# 114
# SONGS

By

## CHARLES E. IVES

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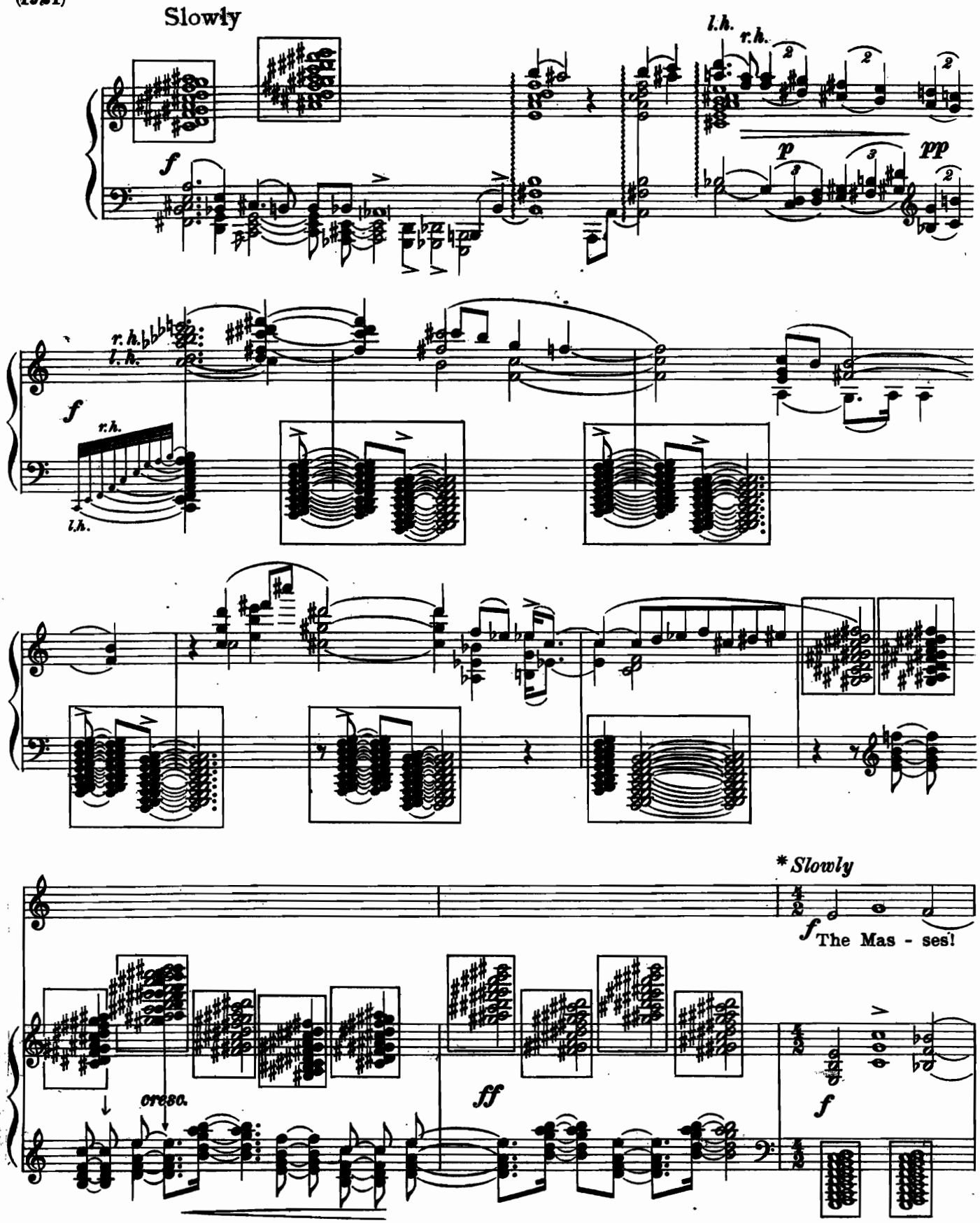
# 1
# Majority

(1921)




* Preferably for a unison chorus; it is almost impossible for a single voice to hold the part against the score.

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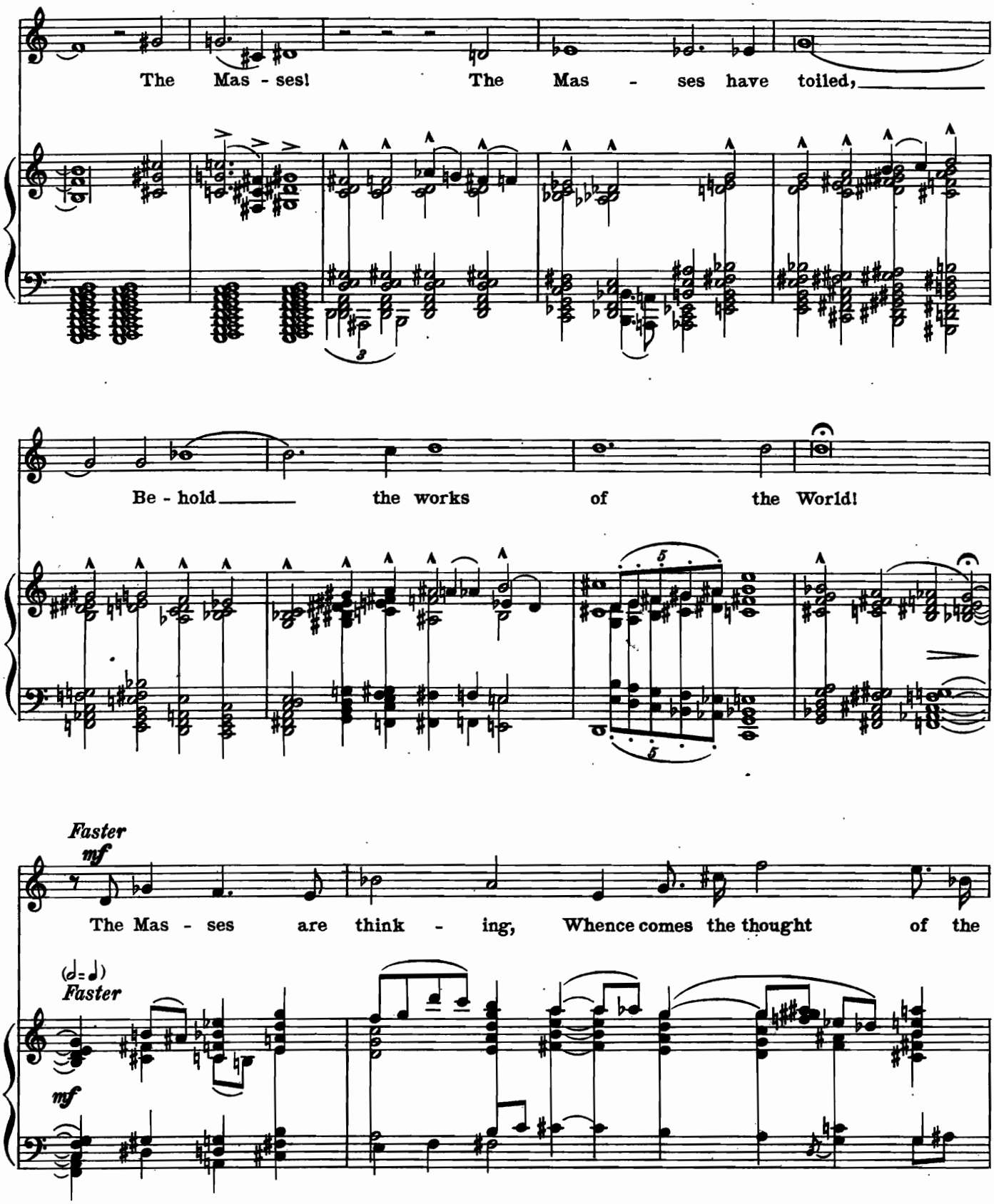
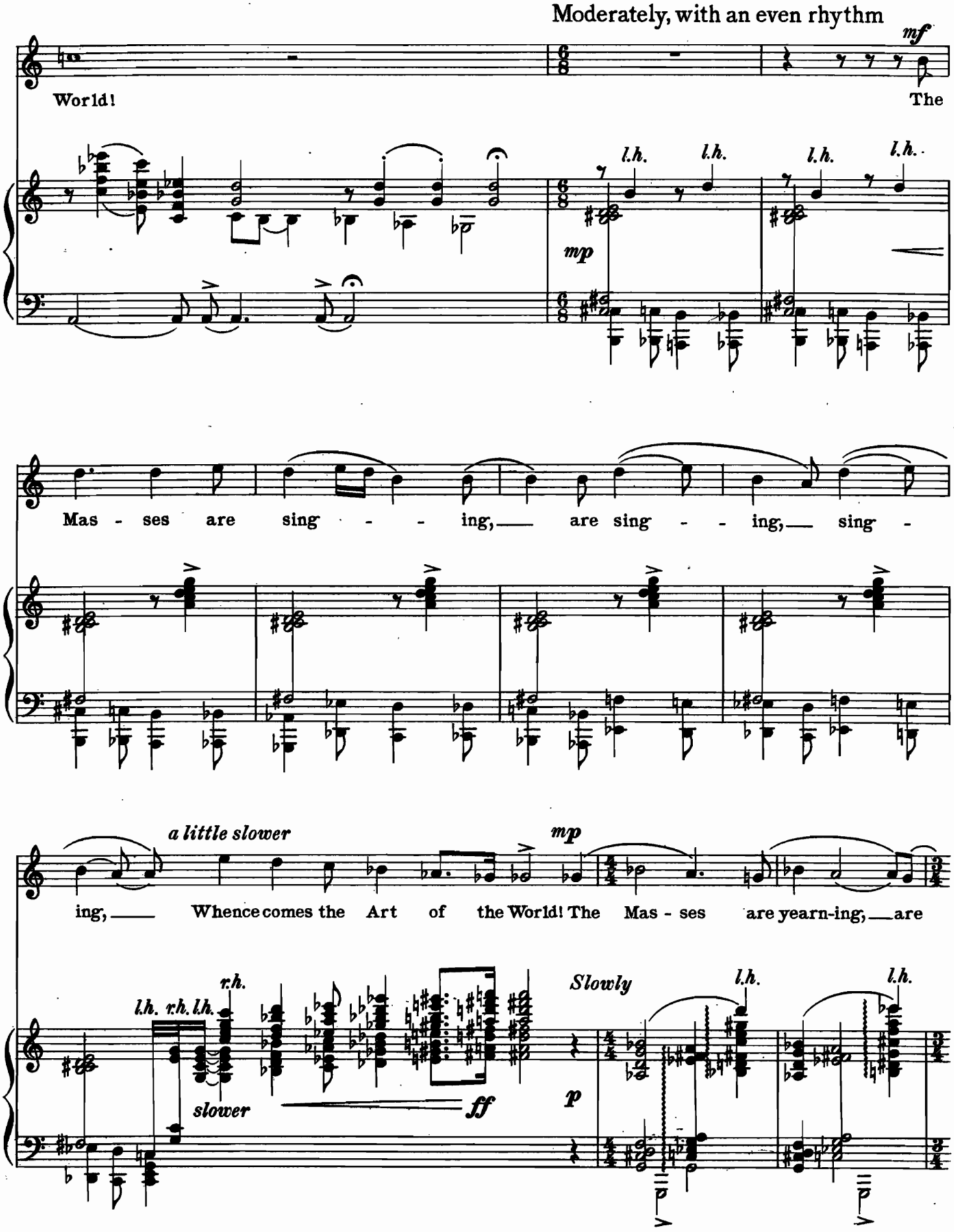
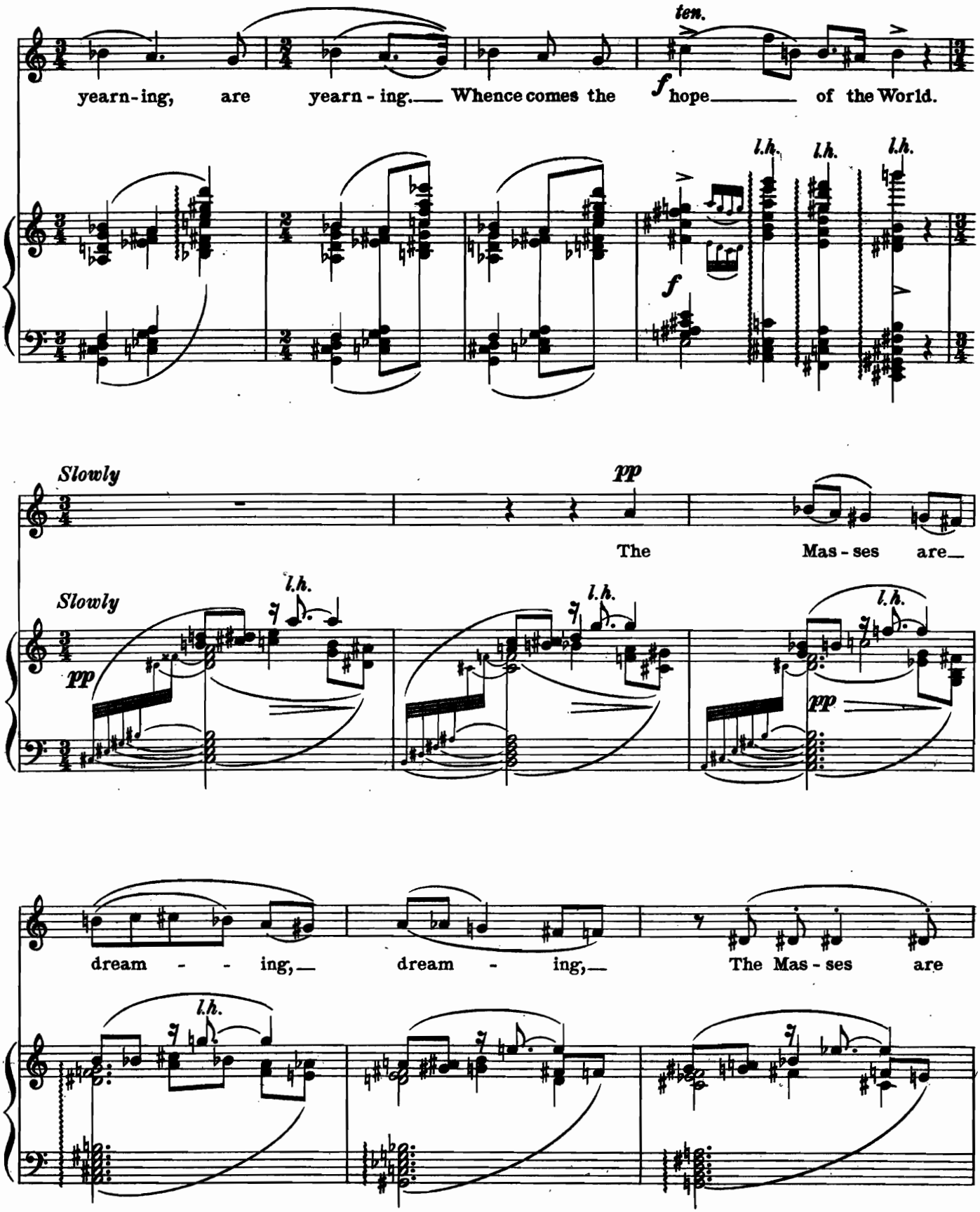
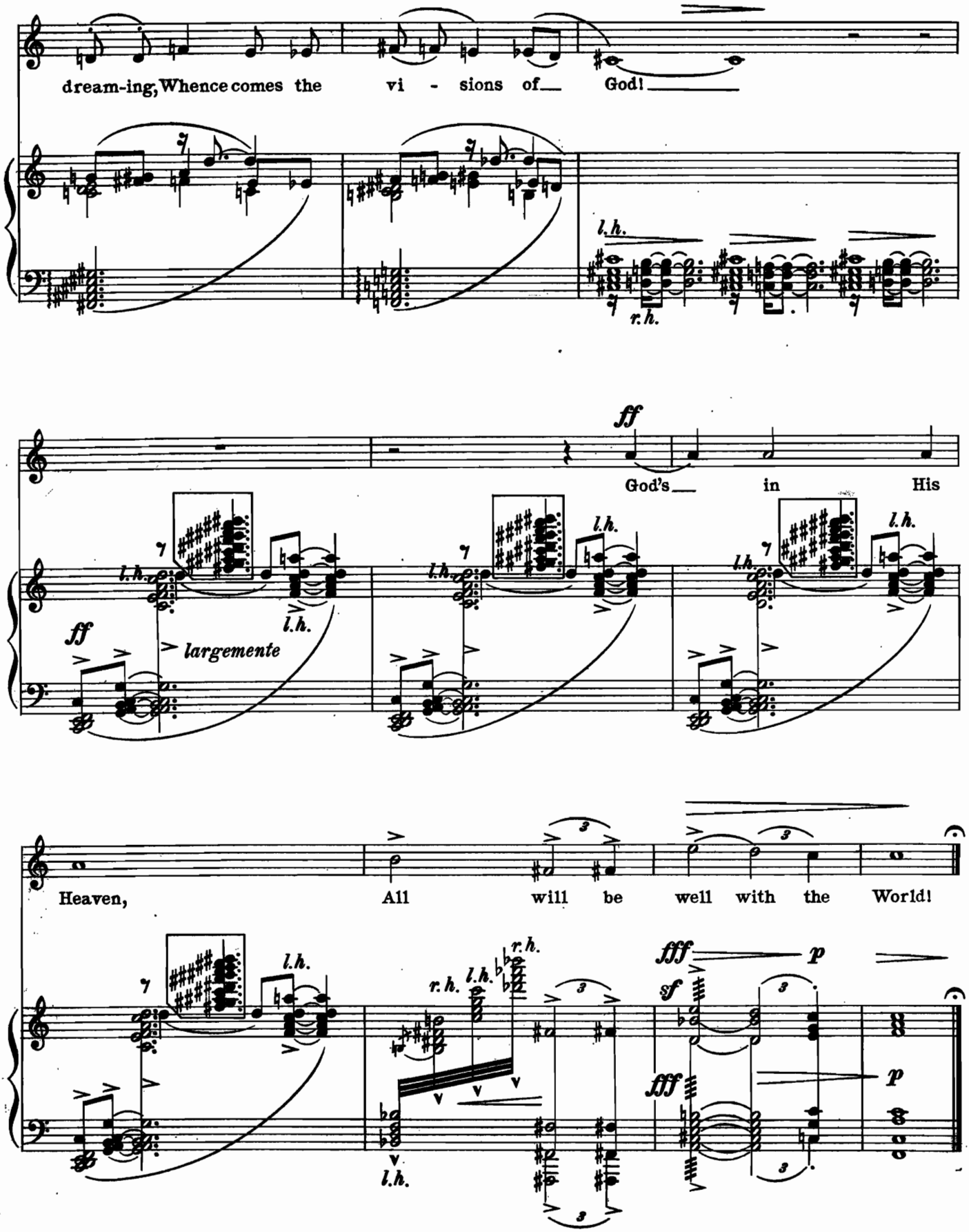



In this and in some of the following songs, all notes are natural unless otherwise marked, except those immediately following an accidental— natural signs are thus used more as a convenience than of necessity.


Moderately, with an even rhythm
mf
World!
The
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
mp
Mas - ses are sing - - ing, are sing - - ing, sing -
a little slower
mp
ing, Whence comes the Art of the World! The Mas - ses are yearn-ing, are
r.h.
l.h. r.h. l.h.
slower
ff
Slowly
p
l.h.
l.h.

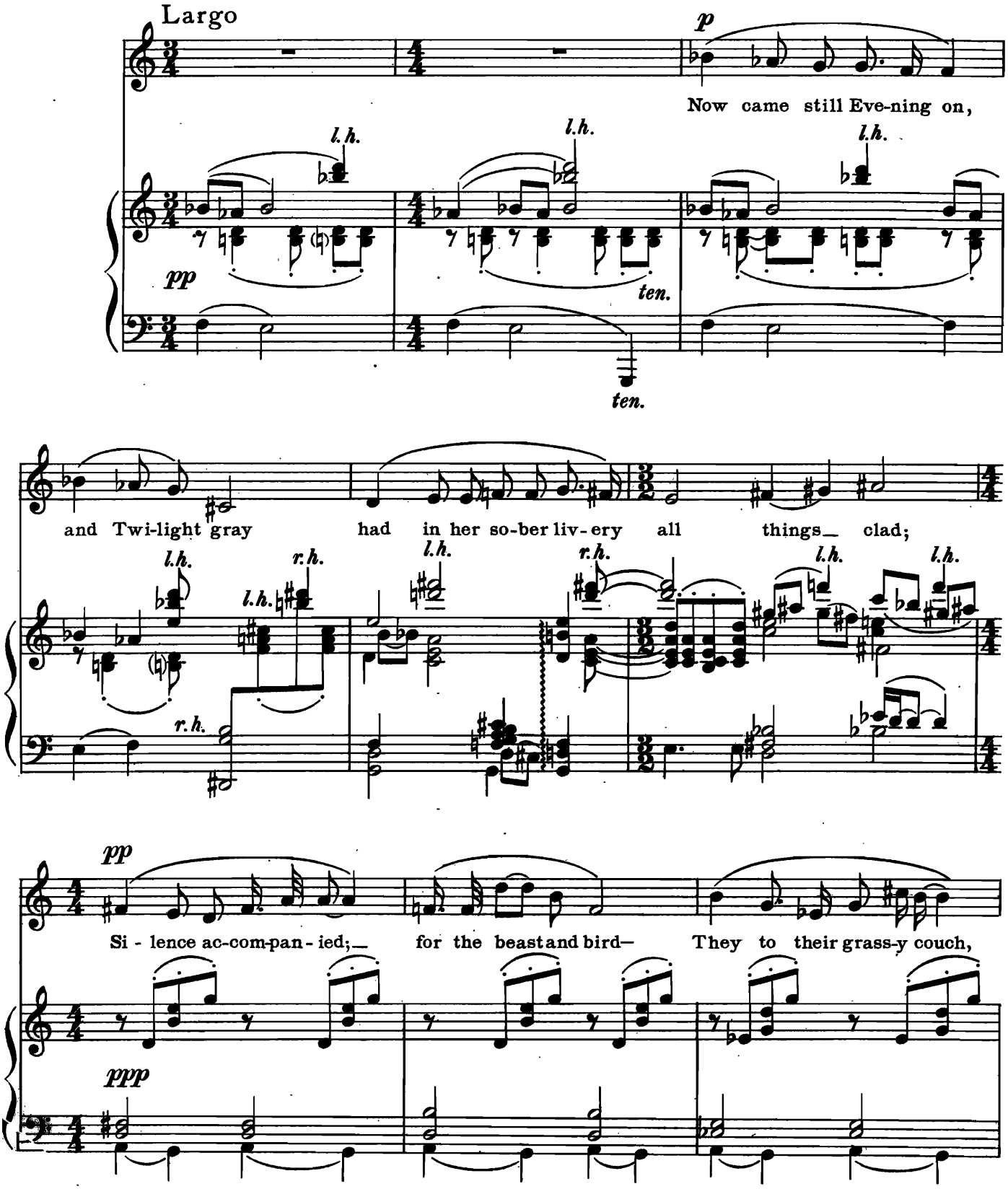

ten.
yearn-ing, are yearn - ing. Whence comes the hope of the World.
f
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
Slowly
pp
The Mas - ses are
Slowly
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
pp
pp
dream - - ing, dream - ing, The Mas - ses are
l.h.

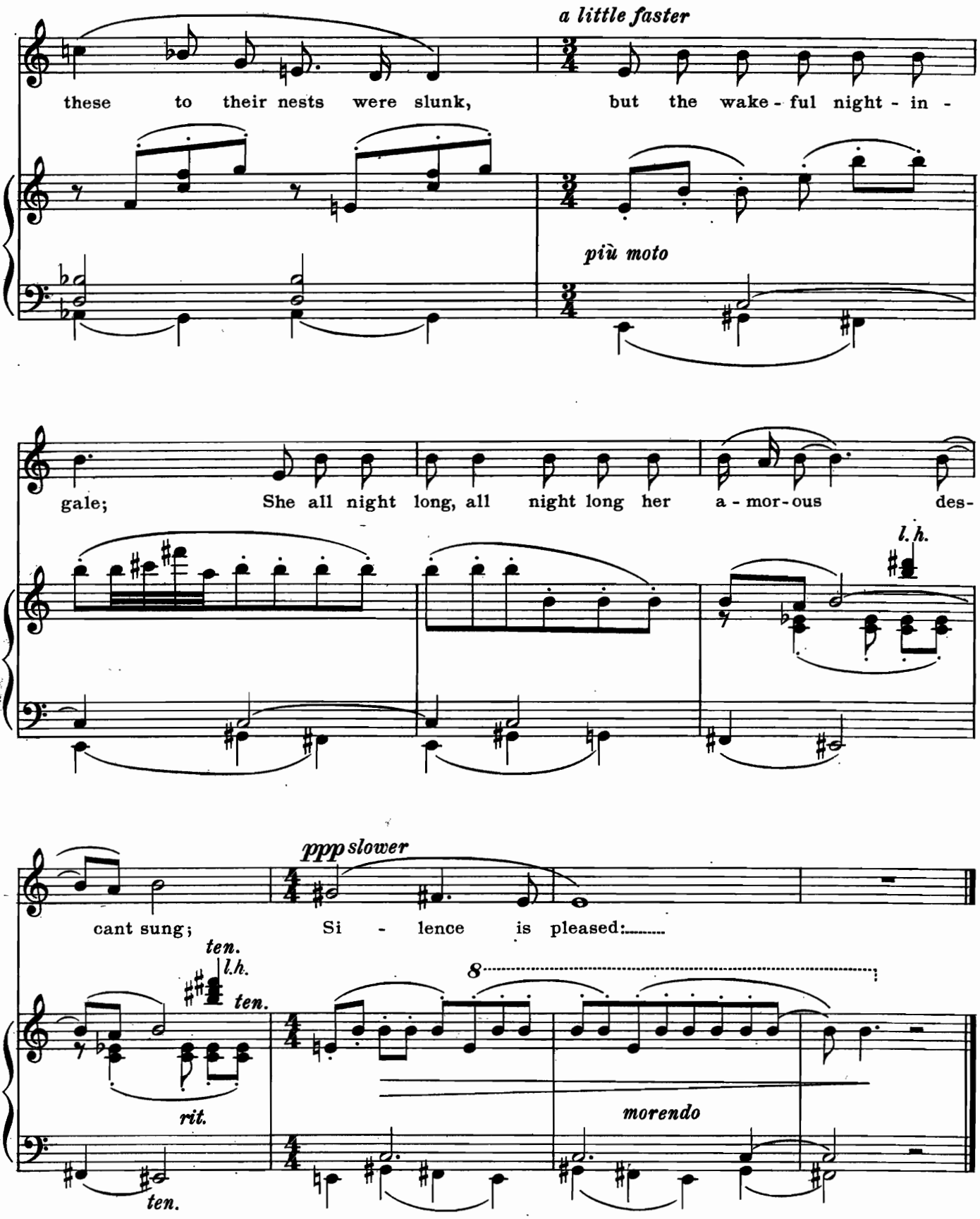

dream-ing, Whence comes the vi - sions of God!
l.h.
r.h.
ff
God's in His
largemente
Heaven, All will be well with the World!
fff
p
sf

# 2
# Evening

(1921)

Milton
From "Paradise Lost"

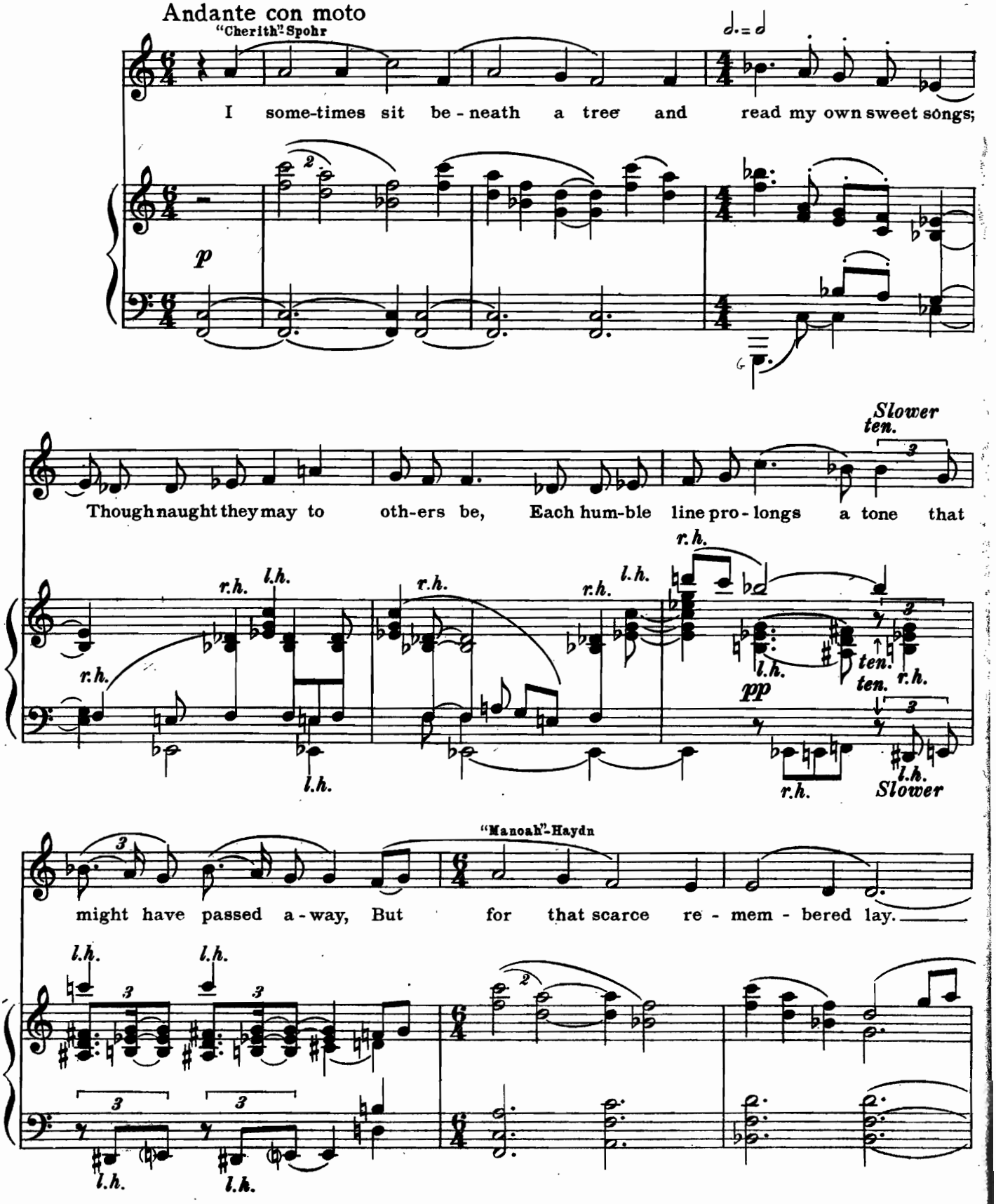


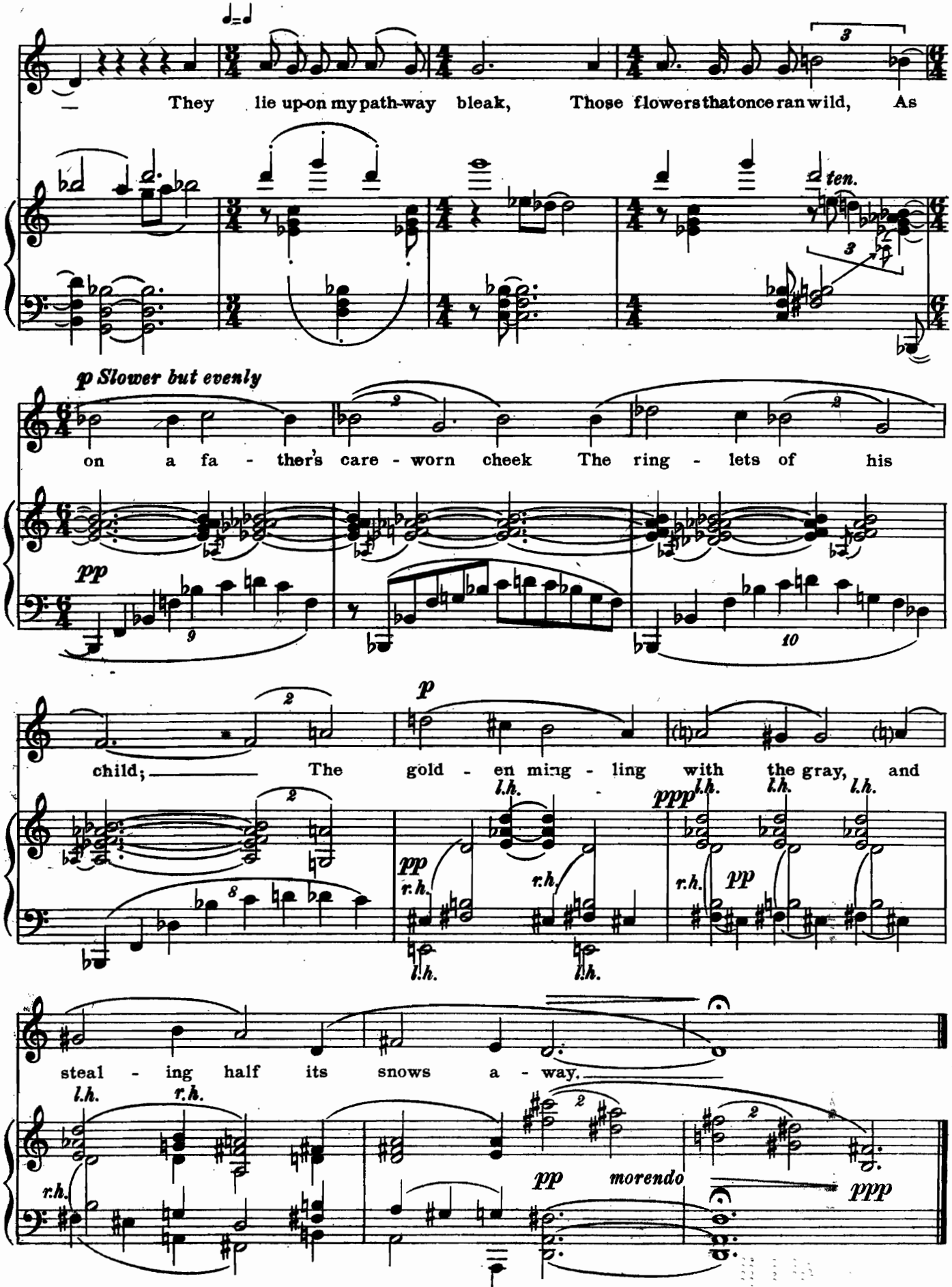

a little faster
these to their nests were slunk, but the wake - ful night - in -
più moto
gale; She all night long, all night long her a - mor - ous des -
l. h.
ppp slower
cant sung; Si - lence is pleased:
ten.
l.h.
ten.
8
rit.
morendo
ten.

# 3
# The Last Reader

(1921)

Oliver Wendell Holmes



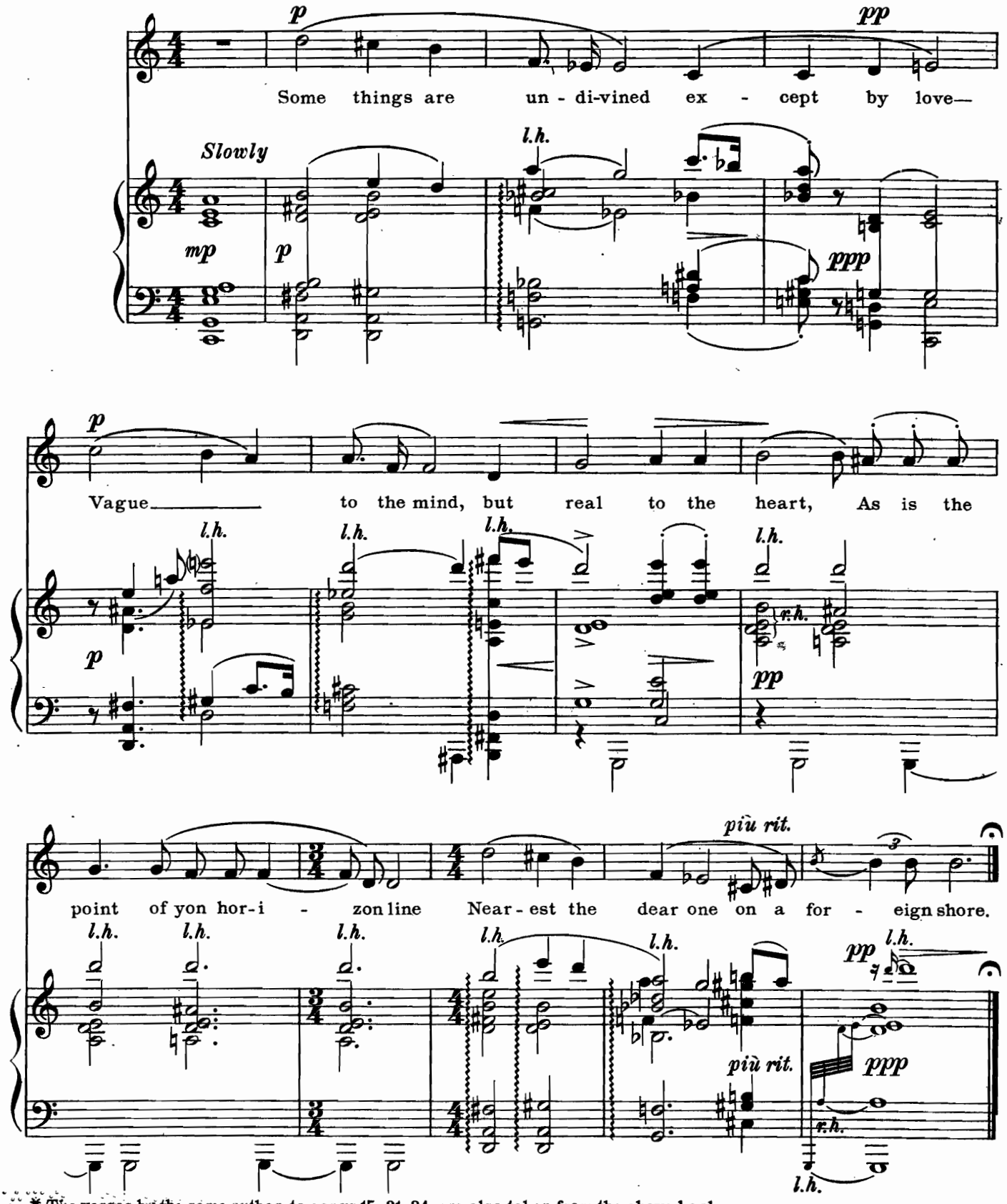

They lie up-on my path-way bleak, Those flowers that once ran wild, As
ten.
p Slower but evenly
on a fa - ther's care - worn cheek The ring - lets of his
pp
child; The gold - en ming - ling with the gray, and
p
l.h.
r.h.
ppp
steal - ing half its snows a - way.
pp morendo
ppp

# 4
# At Sea

(1921)

Robert Underwood Johnson

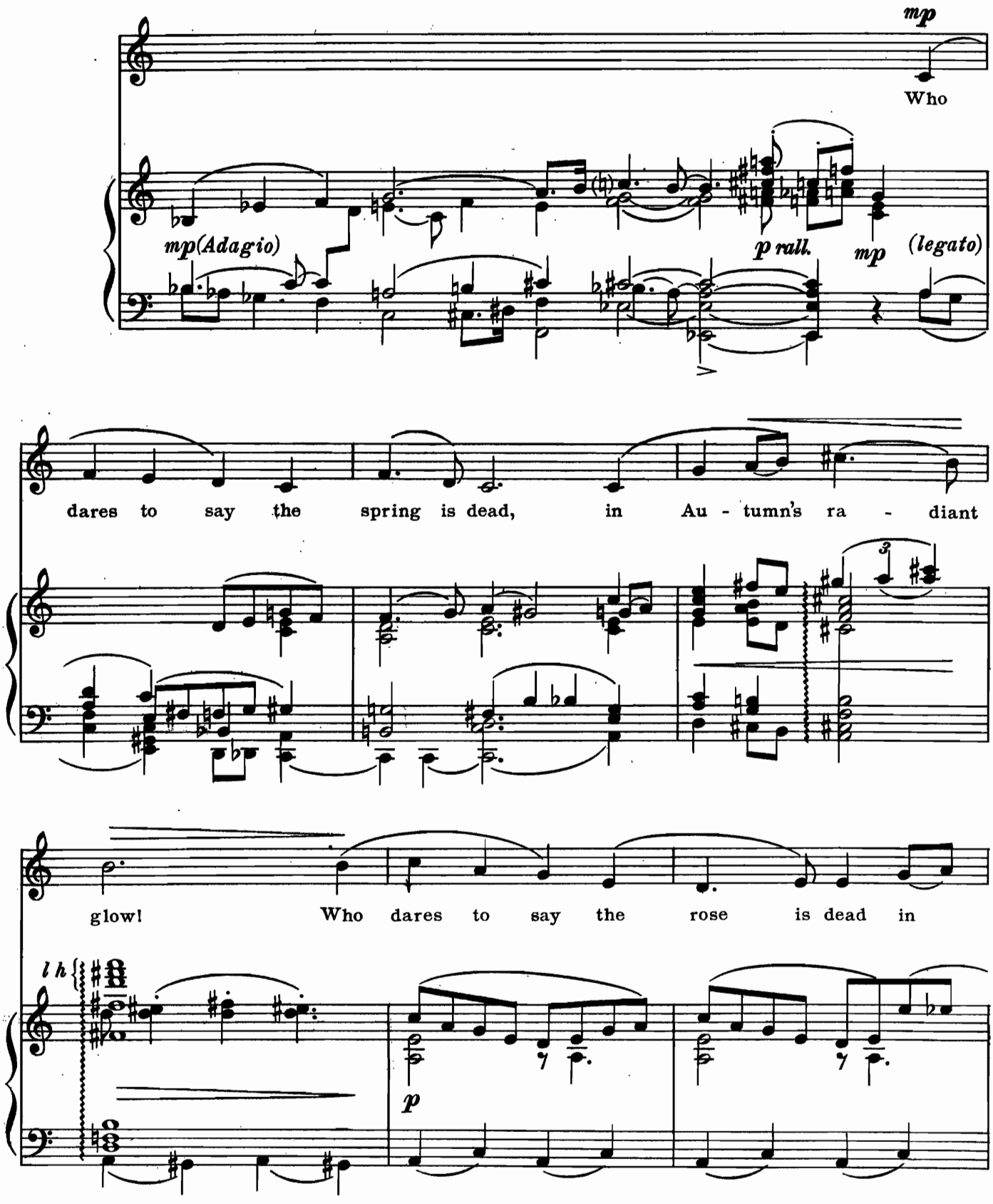
**from Mr. Johnson's book of "Poems" dedicated to Richard Watson Gilder Century Co. N. Y.*

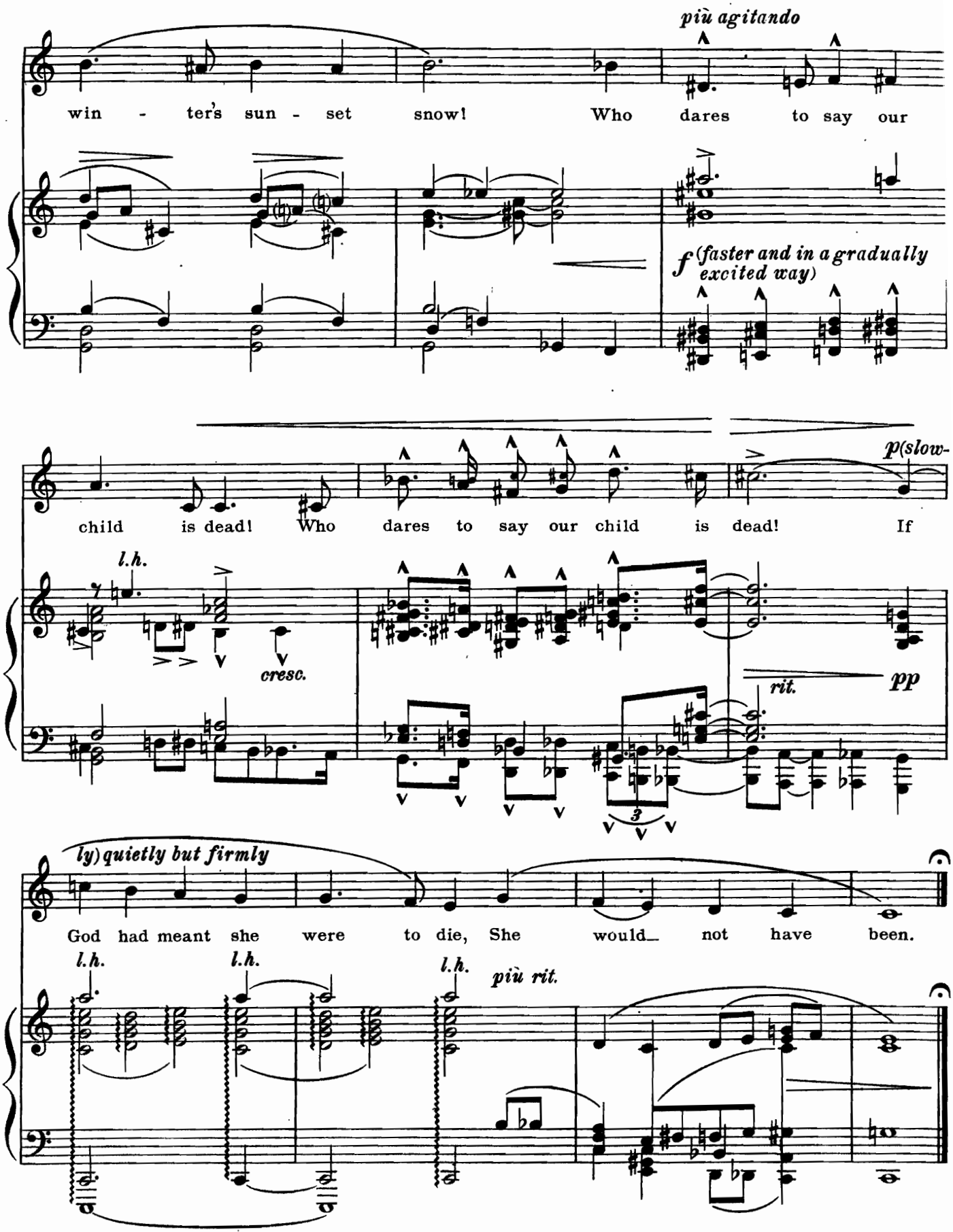



* The verses by the same author, to songs 15, 21, 24, are also taken from the above book.

