened up her eyes,  
Seemed like the light of day a-dawning,  
Just 'fore the sun begin to rise.

Down in the meadow, 'mong the clover,  
Walk with my Nelly by my side;  
Now all them happy days are over,  
Farwell, my dark Virginny bride.

Nelly was a lady.  
Last night, she died.  
Toll the bell for lovely Nell,  
My dark Virginny bride.

21. Hard Times (1854)

Music & Text: Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay  
There are frail forms fainting at the door:  
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say -  
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;  
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:  
Many days have lingered around my cab in door;  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor:  
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;  
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:  
Many days have lingered around my cab in door;  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away  
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:  
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day -  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;  
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:  
Many days have lingered around my cab in door;  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,  
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave, -  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;  
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:  
Many days have lingered around my cab in door;  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

## 22. Memories (1897)

Music & Text: Charles Ives (1874-1954)

### 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.

### 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.

### **German Translation by Susan Perkins**

#### *A. Sehr erfreulich*

*Im Opernhaus sitzen wir, im Opernhaus,  
im Opernhaus;  
und warten, bis der Vorhang aufgeht,  
unsere Augen mit Staunen zu erfüllen;  
fröhlich sind wir, und das zu Recht,  
"Schau, Jimmy, schau!", sag' ich,*



*“Sie stimmen die Instrumente, bald werden sie spielen.”  
Wir pfeifen und summen, schlagen den Takt mit der Trommel.*

*Im Opernhaus sitzen wir, im Opernhaus,  
im Opernhaus;  
und warten, bis der Vorhang aufgeht,  
unsere Augen mit Staunen zu erfüllen,  
erwartungsvoll, mit einer gewissen Ekstase,  
Erwartung und Ekstase, Erwartung und Ekstase  
Sh'-s'-s'-s.  
Vorhang auf!*

*B. Ziemlich traurig*

*Von der Straße höre ich Klänge,  
eine Melodie, ausgeleiert wie jenes “alte rote Tuch”,  
das zerrissen und zerfetzt, abgetragen erscheint,  
die Melodie, die mein Onkel vom frühen Morgen an sumnte,  
banal war sie, dennoch lieb und süß,  
aber traurig war sie und schien seine Schritte zu verlangsamen;  
ich sehe ihn noch summend zur Scheune oder in die Stadt  
schlurfen.*