# 5
# Immortality

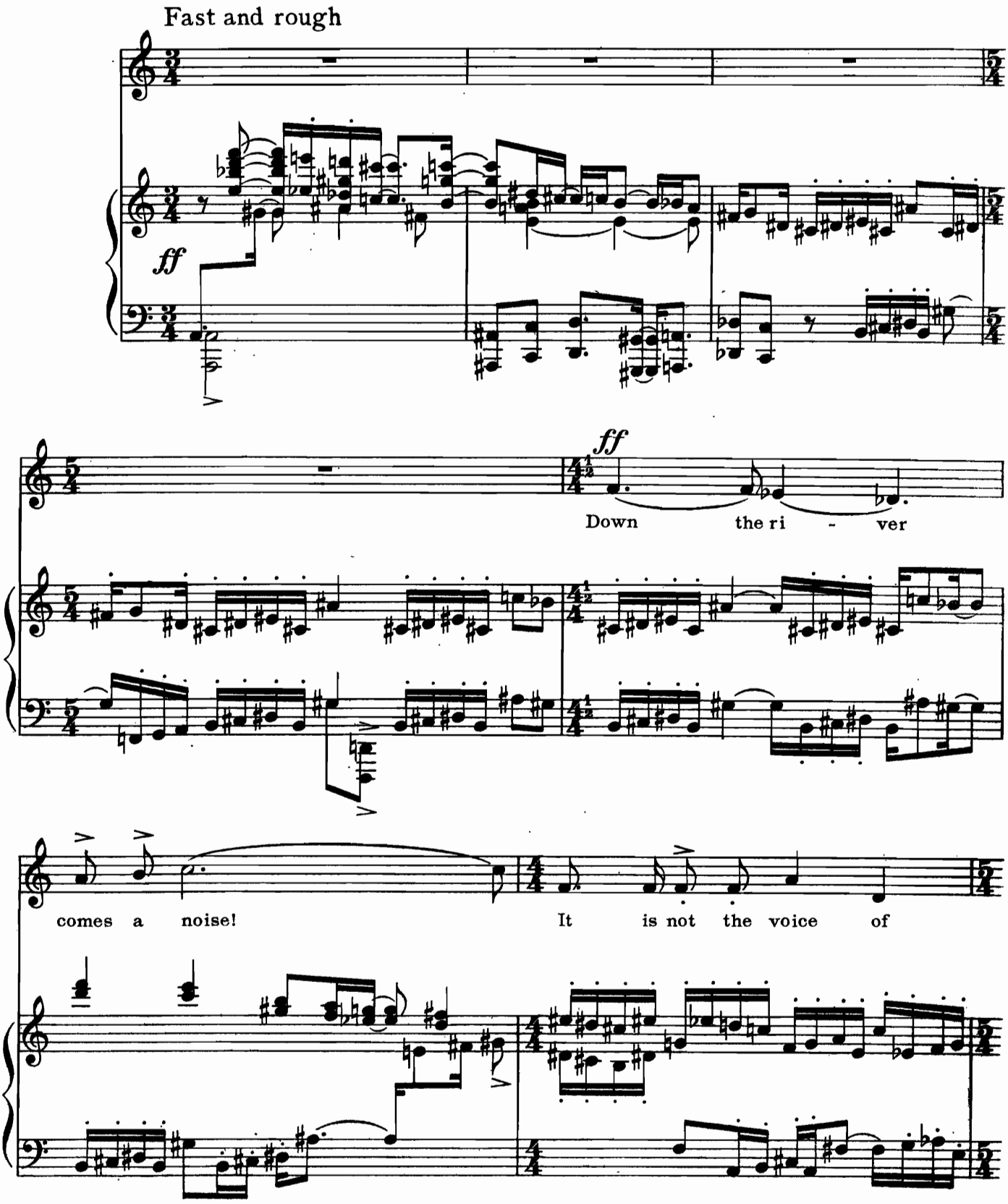
(1921)

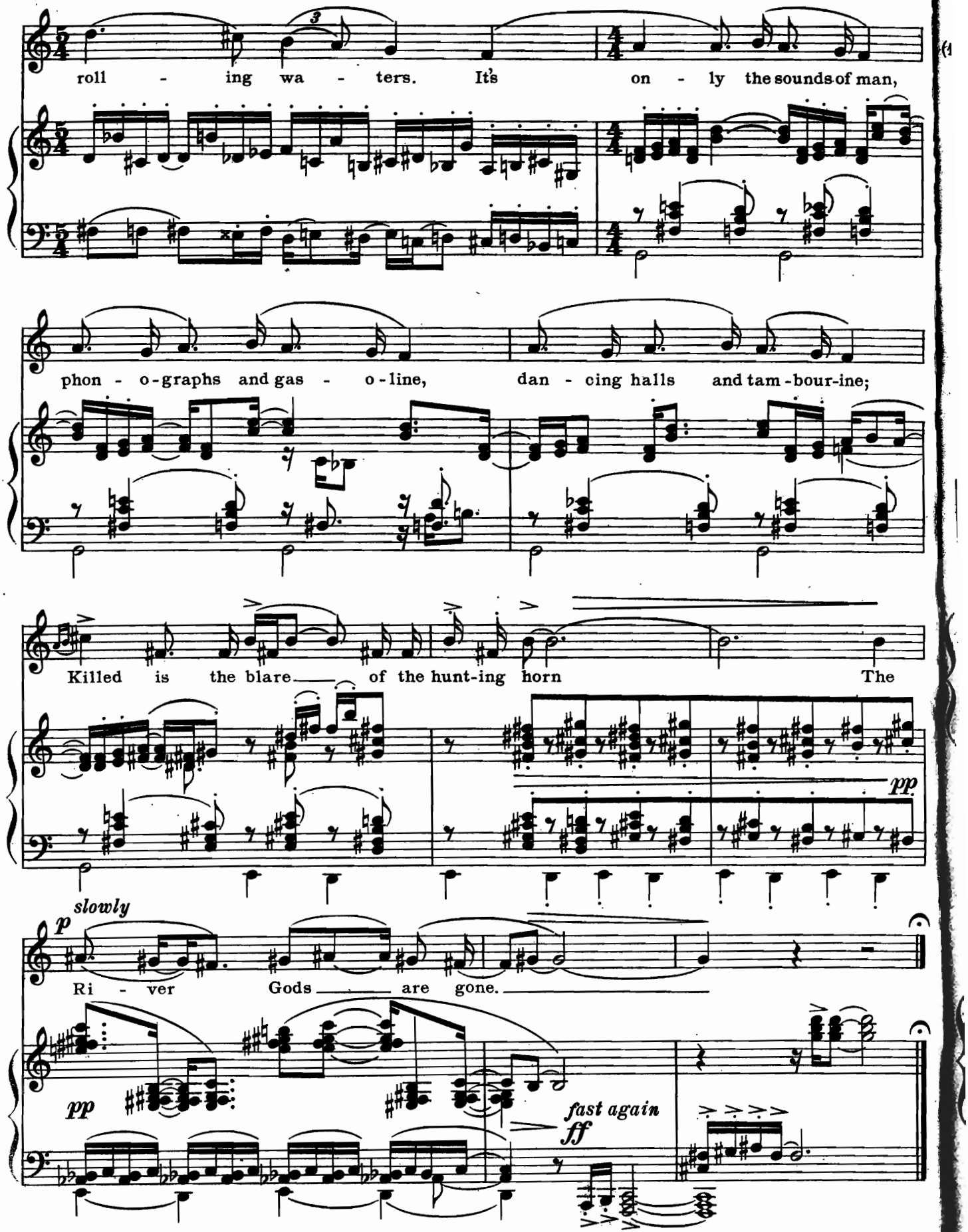



più agitando
win - ter's sun - set snow! Who dares to say our
f (faster and in a gradually excited way)
child is dead! Who dares to say our child is dead! If
p (slow-
l.h.
cresc.
rit.
pp
ly) quietly but firmly
God had meant she were to die, She would not have been.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
più rit.

# 6
# The New River

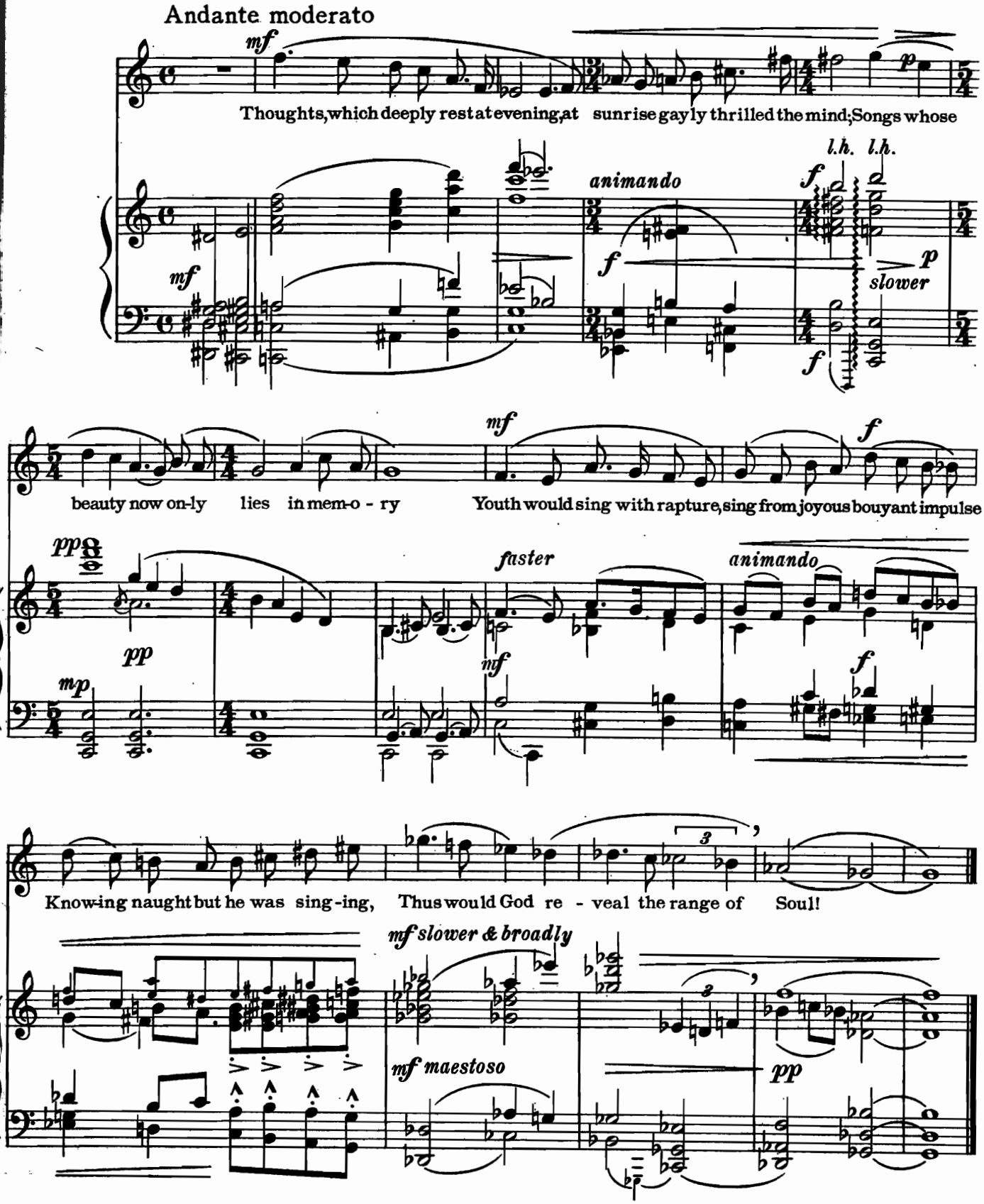
(1921)




roll - ing wa - ters. It's on - ly the sounds of man,
phon - o-graphs and gas - o-line, dan - cing halls and tam-bour-ine;
Killed is the blare of the hunt-ing horn The
pp
slowly
p
Ri - ver Gods are gone.
pp
fast again
ff

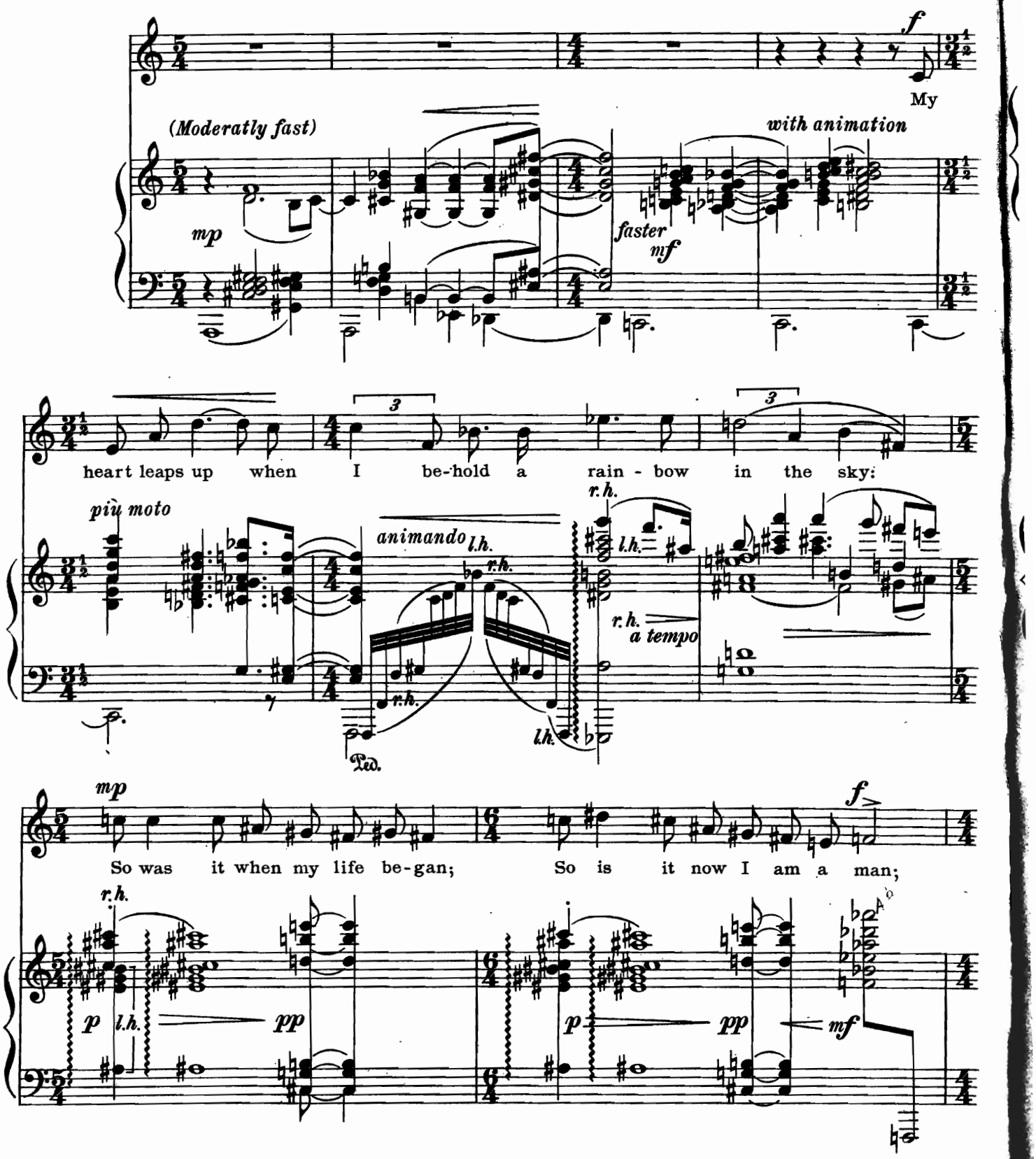
# 7
# Disclosure

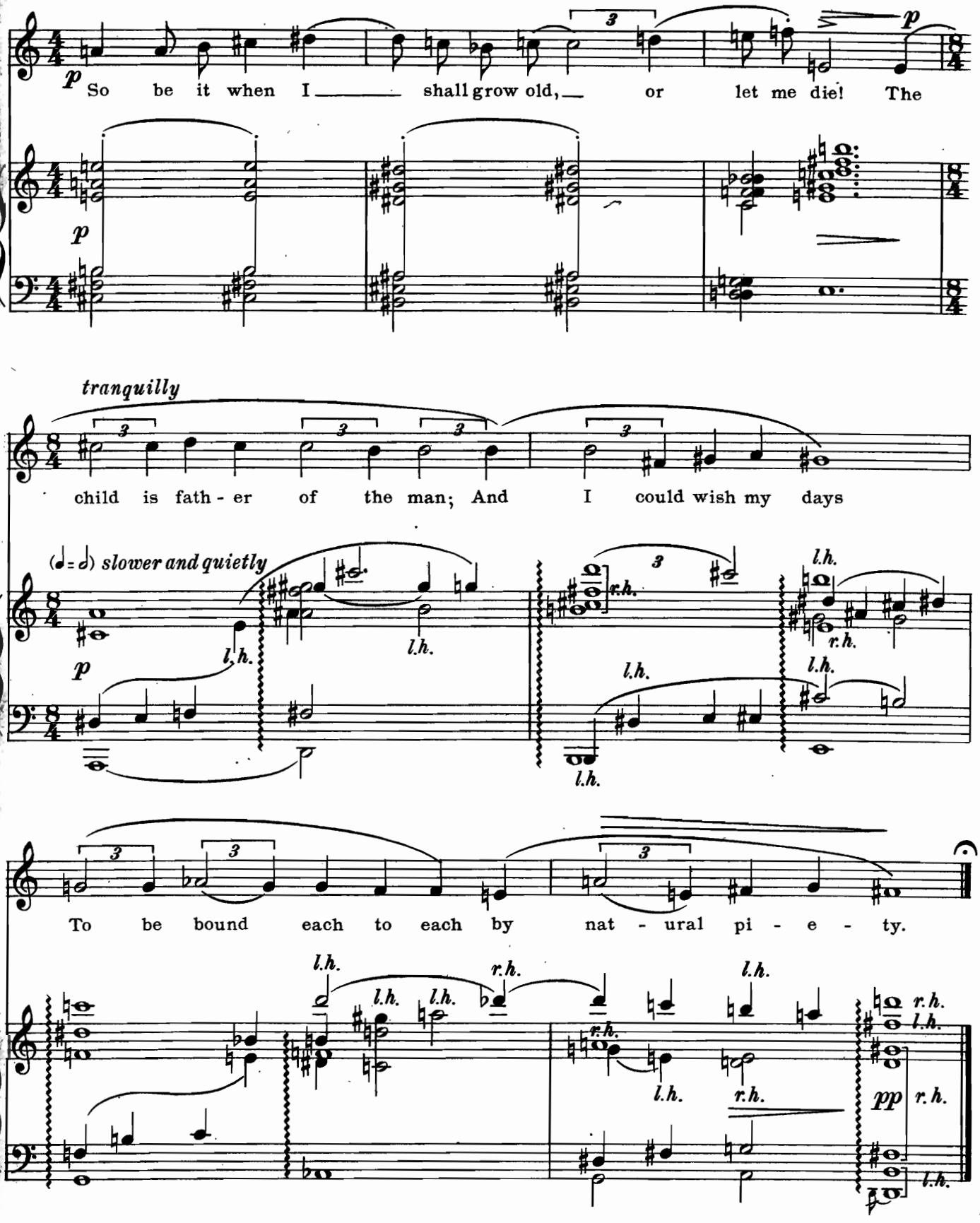
(1921)



# 8
# So may it be!

(1921) Wordsworth



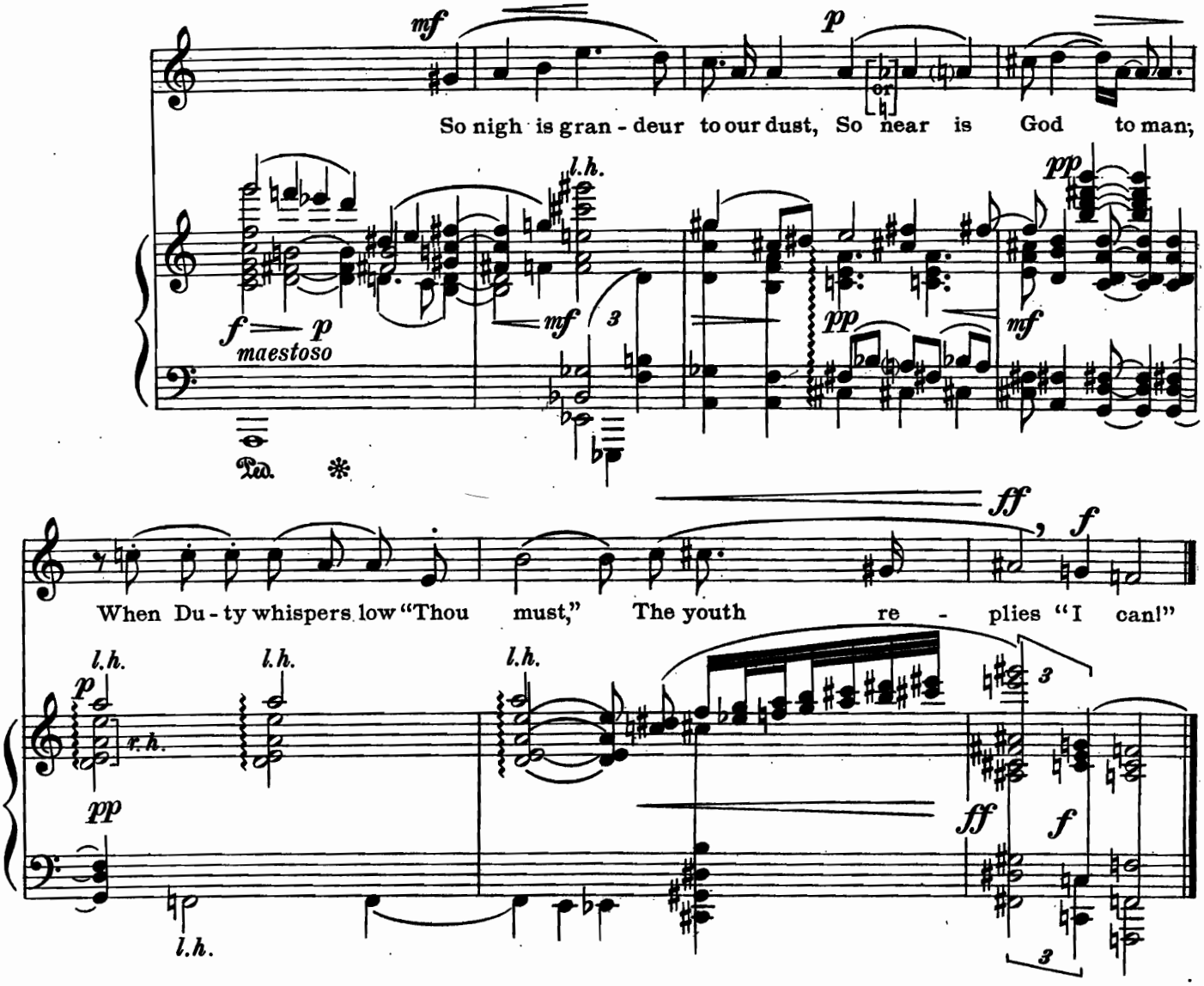

p
So be it when I shall grow old, or let me die! The
p
tranquilly
child is fath - er of the man; And I could wish my days
(♩= ♩) slower and quietly
p
l.h.
r.h.
To be bound each to each by nat - ural pi - e - ty.
pp
r.h.

# 9

## a) Duty

(1921)

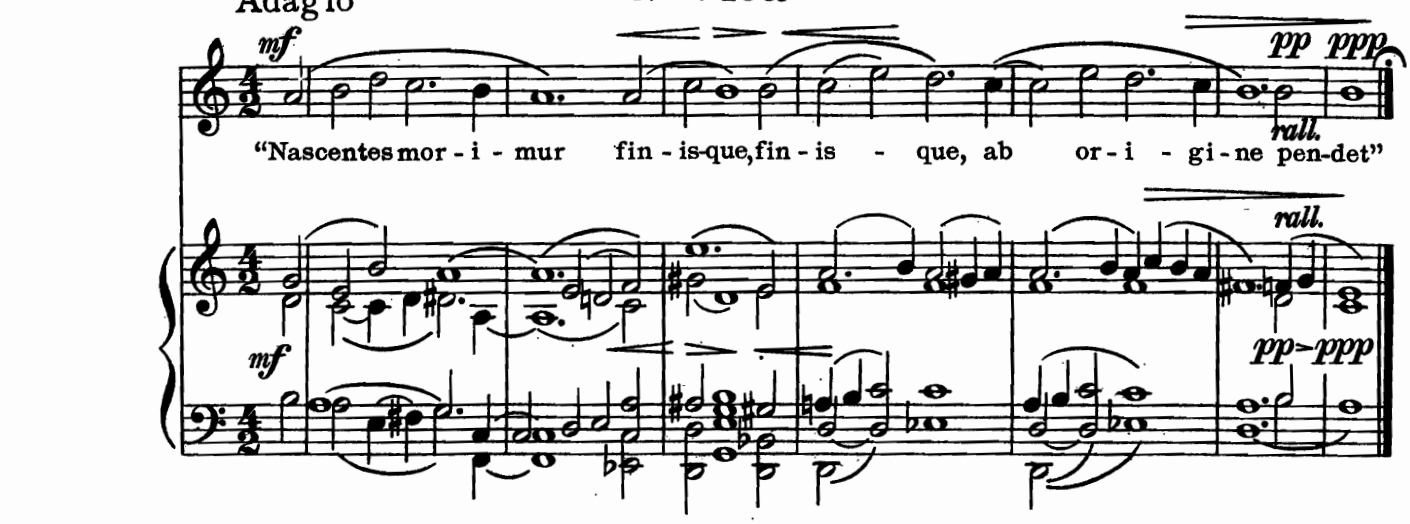
Emerson



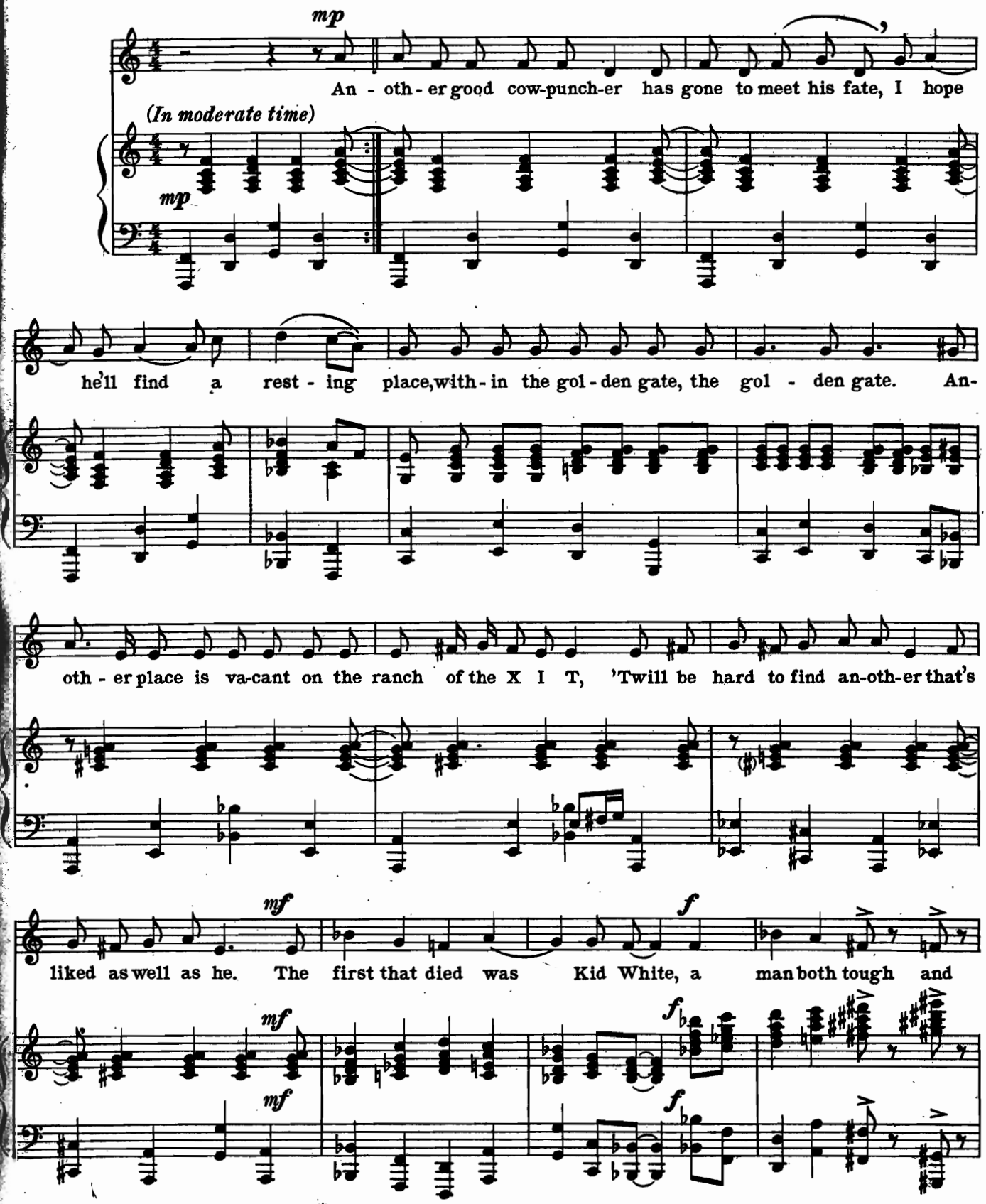

(1921)

## b) Vita

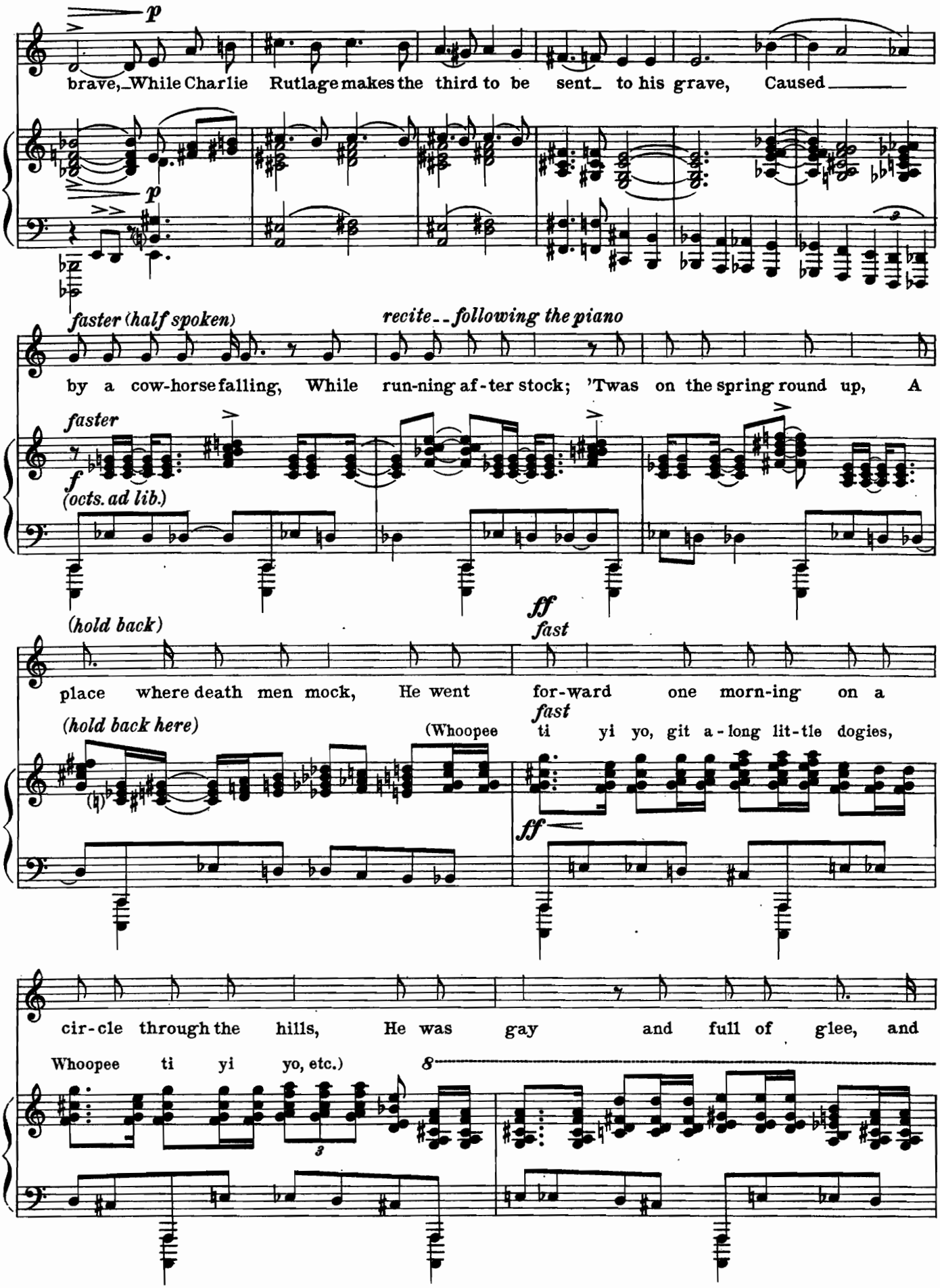
Manlius

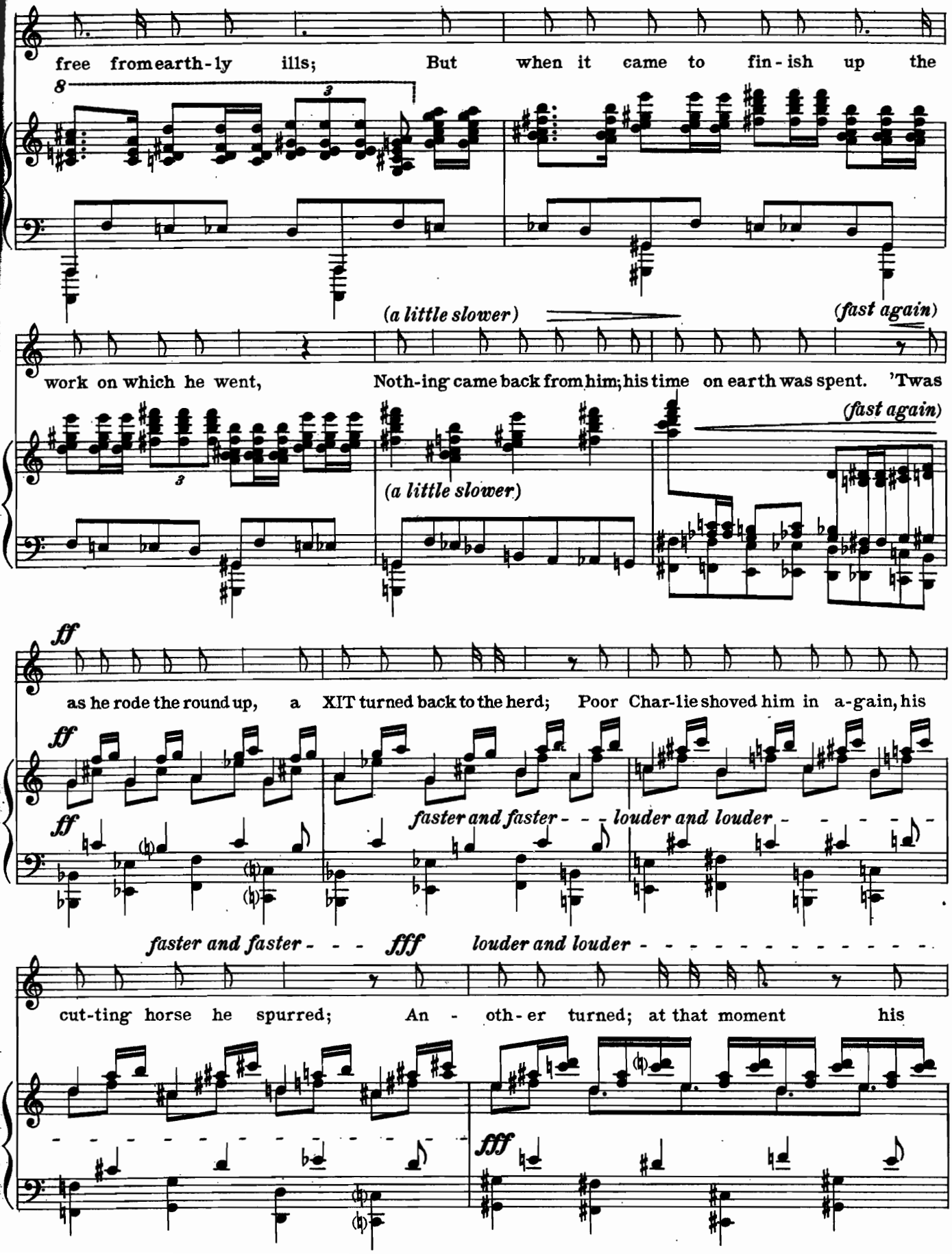


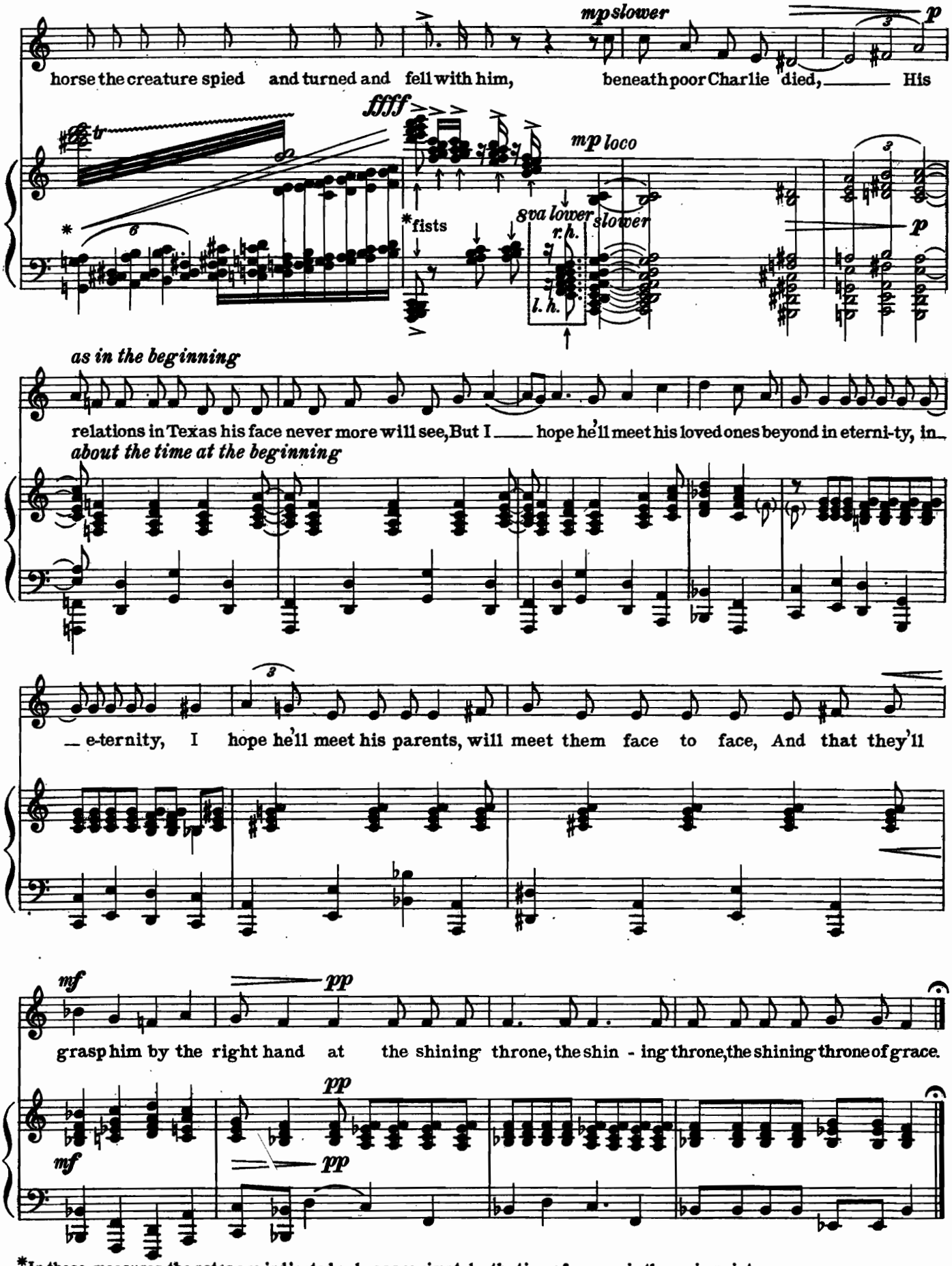
# 10
# Charlie Rutlage
*(from Cowboy Songs)




*Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads
Collected by John A. Lomax, M.A. (University of Texas) The Macmillan Co. N. Y.


p
brave,_While Charlie Rutlage makes the third to be sent_ to his grave, Caused_____
p
faster (half spoken)
recite__following the piano
by a cow-horse falling, While run-ning af-ter stock; 'Twas on the spring round up, A
faster
f
(octs. ad lib.)
(hold back)
ff
fast
place where death men mock, He went for-ward one morn-ing on a
(hold back here)
fast
(Whoopee ti yi yo, git a-long lit-tle dogies,
ff
cir-cle through the hills, He was gay and full of glee, and
Whoopee ti yi yo, etc.)
8
3


free from earth-ly ills; But when it came to fin-ish up the
(a little slower)
(fast again)
work on which he went, Noth-ing came back from him; his time on earth was spent. 'Twas
(fast again)
(a little slower)
ff
as he rode the round up, a XIT turned back to the herd; Poor Char-lie shoved him in a-gain, his
ff
ff
faster and faster - - - louder and louder - - - - - -
faster and faster - - - fff louder and louder - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
cut-ting horse he spurred; An - oth-er turned; at that moment his
fff




*In these measures, the notes are indicated only approximately; the time of course, is the main point.

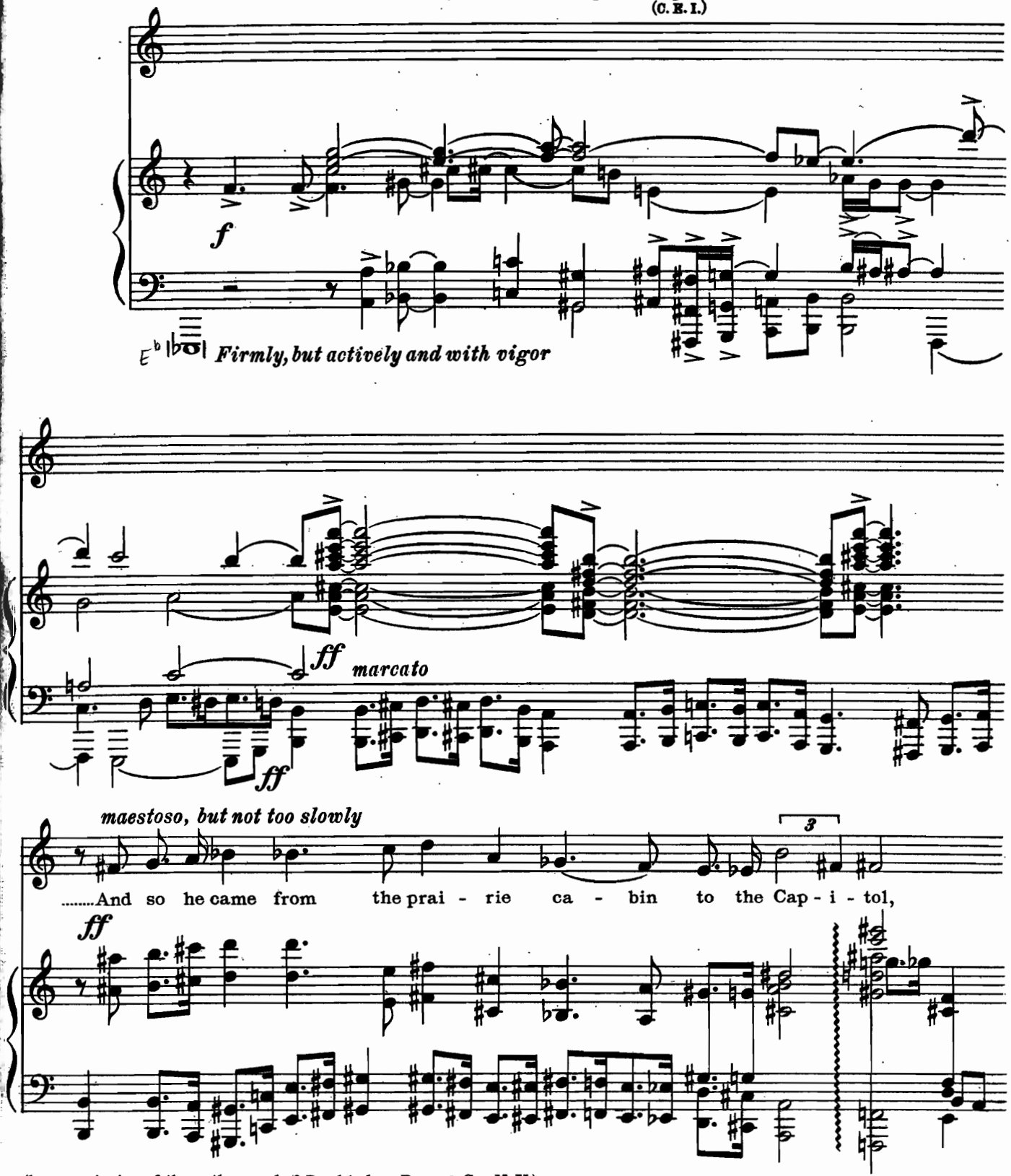
# 11

# from "Lincoln, the Great Commoner"

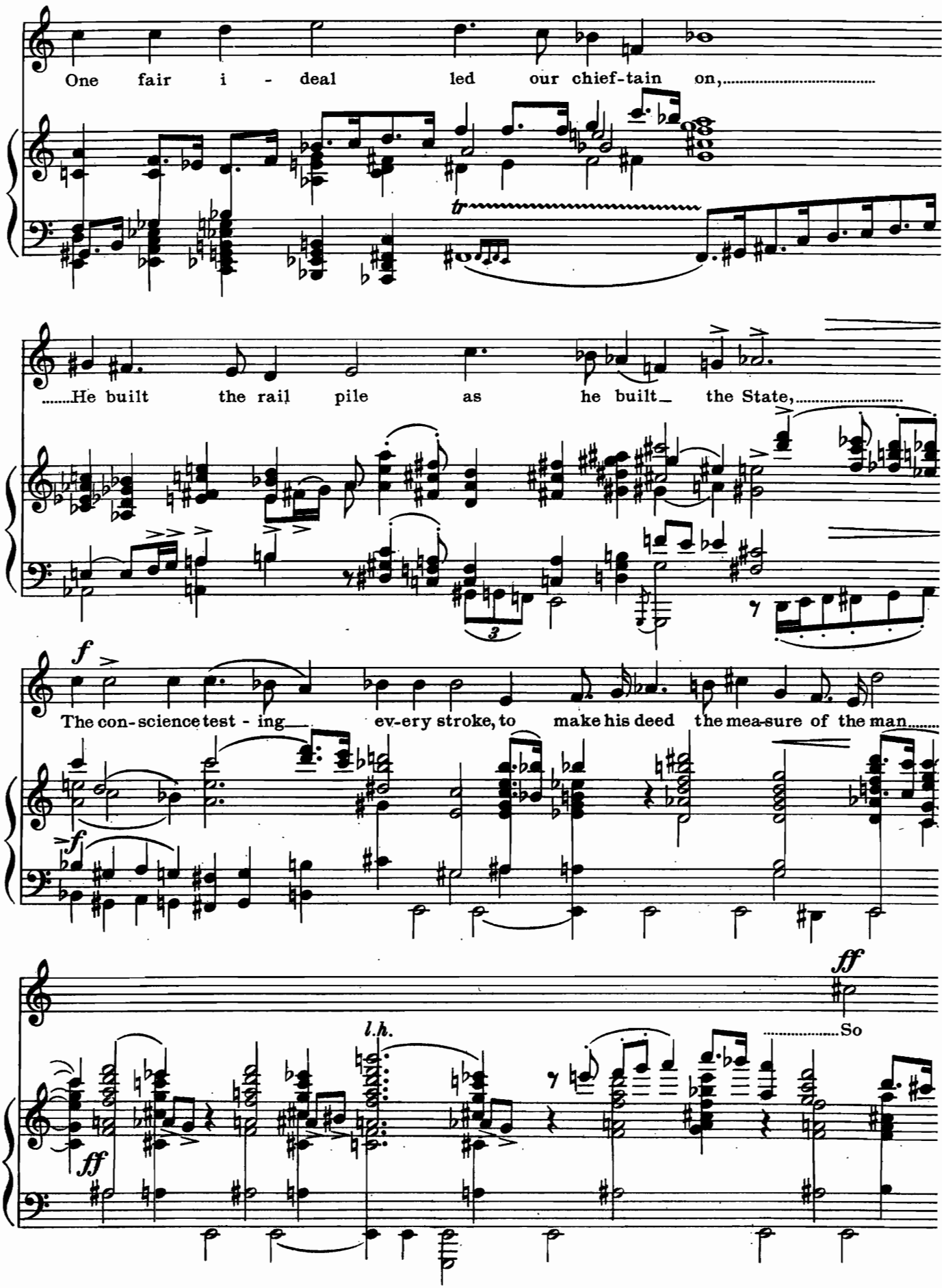
The storm and stress of life!
The curse of war and strife!
The harsh vindictiveness of men!
The cuts of sword and pen!
What needed to be borne—he bore!
What needed to be fought—he fought!
But in his soul, he stood them up as—naught!
(C. R. L.)

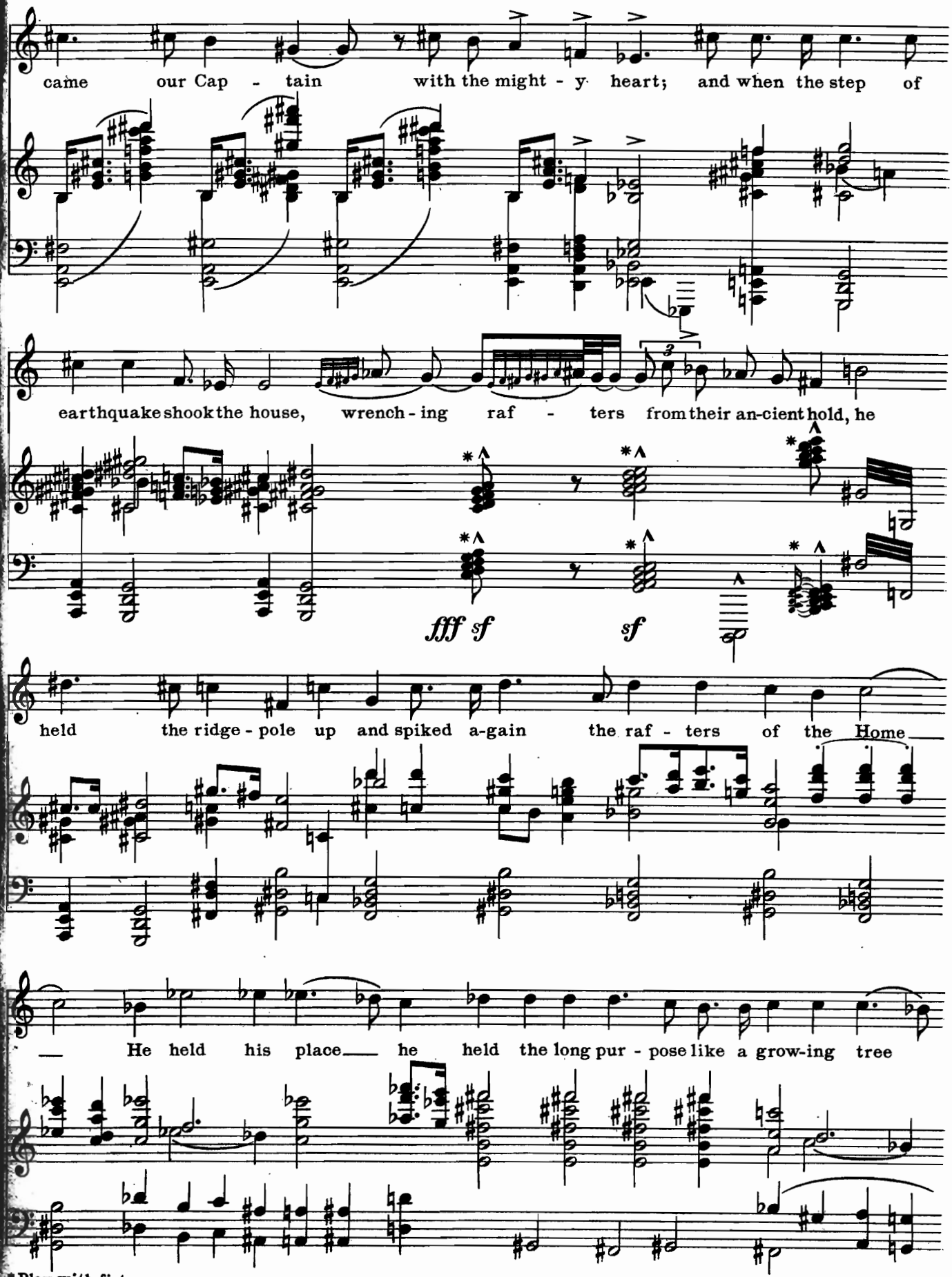
(1921)

Edwin Markham

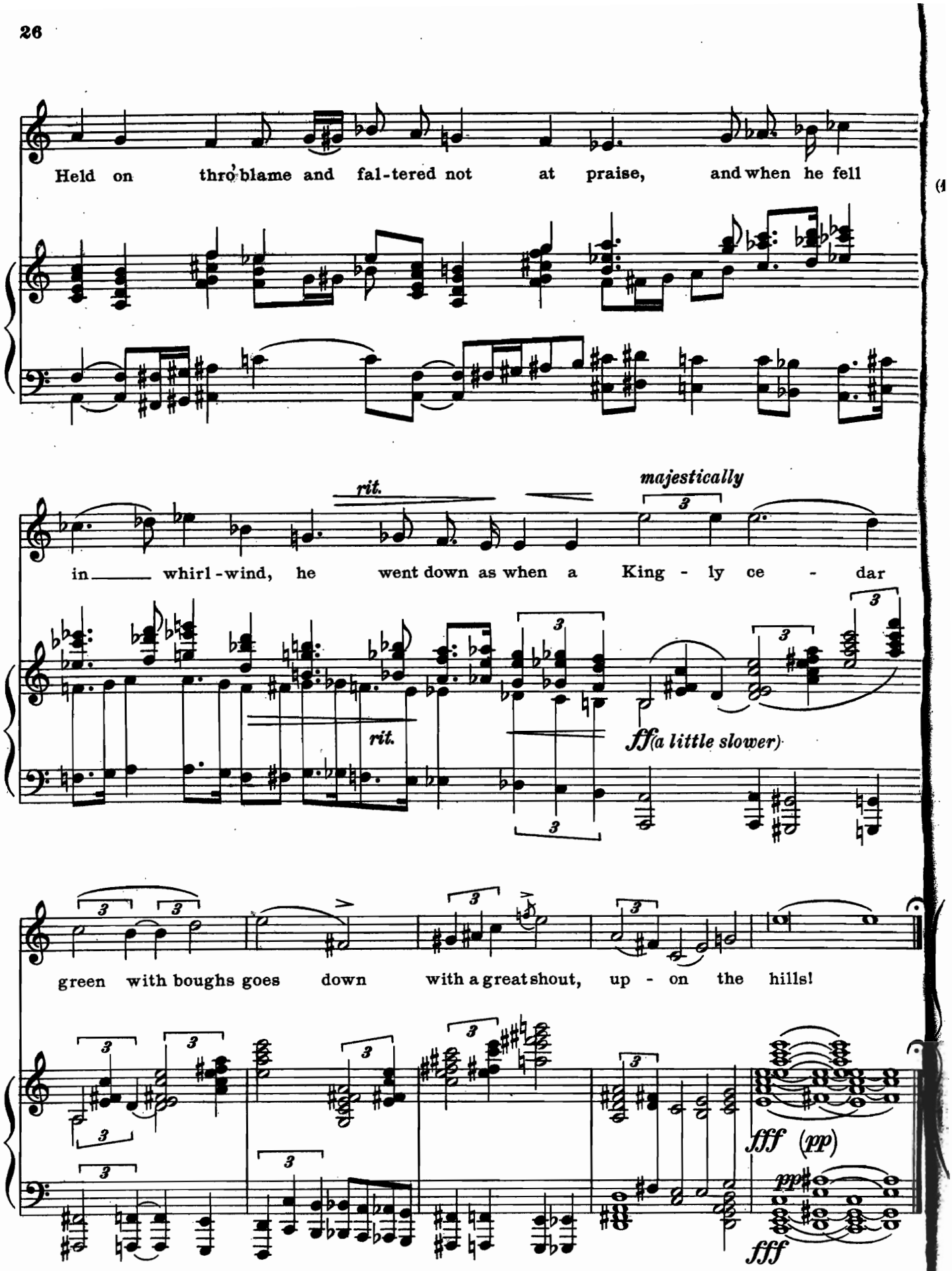



(by permission of the author, and of Doubleday, Page & Co. N. Y.)


One fair i - deal led our chief-tain on,
tr
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
3
f
The con-science test - ing ev-ery stroke, to make his deed the mea-sure of the man
f
ff
l.h.
So
ff



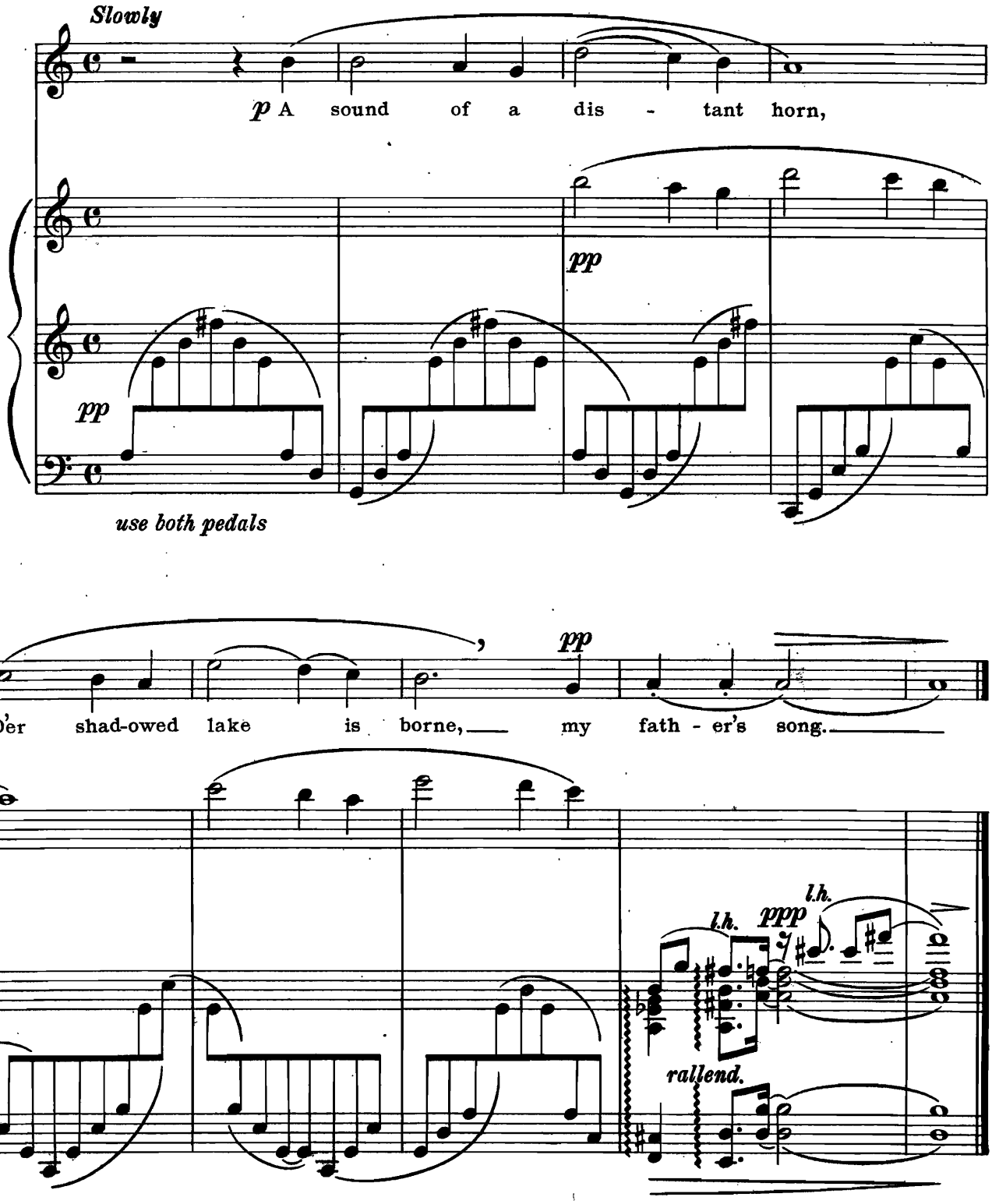

*Play with fists.


Held on thro' blame and fal-tered not at praise, and when he fell
rit.
majestically
in whirl-wind, he went down as when a King - ly ce - dar
rit.
ff (a little slower)
green with boughs goes down with a great shout, up - on the hills!
fff (pp)
pp
fff

# 12

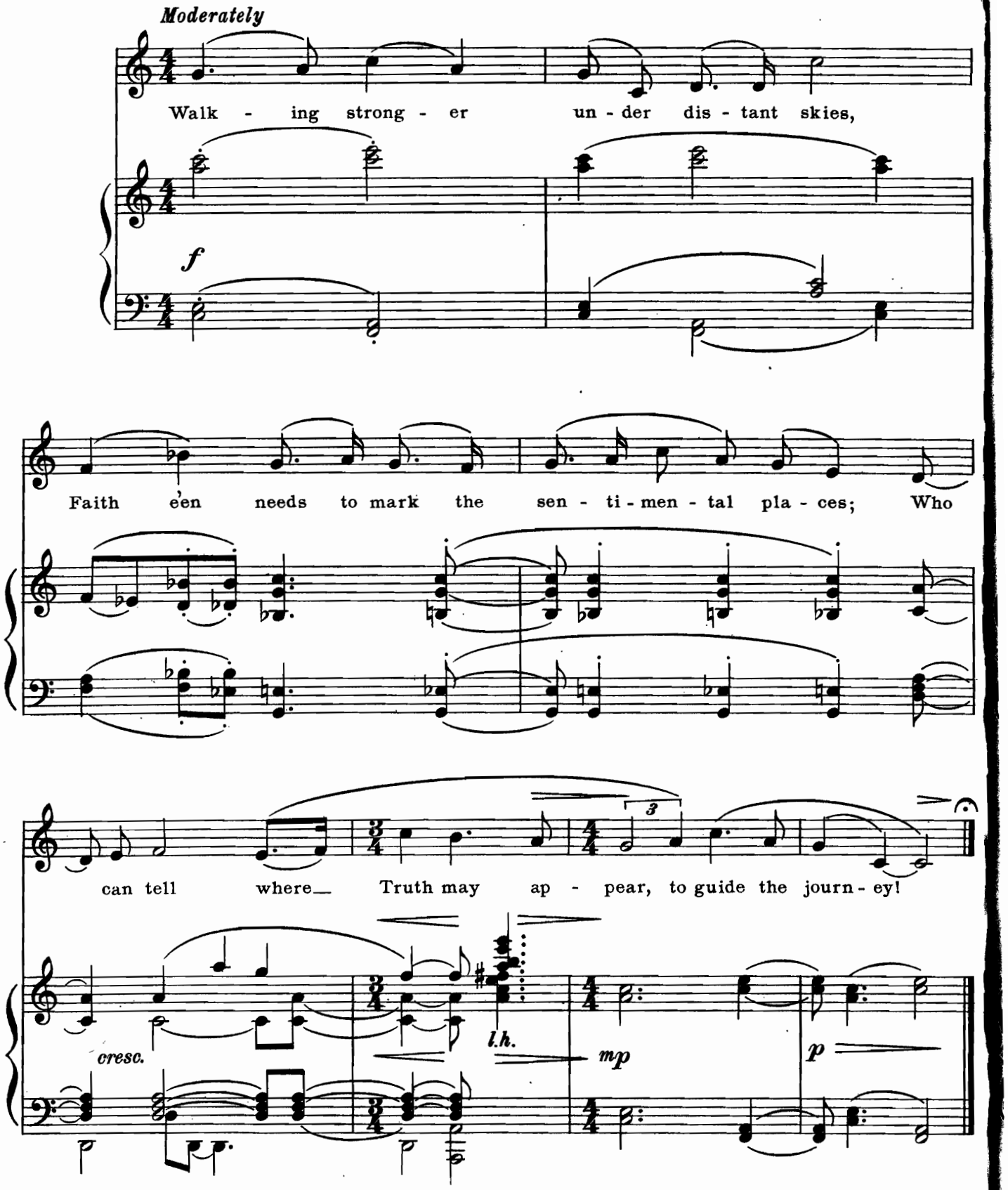
"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."
*Wordsworth.*

(1921)



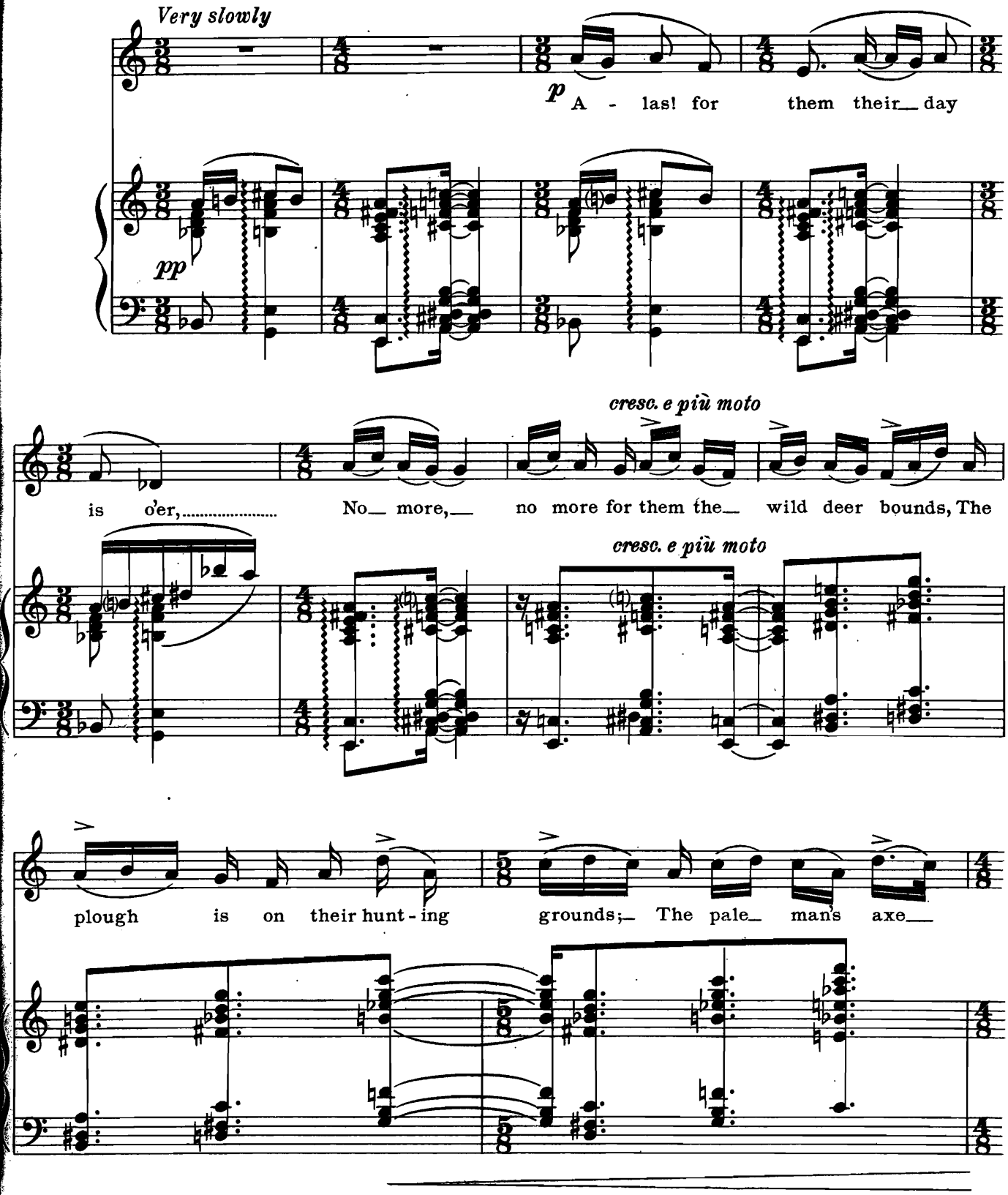
# 13
# Resolution

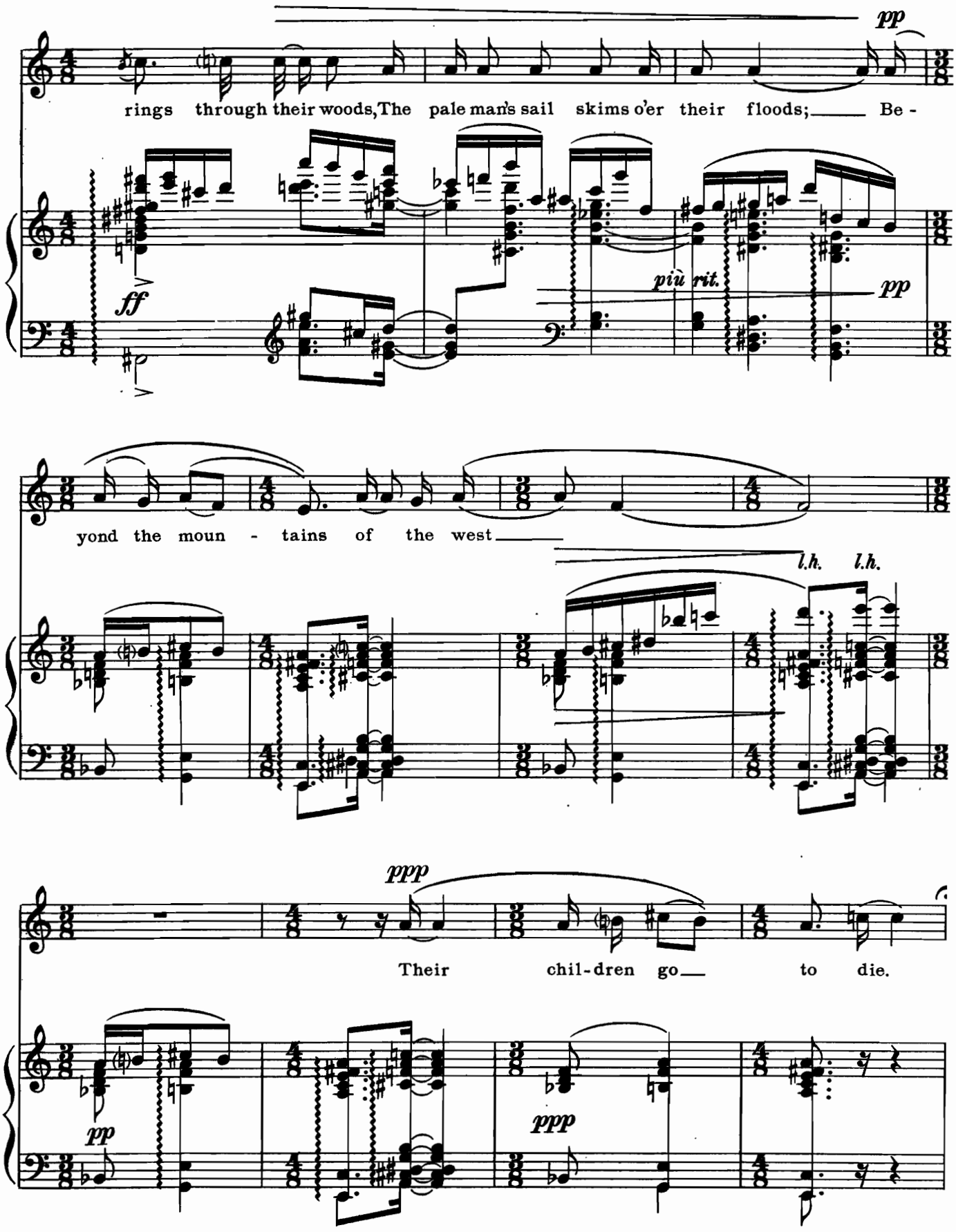
(1921)



# 14
# The Indians

(1921) Charles Sprague

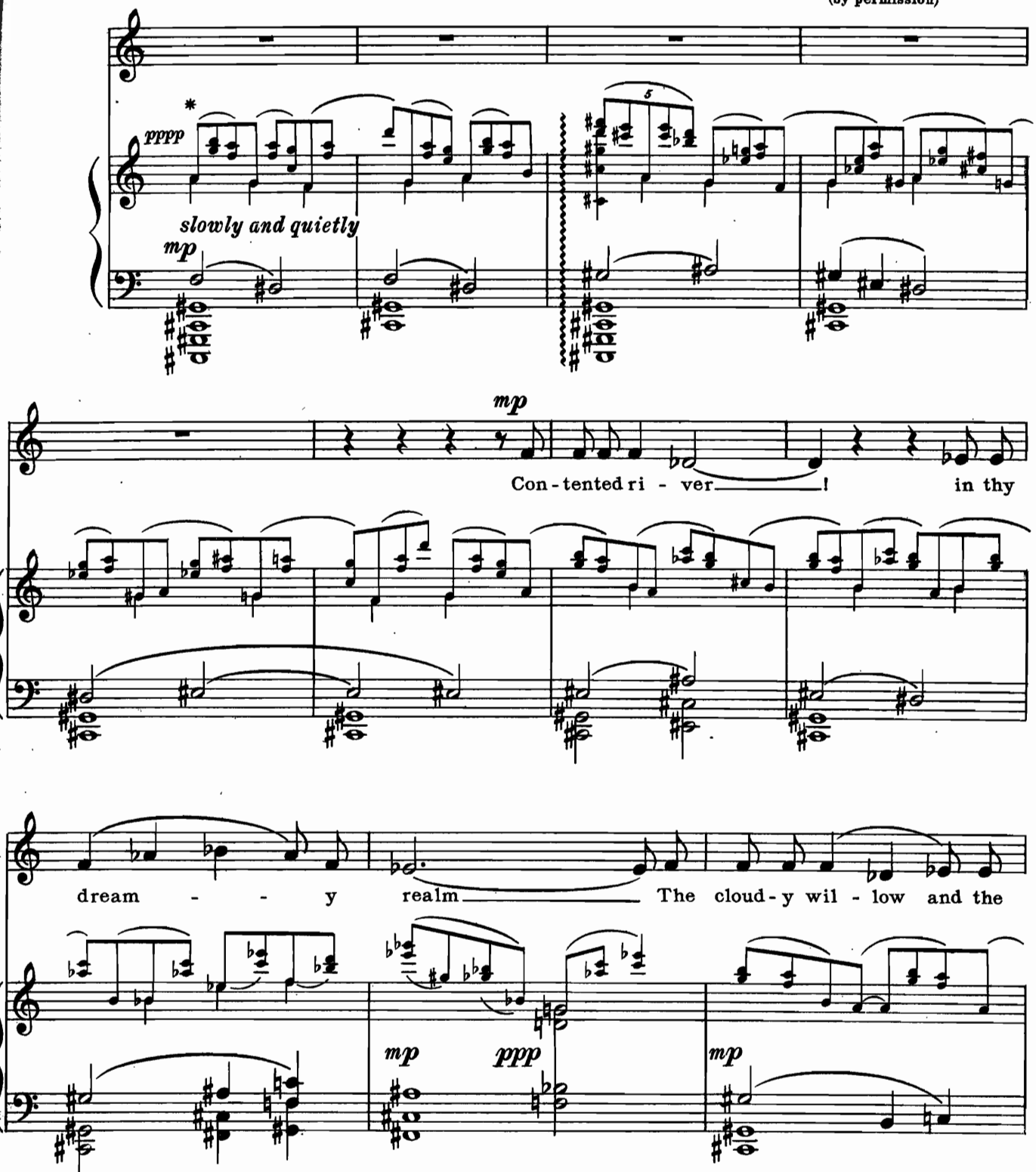



pp
rings through their woods, The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods; Be -
ff
più rit.
pp
yond the moun - tains of the west
l.h.
l.h.
ppp
Their chil-dren go to die.
pp
ppp

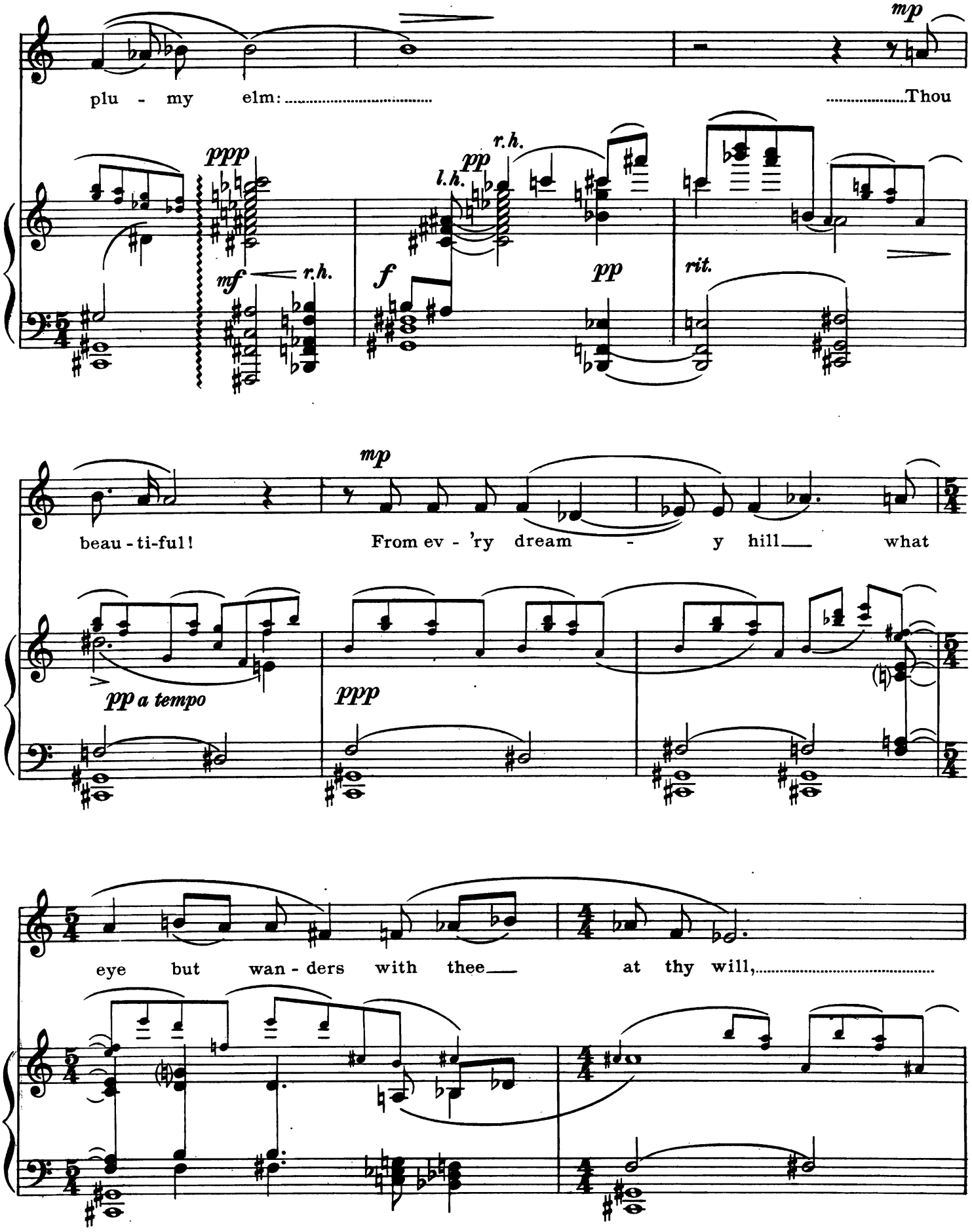
# 15
# The Housatonic at Stockbridge

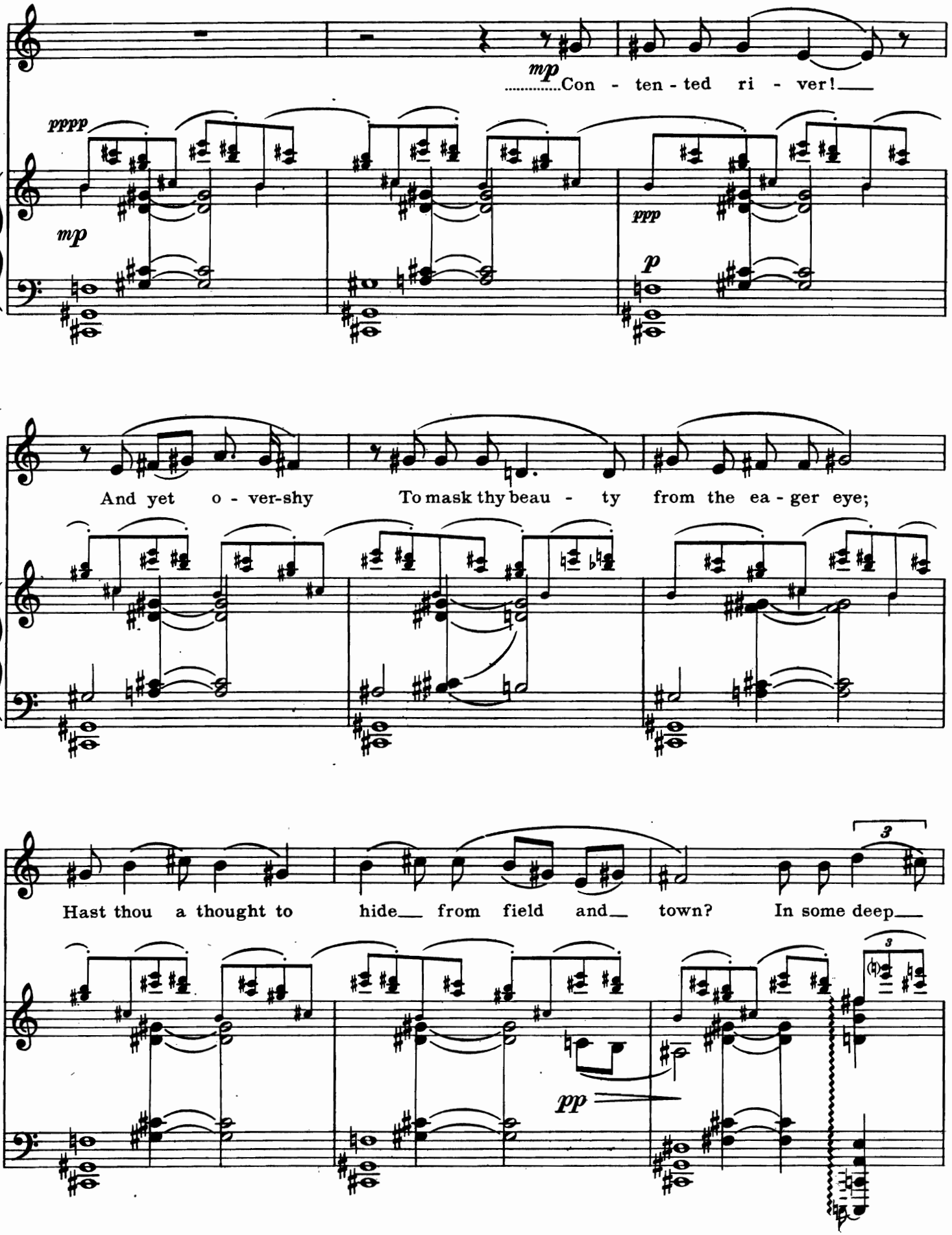
(1921)

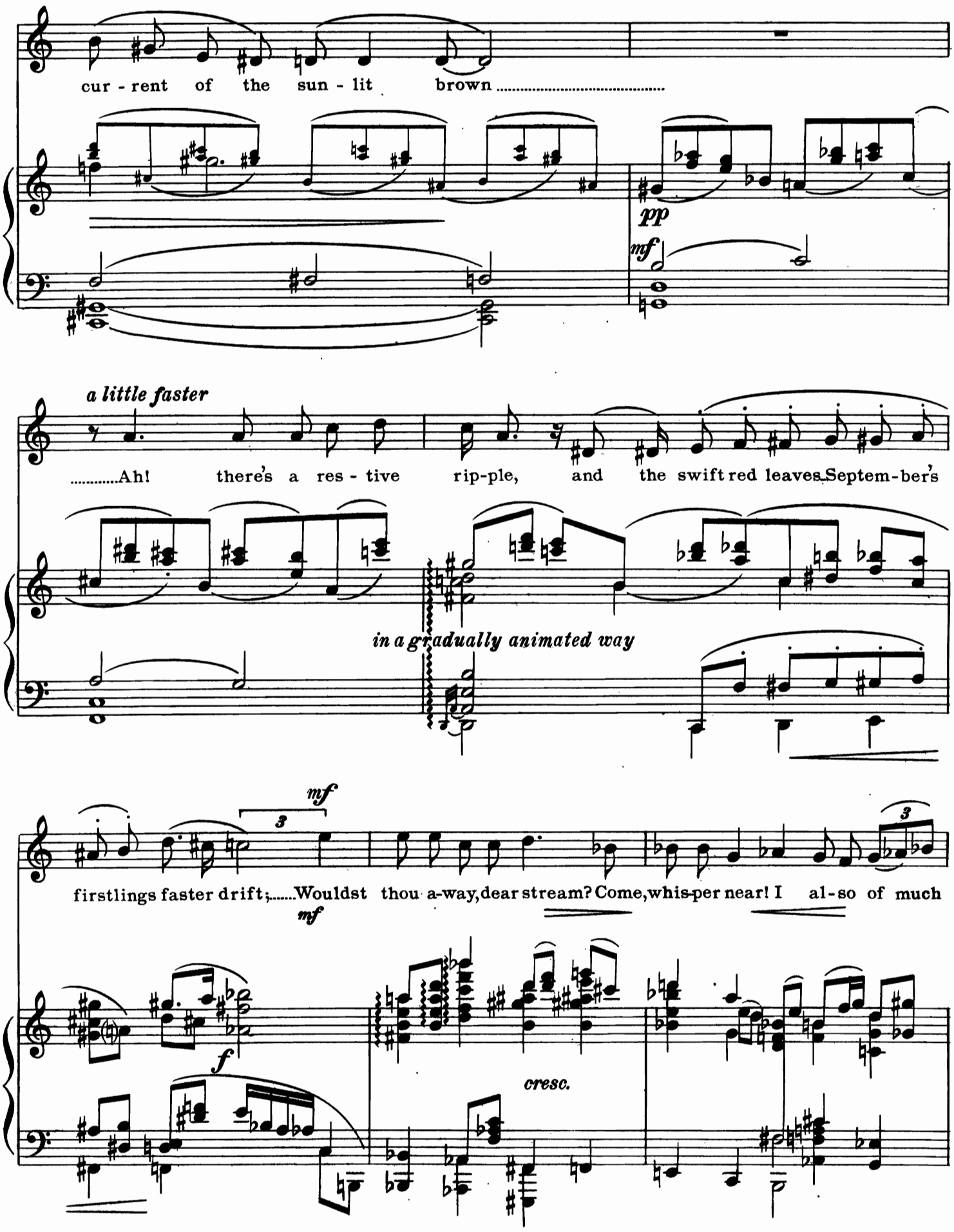
Robert Underwood Johnson
(by permission)

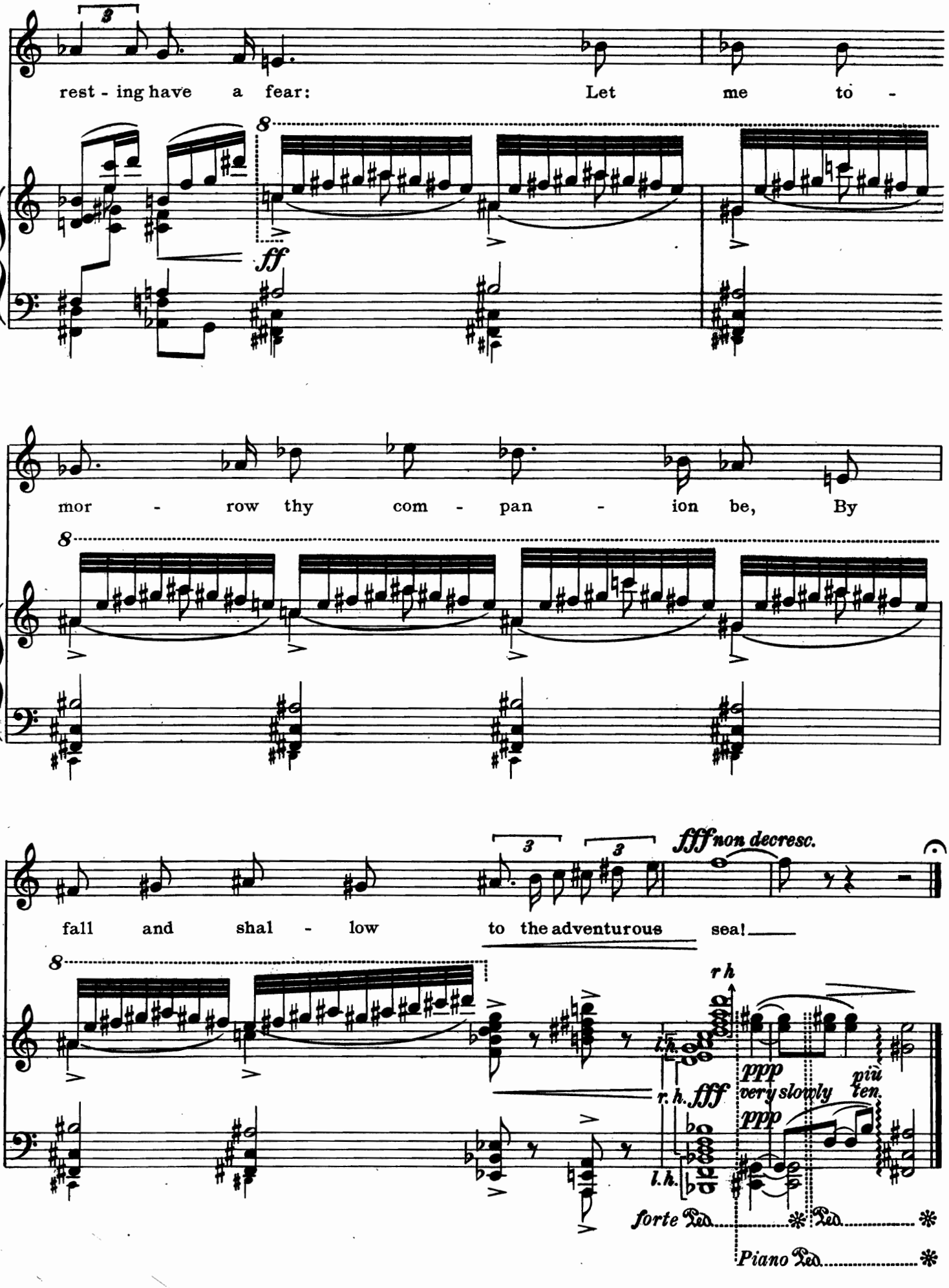



* *NOTE:*– The small notes in the right hand may be omitted, but if played should be scarcely audible. This song was originally written as a movement in a set of pieces for orchestra, in which it was intended that the upper strings, muted, be listened to separately or sub-conciously– as a kind of distant background of mists seen through the trees or over a river valley,–their parts bearing little or no relation to the tonality, etc. of the tune. It is difficult to reproduce this effect with piano.


mp
plu - my elm: ..... ..... Thou
ppp
mf
r.h.
l.h.
pp
r.h.
f
pp
rit.
mp
beau - ti-ful!
From ev - 'ry dream - y hill what
pp a tempo
ppp
eye but wan - ders with thee at thy will, .....


mp
Con - ten - ted ri - ver!
pppp
mp
ppp
p
And yet o - ver-shy To mask thy beau - ty from the ea - ger eye;
3
Hast thou a thought to hide from field and town? In some deep
3
pp


cur - rent of the sun - lit brown .....
pp
mf
a little faster
.....Ah! there's a res - tive rip-ple, and the swift red leaves Septem-ber's
in a gradually animated way
mf
3
firstlings faster drift;.....Wouldst thou a-way, dear stream? Come, whis-per near! I al-so of much
mf
f
cresc.


rest - ing have a fear: Let me to -
ff
mor - row thy com - pan - ion be, By
fall and shal - low to the adventurous sea!
fff non decresc.
r h
l.h.
r. h. fff
ppp very slowly
più ten.
ppp
forte Ped.
Piano Ped.

# 16
# Religion

(1920)

*Quotation from*
*Dr. James T. Bixby's "Modern Dogmatism"*
*in his "Essays"–"The New World," etc.*
*(Thos. Whittaker. N. Y.)*

Andante

*mp*

*f* There is no un - be-lief. And day by day and night by night, un-

*f* *mp*

con - scious-ly, The heart lives by faith the lips de - ny;

*l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.*

*pp*

*decresc.*

— God knows the why.

*p* *maestoso*

*p*

*pp*

*ppp* *l.h.* *ppp* *l.h.*

* "The Shining Shore"– *Geo. F. Root*

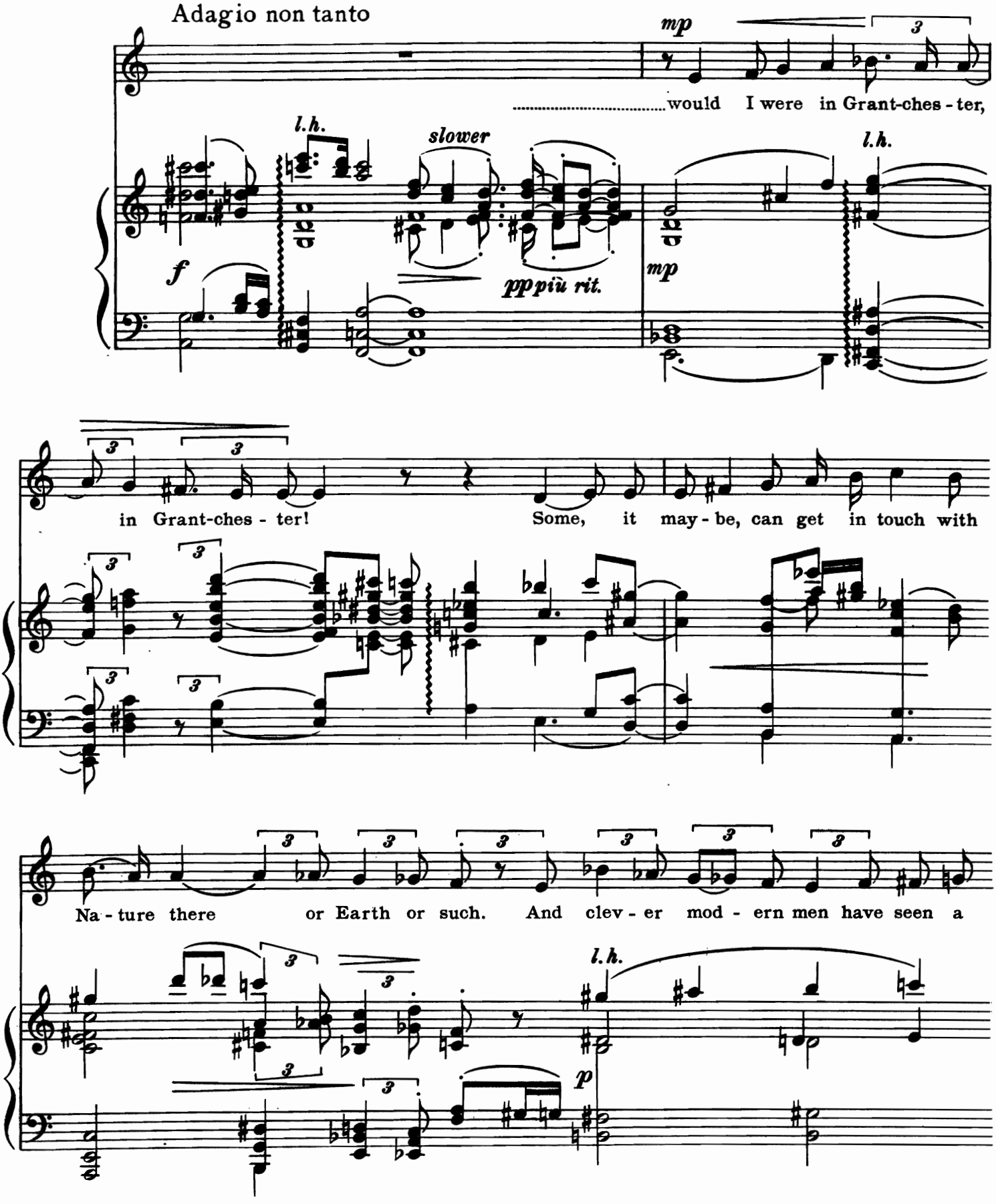
# 17
# Grantchester

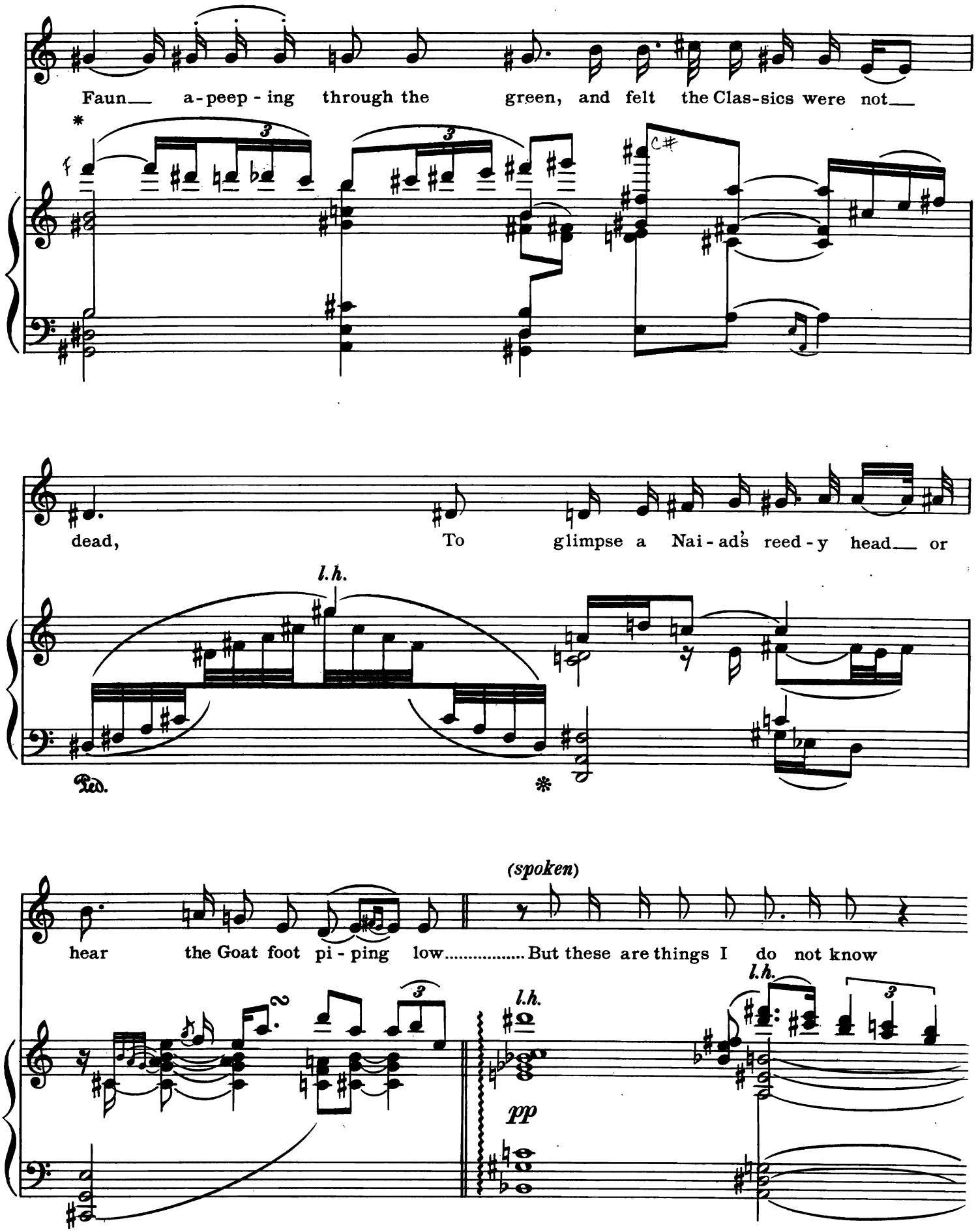
(with a quotation from Debussy)

(1920)

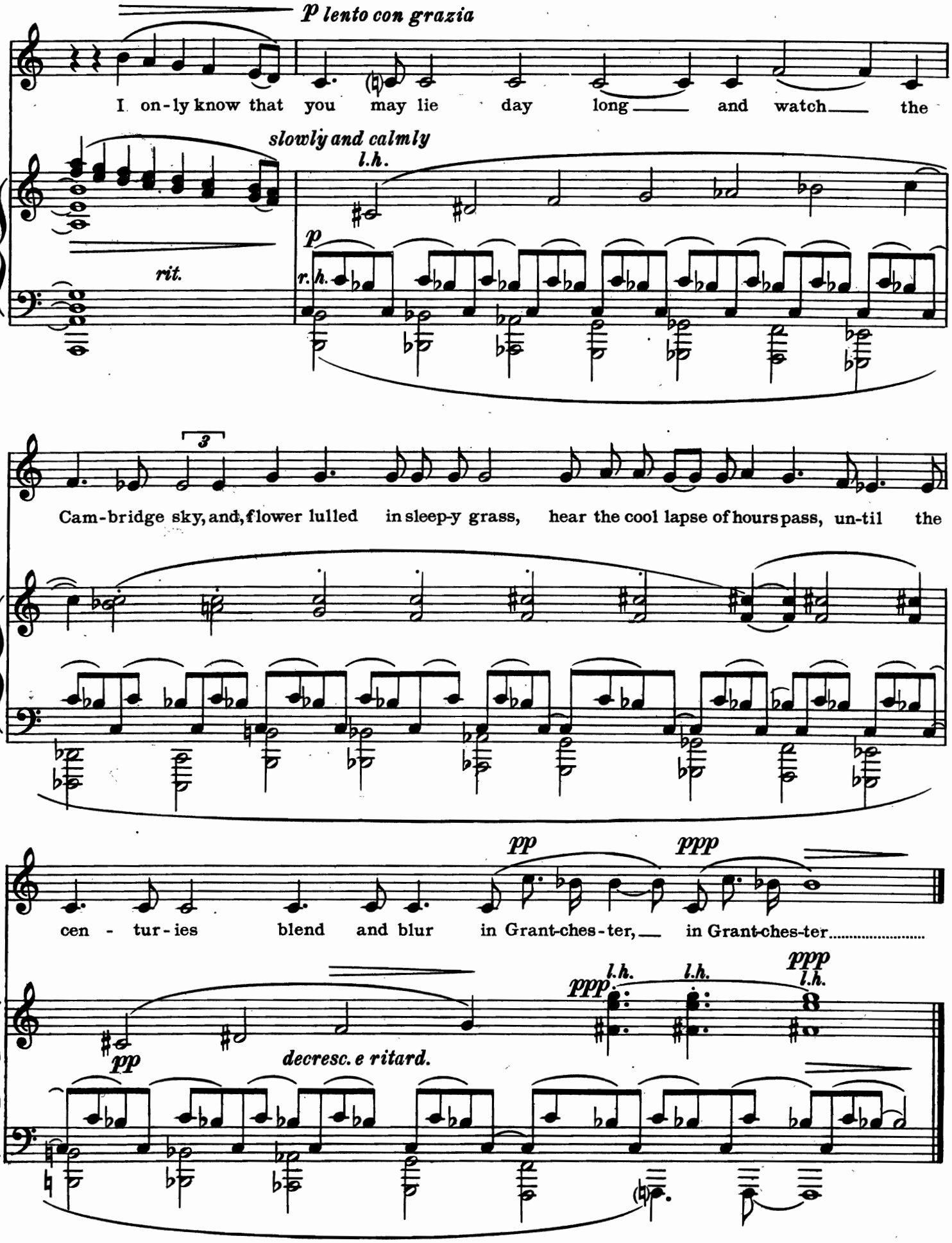
Rupert Brooke

*from the Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*
*by the courtesy of John Lane Co. N.Y.*





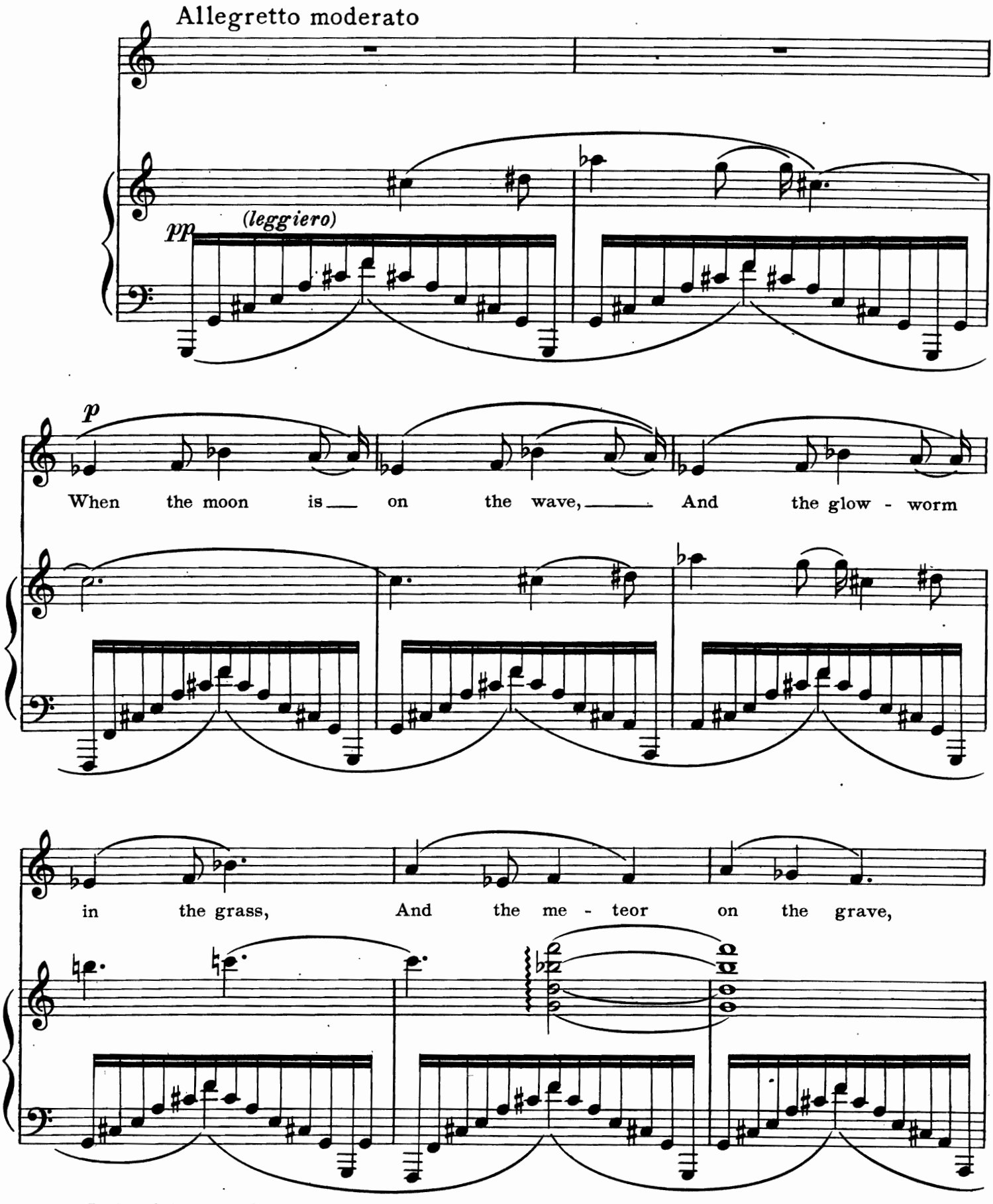

*("l'Après-midi d'un Faune" Claude Debussy). By courtesy and special authorization of the publisher: Jean Jobert, Paris, 44 Rue du Colisée.


p lento con grazia
I on-ly know that you may lie day long and watch the
slowly and calmly
l.h.
p
r.h.
rit.
3
Cam-bridge sky, and flower lulled in sleep-y grass, hear the cool lapse of hours pass, un-til the
pp
ppp
cen - tur-ies blend and blur in Grant-ches-ter, in Grant-ches-ter
ppp
l.h.
l.h.
ppp
l.h.
pp
decresc. e ritard.

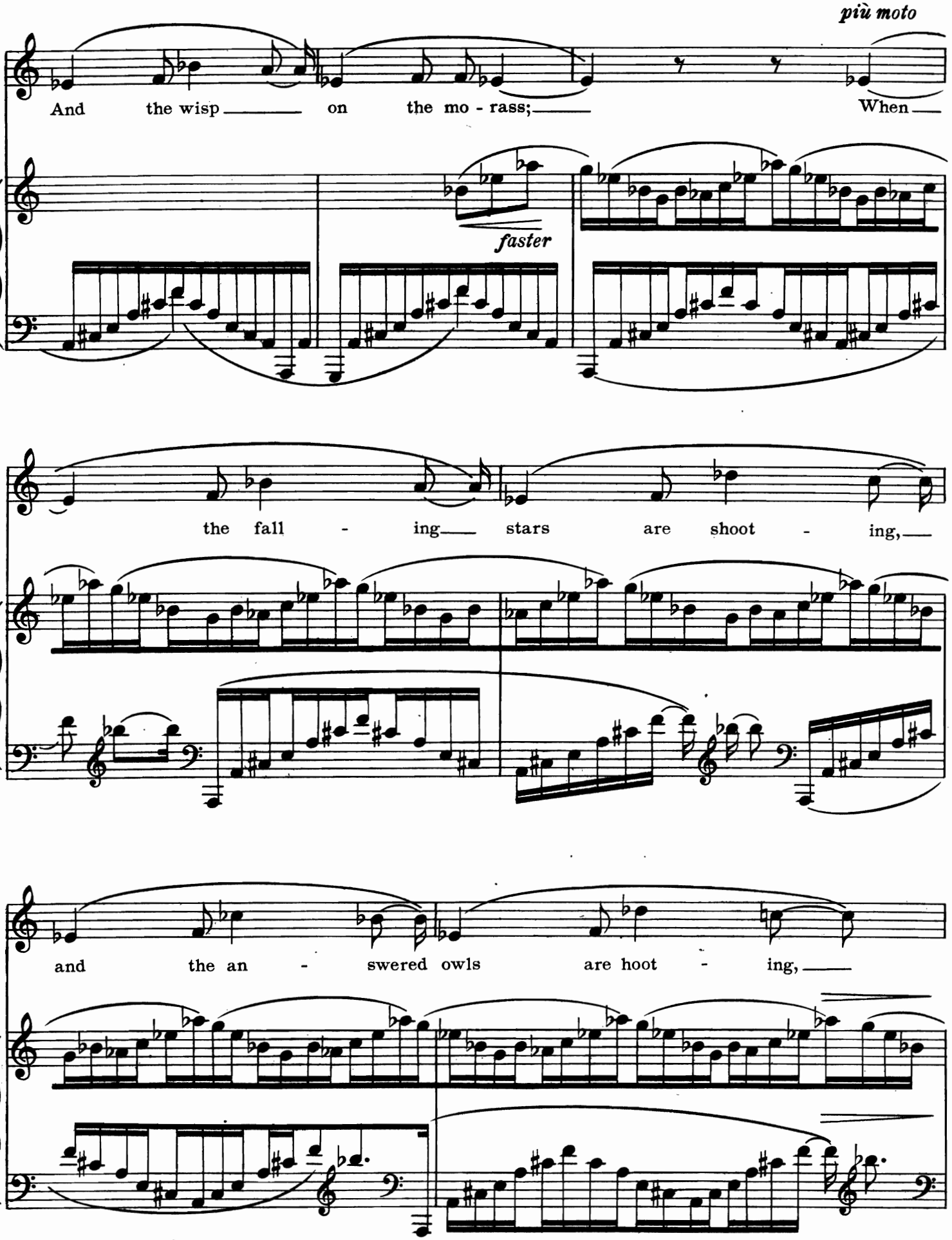
# 18
# from the "Incantation"

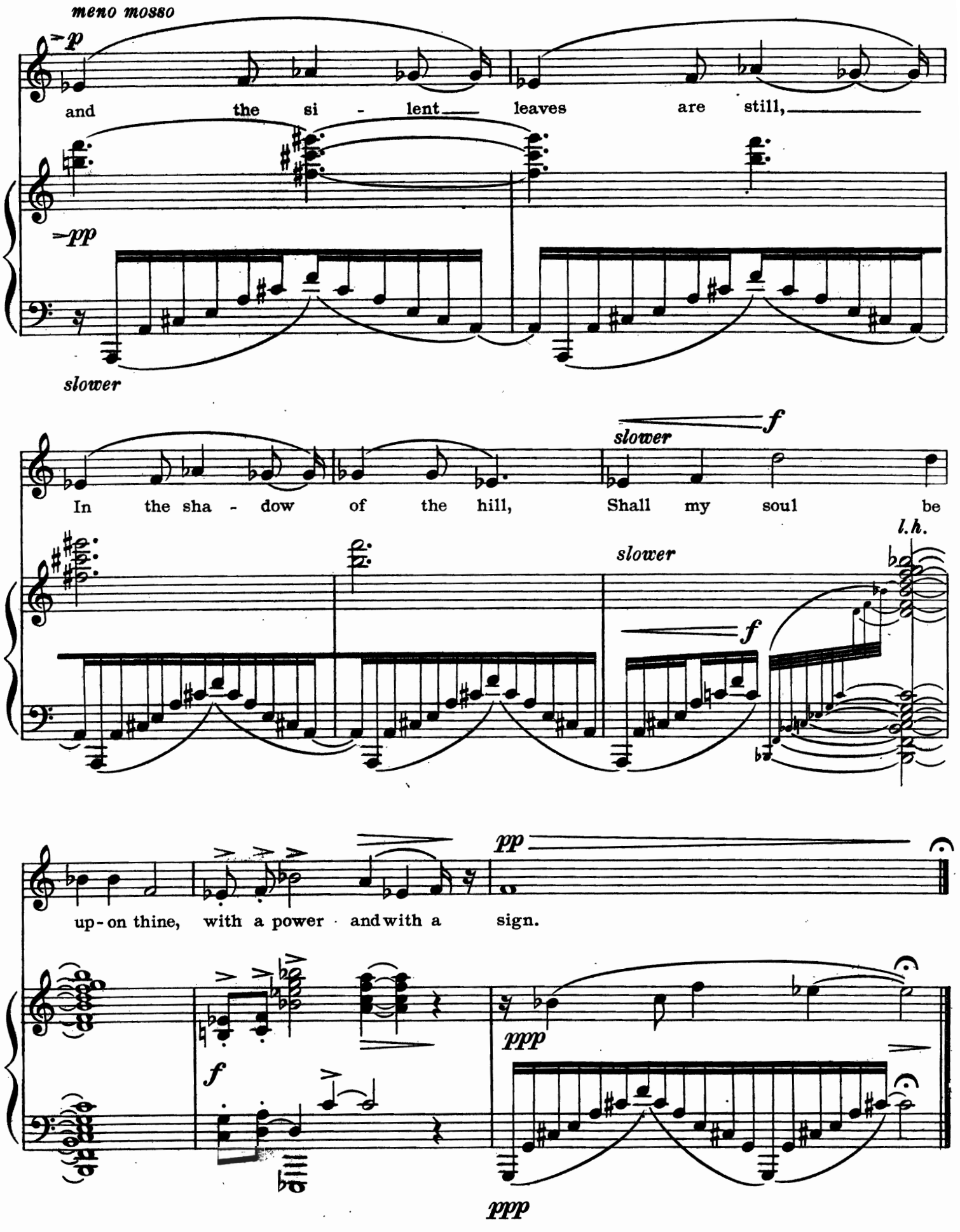
(1921)

Byron




*NOTE:*- Both pedals are used almost constantly.


più moto
And the wisp on the mo - rass; When
faster
the fall - ing stars are shoot - ing,
and the an - swered owls are hoot - ing,


meno mosso
p
and the si - lent leaves are still,
pp
slower
In the sha - dow of the hill,
slower
f
Shall my soul be
slower
l.h.
f
pp
up - on thine, with a power and with a sign.
f
ppp
ppp

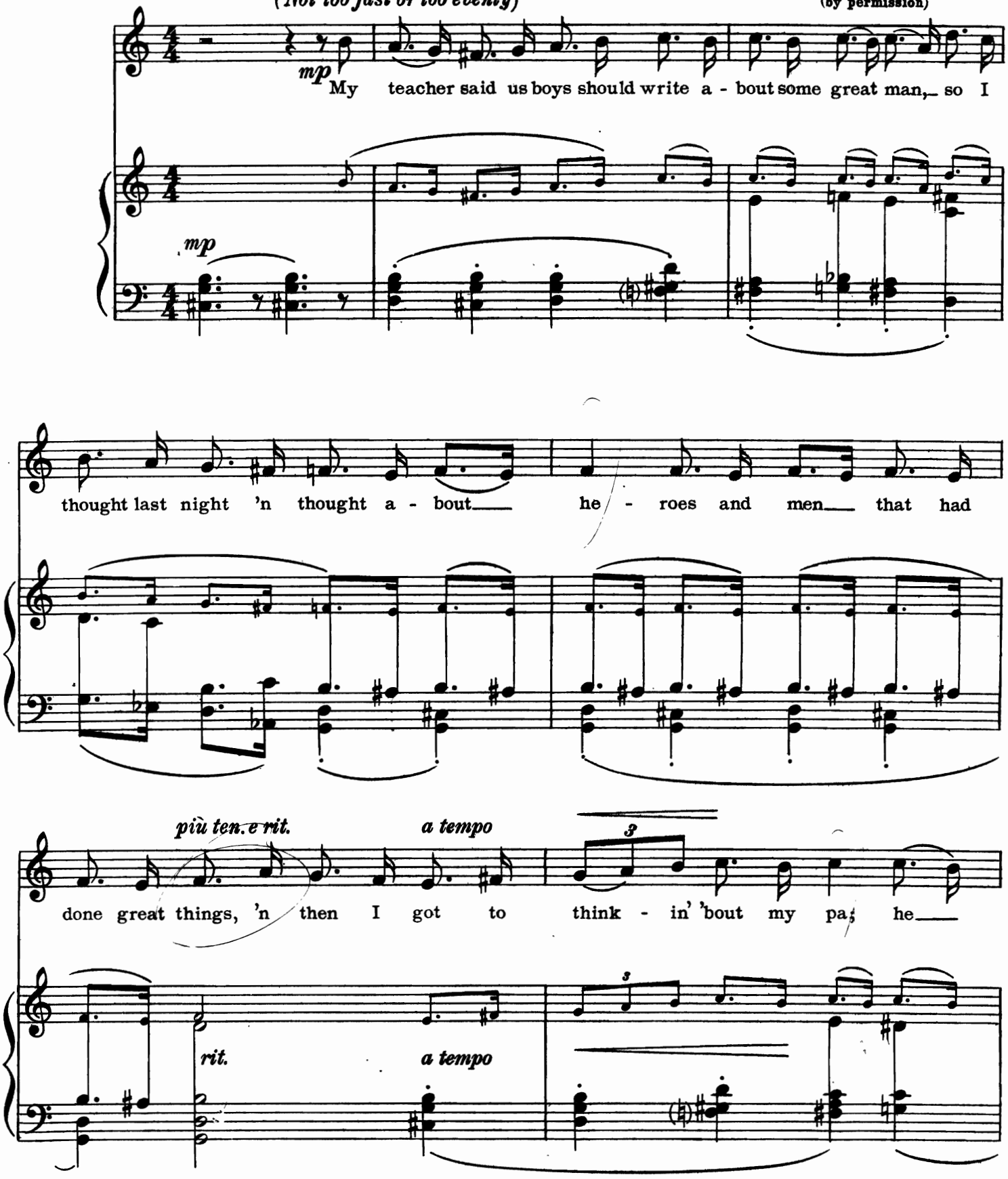
# 19
# The Greatest Man

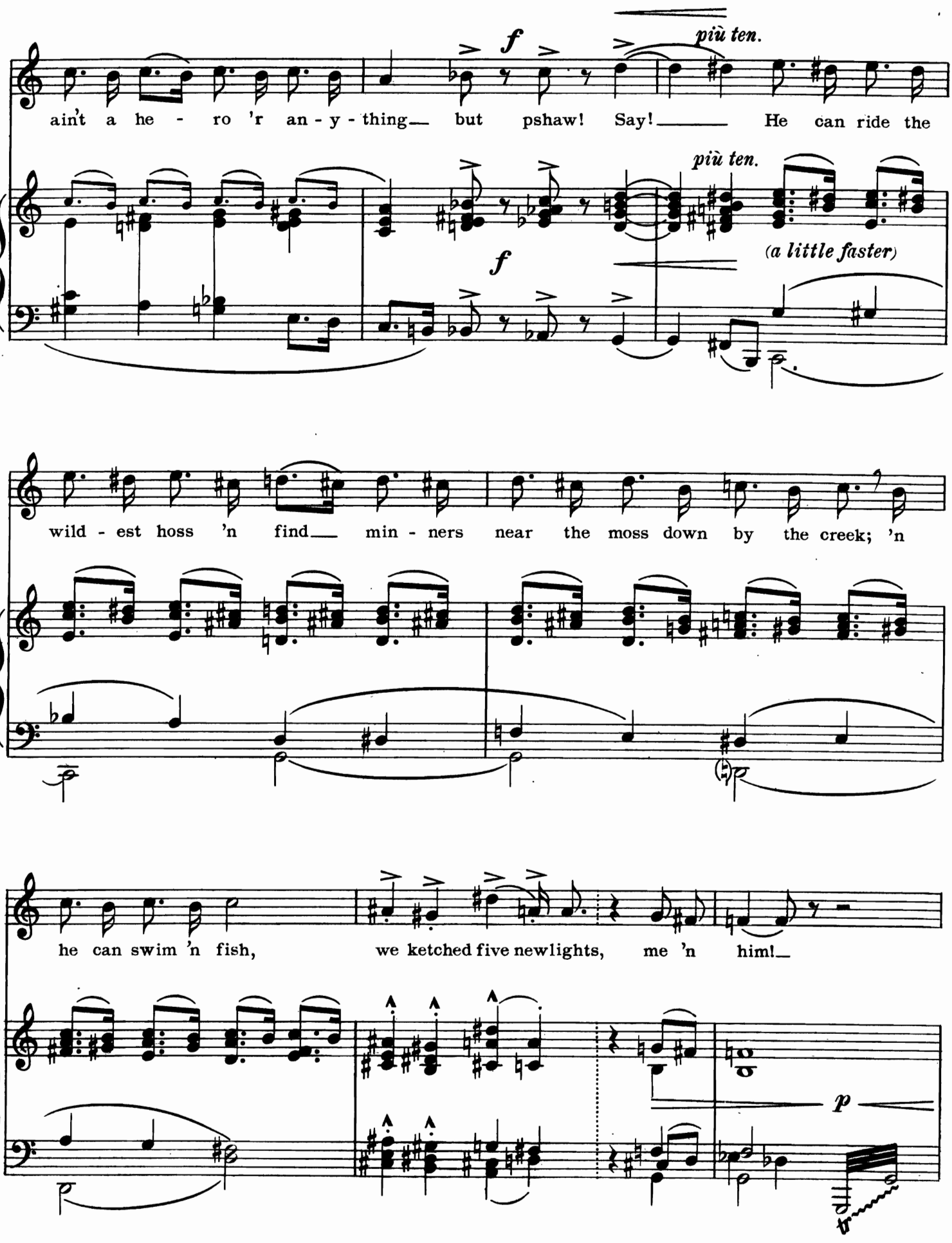
(1921)

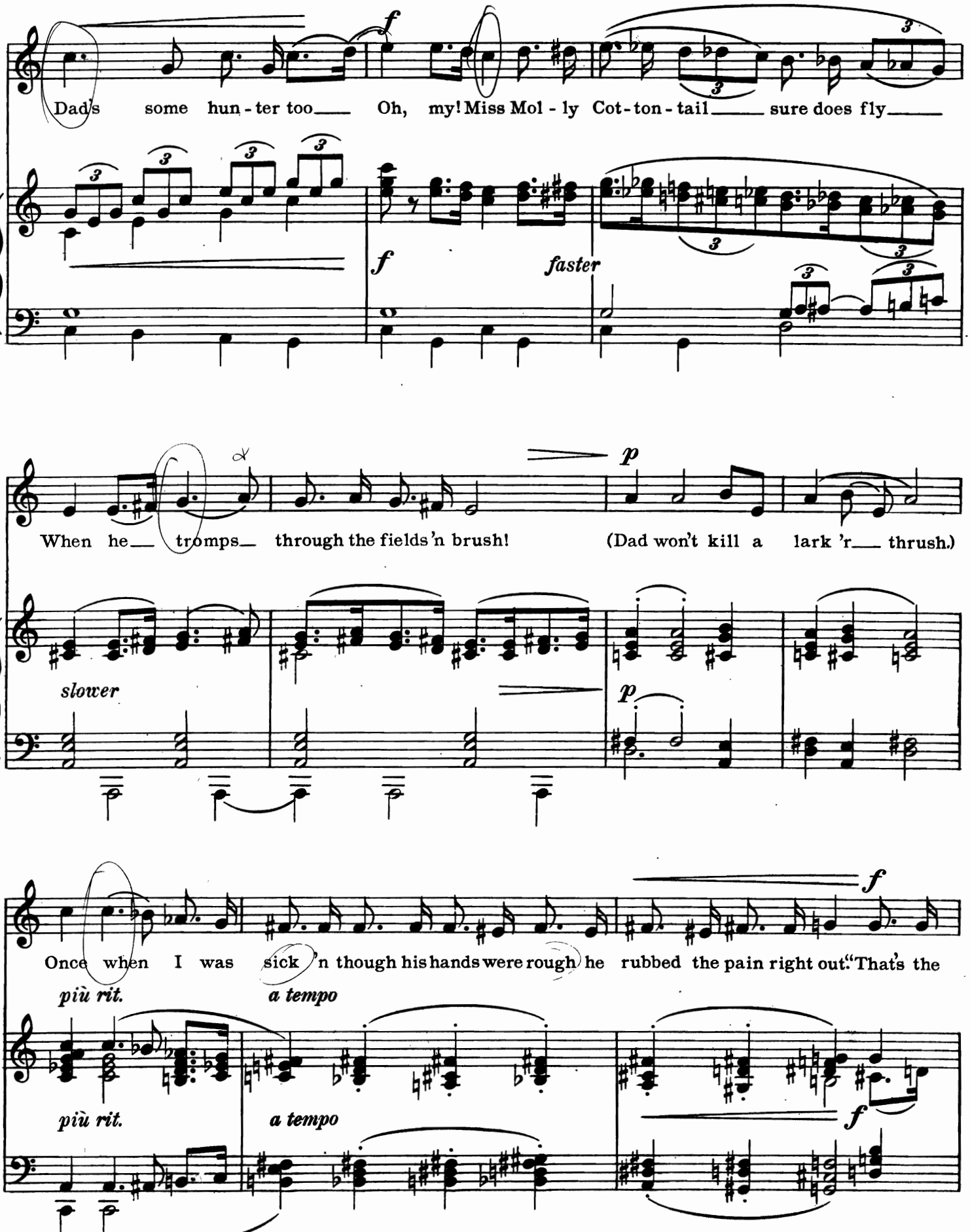
Anne Collins

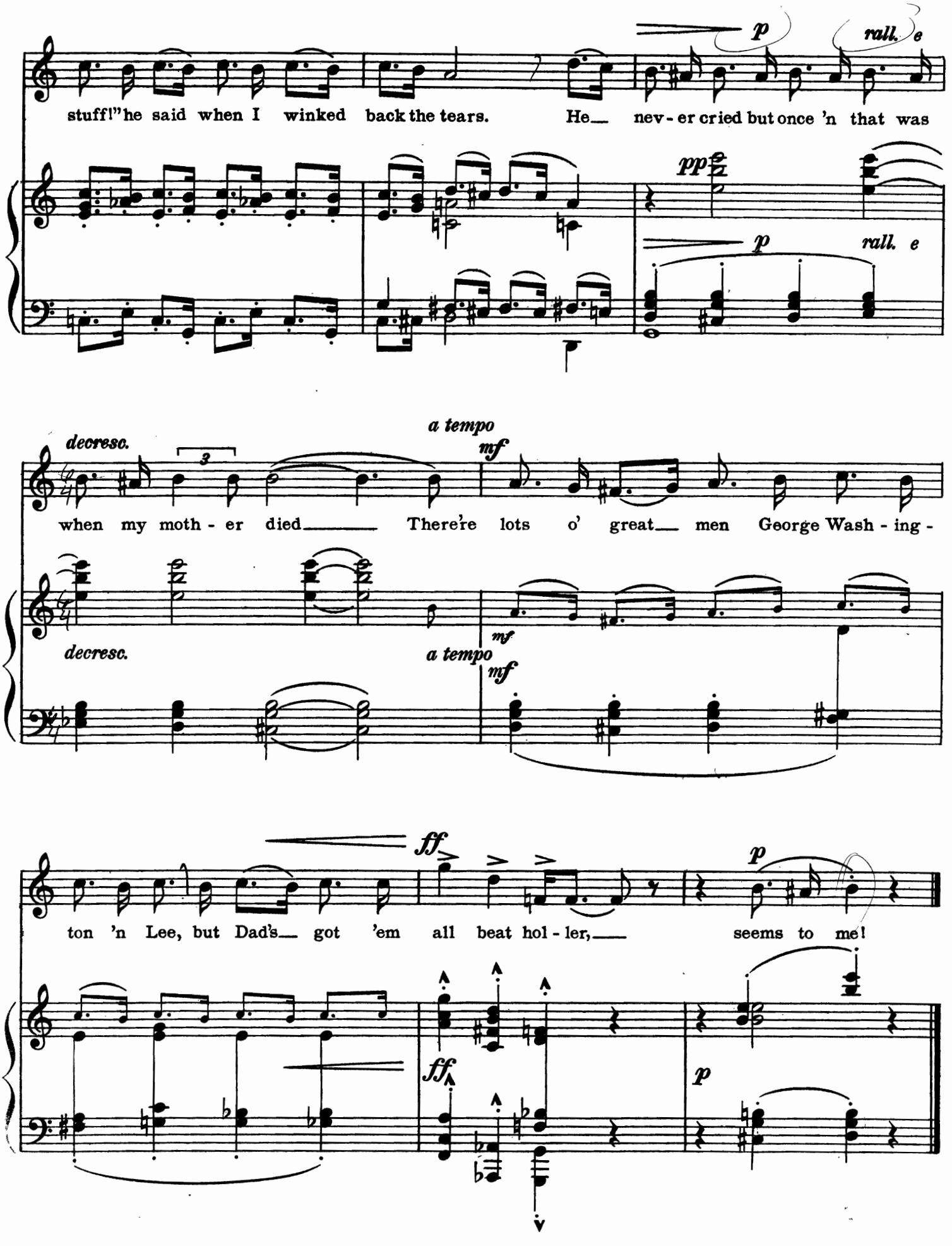
*(In the Evening Sun N.Y. 1921)*
(by permission)

Moderato *(In a half boasting and half wistful way)*
*(Not too fast or too evenly)*




f
più ten.
ain't a he - ro 'r an - y - thing— but pshaw! Say!— He can ride the
più ten.
f
(a little faster)
wild - est hoss 'n find— min - ners near the moss down by the creek; 'n
he can swim 'n fish, we ketched five newlights, me 'n him!—
p


Dad's some hun - ter too Oh, my! Miss Mol - ly Cot - ton - tail sure does fly
f
f
faster
When he tromps through the fields 'n brush! (Dad won't kill a lark 'r thrush.)
p
slower
p
Once when I was sick 'n though his hands were rough he rubbed the pain right out. "That's the
f
più rit.
a tempo
più rit.
a tempo
f

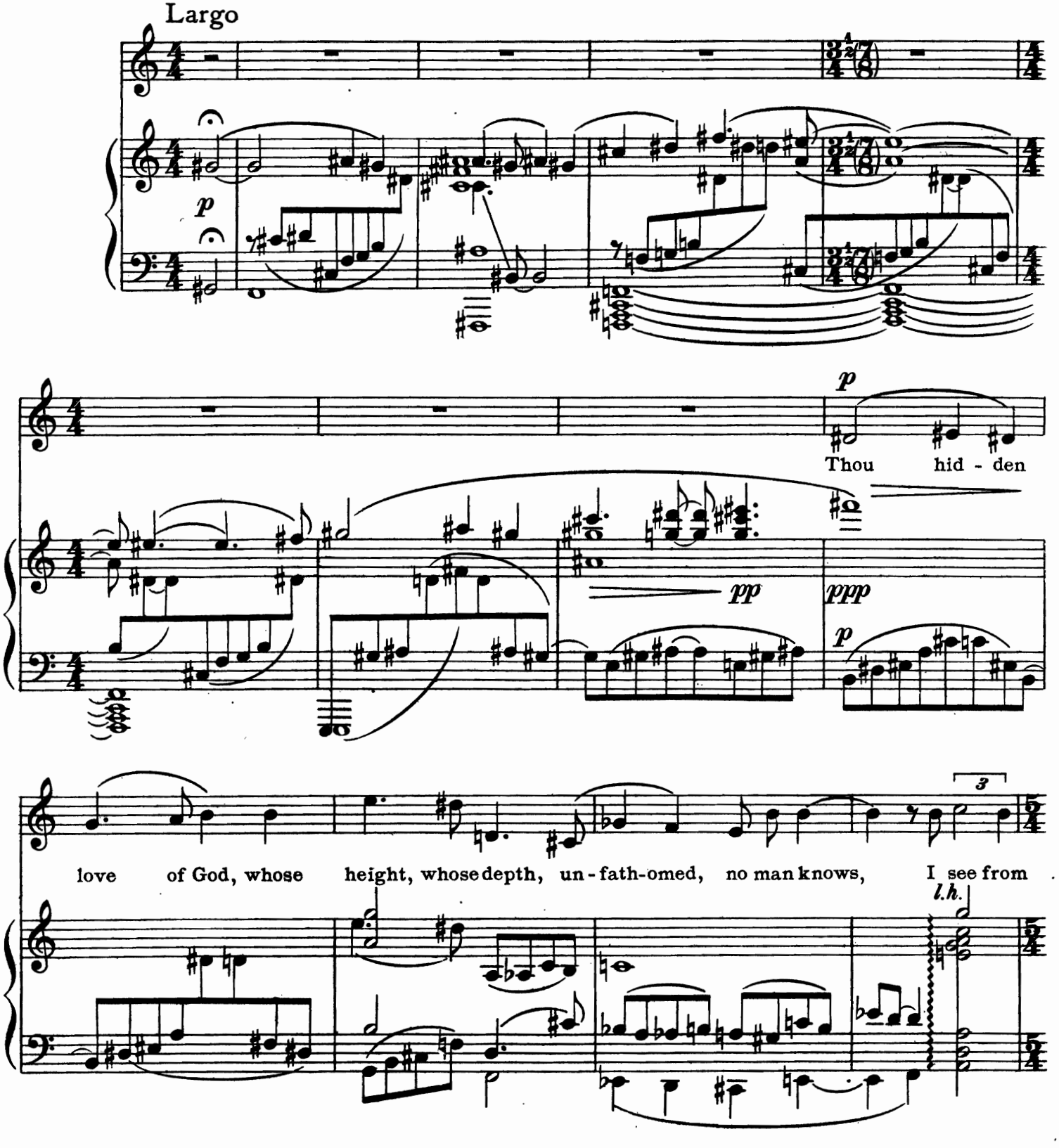

p
rall. e
stuff!" he said when I winked back the tears. He_ nev - er cried but once 'n that was
pp
p
rall. e
decresc.
a tempo
mf
when my moth - er died_____ There're lots o' great_ men George Wash - ing -
decresc.
mf
a tempo
mf
ff
p
ton 'n Lee, but Dad's_ got 'em all beat hol - ler,_____ seems to me!
ff
p

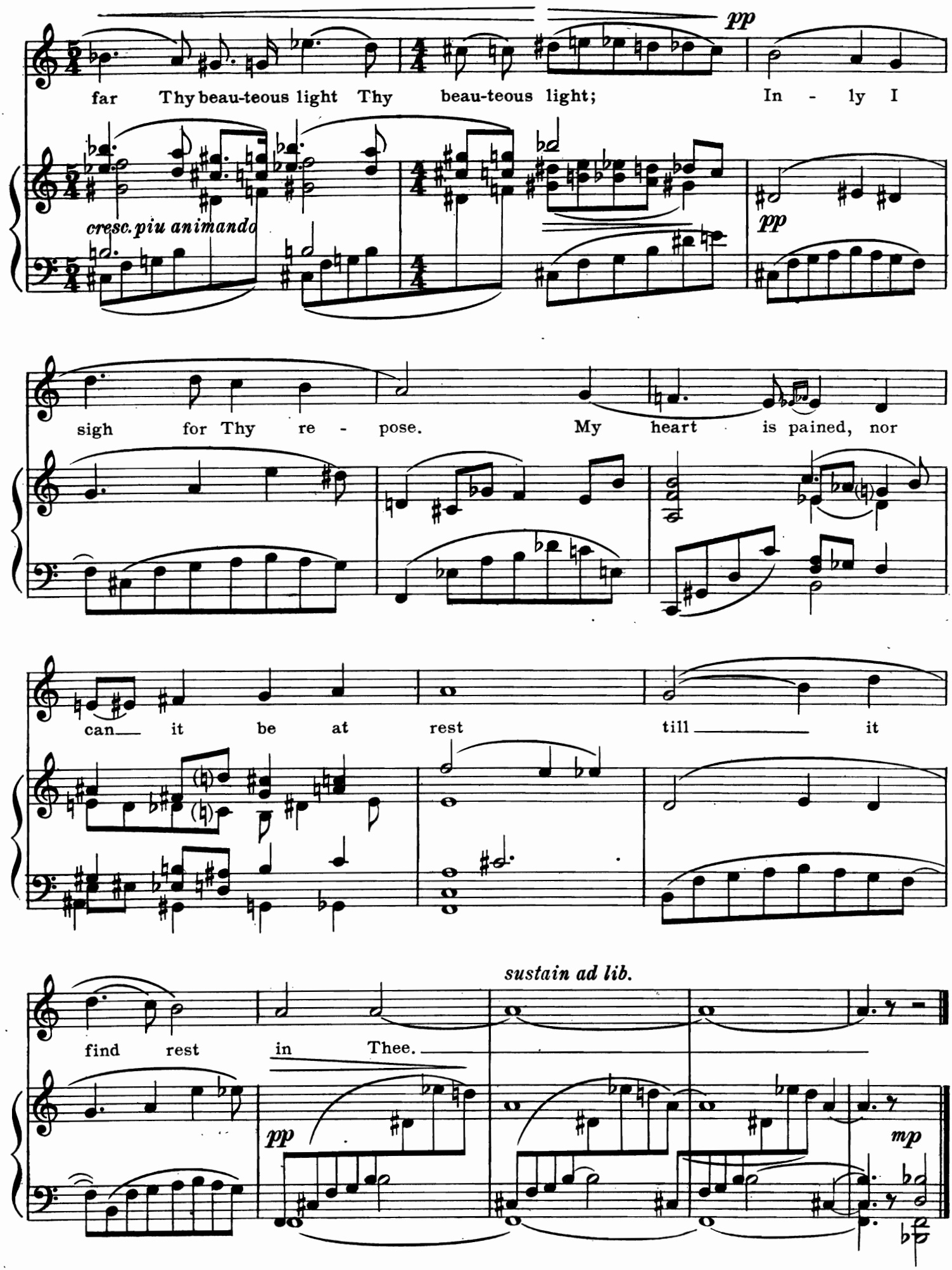
# 20
# Hymn

(1921)

Dr. Collyer recalls an interesting passage between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The latter said that many of the hymns in use were mere pieces of cabinet work. Then his voice deepened and his eyes shone, as they did in his noblest moments, and he said, "One hymn I think supreme." Emerson threw back his head and waited, while Dr. Holmes repeated the text of the following song. Emerson responded: "I know that is the supreme hymn. 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness.'"

quoted from Prof. Shutter's Chapter "The God of Evolution"
in his essays "Applied Evolution"
*Universalist Pub. Co.*




pp
far Thy beau-teous light Thy beau-teous light; In - ly I
cresc. piu animando
pp
sigh for Thy re - pose. My heart is pained, nor
can it be at rest till it
sustain ad lib.
find rest in Thee.
pp
mp

# 21
# Luck and Work

(1920)

Robert Underwood Johnson

*Fast and hard*

*f*

While one will search the sea - son o - ver, To

*f*

*

*p*

find the ma - gic four - leaved - clo - ver, An - oth-er, with not half the

*slower and easily*

*slower* *p*

8

trou - ble, Will plant a crop to bear him dou - ble.

*f*

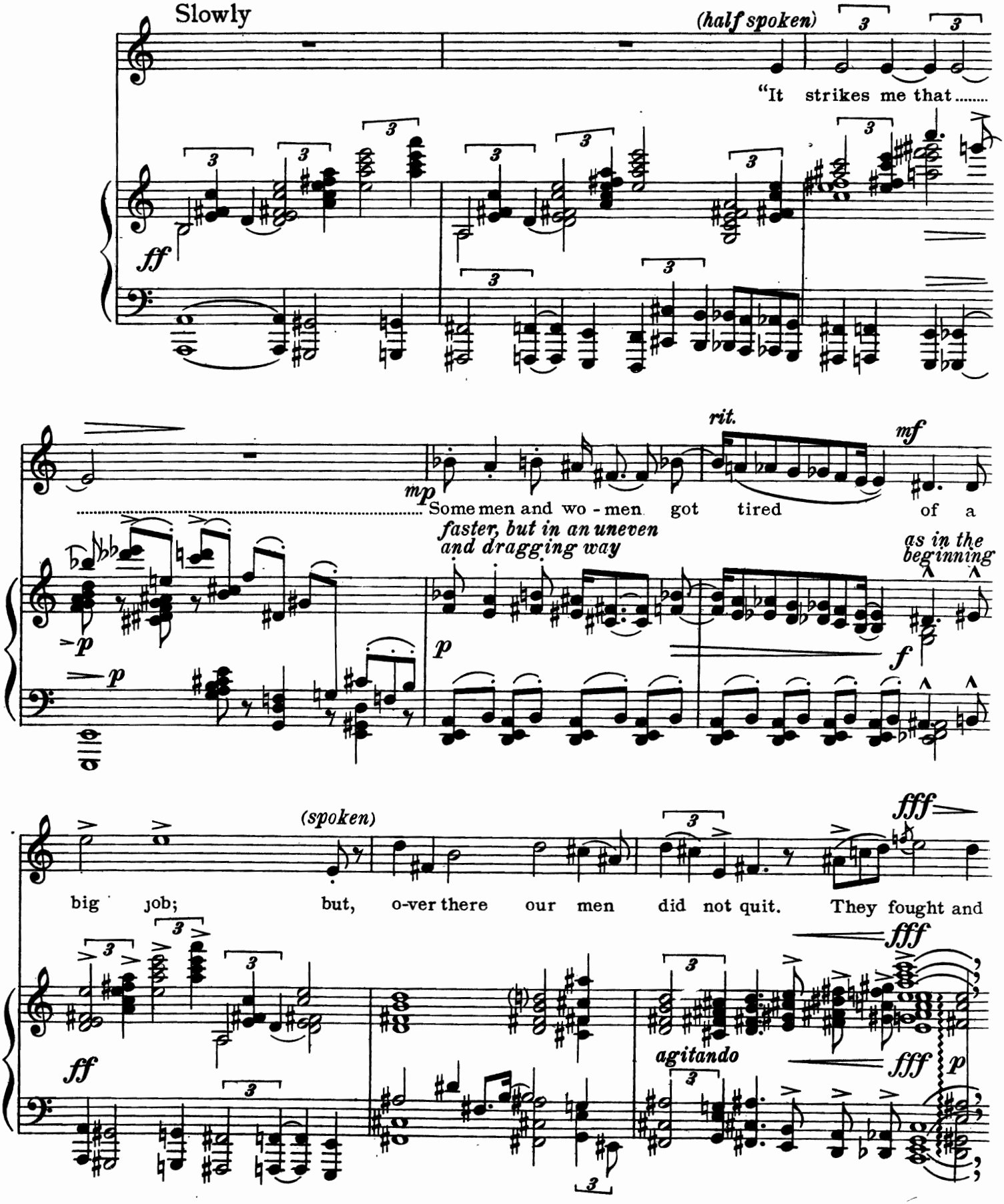
*NOTE:*—The notes for the right hand in the first four measures may be omitted and octaves with and above the left hand may be played:—

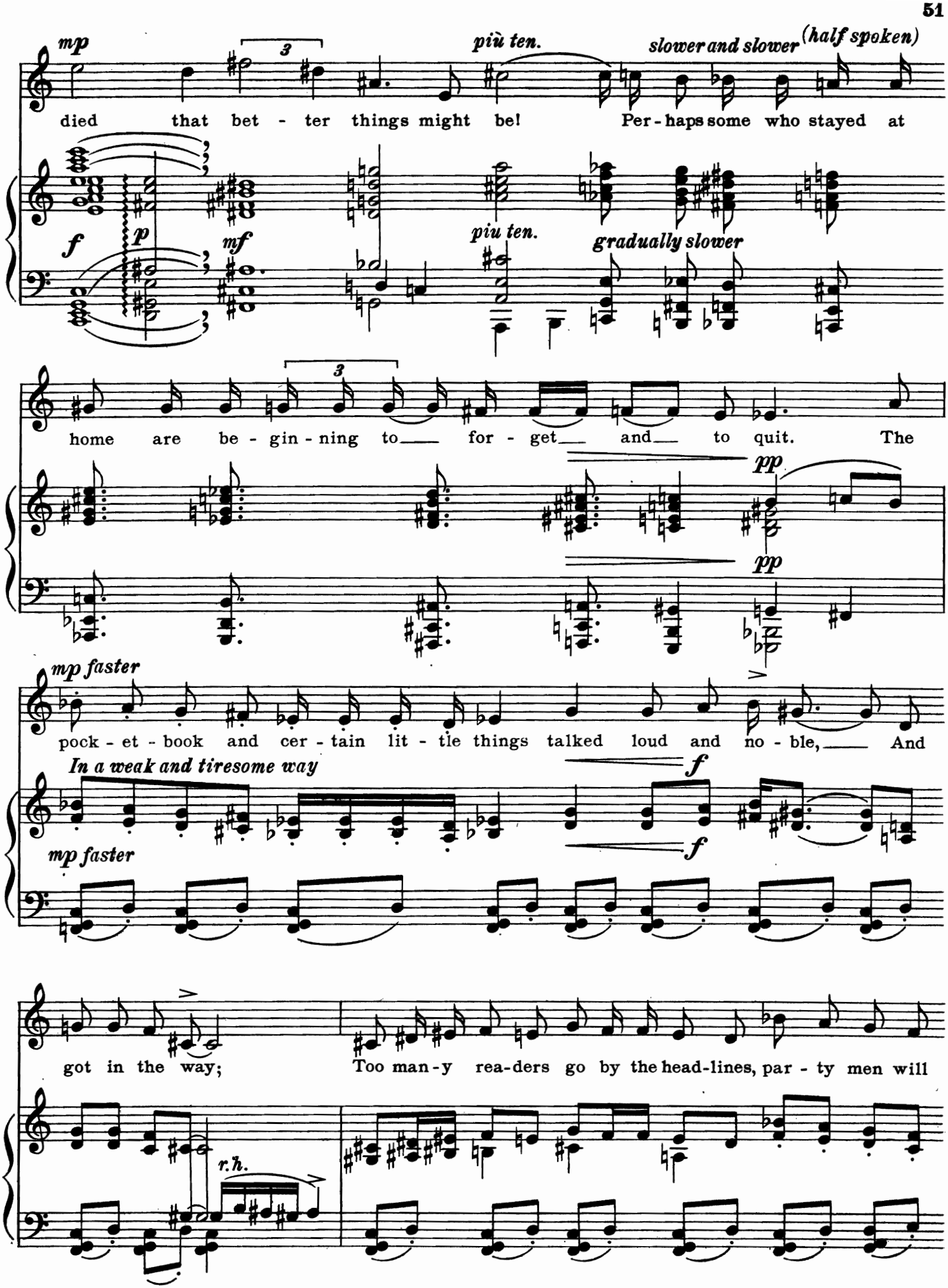
etc.

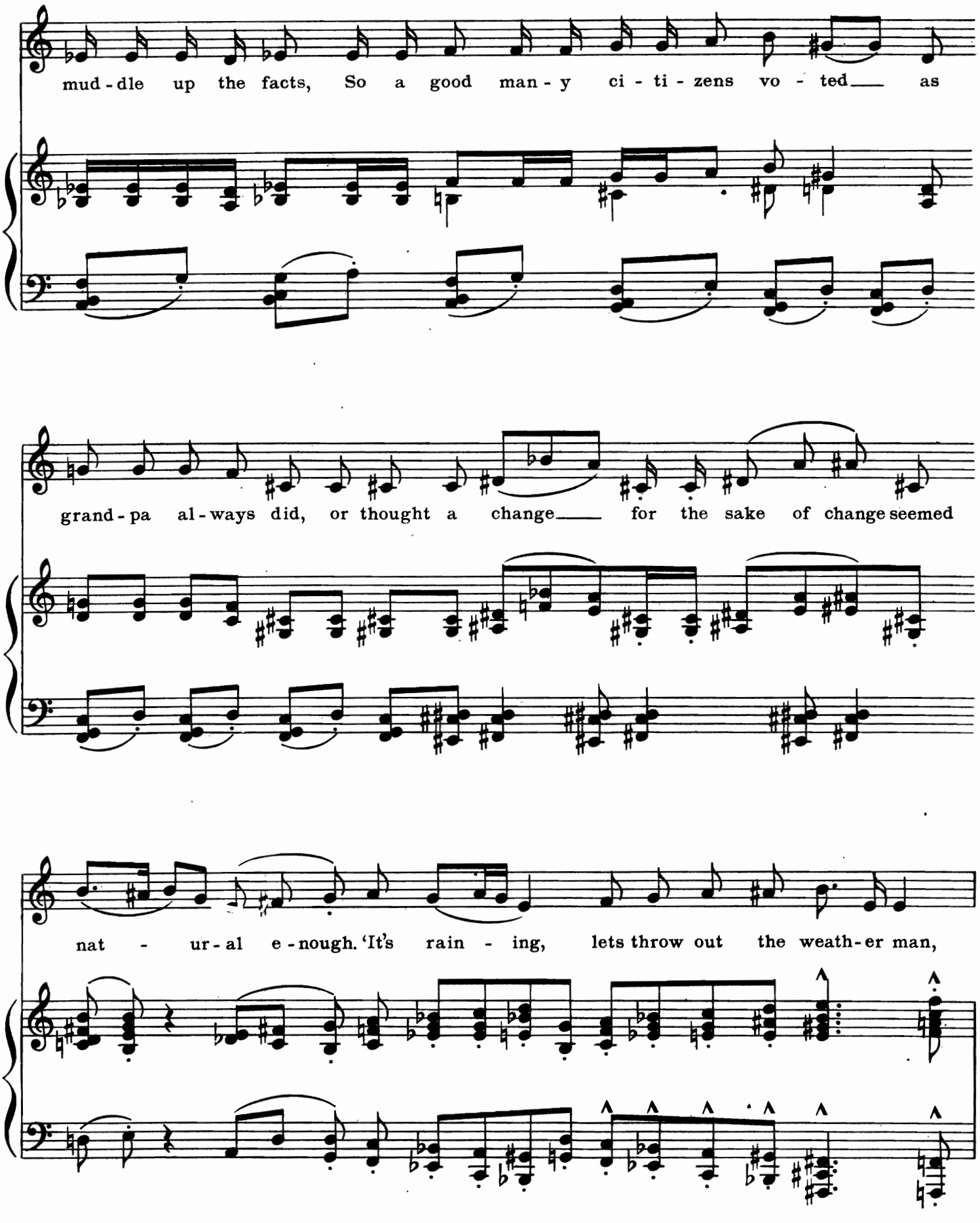
# 22
# Nov. 2. 1920

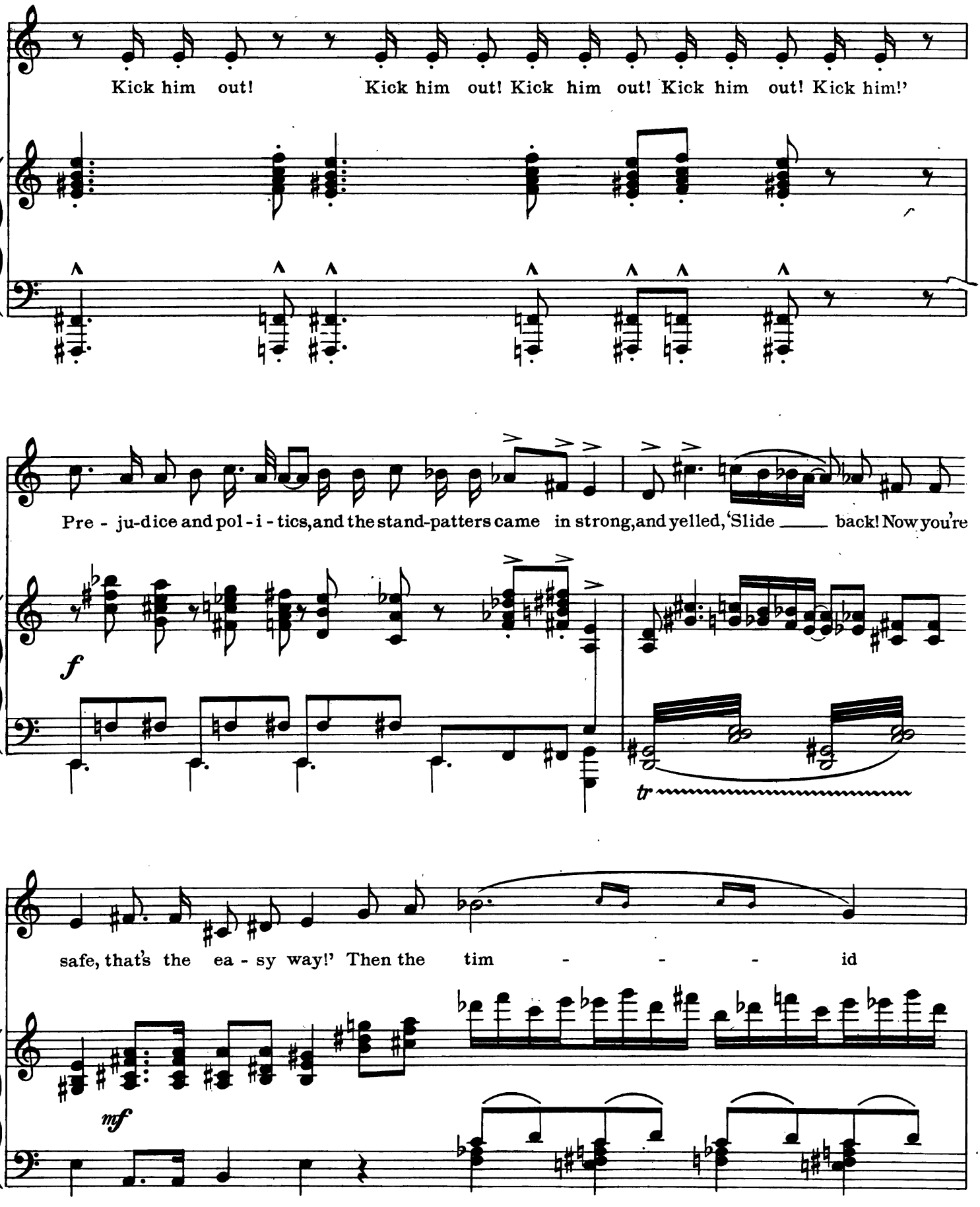
(1921)

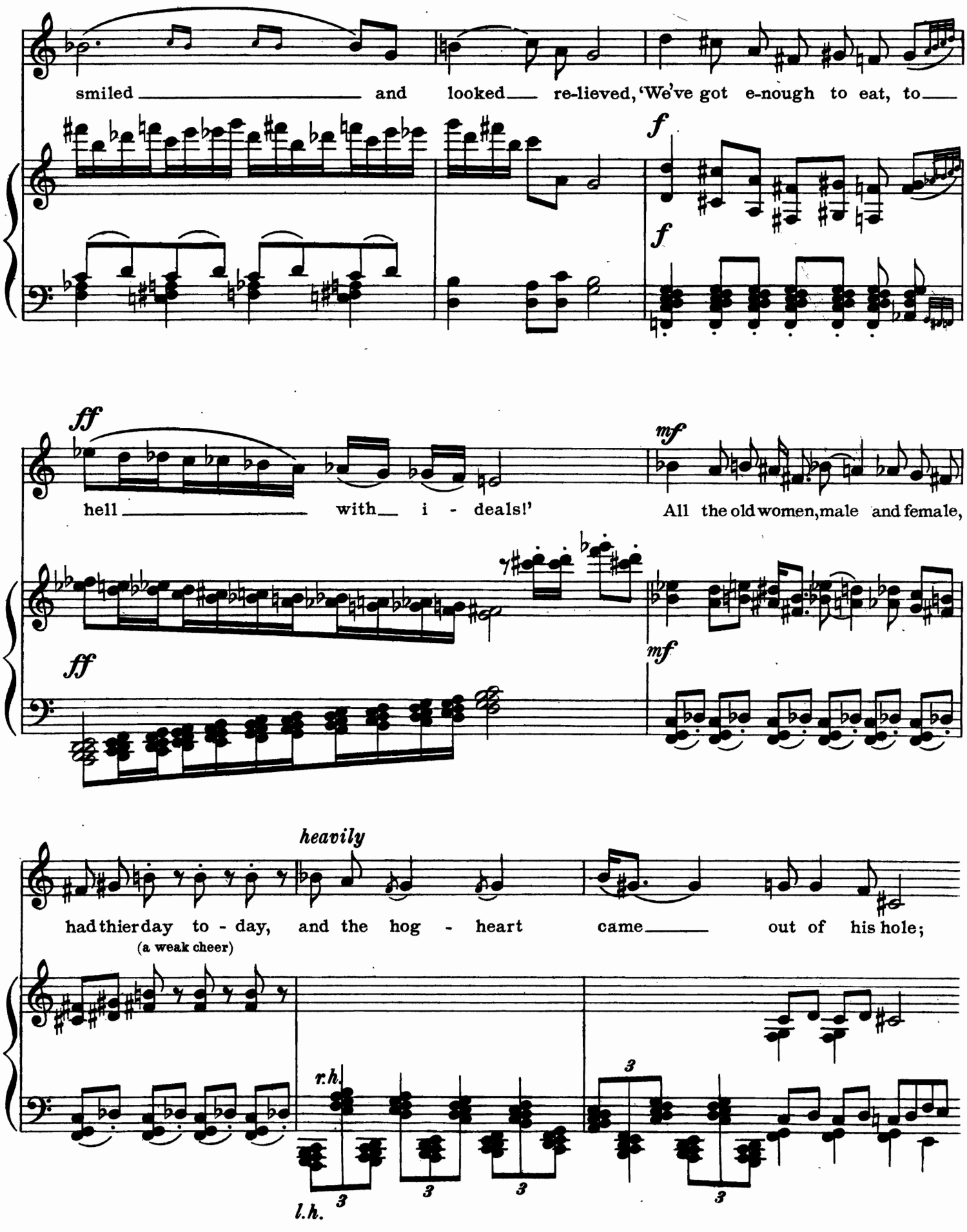
Soliloquy of an old man whose son lies in "Flanders Fields"
It is the day after election; he is sitting by the roadside,
Looking down the valley towards the station.

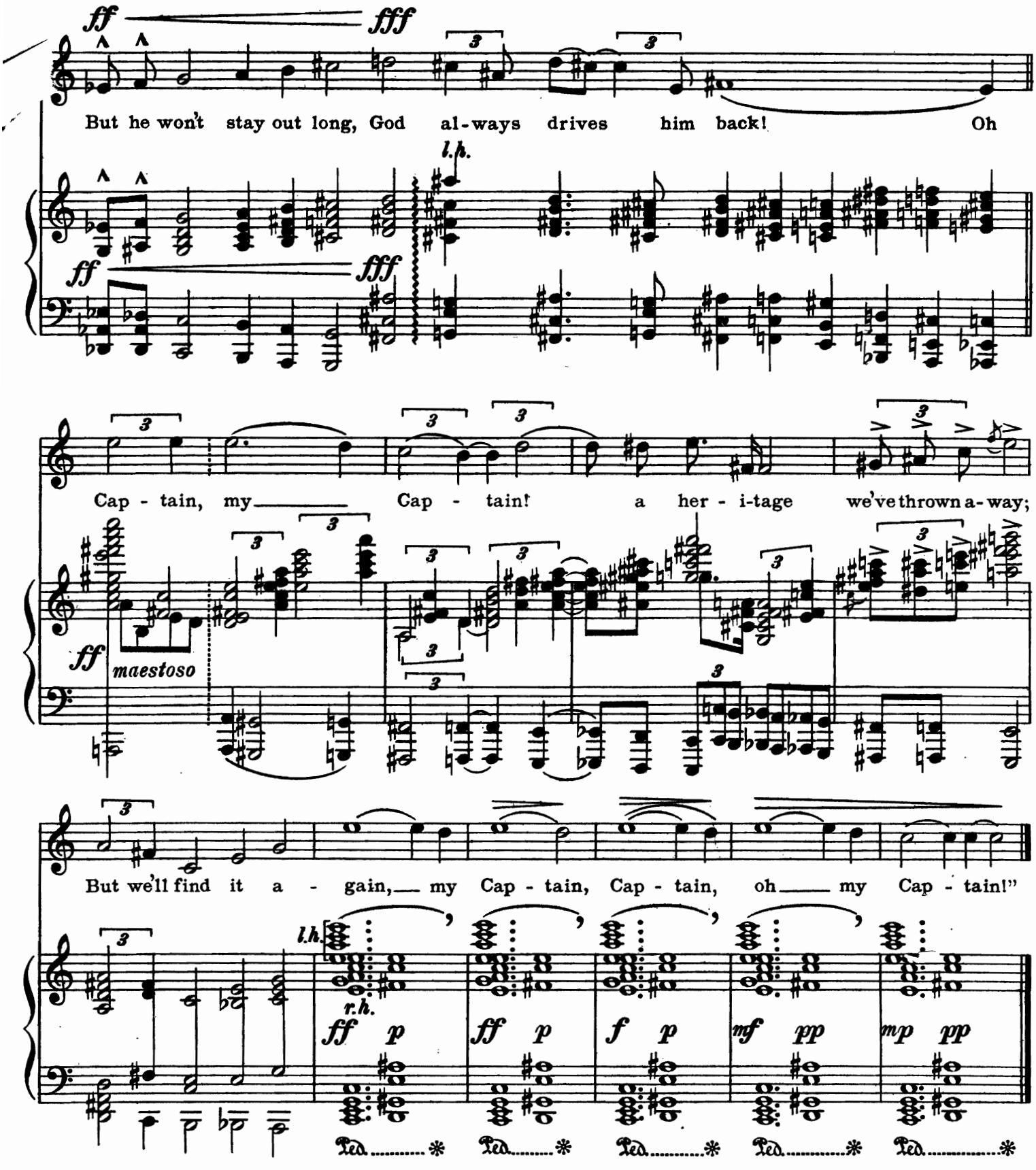



mp
3
più ten.
slower and slower
(half spoken)
died that bet - ter things might be! Per - haps some who stayed at
f
p
mf
piu ten.
gradually slower
home are be - gin - ning to for - get and to quit. The
pp
pp
mp faster
pock - et - book and cer - tain lit - tle things talked loud and no - ble, And
In a weak and tiresome way
f
f
mp faster
got in the way; Too man - y rea - ders go by the head - lines, par - ty men will
r.h.


mud - dle up the facts, So a good man - y ci - ti - zens vo - ted as
grand - pa al - ways did, or thought a change for the sake of change seemed
nat - ur - al e - nough. 'It's rain - ing, lets throw out the weath - er man,


Kick him out! Kick him out! Kick him out! Kick him out! Kick him!'
Pre - ju-dice and pol - i - tics, and the stand-patters came in strong, and yelled, 'Slide ___ back! Now you're
f
tr
safe, that's the ea - sy way!' Then the tim - - - - id
mf


smiled and looked re-lieved, 'We've got e-nough to eat, to
f
f
hell with i - deals!'
All the old women, male and female,
ff
ff
mf
mf
heavily
had thier day to - day, and the hog - heart came out of his hole;
(a weak cheer)
r.h.
l.h.
3
3
3
3
3




*NOTE*:–The assumption, in the text, that the result of our national election in 1920, was a definite indication, that the country, (at least, the majority-mind) turned its back on a high purpose is not conclusive. Unfortunately election returns coming through the present party system prove nothing conclusively. The voice of the people sounding through the mouth of the parties, becomes somewhat emasculated. It is not inconceivable that practical ways may be found for more accurately registering and expressing popular thought– at least, in relation to the larger primary problems, which concern us all. A suggestion to this end (if we may be forgiven a further digression) in the form of a constitutional amendment together with an article discussing the plan in some detail and from various aspects, will be gladly sent, by the writer, to any one who is interested enough to write for it.

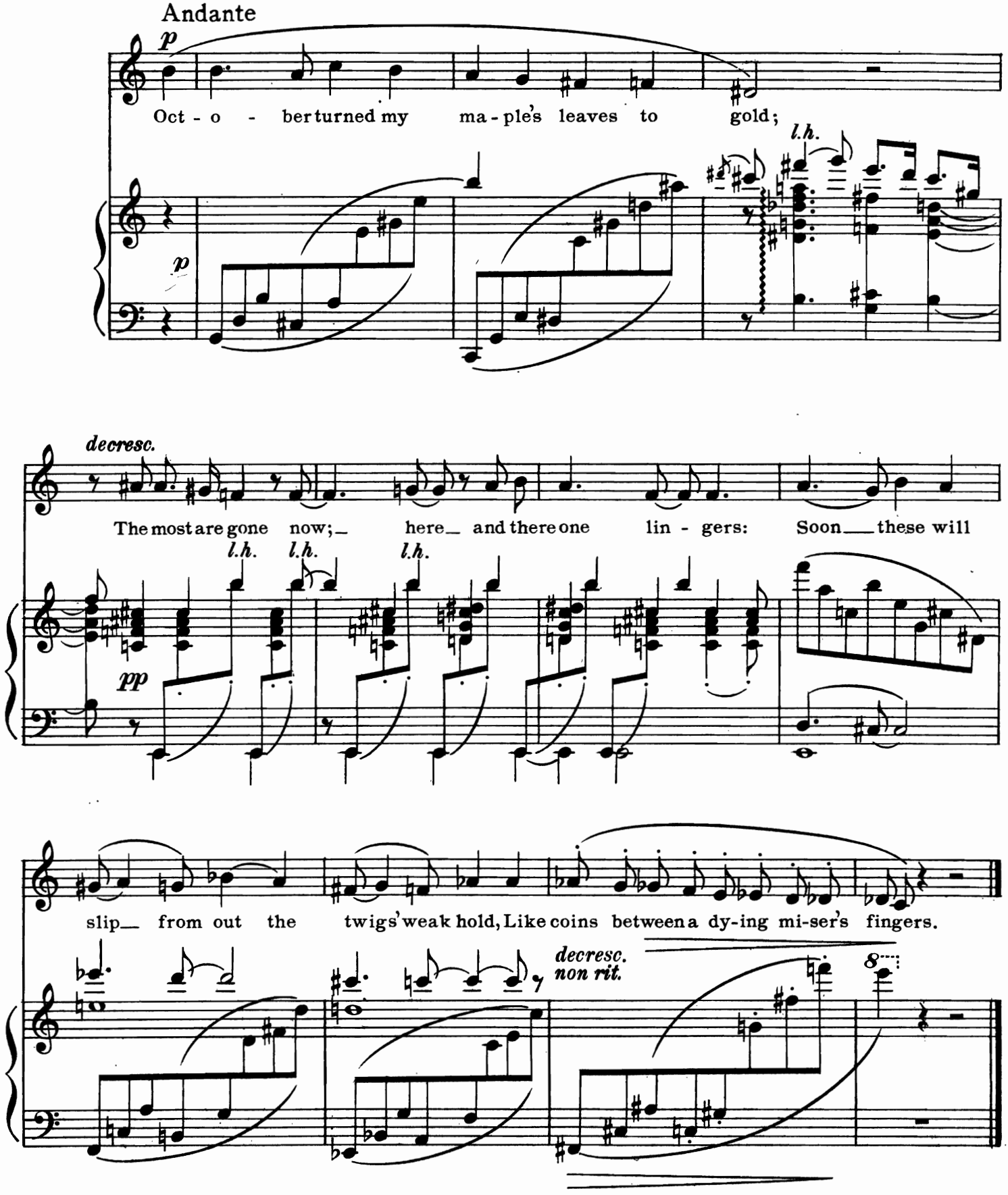
*C.E.I.*

# 23

# Maple Leaves

(1920)

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich



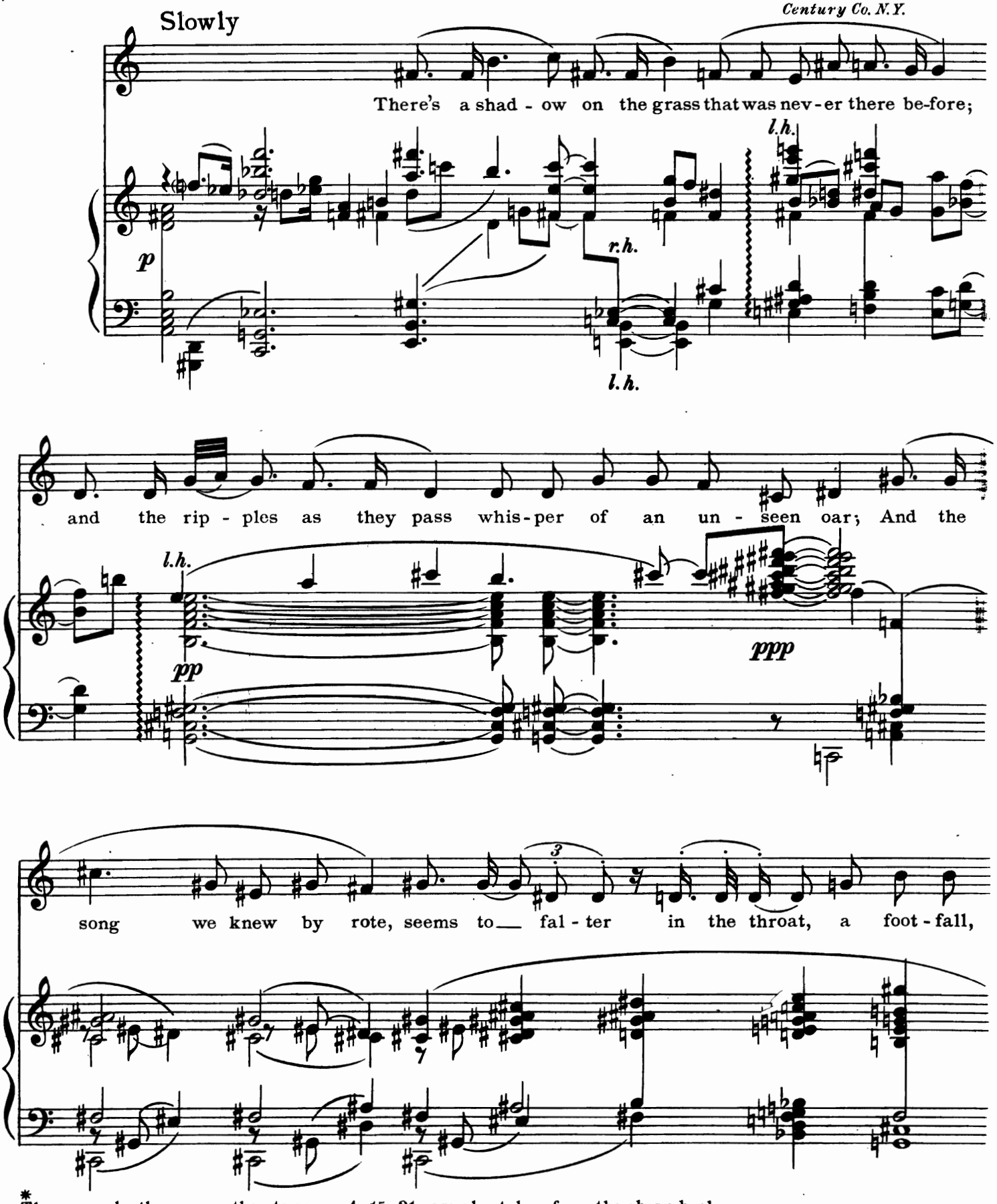

*by courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co. Boston

# 24
# Premonitions

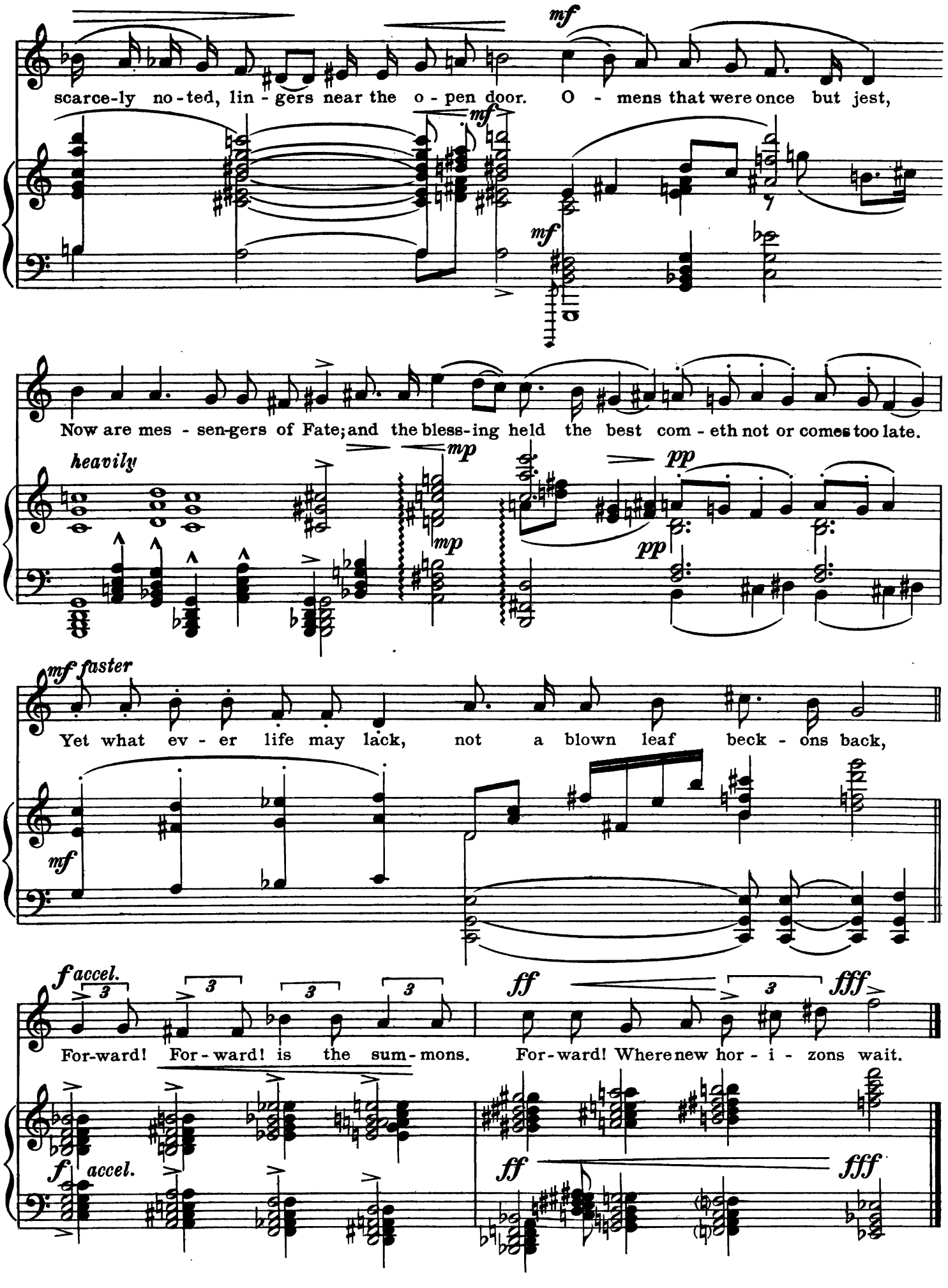
(1921)

Robert Underwood Johnson

**from Mr. Johnson's book of "Poems" dedicated to Richard Watson Gilder Century Co. N.Y.*

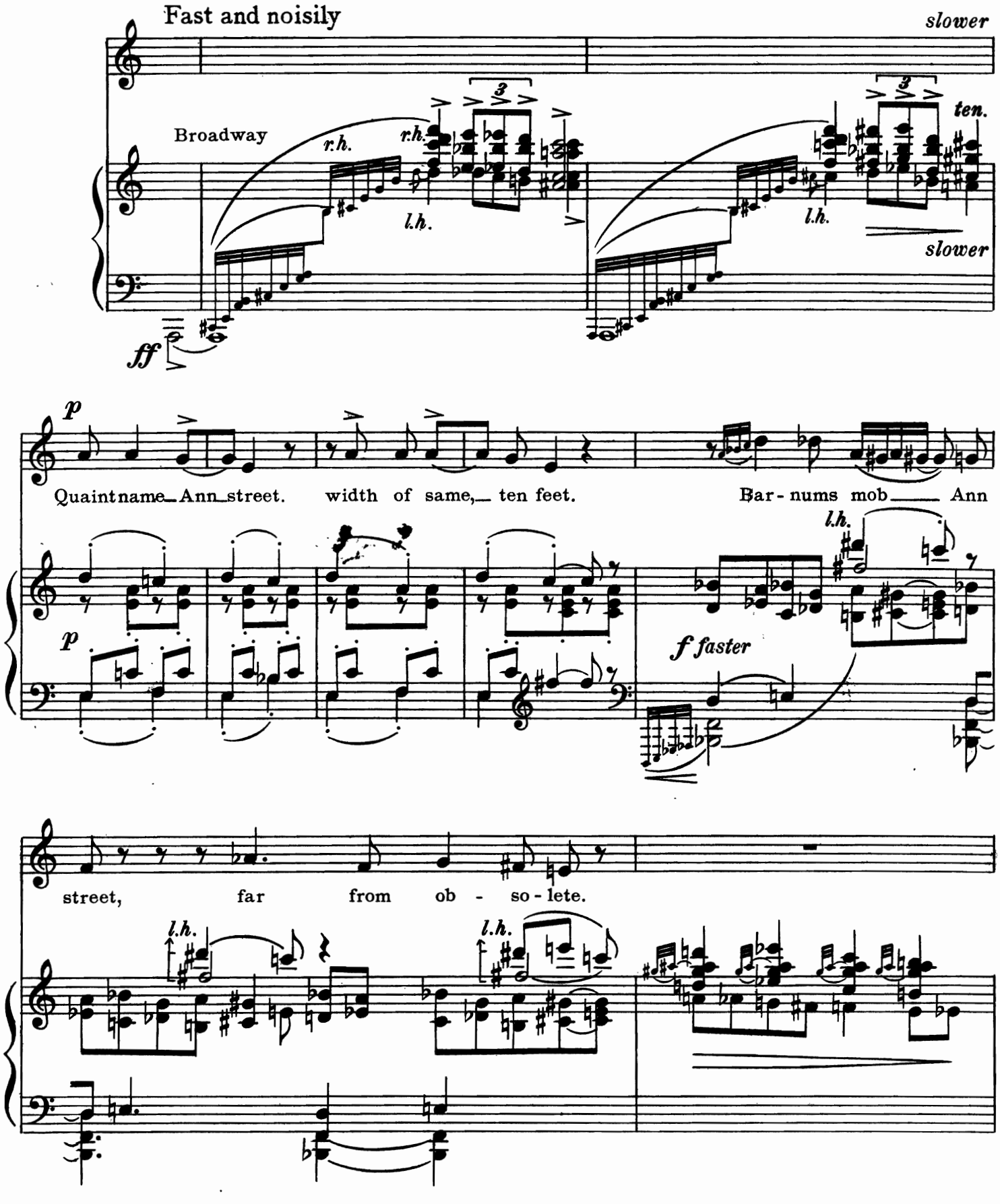



* The verses by the same author, to songs 4, 15, 21, are also taken from the above book.

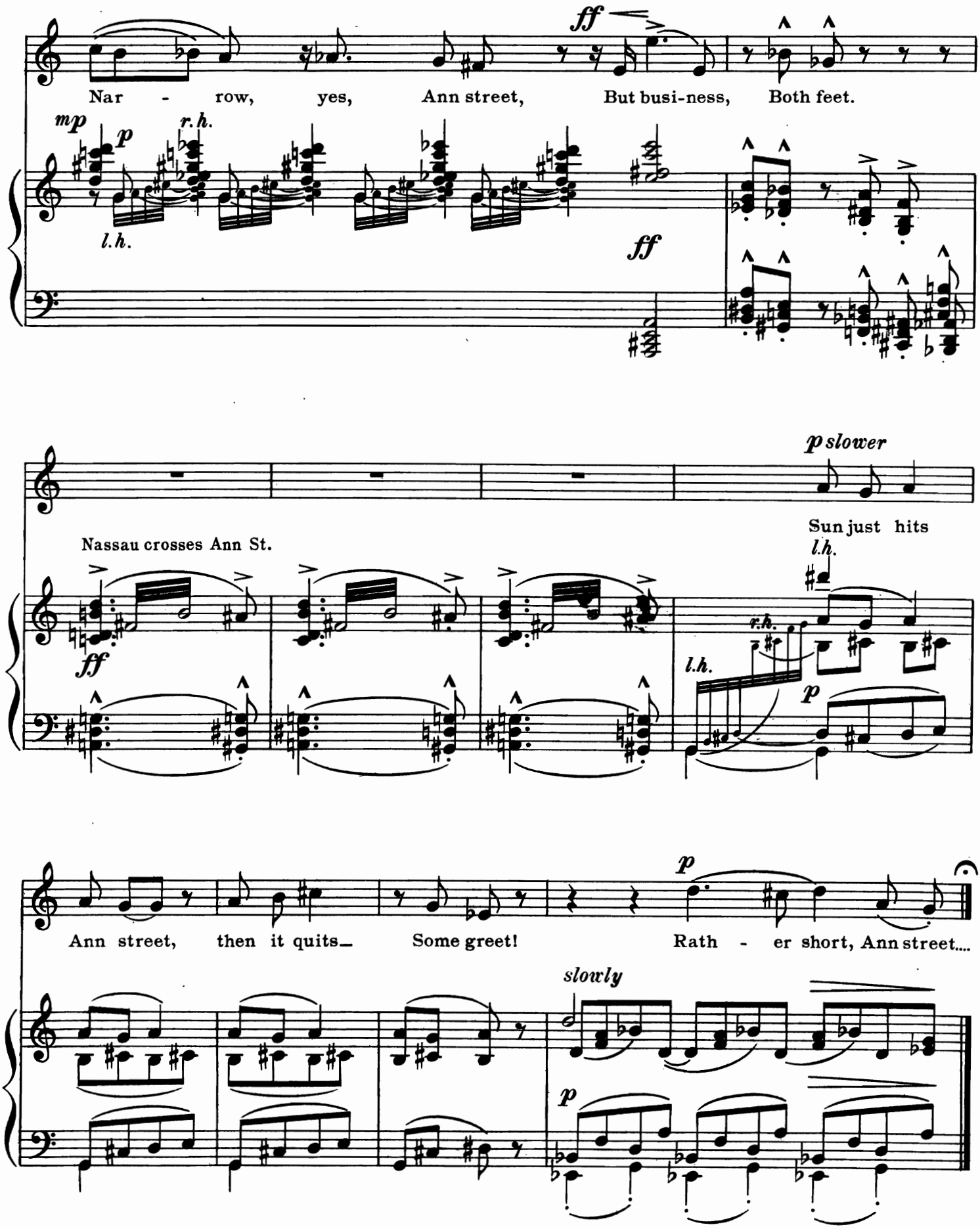

mf
scarce-ly no-ted, lin-gers near the o-pen door. O-mens that were once but jest,
mf
mf
Now are mes-sen-gers of Fate; and the bless-ing held the best com-eth not or comes too late.
heavily
mp
mp
pp
pp
mf faster
Yet what ev-er life may lack, not a blown leaf beck-ons back,
mf
f accel.
3
3
3
3
ff
3
fff
For-ward! For-ward! is the sum-mons. For-ward! Where new hor-i-zons wait.
f accel.
ff
fff

# 25
# Ann Street

(1921) Maurice Morris




by courtesy of "The New York Herald"


ff
Nar - row, yes, Ann street, But busi-ness, Both feet.
mp
p
r.h.
l.h.
ff
p slower
Nassau crosses Ann St.
Sun just hits
l.h.
ff
r.h.
l.h.
p
p
Ann street, then it quits_ Some greet! Rath - er short, Ann street....
slowly
p

# 26
# Like a sick eagle

(1920)

Keats

Slowly

*p Very slowly, in a weak and dragging way*

The spir - it is too weak; mor-tal - i -

*p*

ty weighs heav - i - ly on me like un - will - ing sleep, and

each i - ma-gined pin - na-cle and steep of God - like hard - ship tells me

I must die, like a sick ea - gle look-ing towards the sky.

*rit.*

*pp*

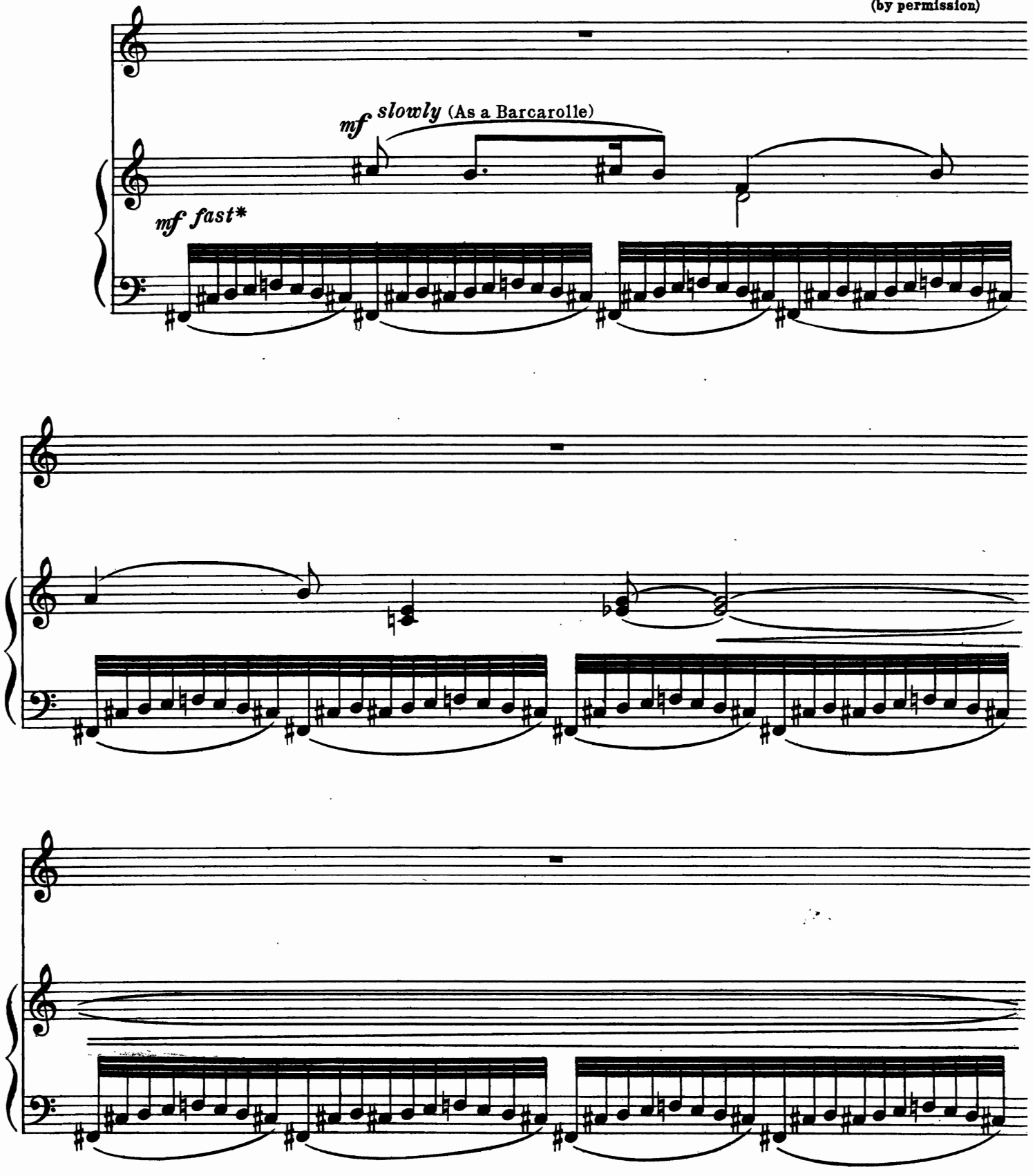
# 27

# from The Swimmers

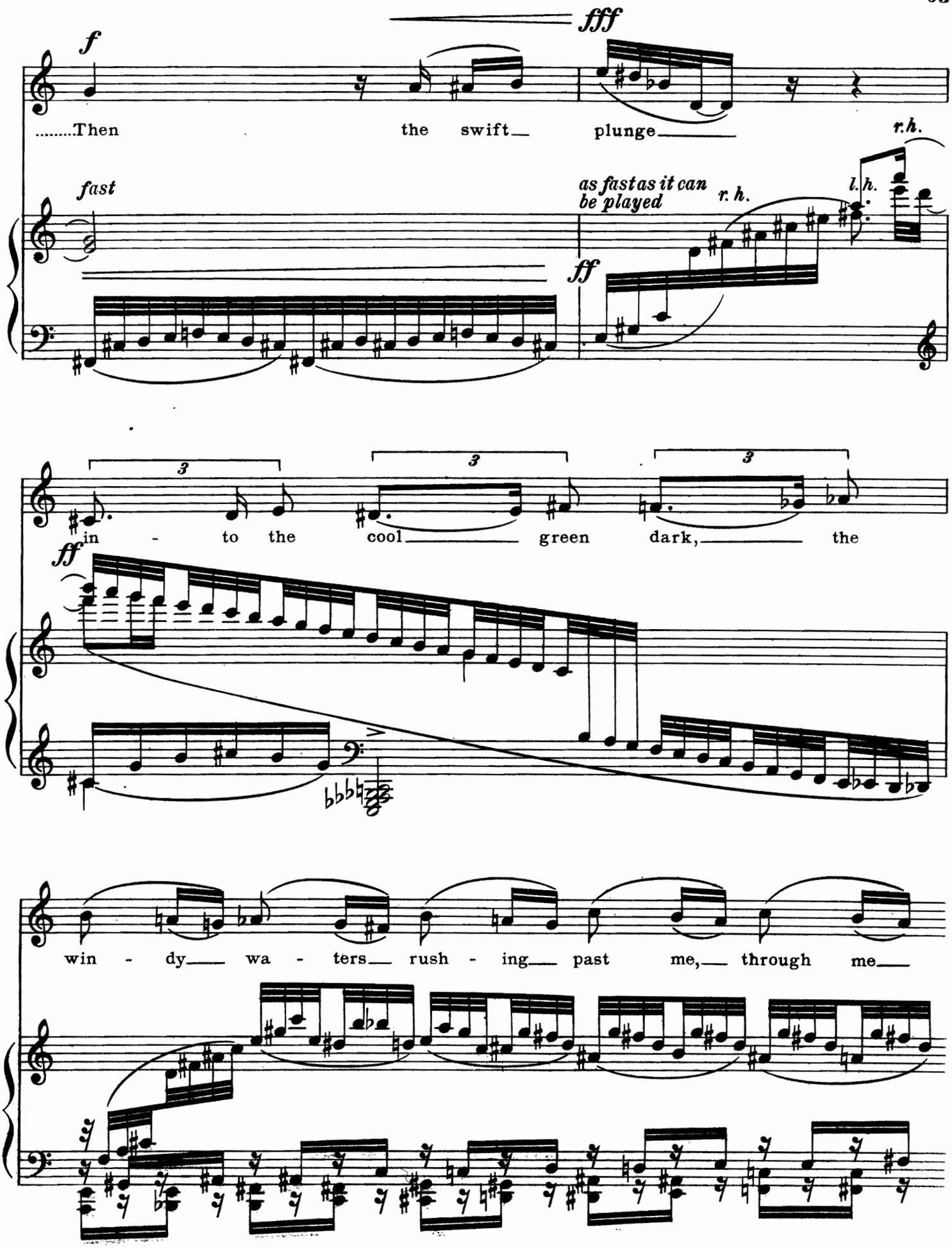
(1921)

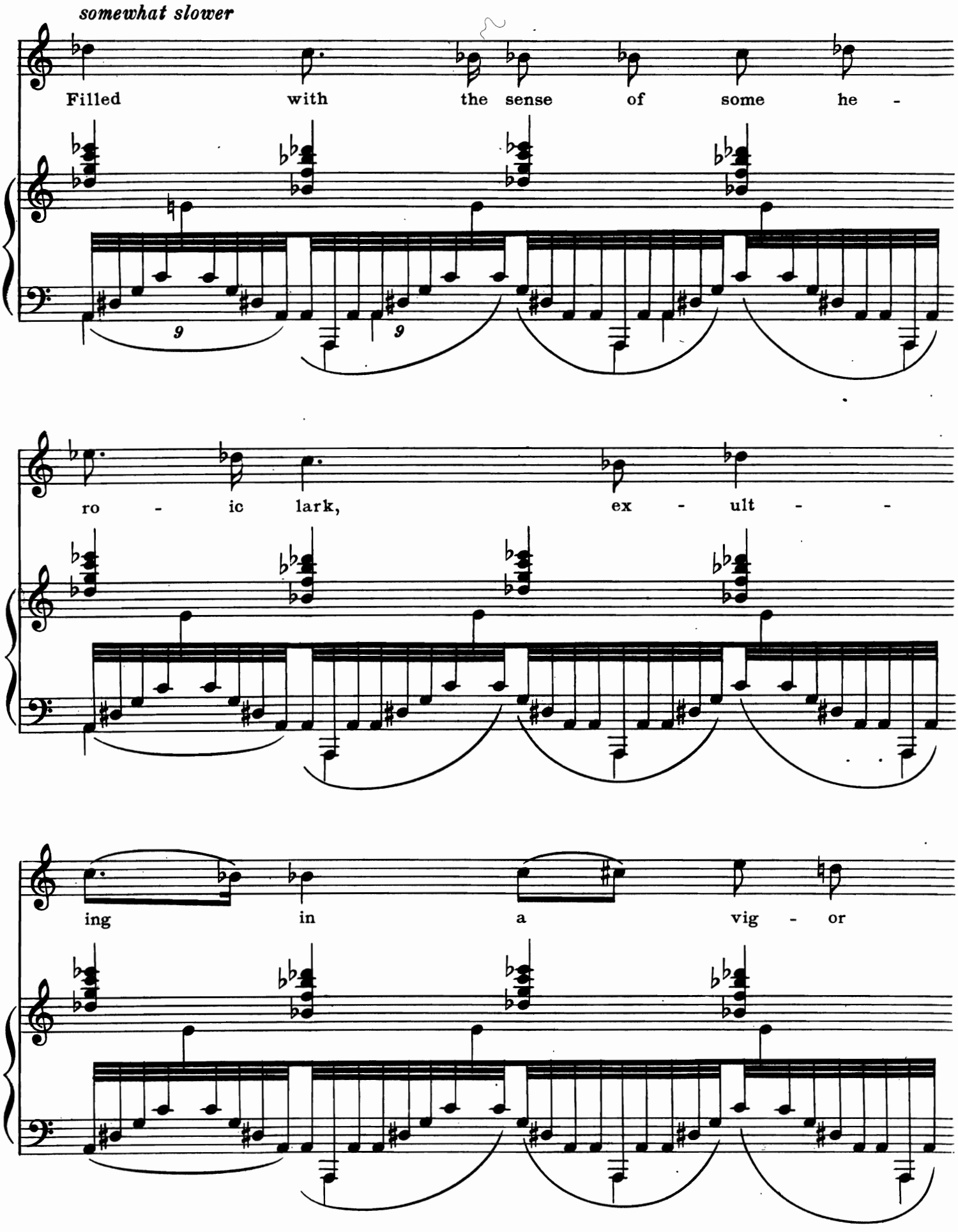
Louis Untermeyer

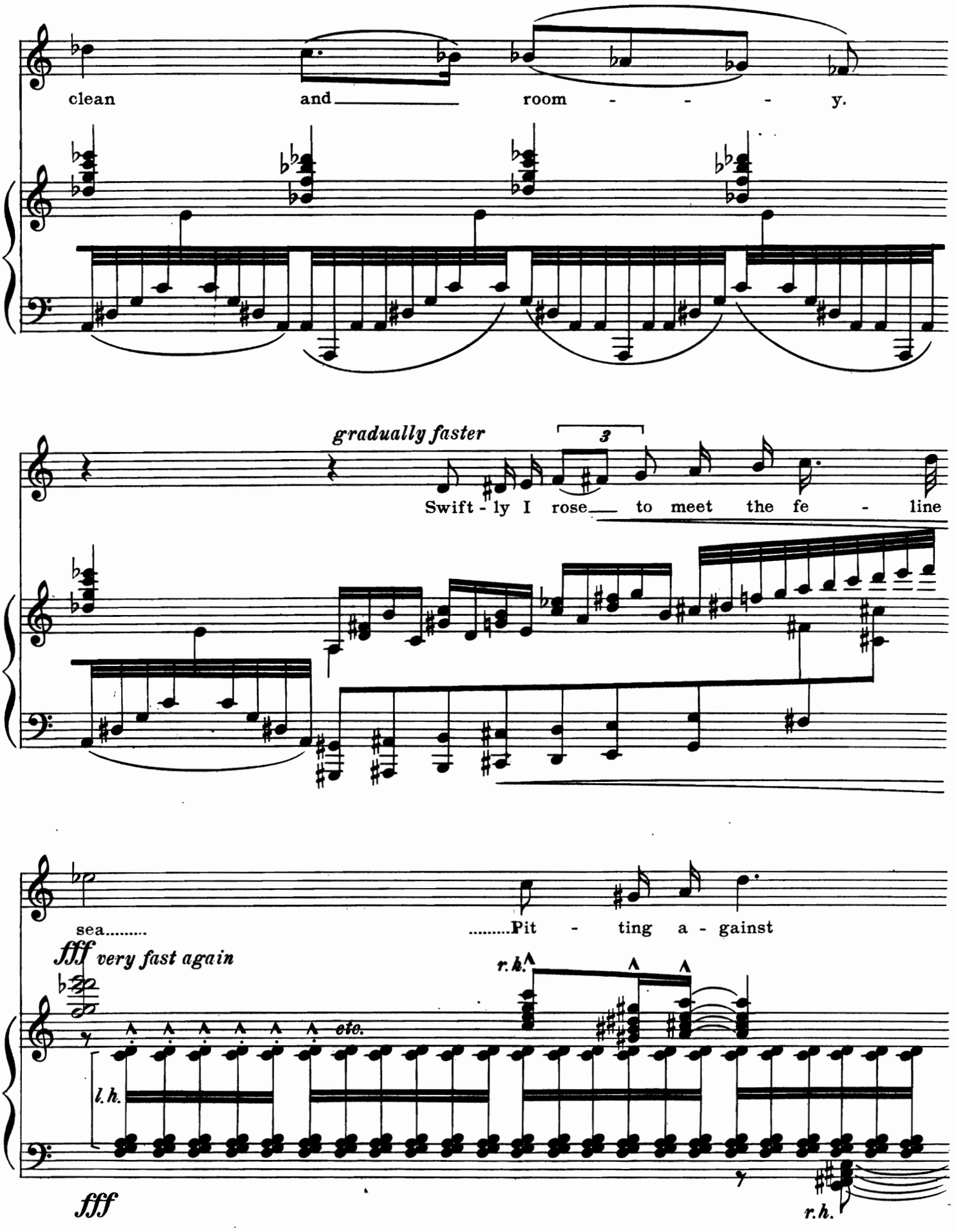
*Yale Review*
*July 1915*
(by permission)

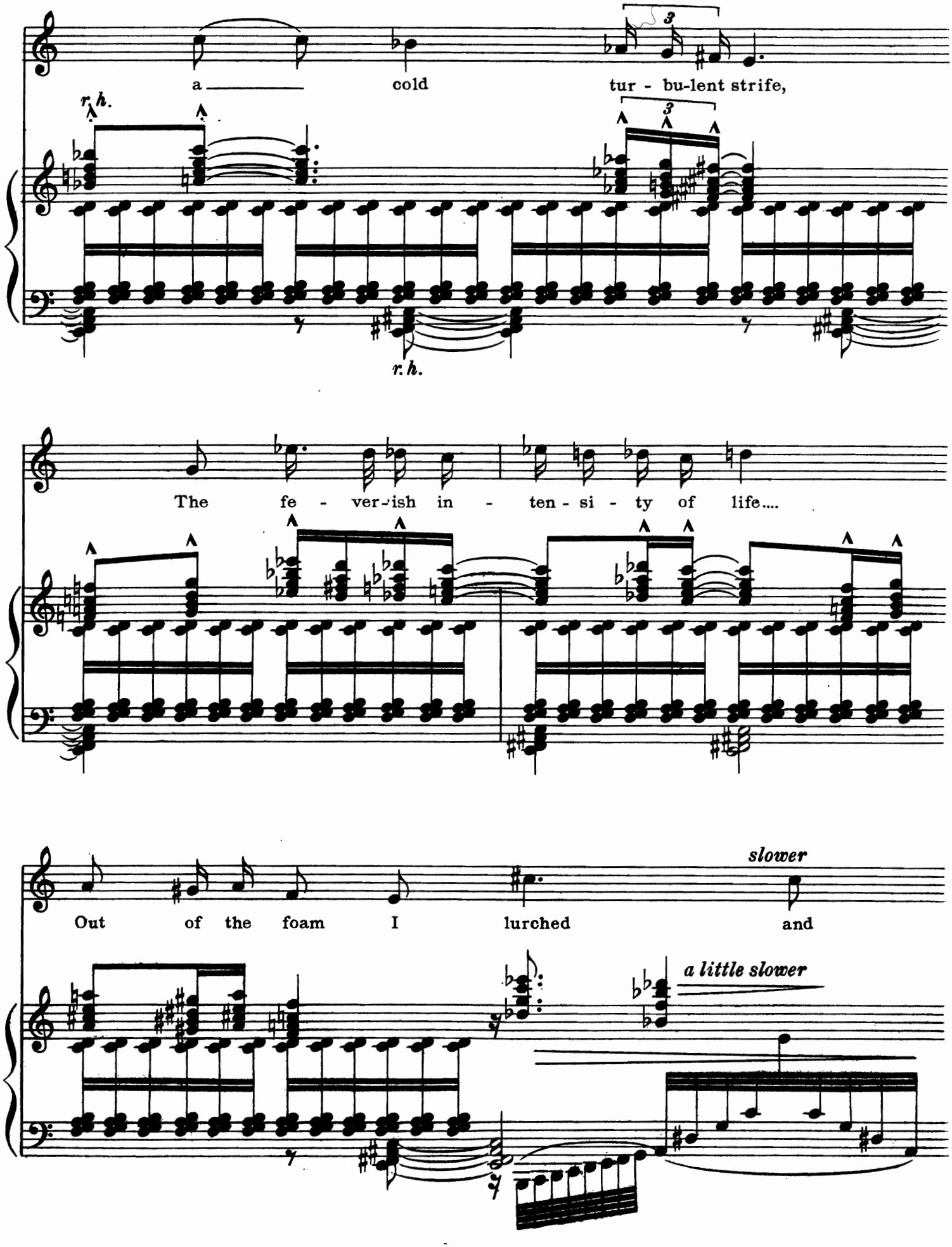


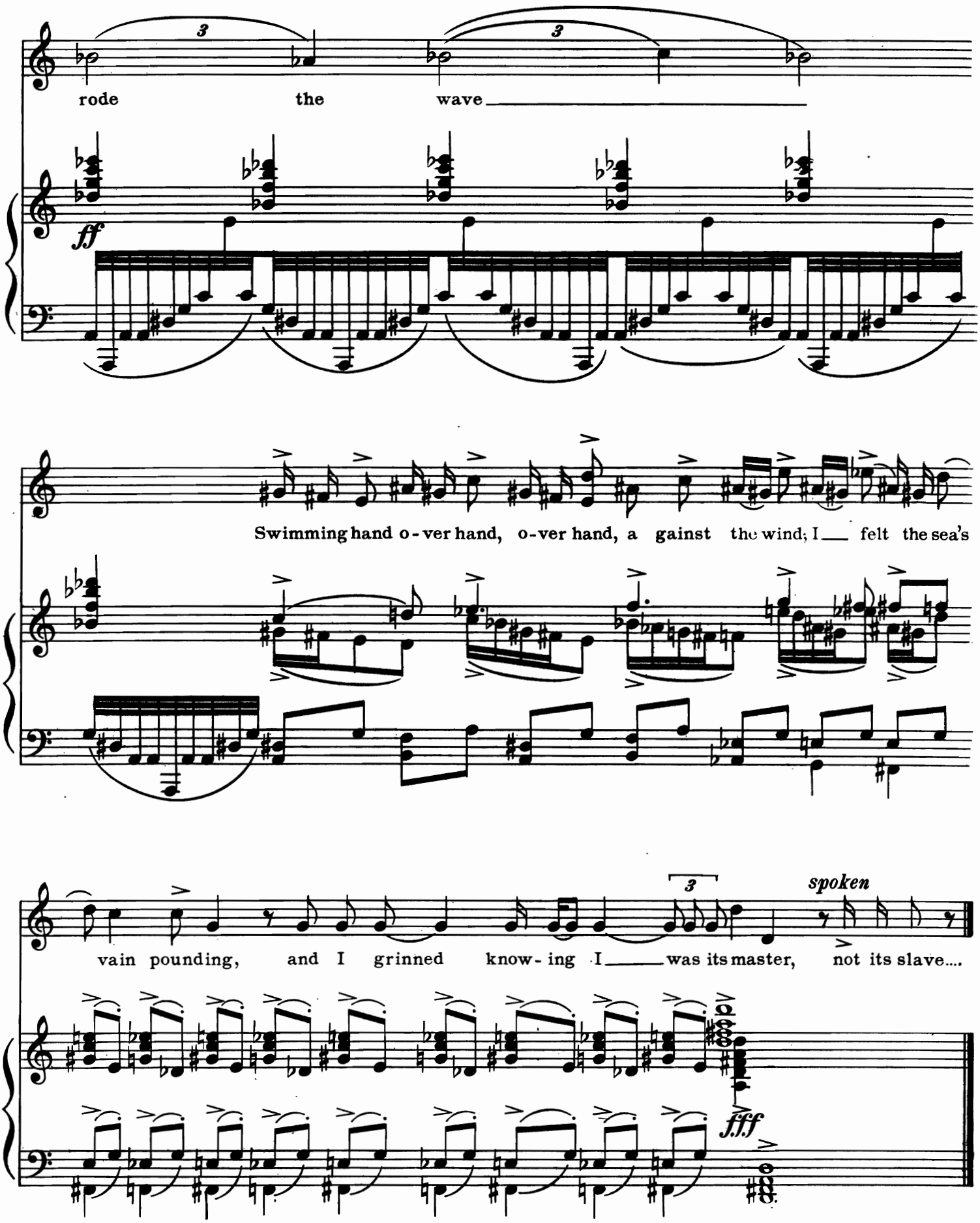

*Until the figure changes, (2nd measure page 63) the left hand continues the phrase (*prestissimo*), but not necessarily the exact number of times or in the relation, to the right hand, indicated.


f
fff
.....Then the swift plunge
r.h.
fast
as fast as it can be played
r. h.
l. h.
ff
3
in - to the cool green dark, the
ff
win - dy wa - ters rush - ing past me, through me


somewhat slower
Filled with the sense of some he -
ro - ic lark, ex - ult - -
ing in a vig - or

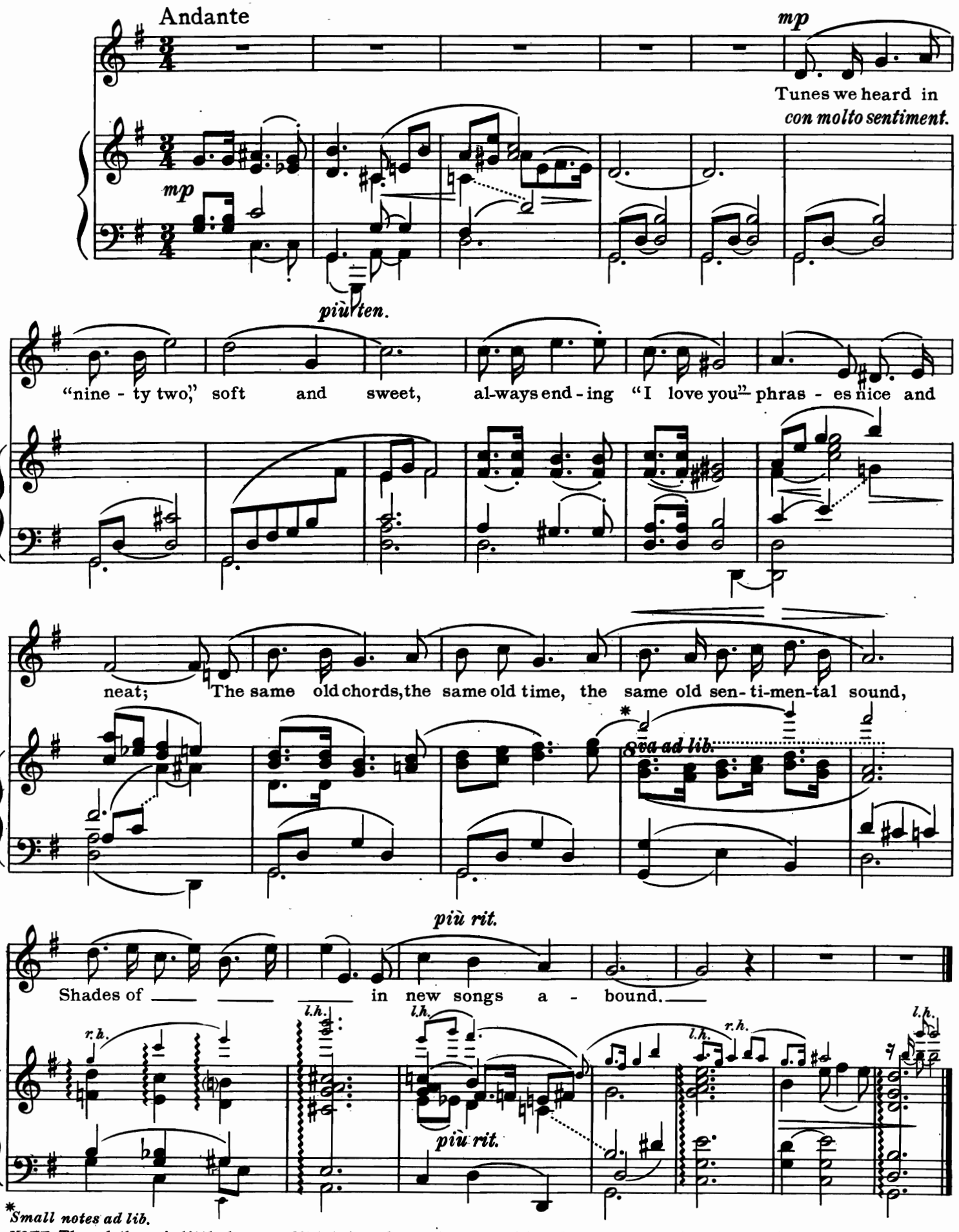

clean and room - - - y.
gradually faster
3
Swift - ly I rose to meet the fe - line
sea.....
.....Pit - ting a - gainst
fff very fast again
r.h.
etc.
l.h.
fff
r.h.


a cold tur - bu-lent strife,
r. h.
r. h.
The fe - ver-ish in - ten - si - ty of life....
slower
Out of the foam I lurched and
a little slower


rode the wave
ff
Swimming hand o-ver hand, o-ver hand, a gainst the wind; I felt the sea's
spoken
vain pounding, and I grinned know-ing I was its master, not its slave....
fff

# 28
# On the Counter

(1920)



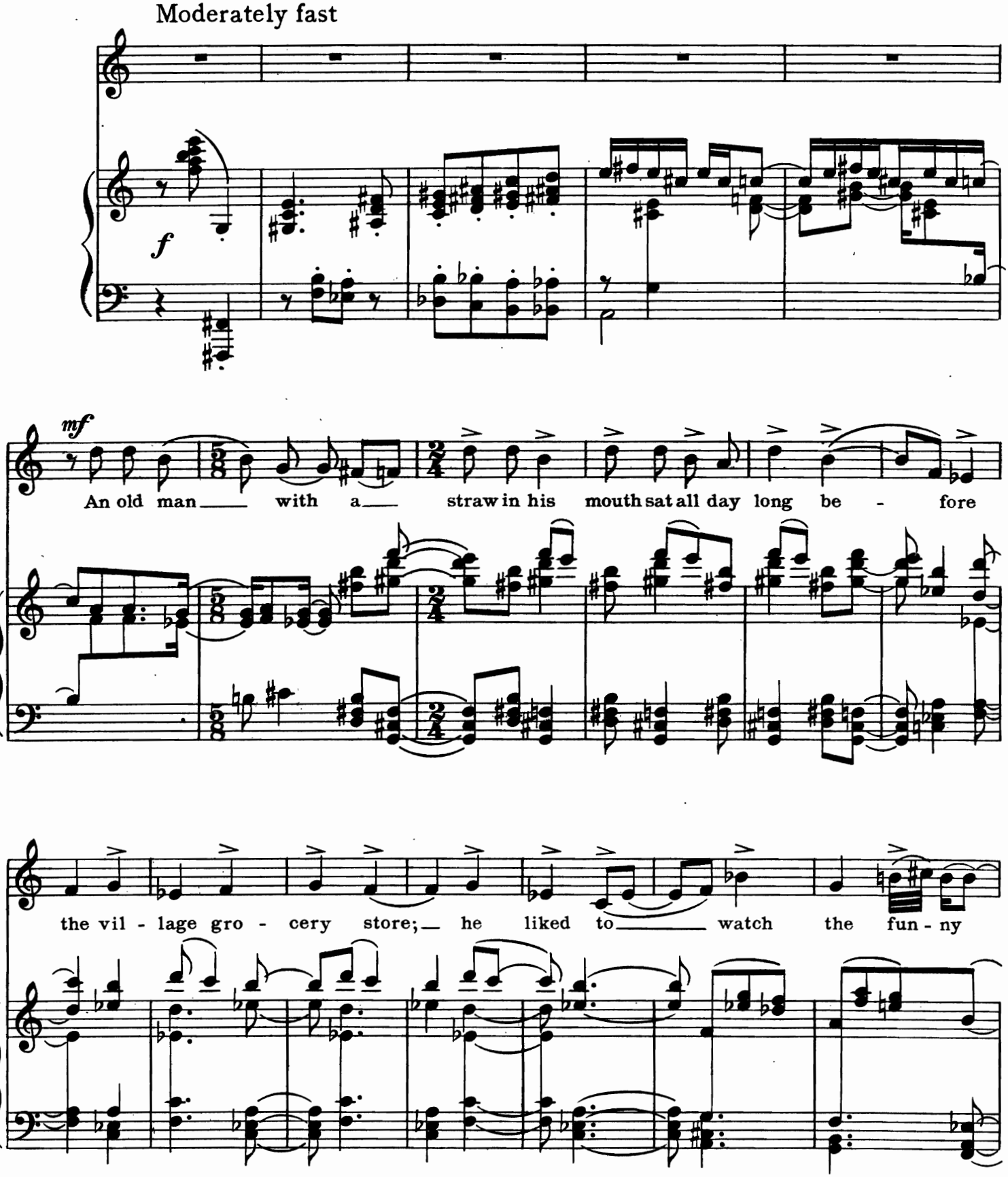

*Small notes ad lib.

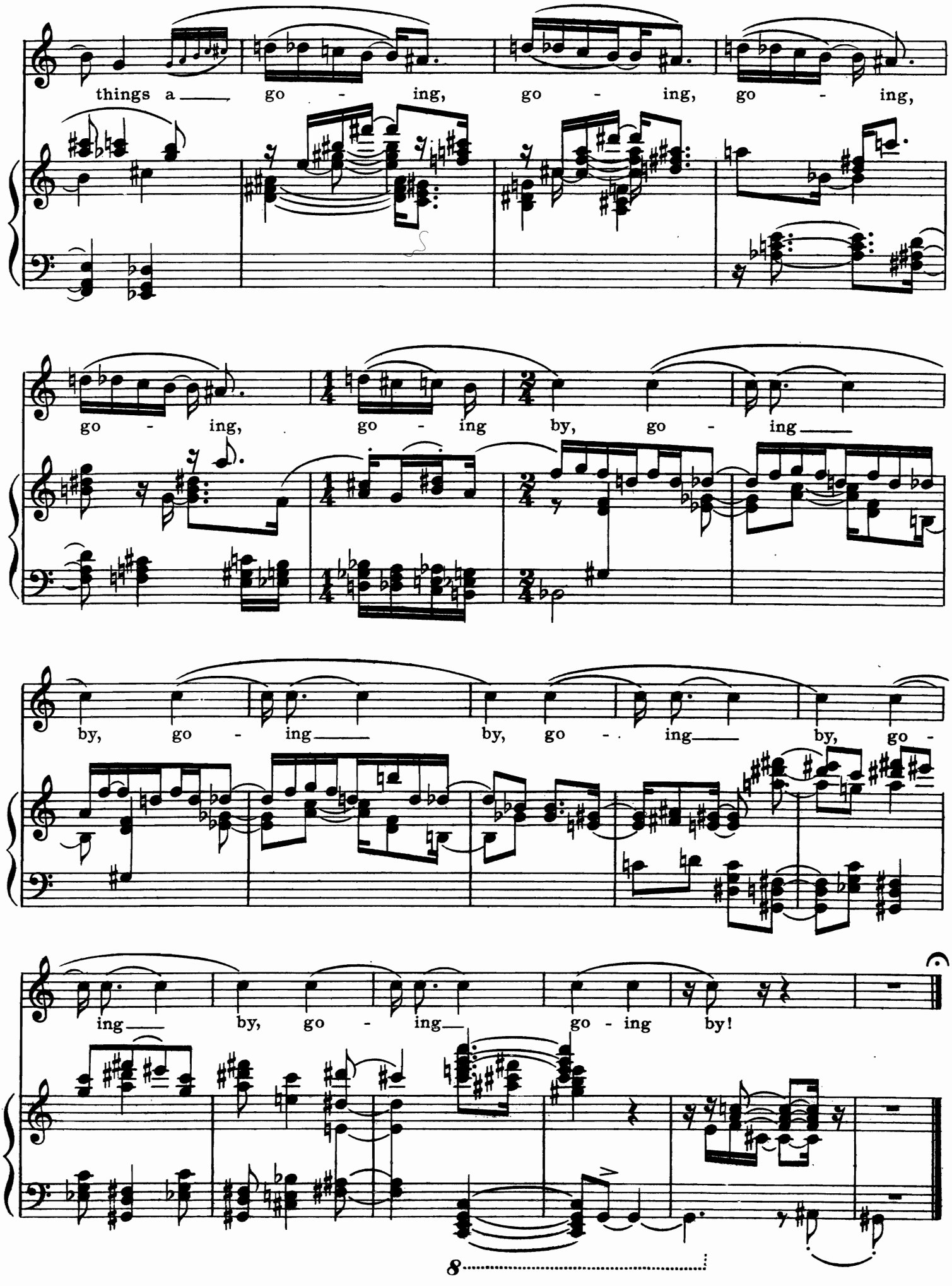
*NOTE:* Though there is little danger of it, it is hoped that this song will not be taken seriously, or sung, at least, in public.

# 29
# The See'r

(1920)

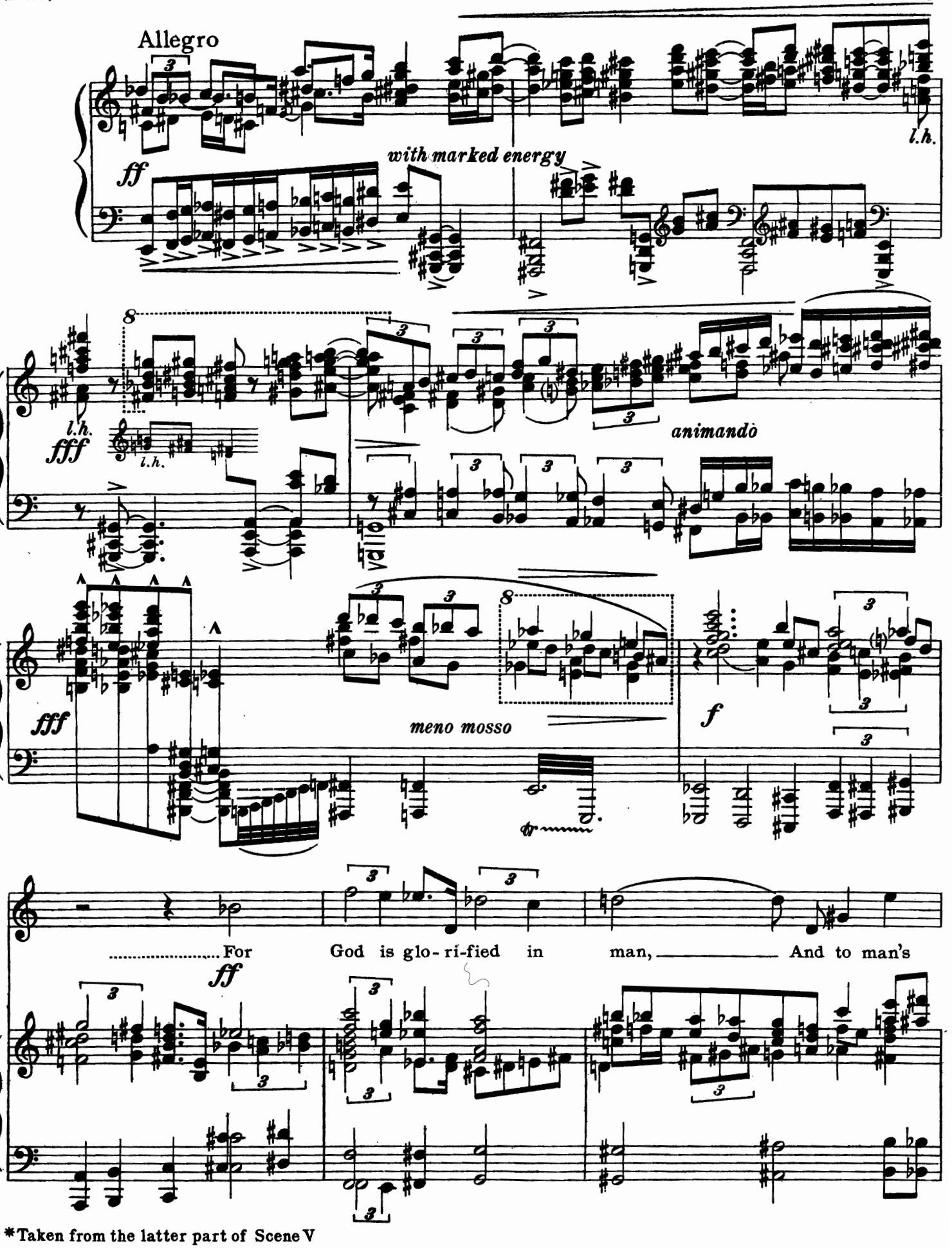
Moderately fast



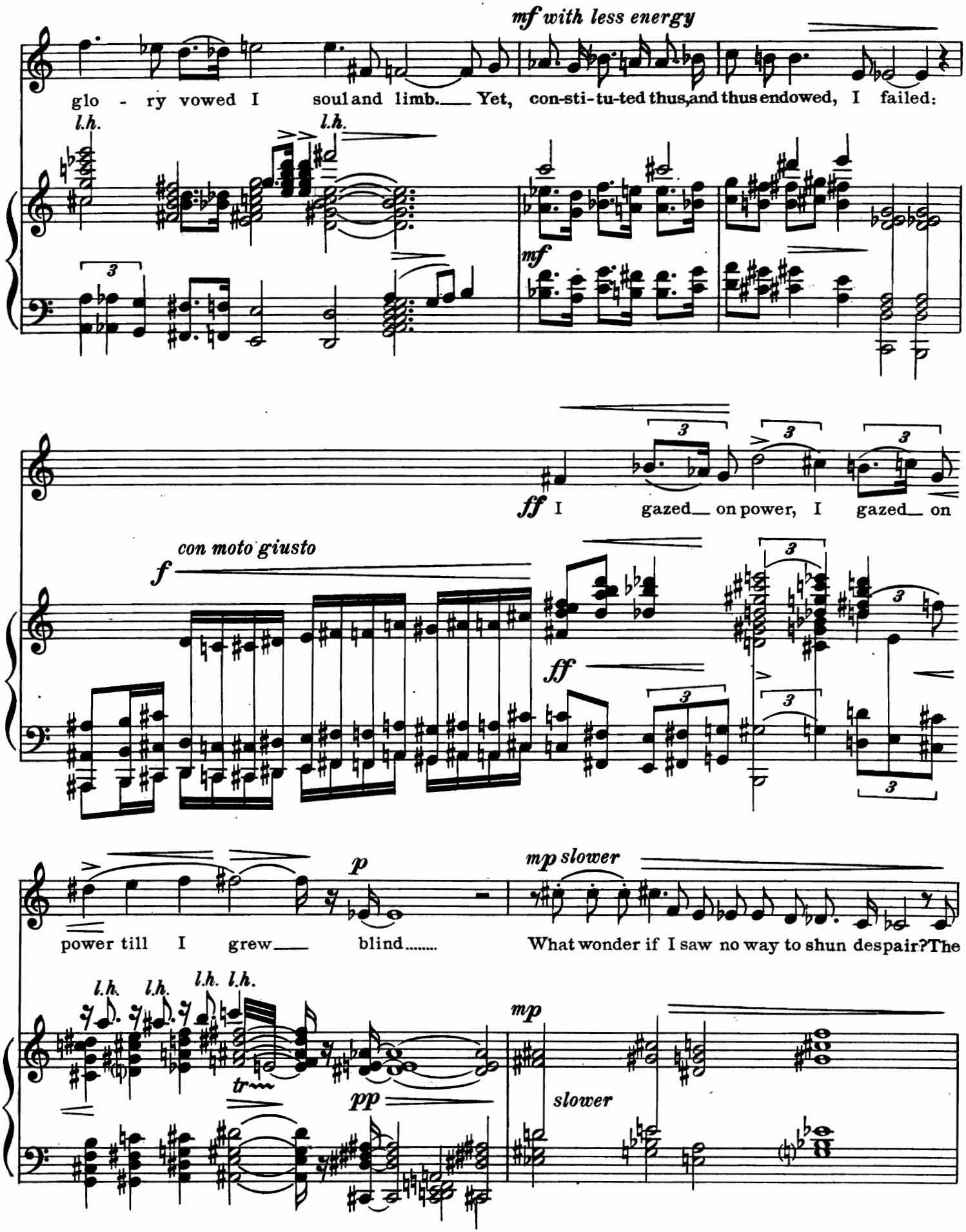

things a go - ing, go - ing, go - ing,
go - ing, go - ing by, go - ing
by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go -
ing by, go - ing go - ing by!
8

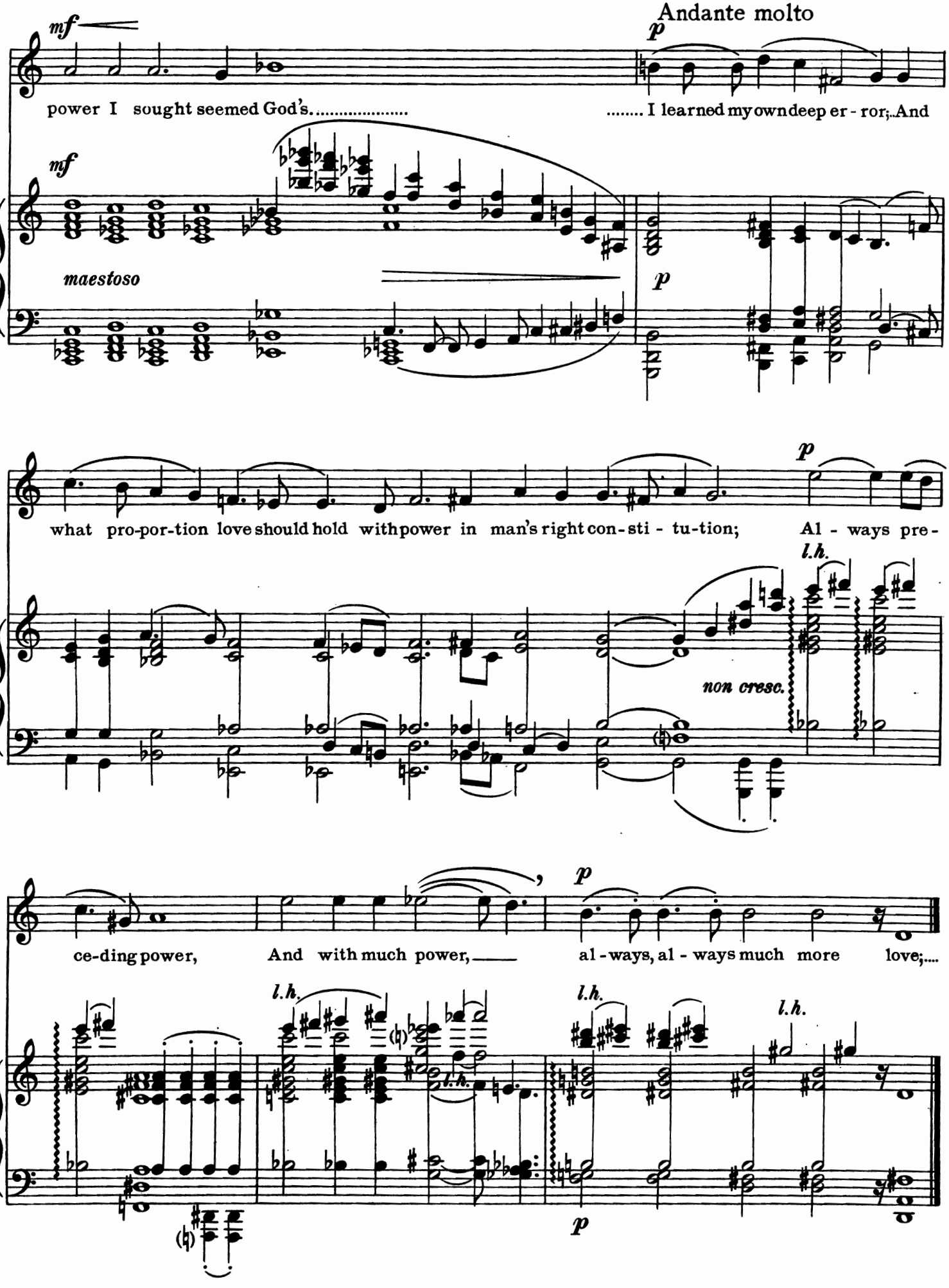
# 30
# from "Paracelsus"*

(1921) Browning




*Taken from the latter part of Scene V


mf with less energy
glo - ry vowed I soul and limb. Yet, con-sti-tu-ted thus, and thus endowed, I failed:
l.h.
l.h.
mf
ff I gazed on power, I gazed on
con moto giusto
f
ff
p
mp slower
power till I grew blind..... What wonder if I saw no way to shun despair? The
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
tr
pp
mp
slower


Andante molto
mf
p
power I sought seemed God's. ..... ..... I learned my own deep er - ror;.. And
mf
maestoso
p
p
what pro-por-tion love should hold with power in man's right con-sti - tu-tion; Al - ways pre-
l.h.
non cresc.
p
ce-ding power, And with much power, al - ways, al - ways much more love;....
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
p

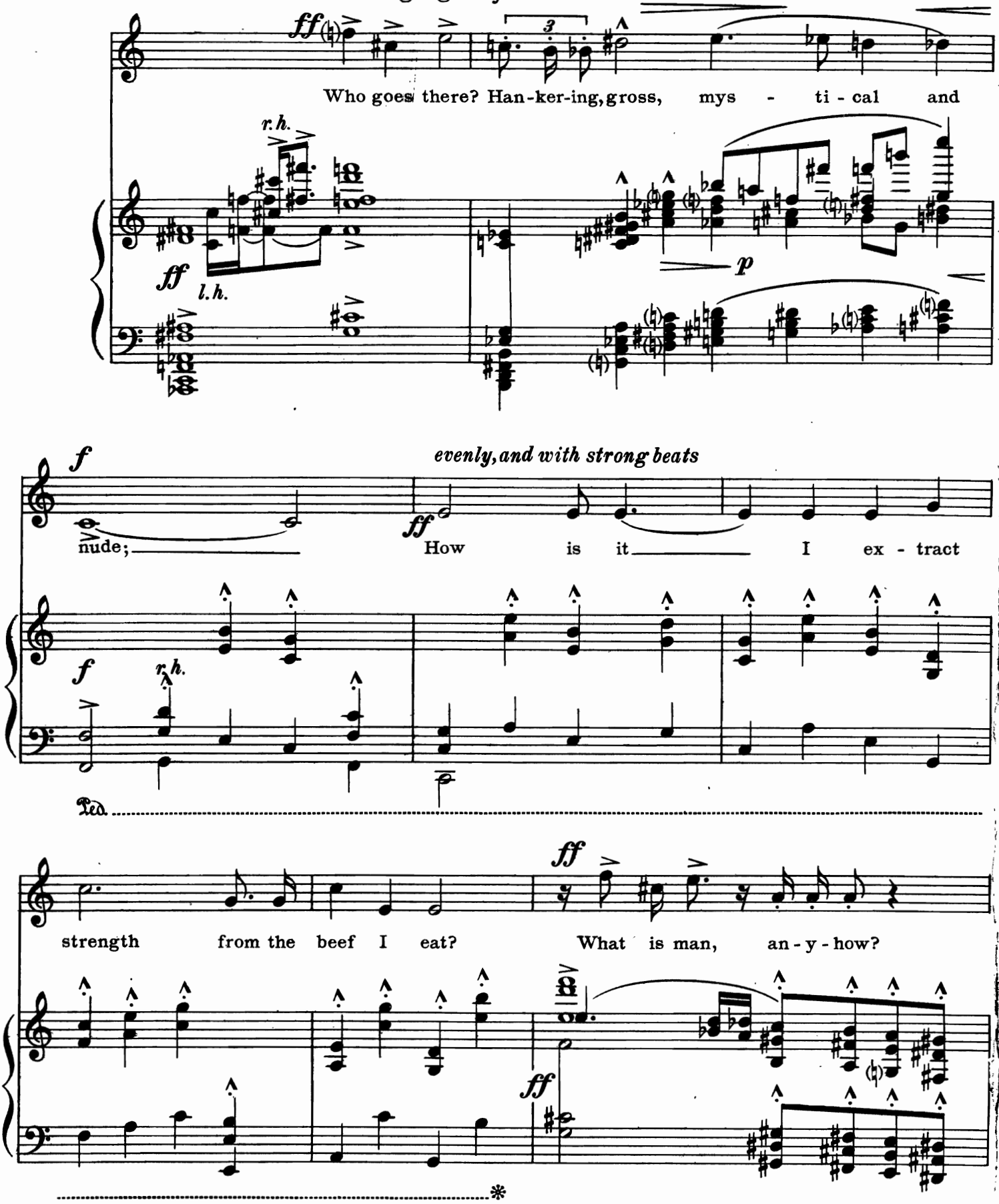
# 31
# Walt Whitman

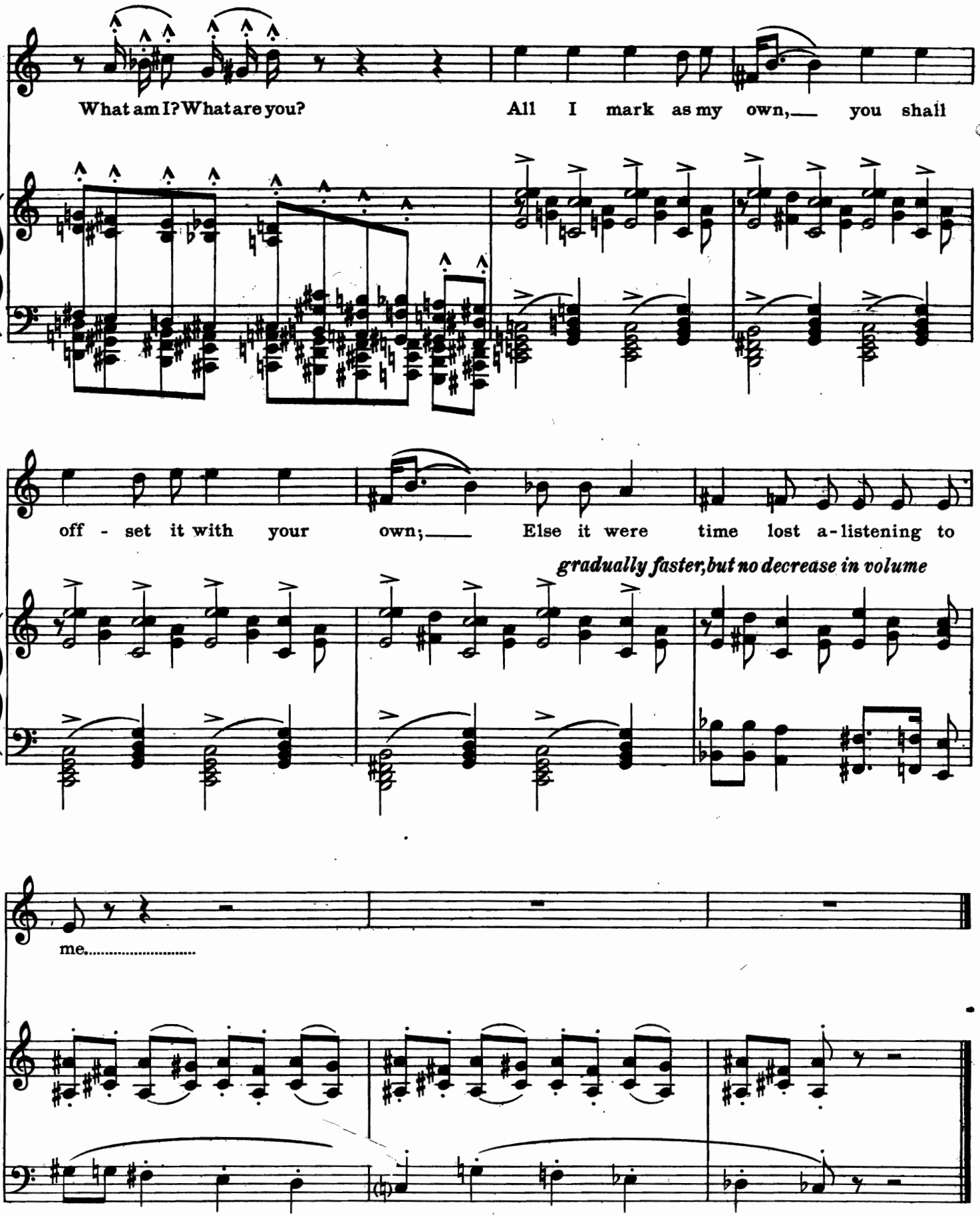
(from 20th Stanza)

(1921)

Whitman
*In Leaves of Grass*

Fast and in a challenging way

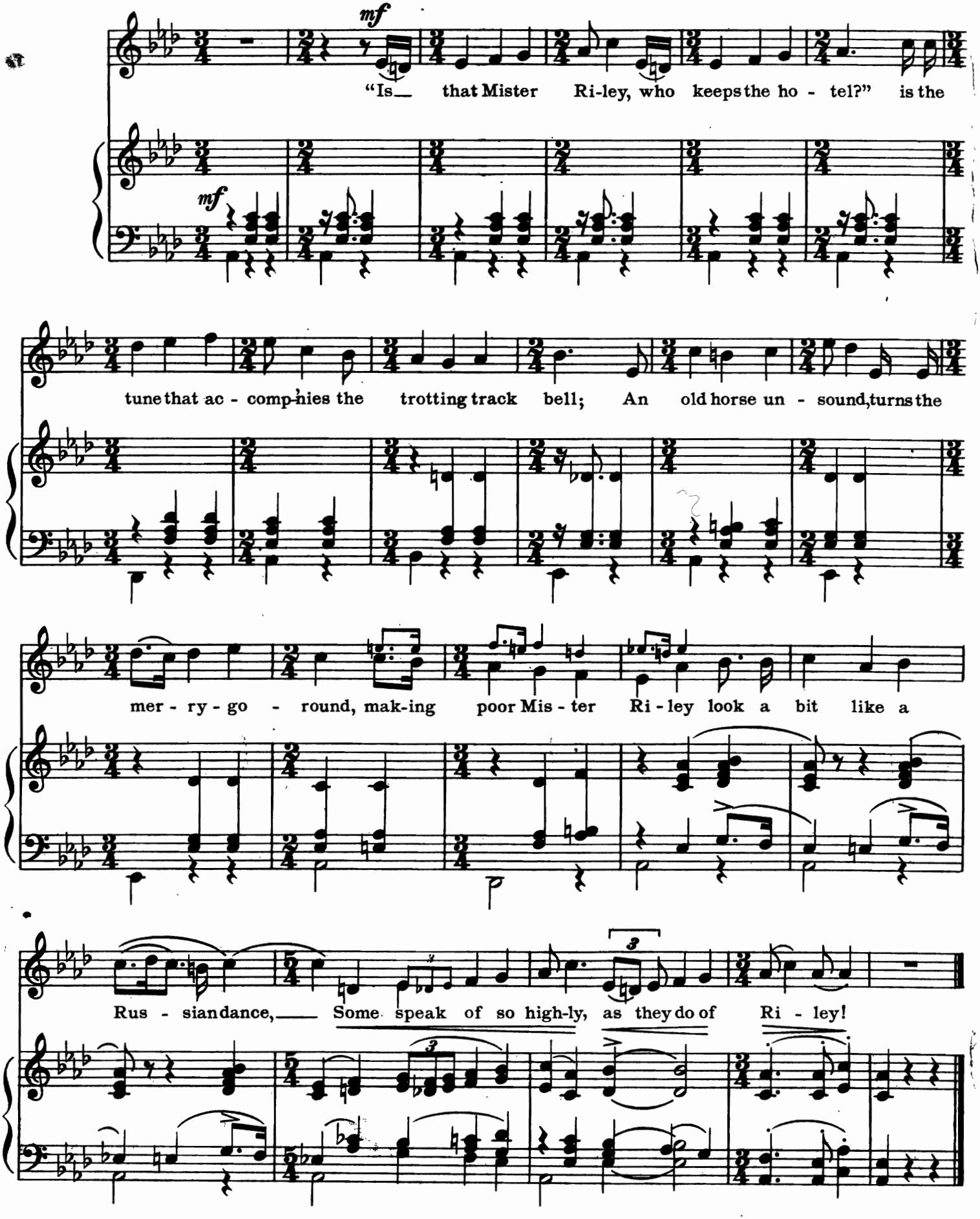



What am I? What are you?
All I mark as my own, you shall
off - set it with your own;
Else it were time lost a-listening to
gradually faster, but no decrease in volume
me.....
accel. non decresc.

# 32
# The Side Show

(1921)

In a moderate waltz time



# 33
# Cradle Song

(1919)

A. L. Ives
(1846)

Sognando *

*pp*

*slowly and with an even sway*

1. Hush thee, dear child to slum-bers; We will sing-
2. Sum-mer is slow-ly dy-ing; Au-tumnal
3. Bright-ly the wil-lows quiv-er; Peace-ful-ly

soft-est num-bers; Nought thy sleep-ing en-cum-bers.
winds are sigh-ing; Fa-ded leaf-lets are fly-ing.
flows the riv-er; So shall love flow for ev-er.

*l.h.*

*ppp*

For 1st and 2d Verses
*r.h.*

For 3d Verse

*Notes:*- End song on 𝅝; This chord may be repeated very quietly at the end of verse sung last.
*It will be observed that a 𝅗𝅥 of the $\frac{2}{4}$ measure is a 𝅗𝅥 of the $\frac{6}{8}$ and not a 𝅗𝅥.

# 34
# La Fède

(1920)

Ariosto

Lento maestoso

*f*

La fè-de ma-i non deb-be es-ser corrotta, O da-ta a un sol, O da-ta an-

chor a cen-to, Da-ta in pa-lese, O da-ta in un-a grotta.

*rit.e dim.*

*ff* *mp*

*l.h.*

*mp*

*f*

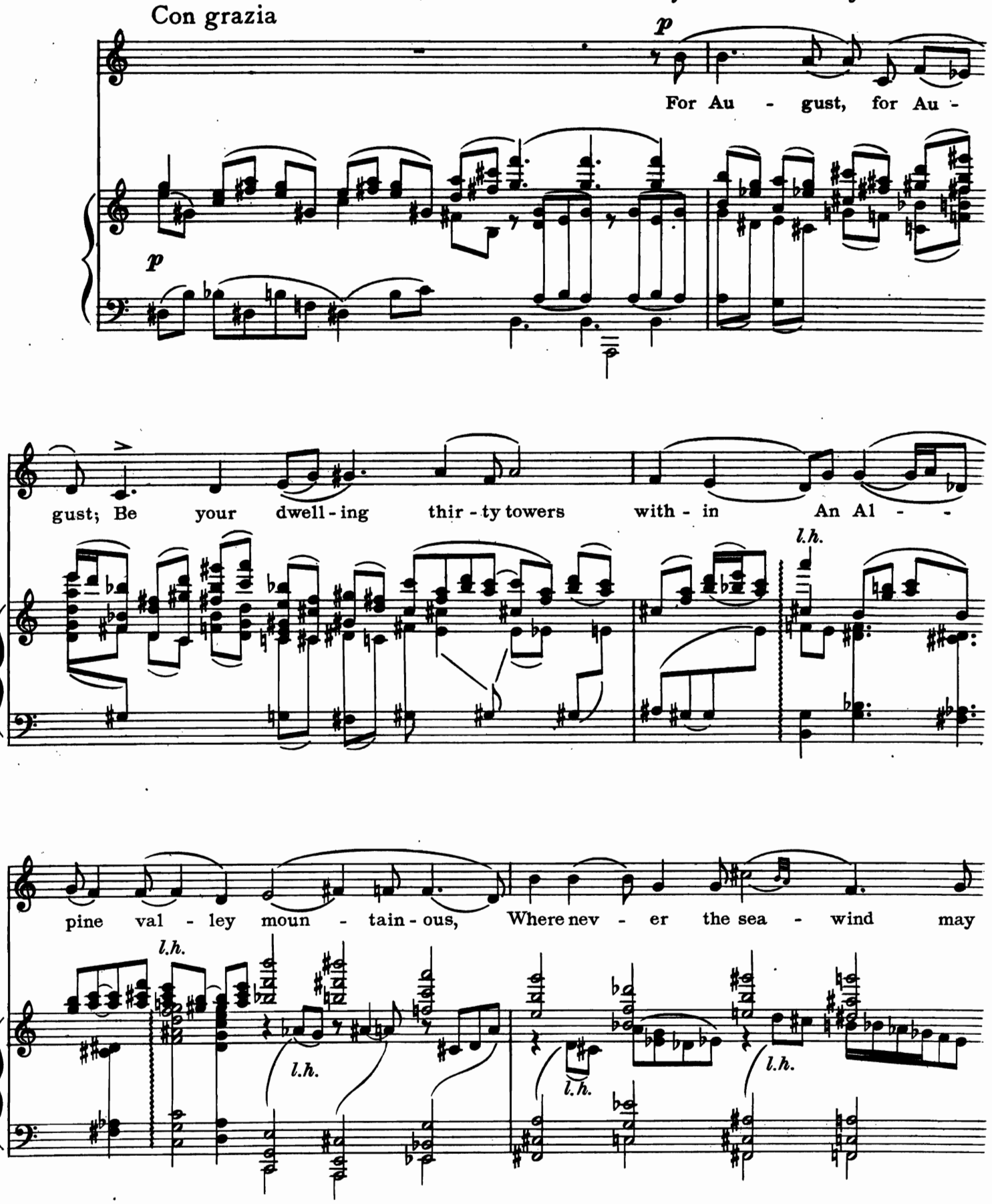
*non rit. non dim.*

# 35
# August

(1920)

Folgore da San Geminiano

*from Rossetti's-"Early Italian Poets"*




In this and other songs where bars mark the phrase or sections instead of measures, all notes are natural, unless otherwise marked, except those immediately following a note with an accidental.— Natural signs are thus used more as a convenience, than of necessity.

An-

vex your house but clear life sep - 'rate, like a star, be yours. There

*f*

dante vivo

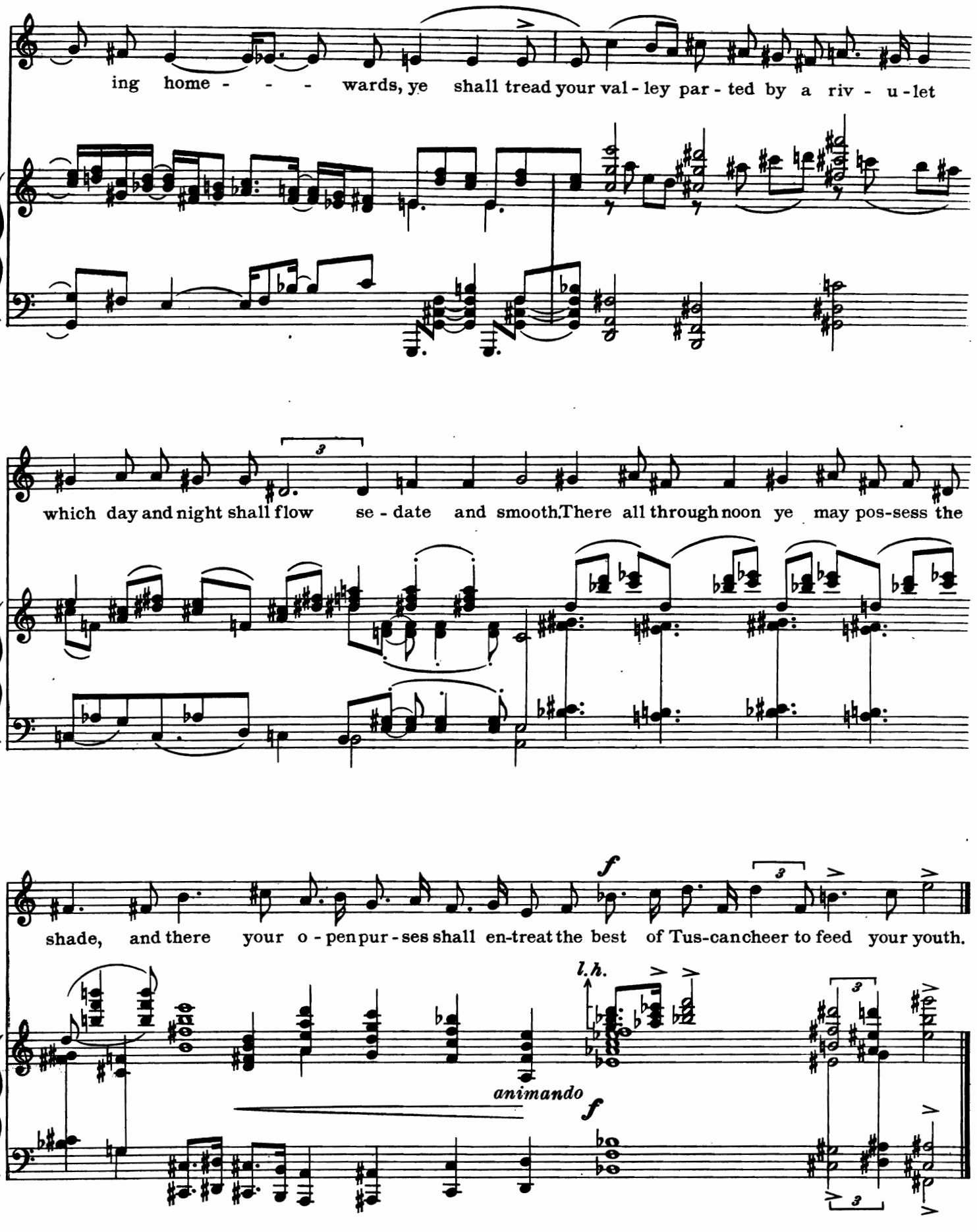
hor-ses shall wait sad-dled at all hours, That ye may mount at morn or at eve; On

*l.h.* *l.h.*

each hand ei - ther ridge ye shall per-ceive a mile a - part,

Meno mosso

which soon a good beast scours. So al - way, draw-


ing home - - - wards, ye shall tread your val - ley par - ted by a riv - u - let
which day and night shall flow se - date and smooth. There all through noon ye may pos-sess the
shade, and there your o - pen pur - ses shall en-treat the best of Tus-can cheer to feed your youth.
f
l.h.
animando
f

# 36
# September

(1920)

Folgore da San Geminiano
*from Rossetti's "Early Italian Poets"*

Presto

*mf*

And in September, Fal - cons, as - tors, mer - lins sparrow-hawks; Decoy birds that lure your

*Presto or as fast as possible*
*mp*
*l.h.*
*l.h.*

* use both pedals throughout

game in flocks; and hounds with bells; ..... Cross-bows shooting out of

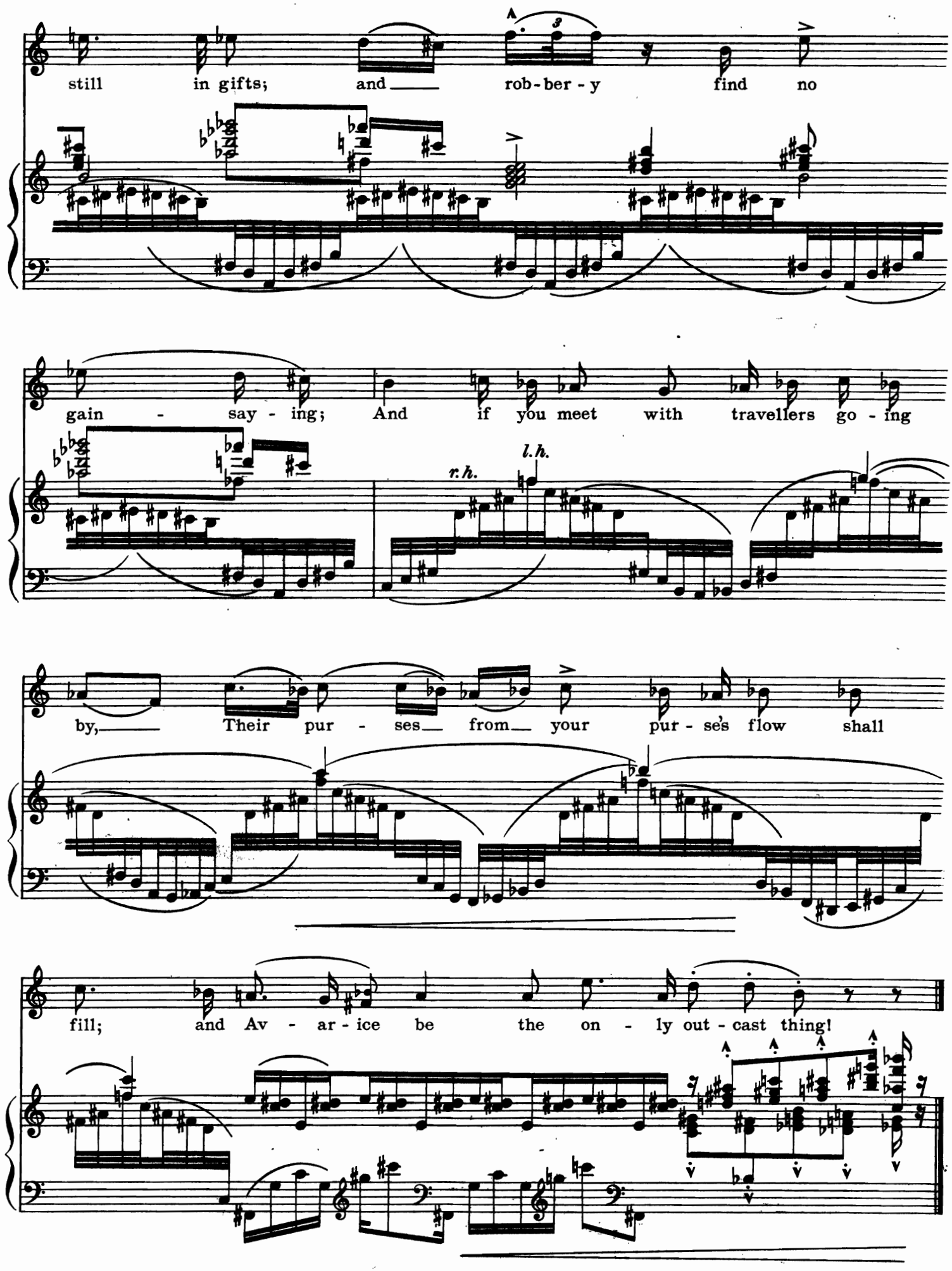
*l.h.*
*l.h.*

sight; — Ar-blasts and jav-e - lins; ..... All birds the best to fly;

*f*

And each to each of you shall be lav - ish

*mf*

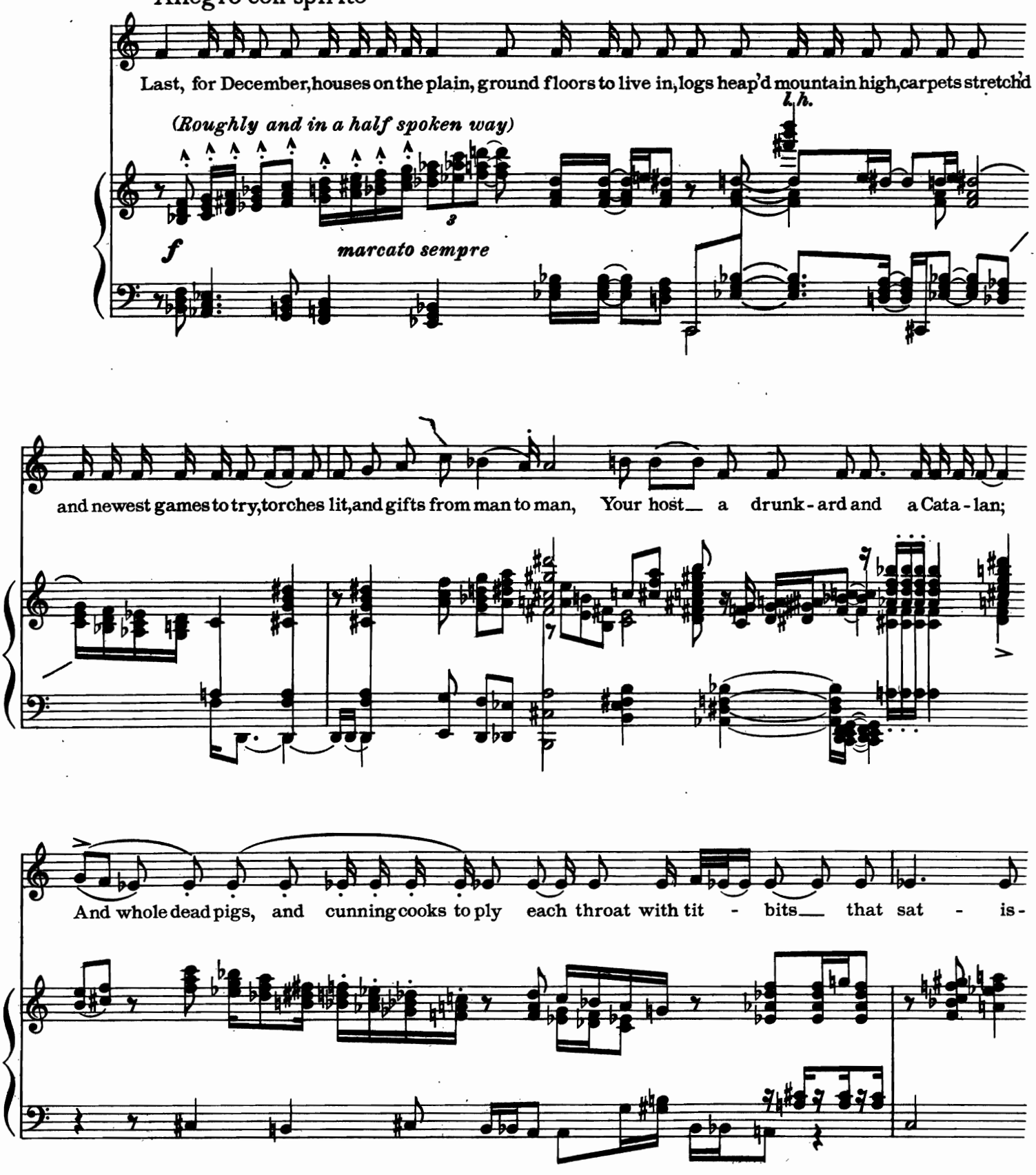

still in gifts; and rob-ber-y find no
gain-say-ing; And if you meet with travellers go-ing
r.h.
l.h.
by, Their pur-ses from your pur-se's flow shall
fill; and Av-ar-ice be the on-ly out-cast thing!

# 37
# December

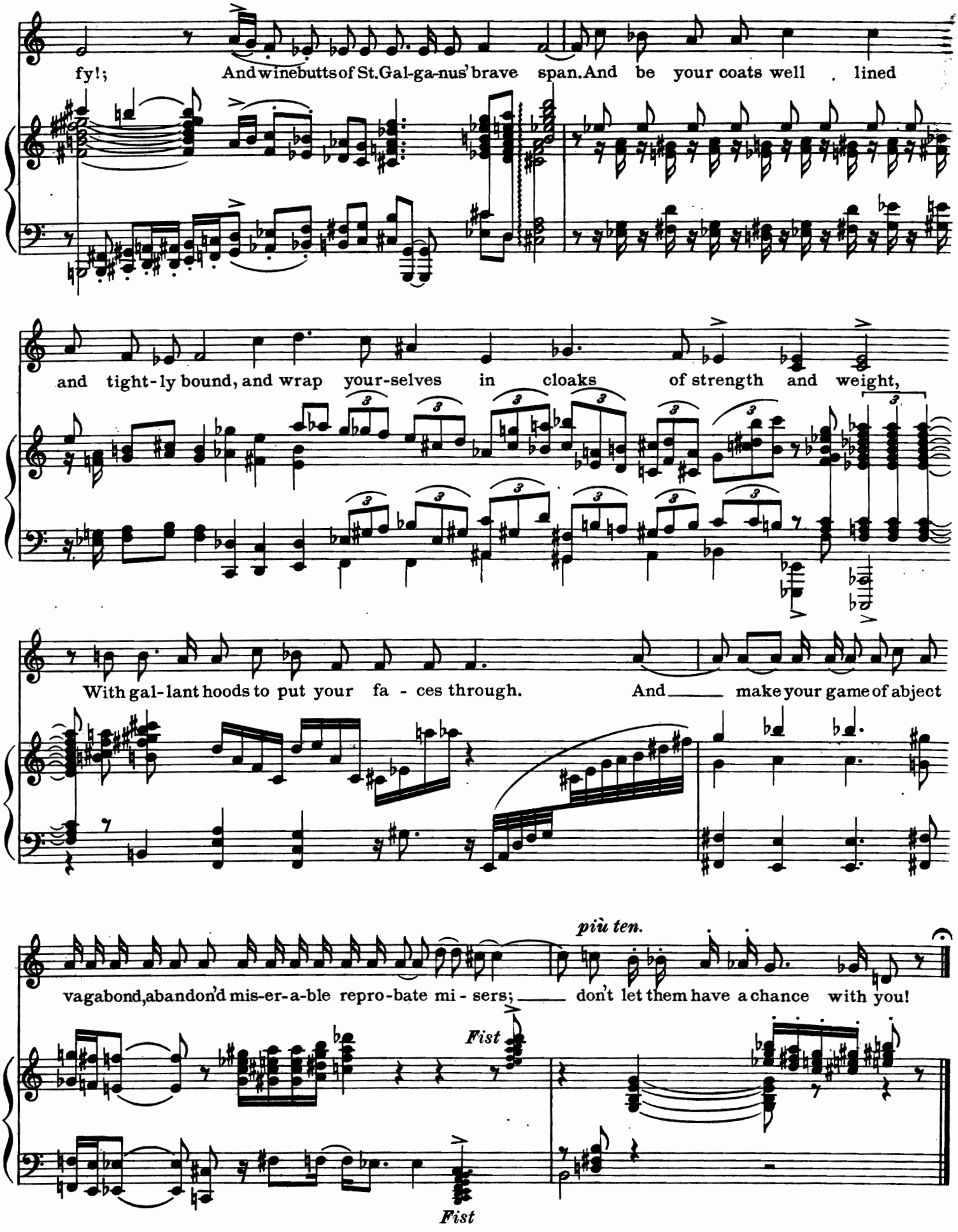
(1920)

Folgore da San Geminiano
*from Rossetti's-"Early Italian Poets"*

Allegro con spirito




Measures may be marked off to suit the taste.

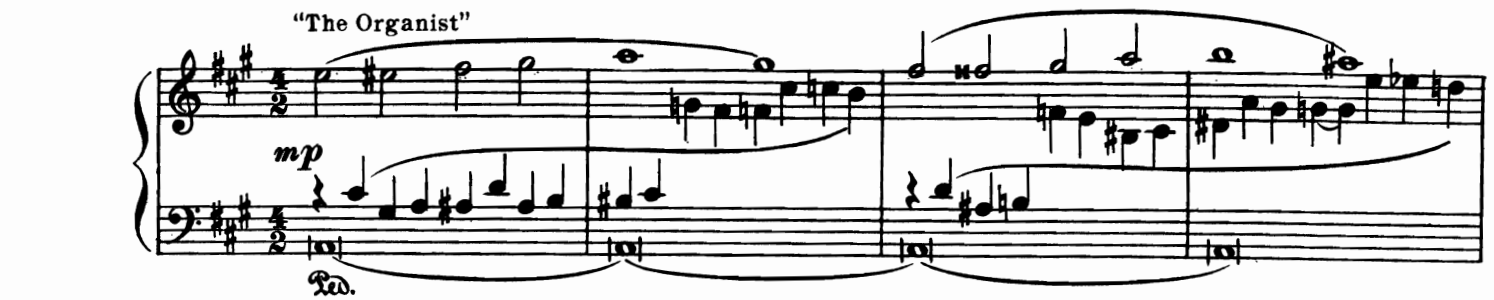

fy!; And wine butts of St. Gal-ga-nus' brave span. And be your coats well lined
and tight-ly bound, and wrap your-selves in cloaks of strength and weight,
With gal-lant hoods to put your fa - ces through. And make your game of abject
più ten.
vagabond, abandon'd mis-er-a-ble repro-bate mi - sers; don't let them have a chance with you!
Fist
Fist

# 38
# The Collection

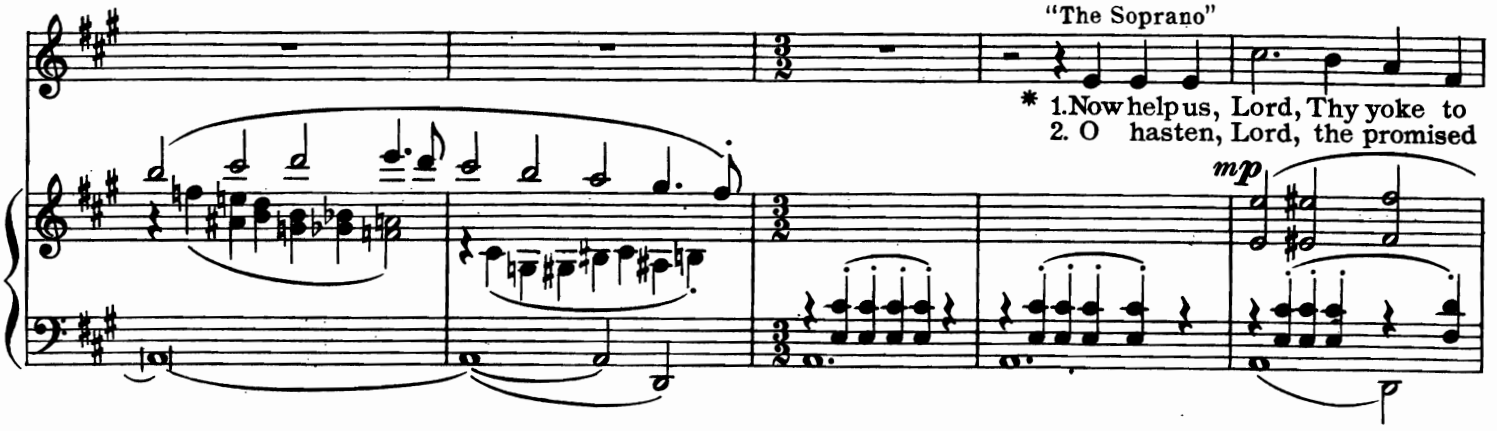


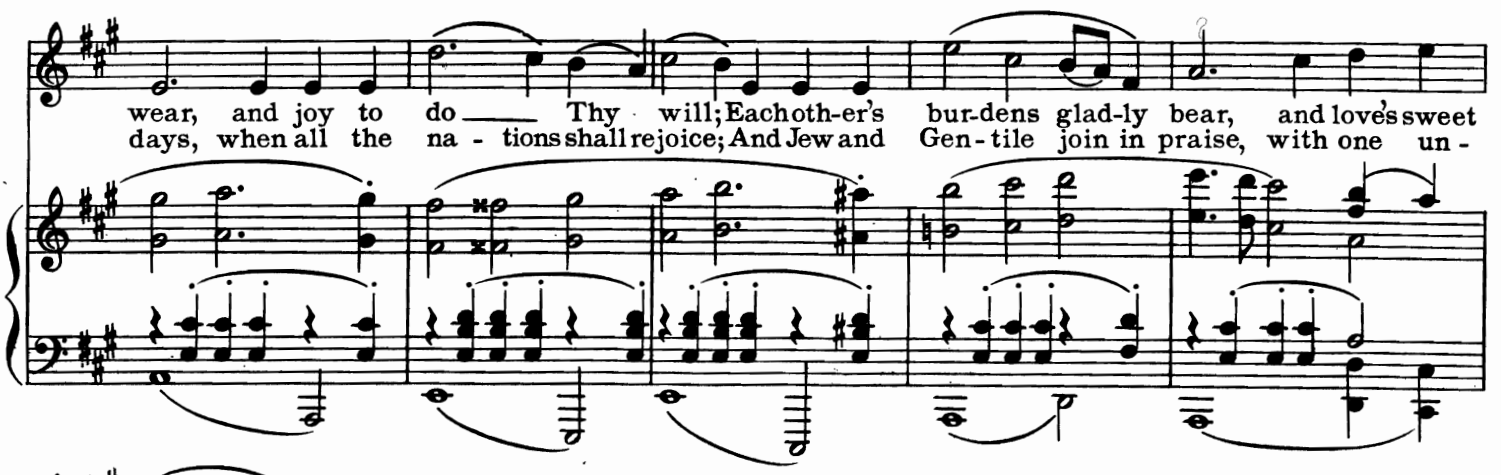
In moderate time

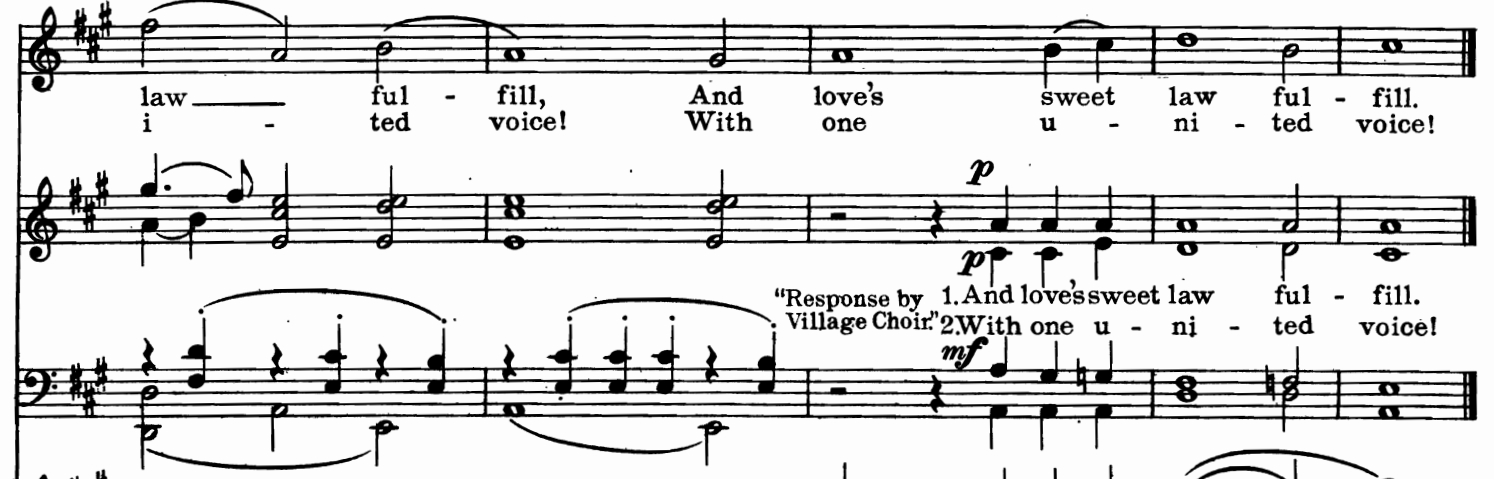
"The Organist"




"The Soprano"







* Kingsley

# 39
# Afterglow

(1919)

James Fenimore Cooper. Jr.
(by permission)

Slowly and very quietly

one chord

* *ppp* *legato throughout*

*ppp*

*quietly, slowly and sustained throughout*

*più ten.*

*pp* At the qui-et close of day, Gent-ly yet the willows sway; When the sun - set light is

*l.h.* *l.h.* *pp* *piu rit.* *pppp*

*less audibly, but no slower here*

low, Lin-gers still the af - ter - glow; *p* Beau-ty tarries loth to die, Ev-

*decrese. non rall.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *r.h.* *pppp* *mp* *più moto* *pp* *l.h.* *r.h.* *l.h.* *r.h.* *animando*

*più ten e rall.*

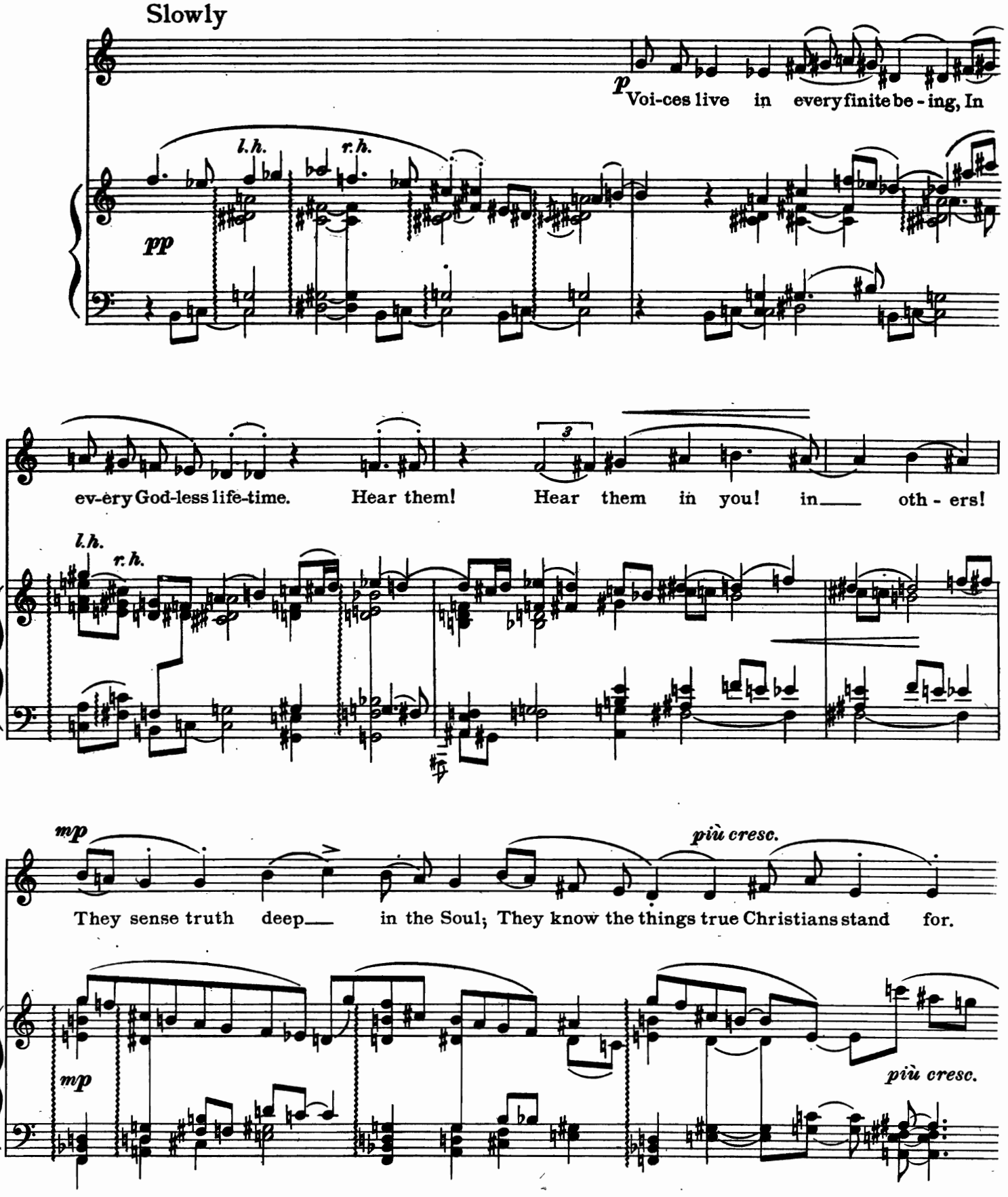
ery light-est fan-ta - sy love - lier grows in mem-o - ry, Where the tru-er beau - ties lie.

*l.h.* *r.h.* *l.h.* *r.h.* *slower* *rall.* *pp* *ppp* *più ten. più rall.* *pp* *ppp* *p*

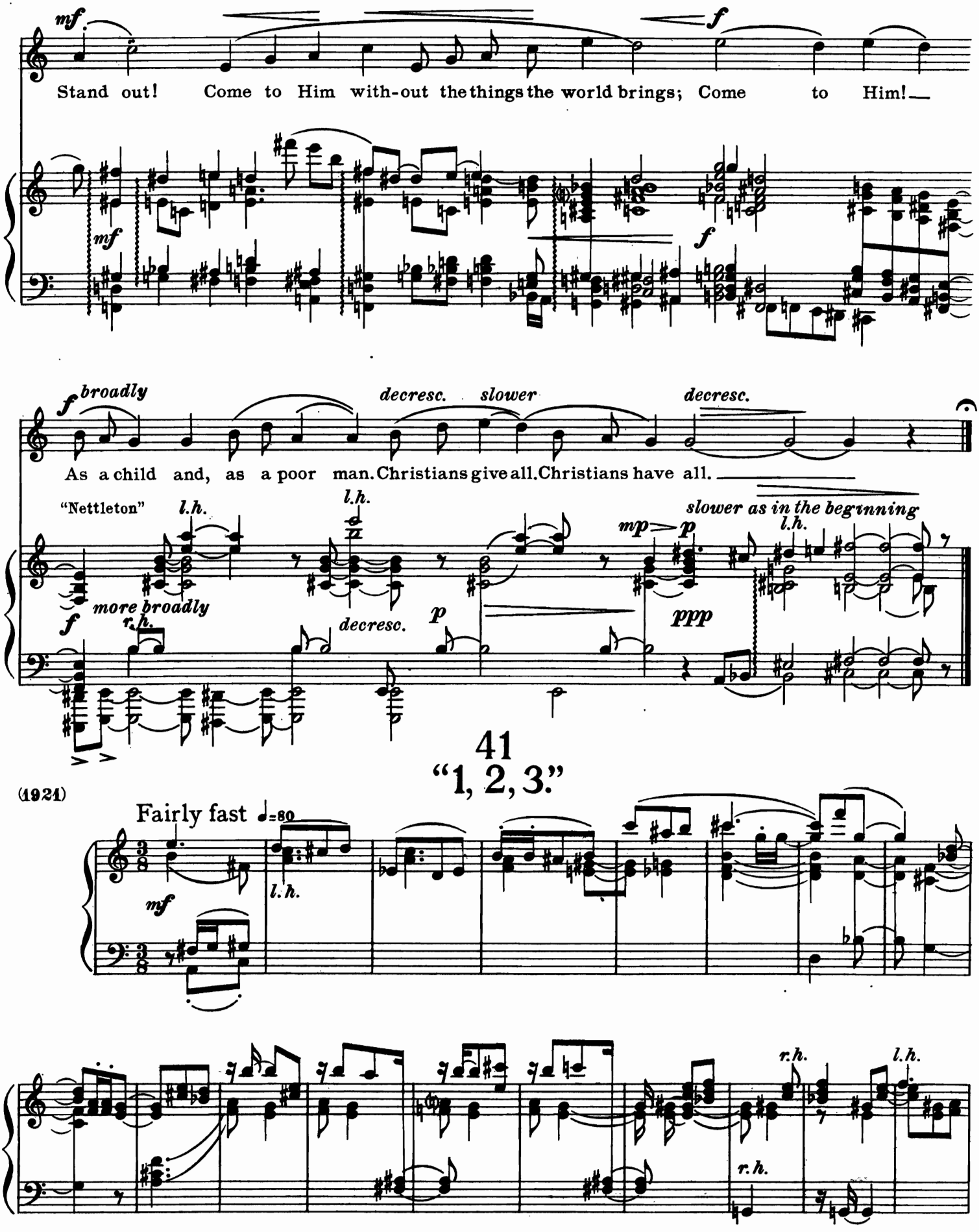
* *NOTE:-* The piano should be played as indistinctly as possible, and both pedals used almost constantly.

# 40
# The Innate

(1916)



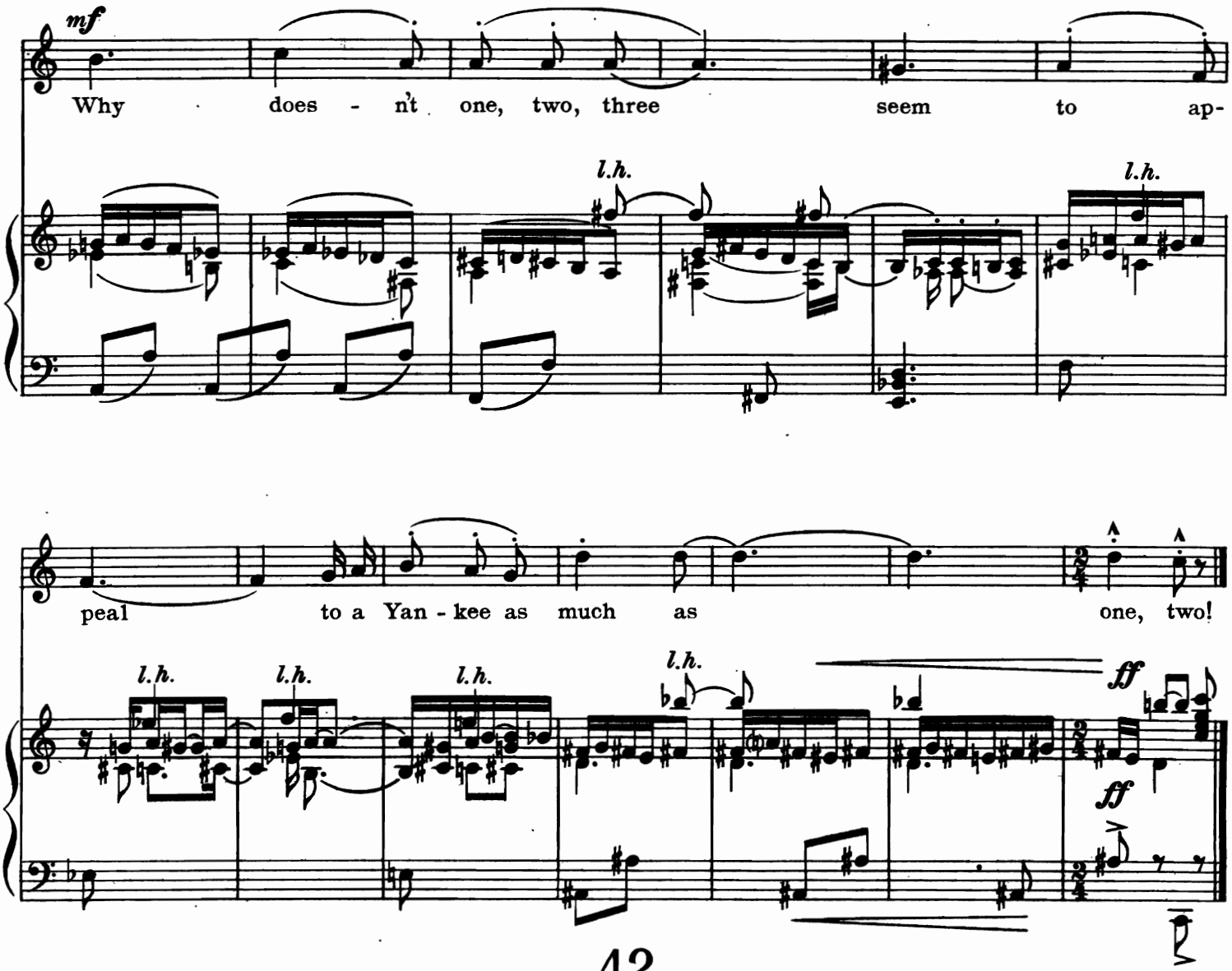

*NOTE*:- For the most part, use both pedals. (If played on an organ, use chiefly the lighter string-stops, on an enclosed manual. Hold all notes their full value, regardless of dissonance.)


mf
f
Stand out! Come to Him with-out the things the world brings; Come to Him!
mf
f
f broadly
decresc.
slower
decresc.
As a child and, as a poor man. Christians give all. Christians have all.
"Nettleton"
l.h.
l.h.
slower as in the beginning
mp
p
l.h.
more broadly
f
r.h.
decresc.
p
ppp

## 41
## "1, 2, 3."

(1921)


Fairly fast ♩=80
mf
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
r.h.



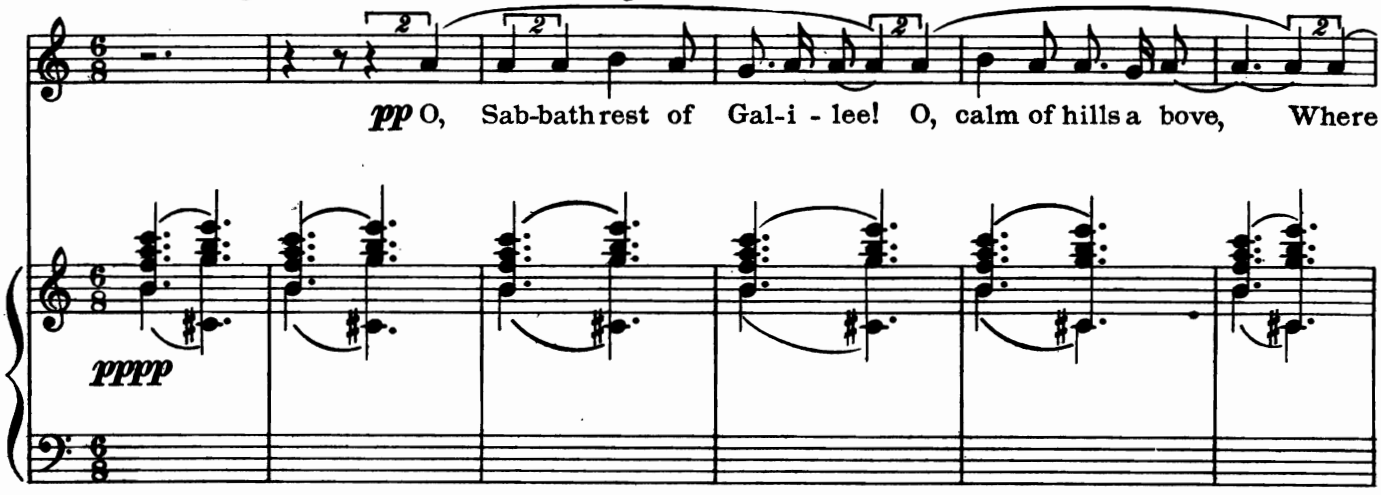

# 42
# Serenity

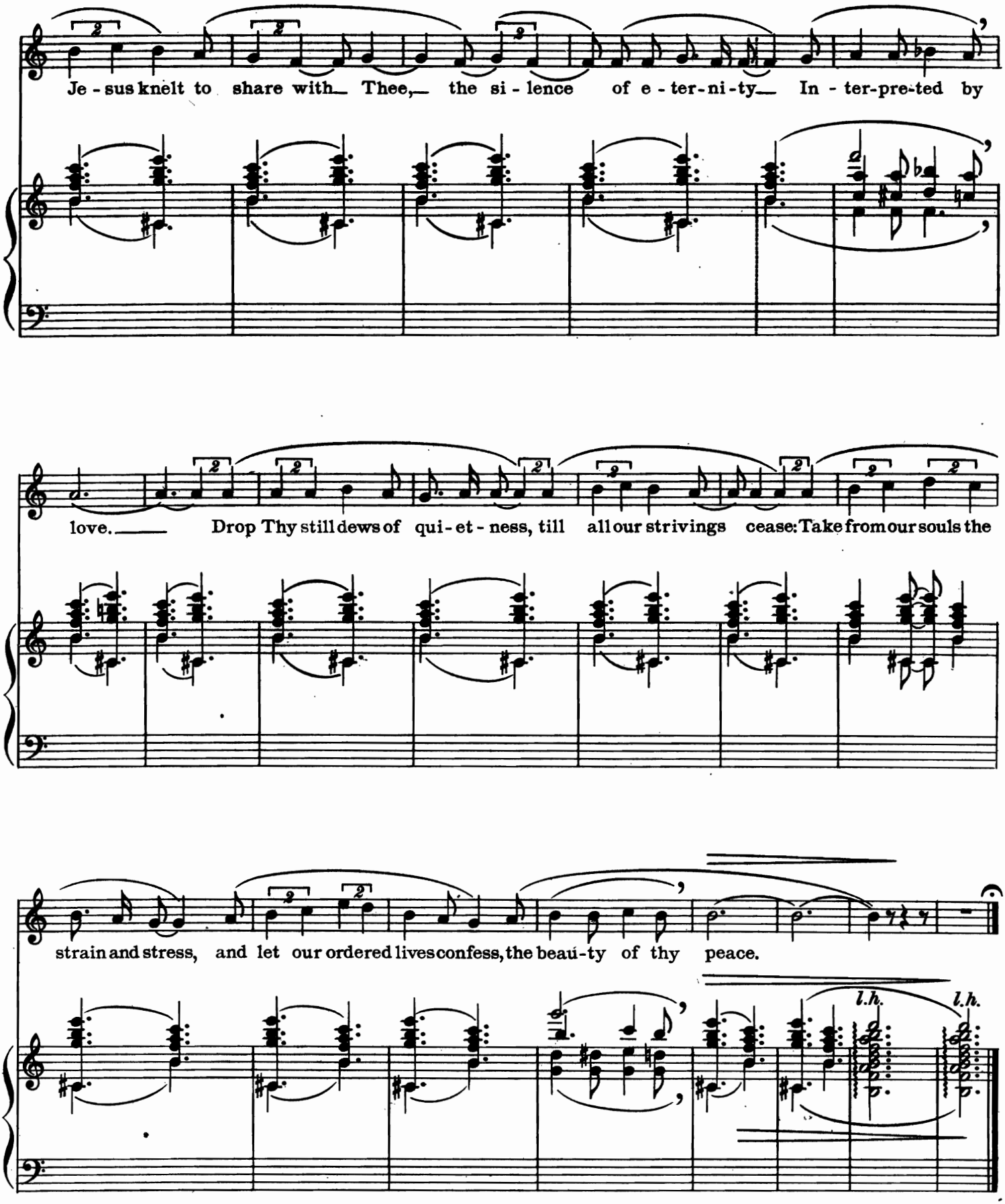
(1919)

A unison chant

Whittier

*Very slowly, quietly and sustained, with little or no change in tempo or volume throughout.*




Je - sus knelt to share with Thee, the si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty In - ter - pre - ted by
love. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, till all our strivings cease: Take from our souls the
strain and stress, and let our ordered lives confess, the beau - ty of thy peace.
l.h.
l.h.

# 43
# The Things Our Fathers Loved
## (and the greatest of these was Liberty)

(1917)

Slowly and sustained

*p*

I think there must be a place in the soul all made of tunes, of—

*ten.*

*pp* *pp*

tunes of long a - go; I hear the or - gan on the Main Street cor - ner, Aunt

*a little*

Sa - rah humming Gos - pels; Sum - mer eve-nings, The

*ten.*

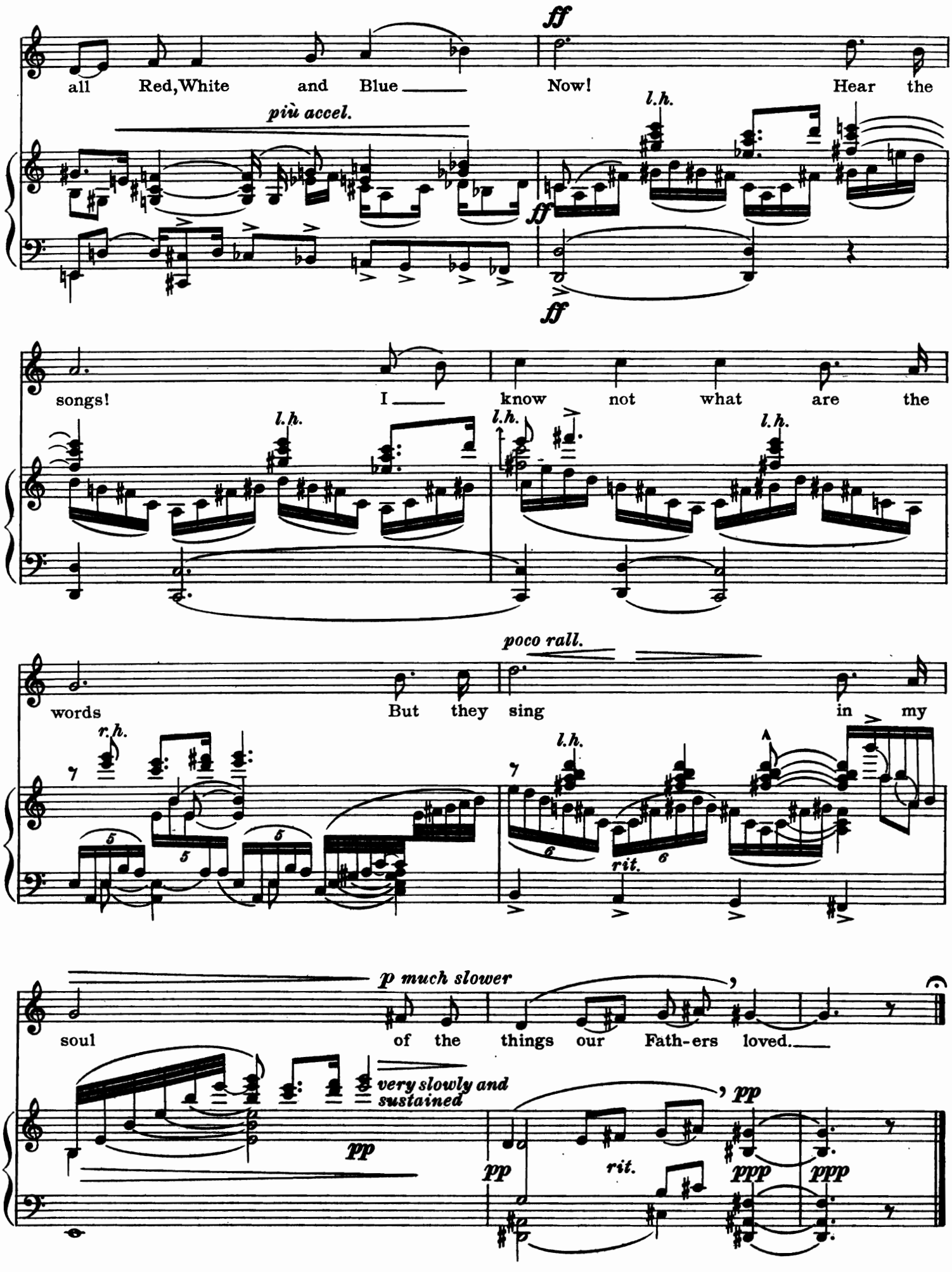
*mf*

*faster and with more emphasis*

*in a gradually excited way*

vil-lage cor-net band, play - ing in the square. The town's Red, White and Blue,

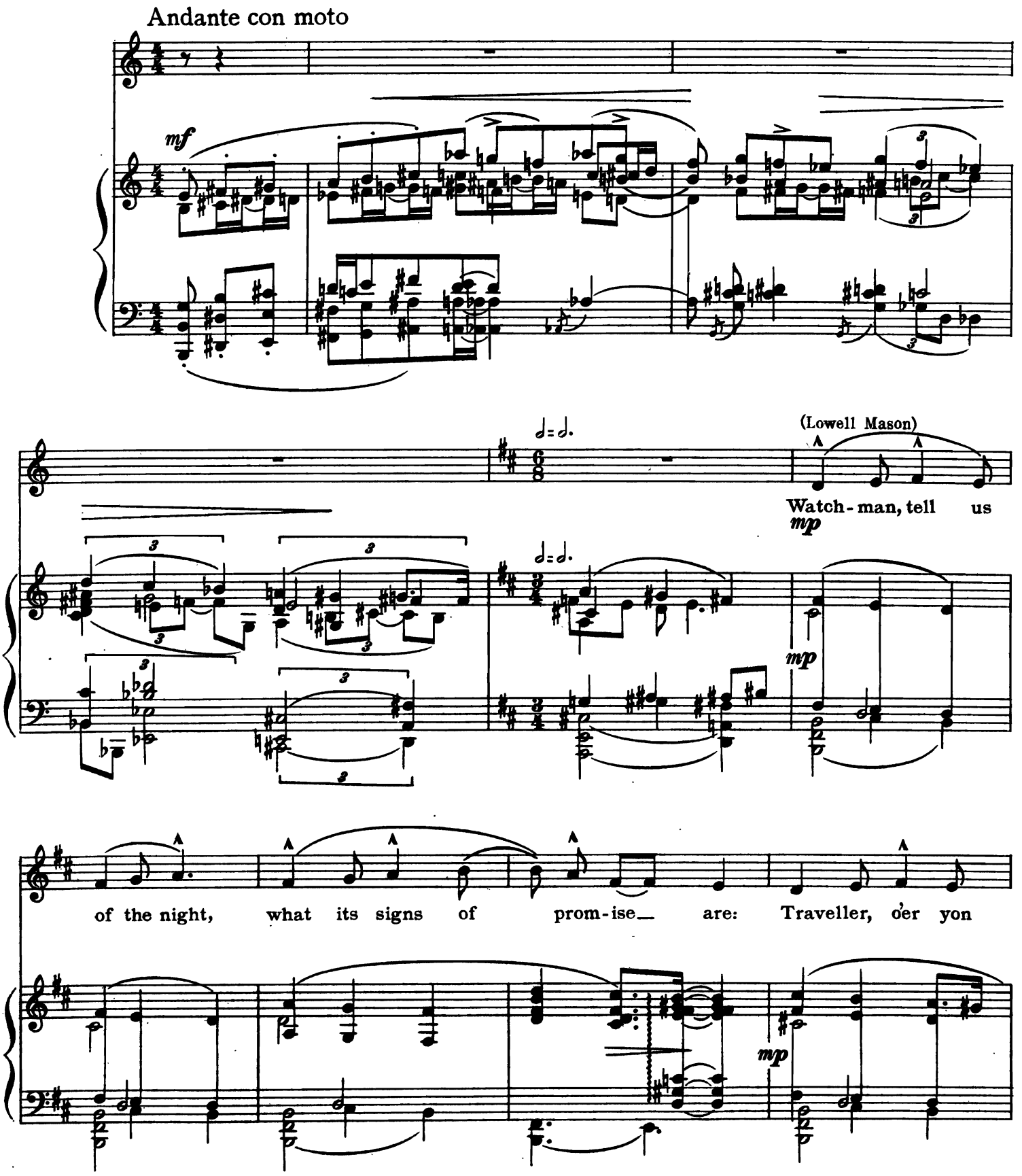
*cresc.*


ff
all Red, White and Blue Now! Hear the
più accel.
l.h.
ff
ff
songs! I know not what are the
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
poco rall.
words But they sing in my
r.h.
l.h.
rit.
p much slower
soul of the things our Fath-ers loved.
very slowly and sustained
pp
pp
rit.
pp
ppp
ppp

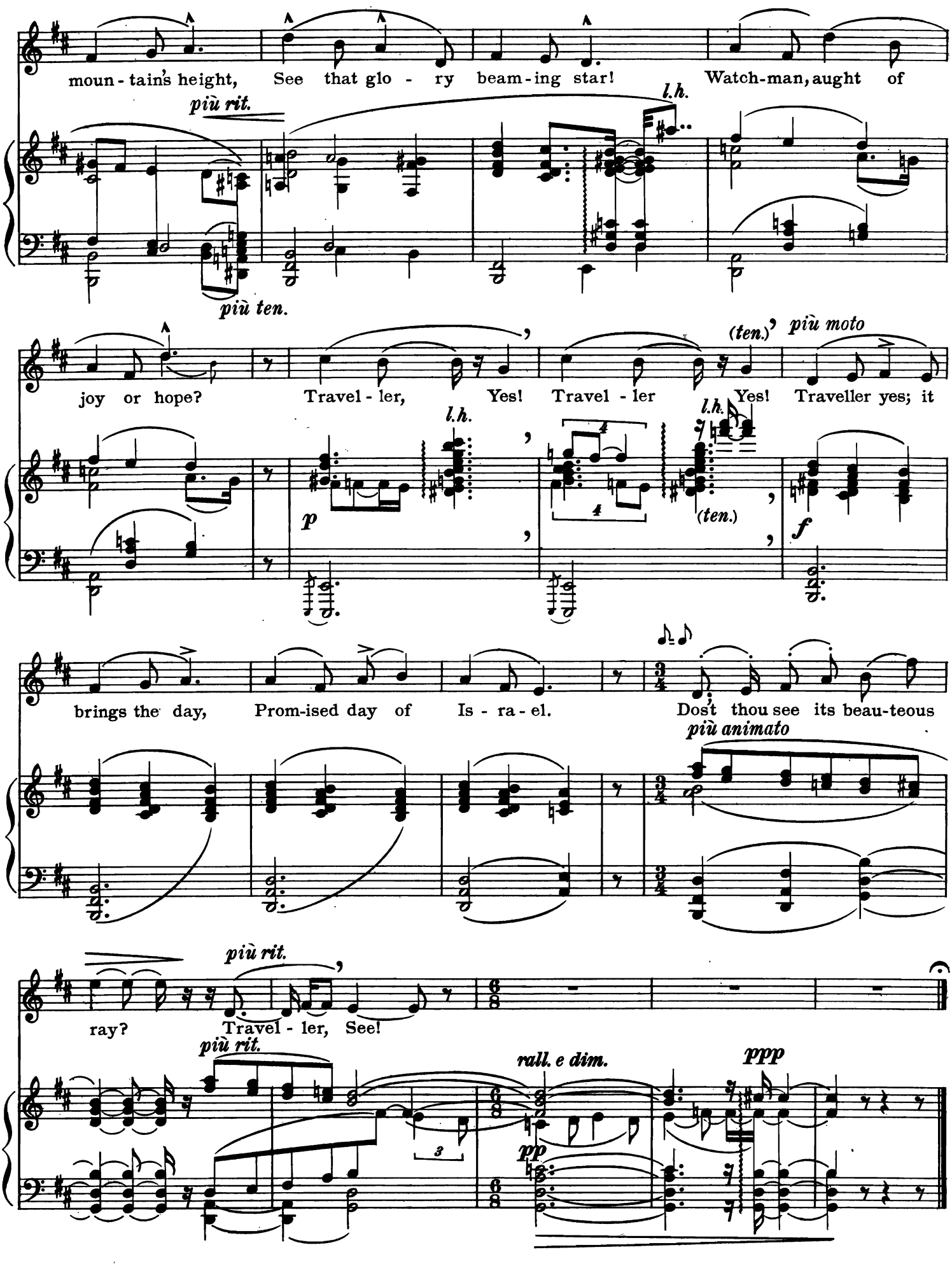
# 44
# Watchman!

from 2nd Violin Sonata

(1913) John Bowring




44, 45, 46, 47, comprise a group of songs, based on hymn-tune themes.


moun - tain's height, See that glo - ry beam - ing star! Watch-man, aught of
più rit.
l.h.
più ten.
joy or hope? Travel - ler, Yes! Travel - ler Yes! Traveller yes; it
(ten.)
più moto
l.h.
p
l.h.
(ten.)
f
brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. Dost thou see its beau-teous
più animato
ray? Travel - ler, See!
più rit.
più rit.
rall. e dim.
ppp
pp

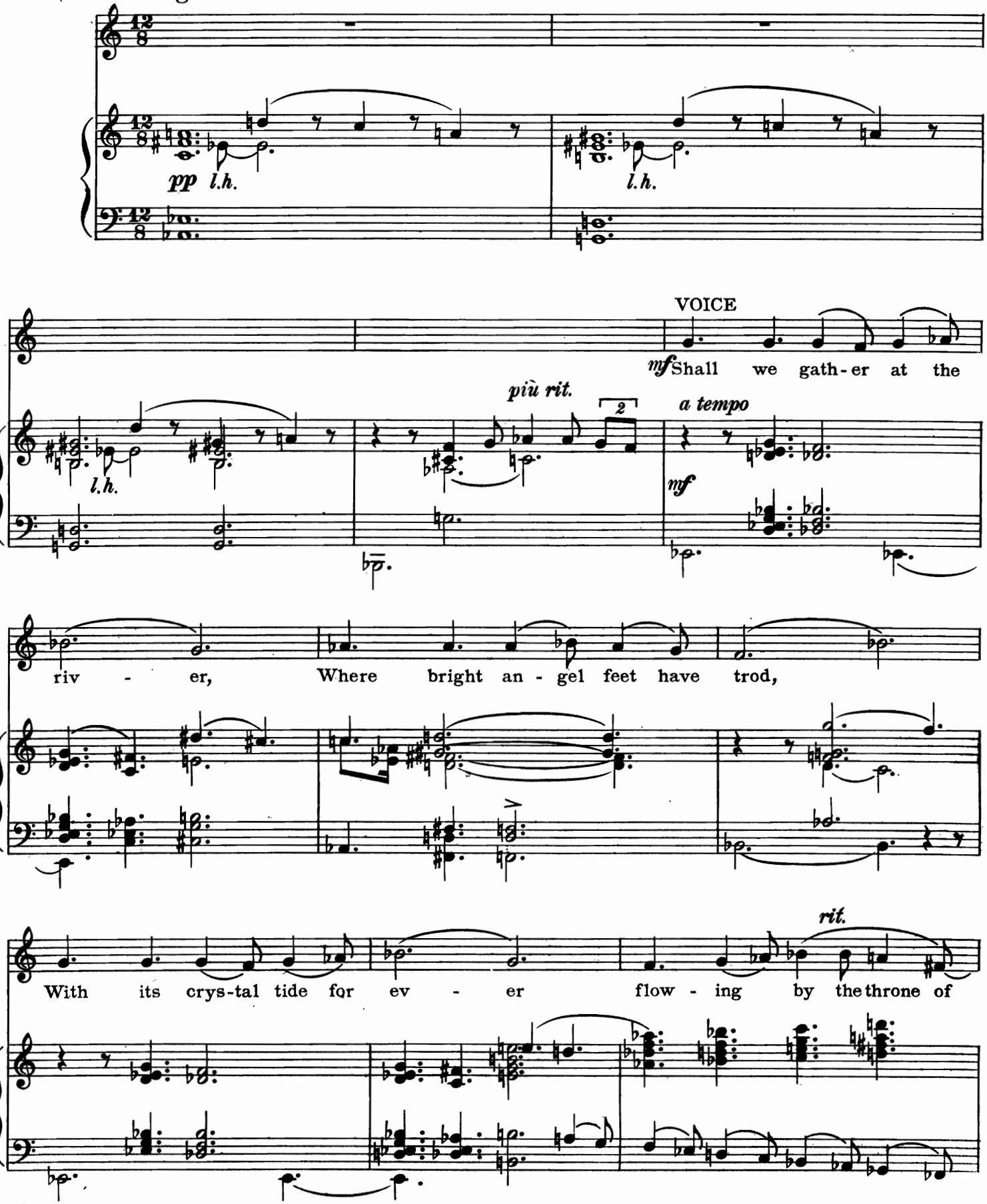
# 45
# At the River

from 4th Violin Sonata

(1916)

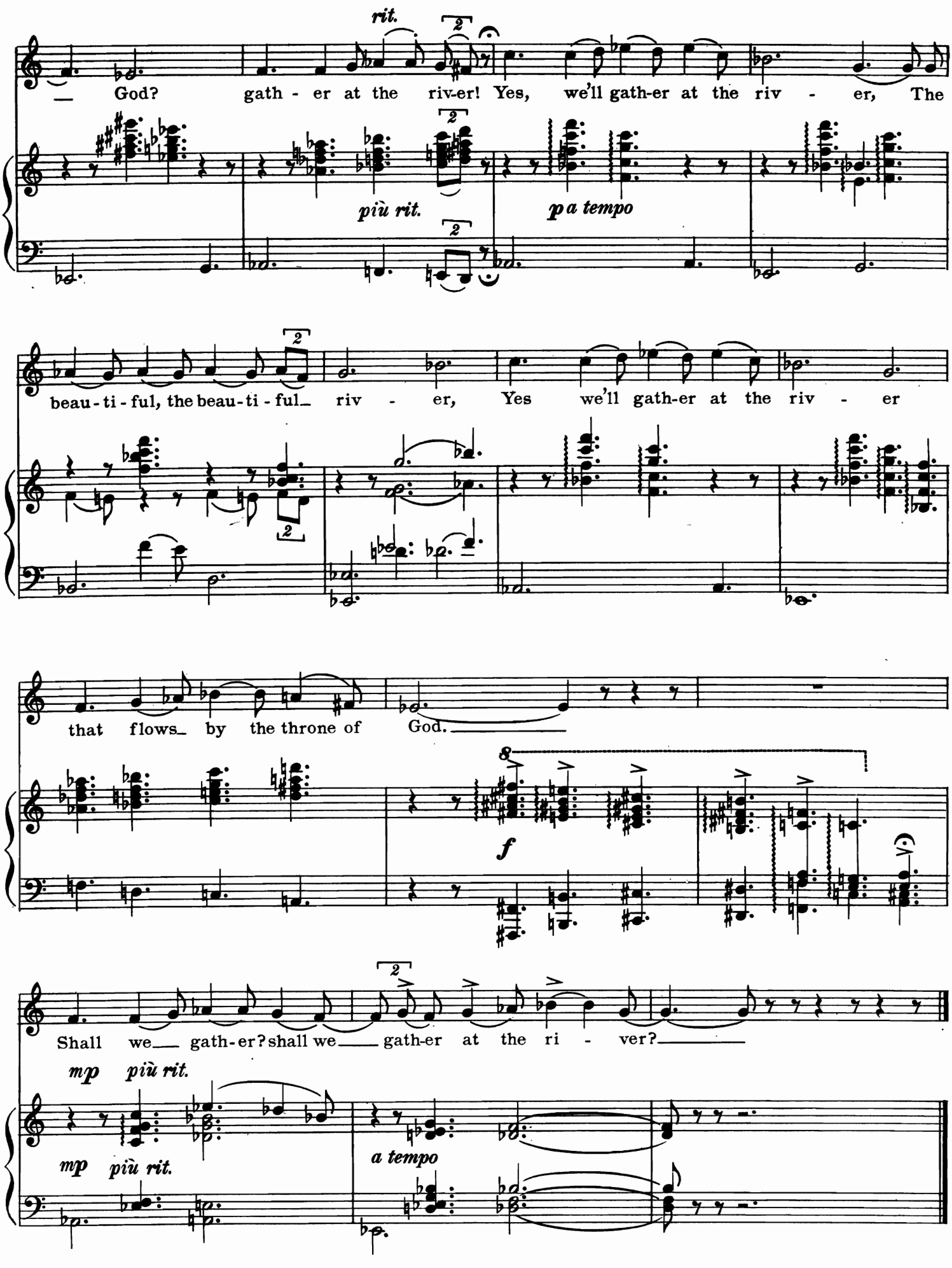
Robert Lowry

Allegretto




The piano part must not be played heavily.

44, 45, 46, 47, comprise a group of songs based on hymn-tune themes.

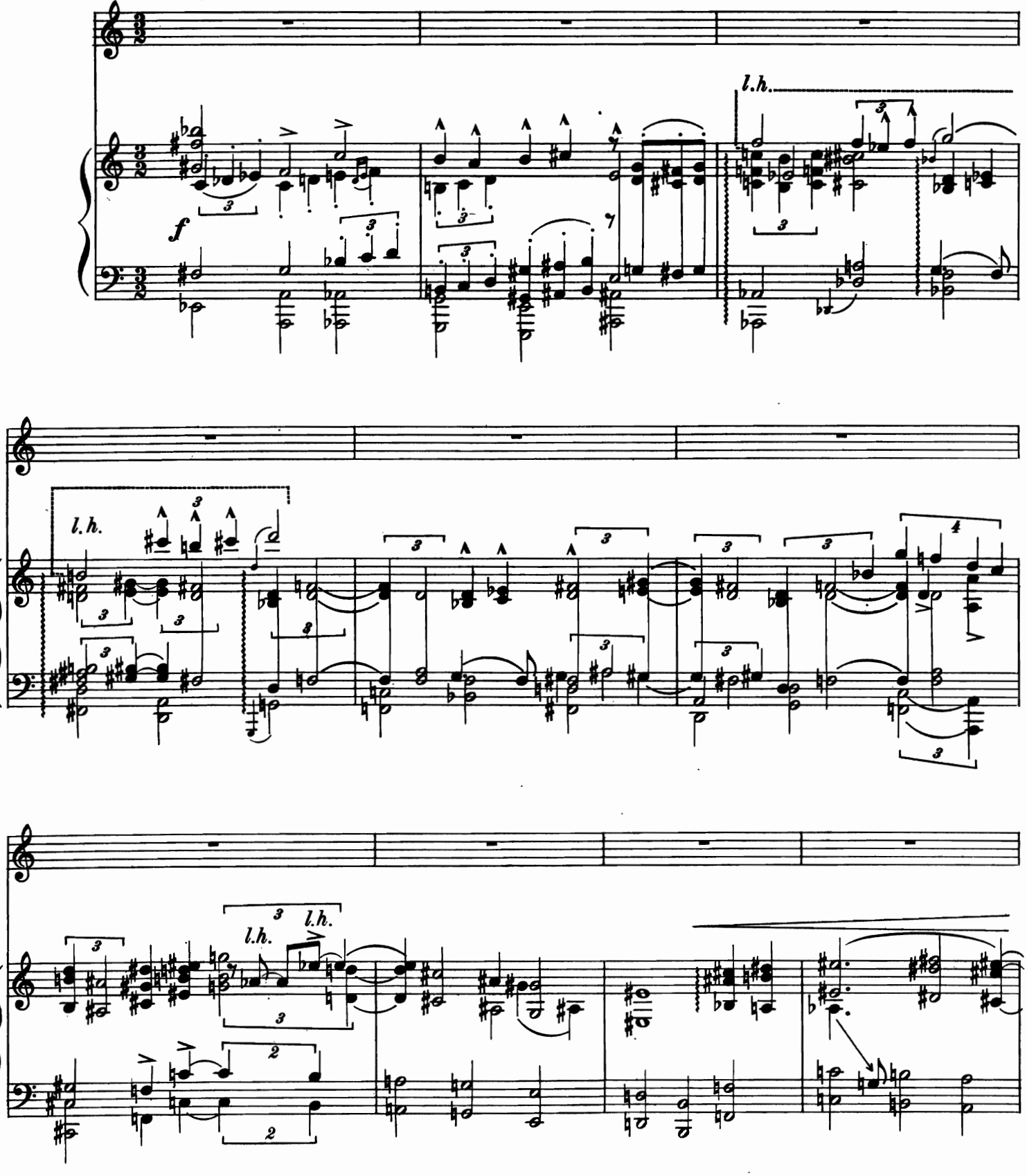

rit.
God? gath - er at the riv-er! Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The
più rit.
p a tempo
beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er, Yes we'll gath-er at the riv - er
that flows by the throne of God.
f
Shall we gath-er? shall we gath-er at the ri - ver?
mp più rit.
mp più rit.
a tempo

# 46
# His Exaltation

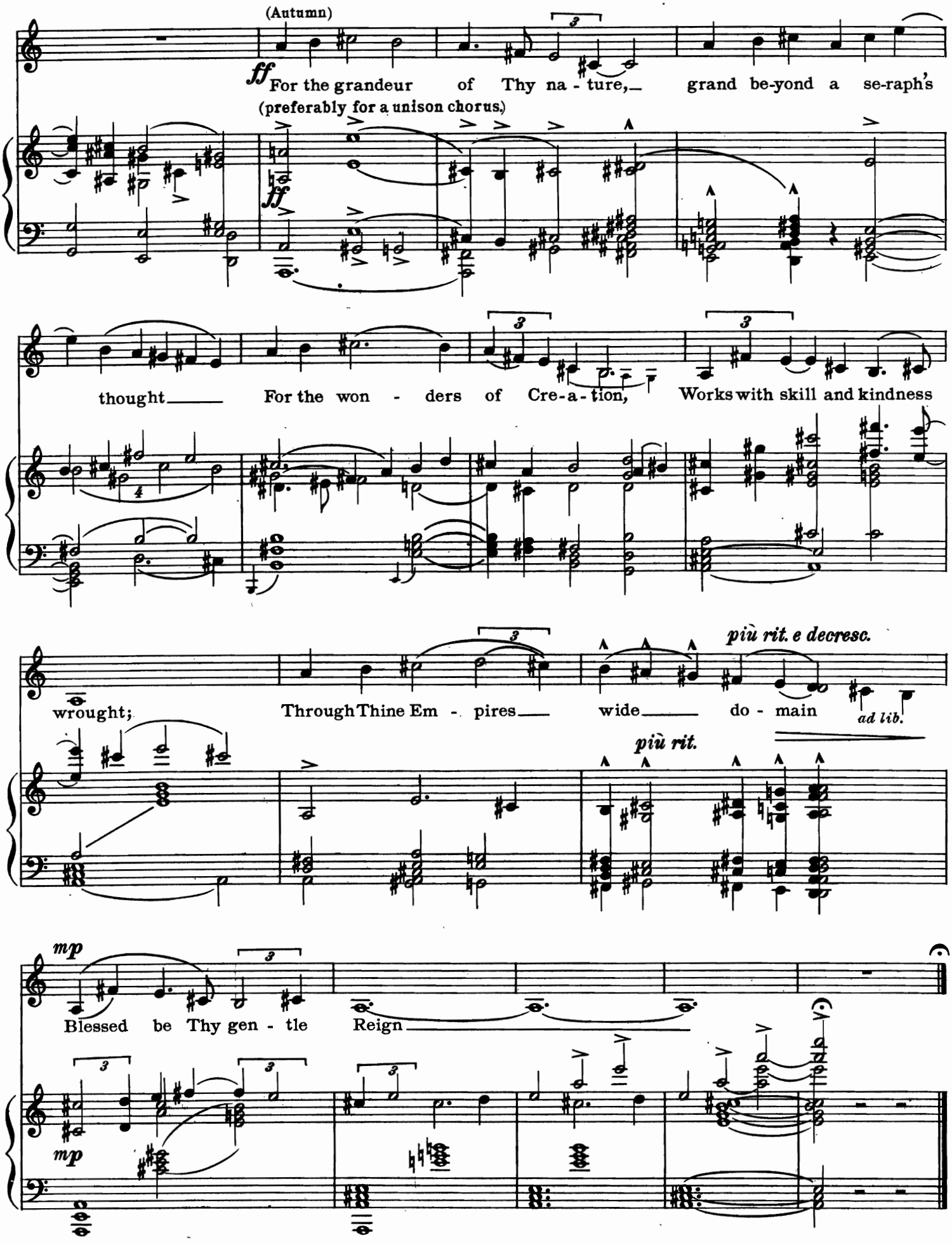
**Adapted from 2nd Violin Sonata**

**(1913)** **Robert Robinson**

Slowly (maestoso)




44, 45, 46, 47, are a group of songs based on hymn-tune themes.


(Autumn)
ff For the grandeur of Thy na - ture, grand be-yond a se-raph's
(preferably for a unison chorus.)
thought For the won - ders of Cre-a-tion, Works with skill and kindness
wrought; Through Thine Em - pires wide do - main
più rit. e decresc.
ad lib.
più rit.
mp Blessed be Thy gen - tle Reign
mp

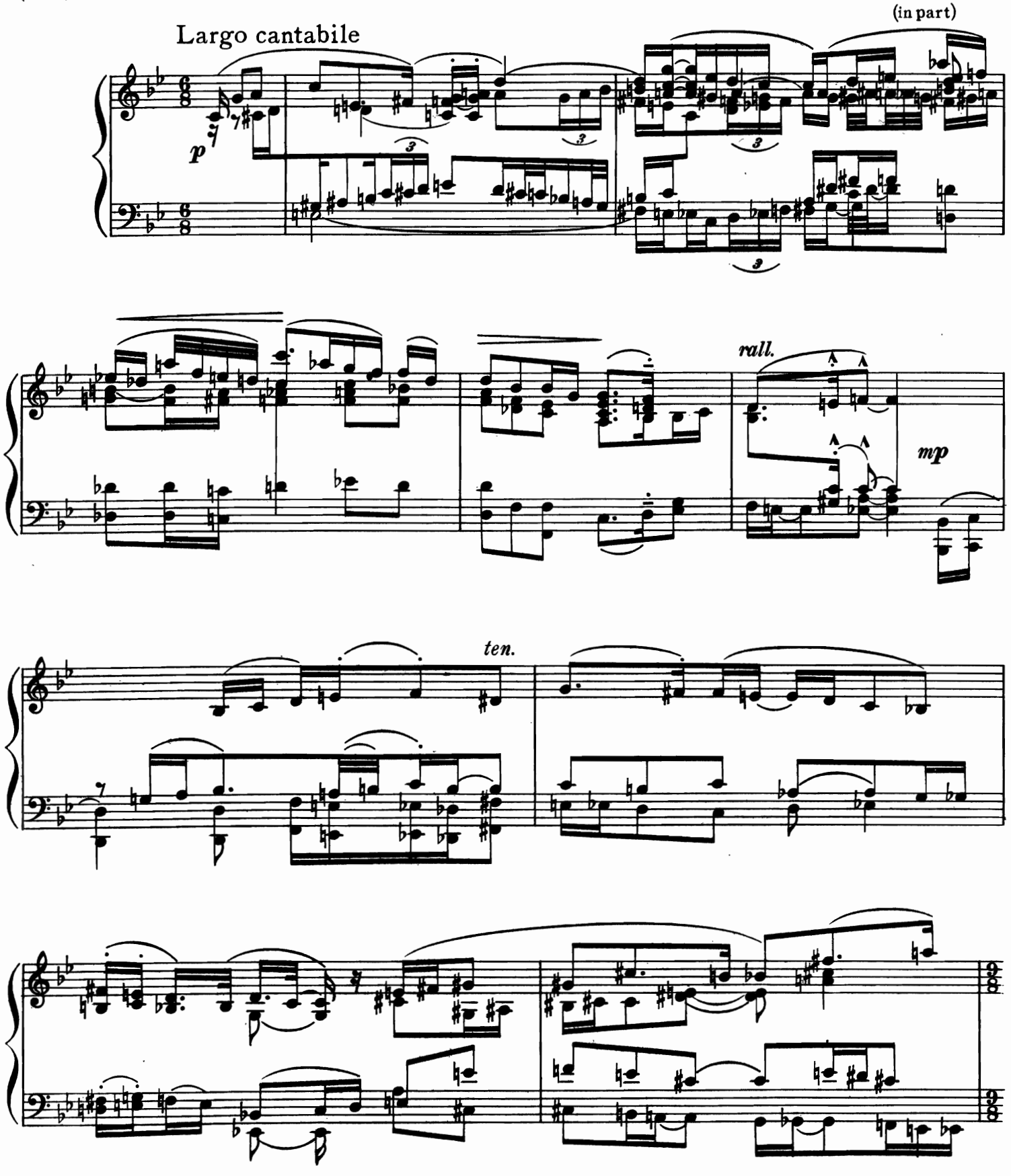
# 47

# The Camp-Meeting

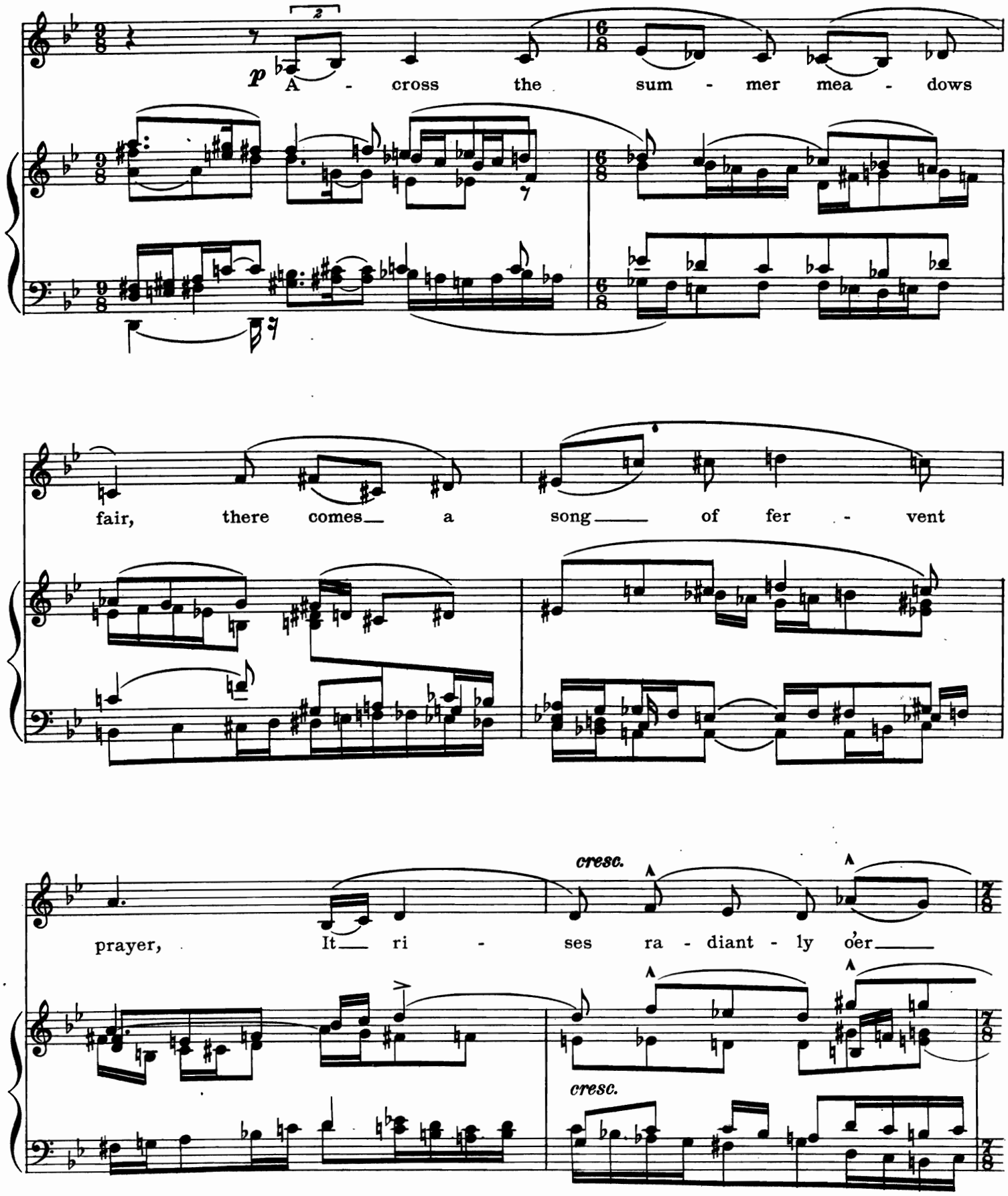
from a movement of Symphony No. 3

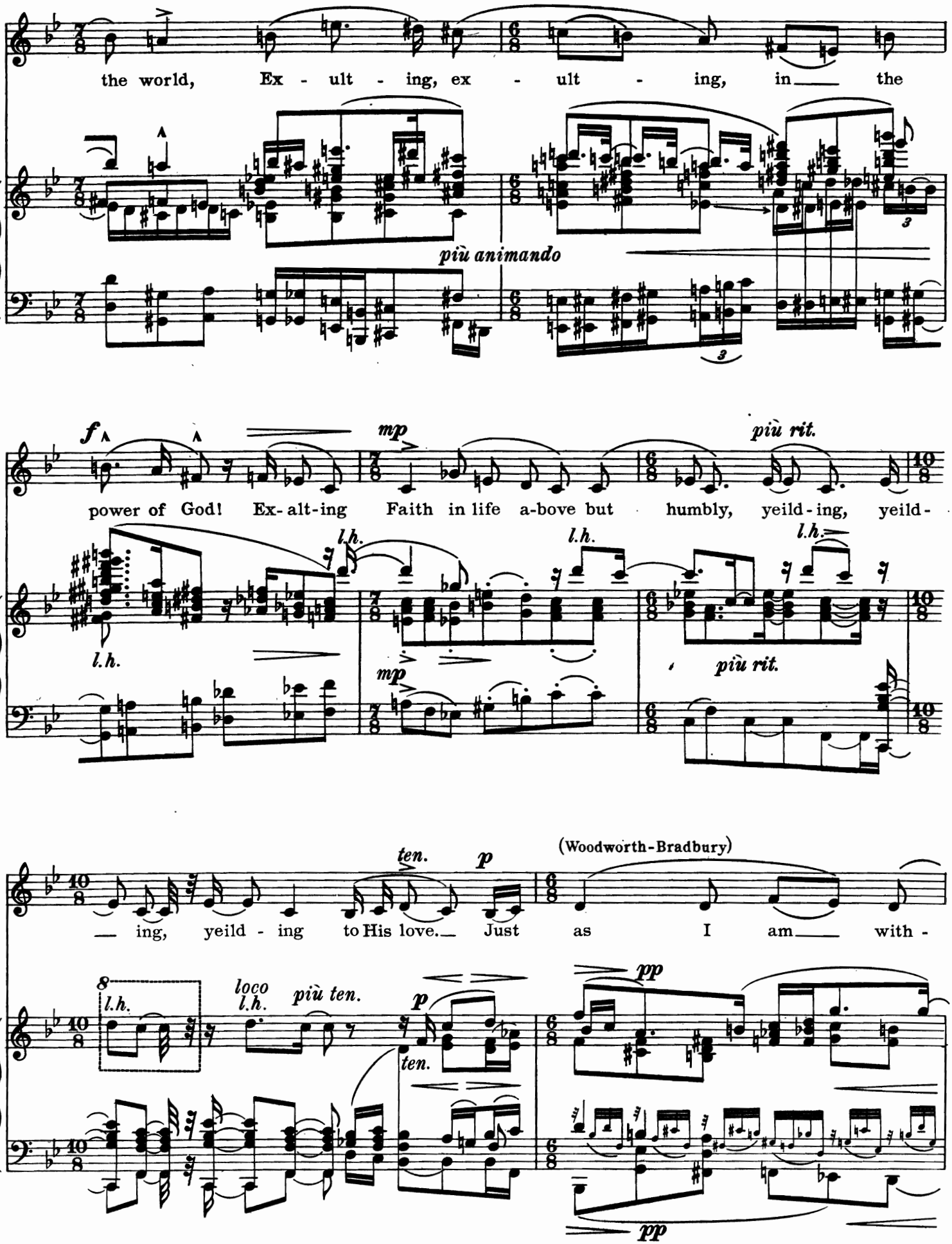
(1912)

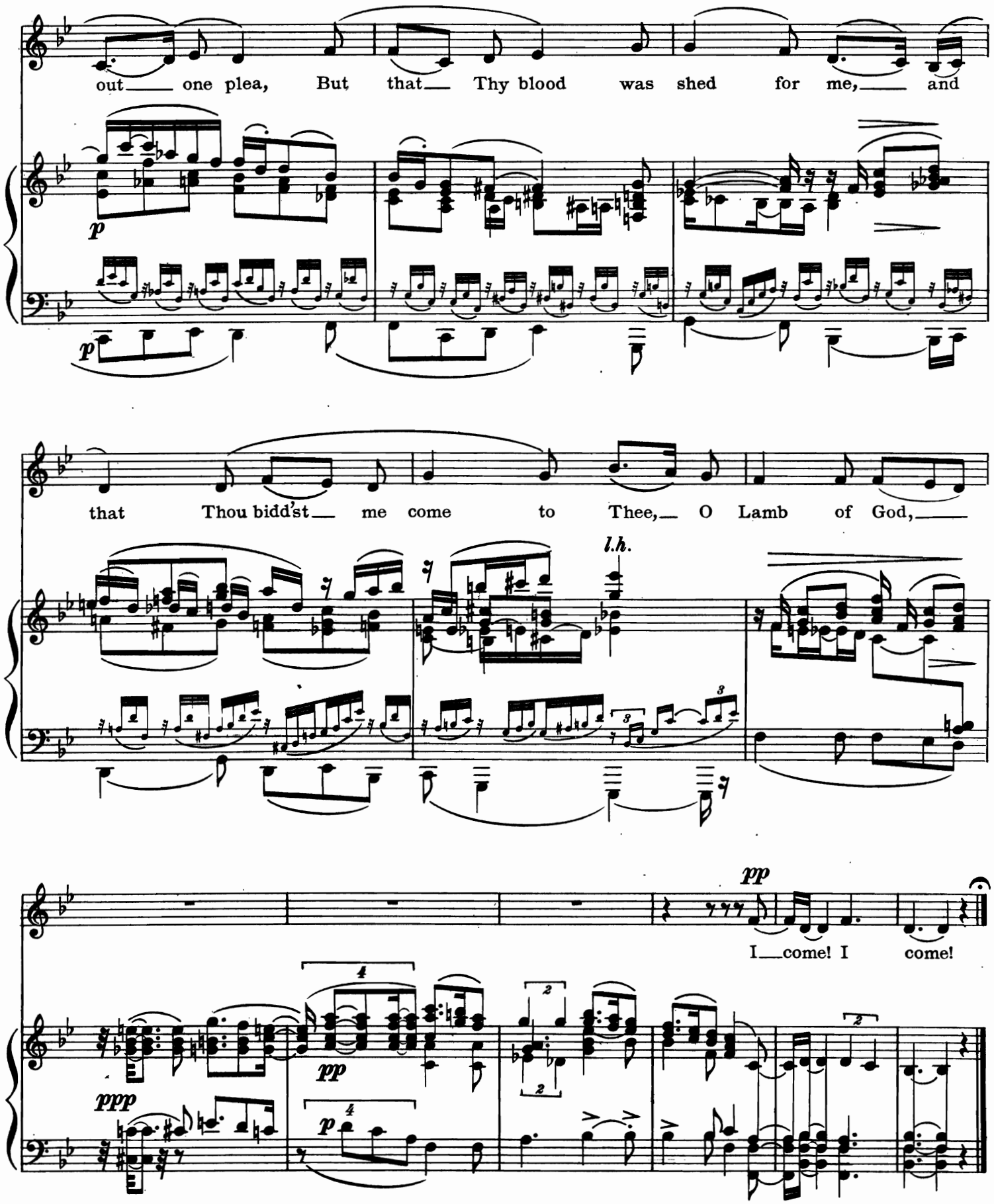
Charlotte Elliott
(in part)




44, 45, 46, 47, are a group of songs, based on hymn-tune themes.


p
A - cross the sum - mer mea - dows
fair, there comes a song of fer - vent
prayer, It ri - ses ra - diant - ly o'er
cresc.
cresc.


the world, Ex - ult - ing, ex - ult - ing, in the
più animando
power of God! Ex-alt-ing Faith in life a-bove but humbly, yeild-ing, yeild-
più rit.
(Woodworth-Bradbury)
ing, yeild - ing to His love. Just as I am with -
più ten.
loco
l.h.
ten.
pp


out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, and
p
p
that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God,
l.h.
pp
I come! I come!
ppp
pp
p

# Thoreau

Adapted from themes in a Second Pianoforte Sonata



(1915)

l.h. l.h. l.h. l.h.

...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."

Sounds-Walden

ppp pp slowly ppp ppp

hold both pedals down to ✻

Ped. ppp ppp ppp ✻

He grew in those sea - sons like corn in the night,

p cresc. decresc.

Ped. ✻

rapt in rev-er-y, on the Wald-en shore, a-midst the sum-ach,

p

pp Very slowly (with even rhythm) pp

Ped.

pines and hick - o - ries, in un - dis-turbed sol - i - tude.

pp rall.

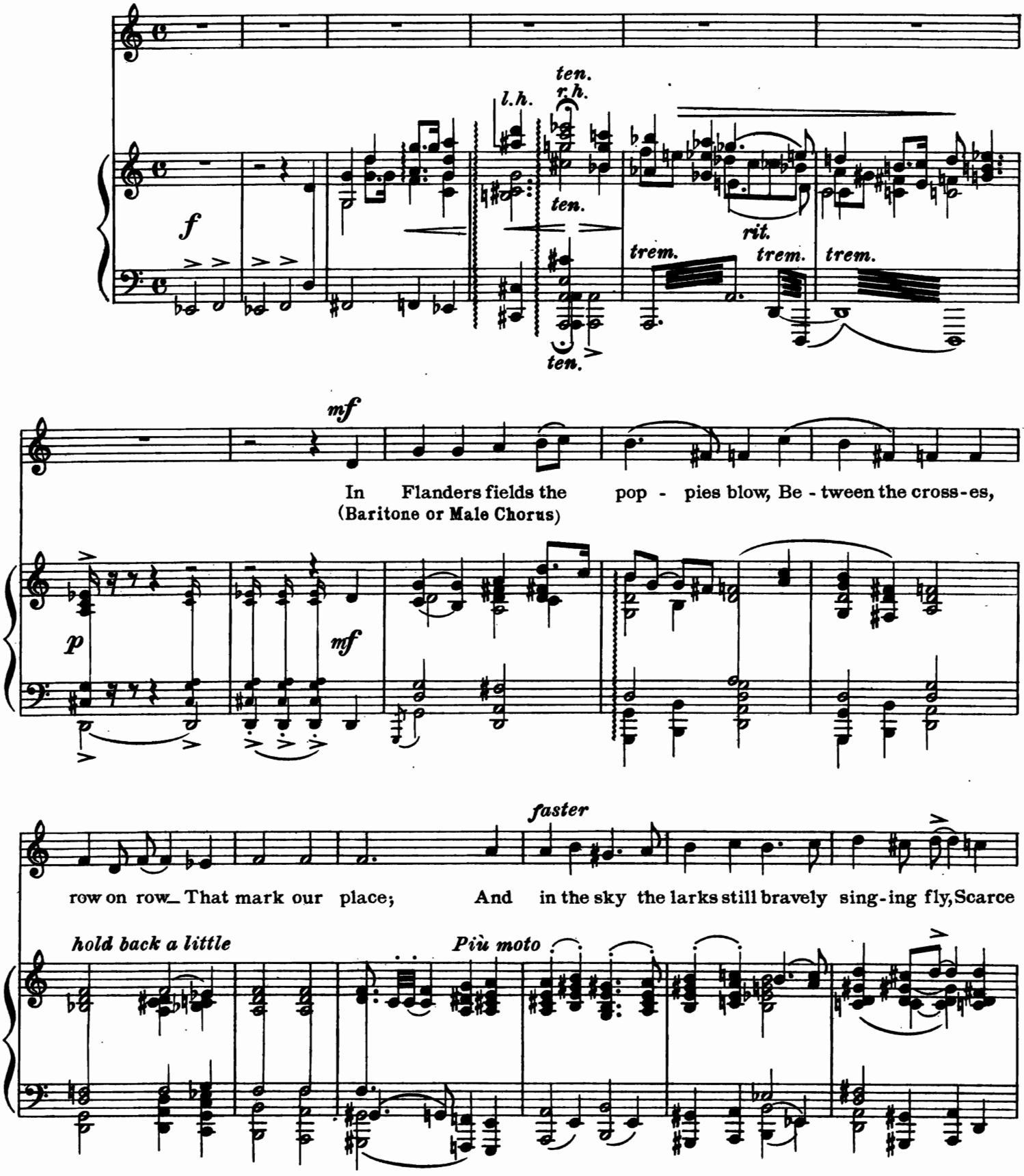
ppp

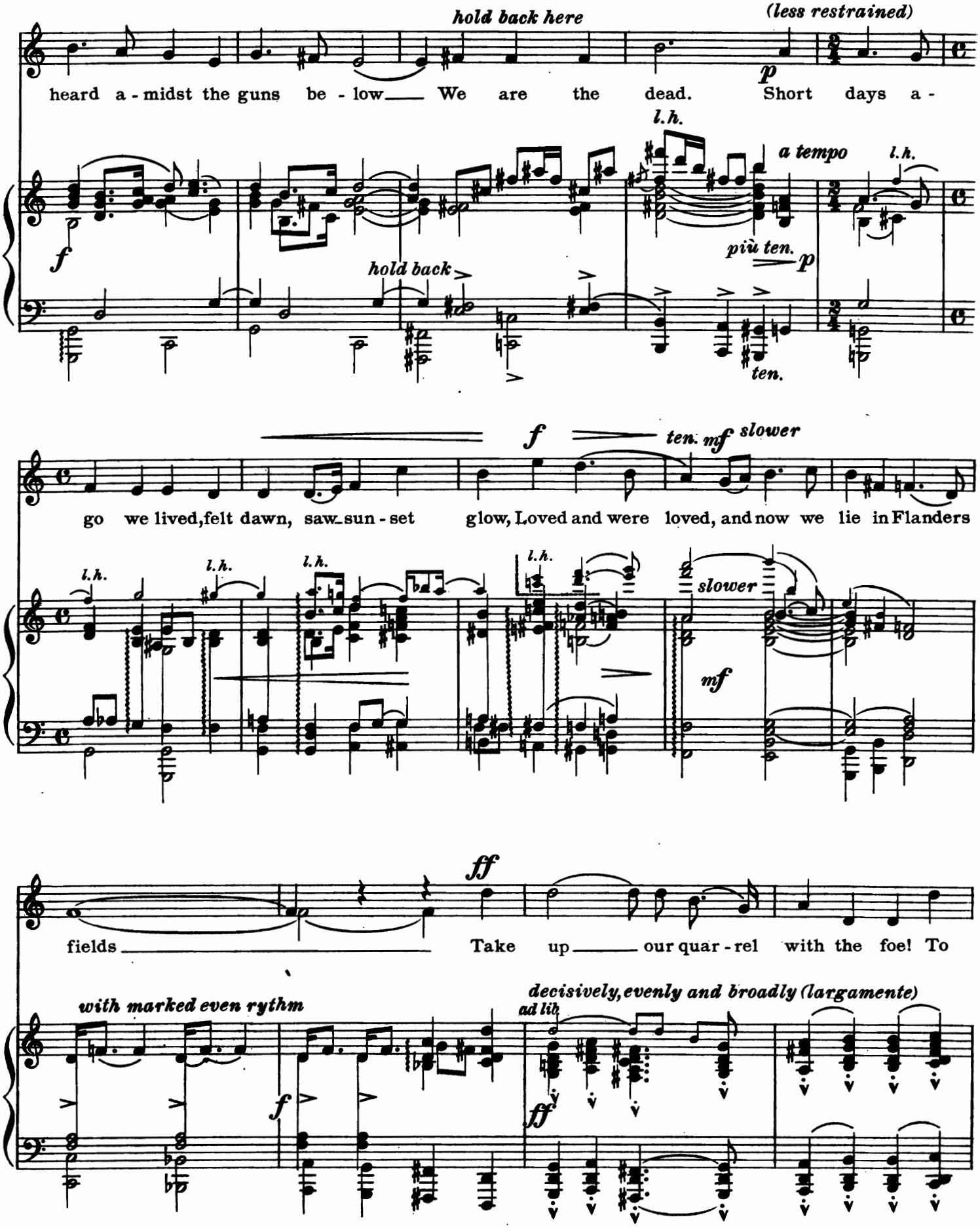
decresc. e rall.

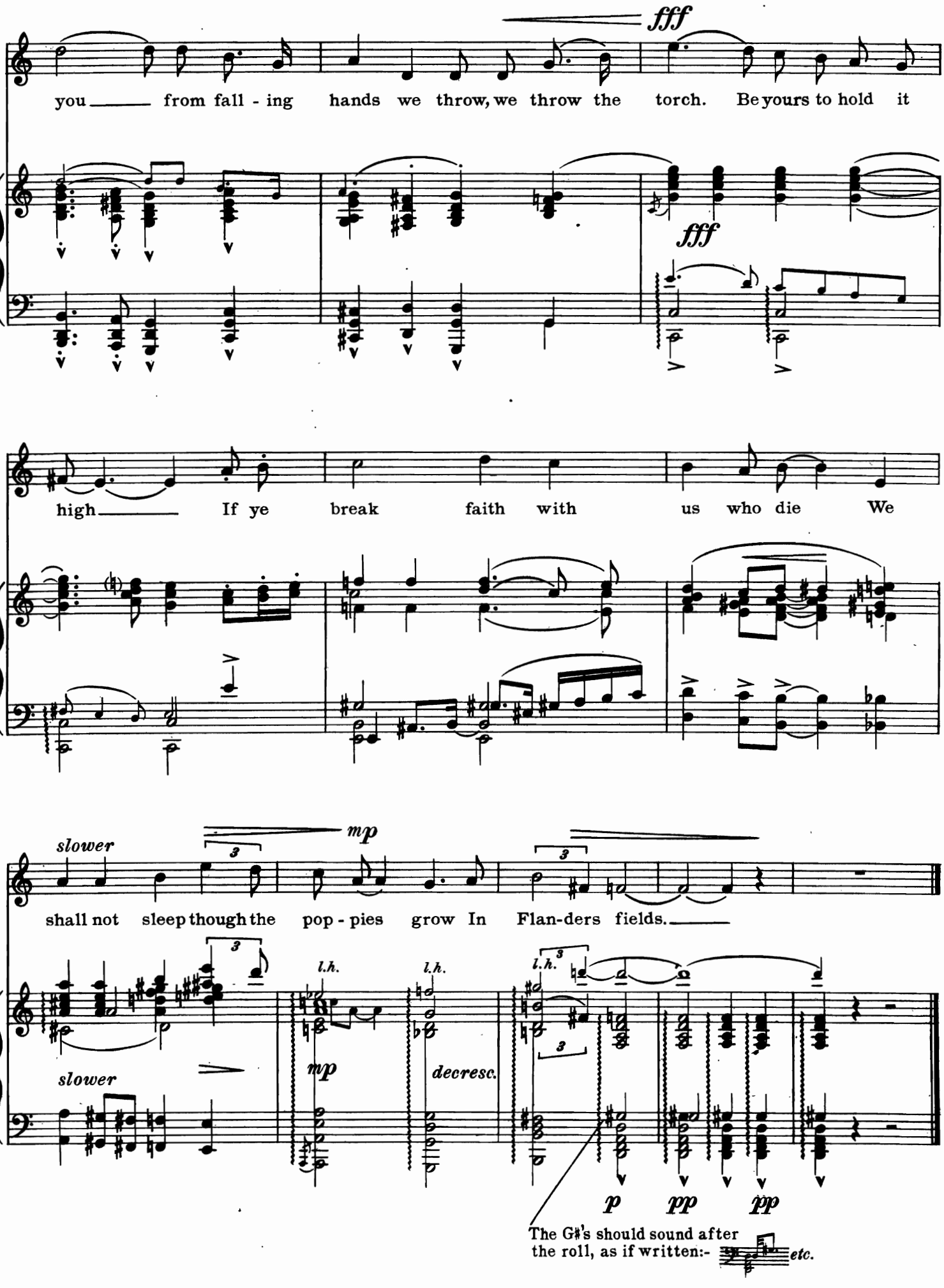
# 49
# In Flanders Fields

(1919) McCrae

Maestoso *(but with energy and not too slowly)*

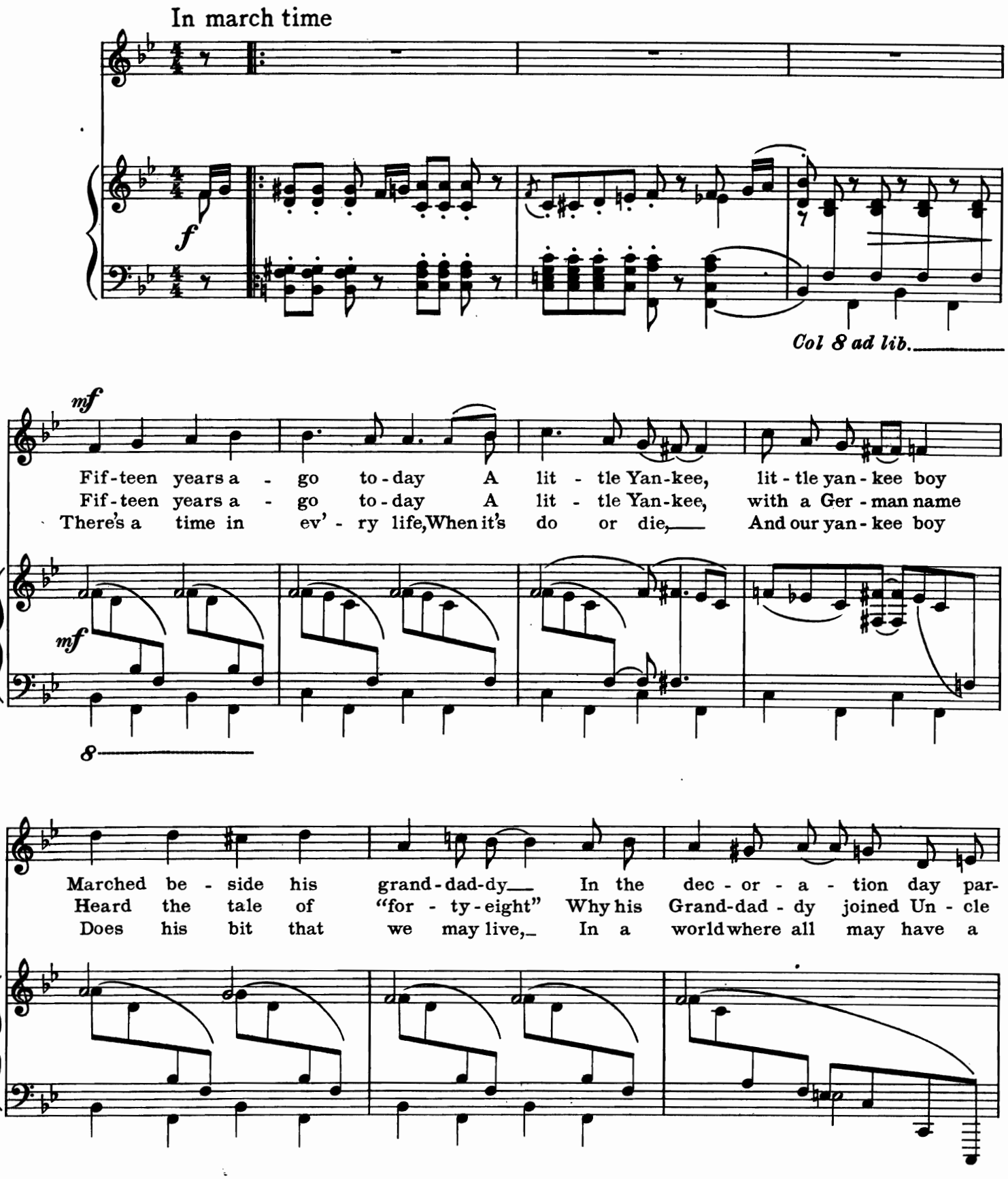


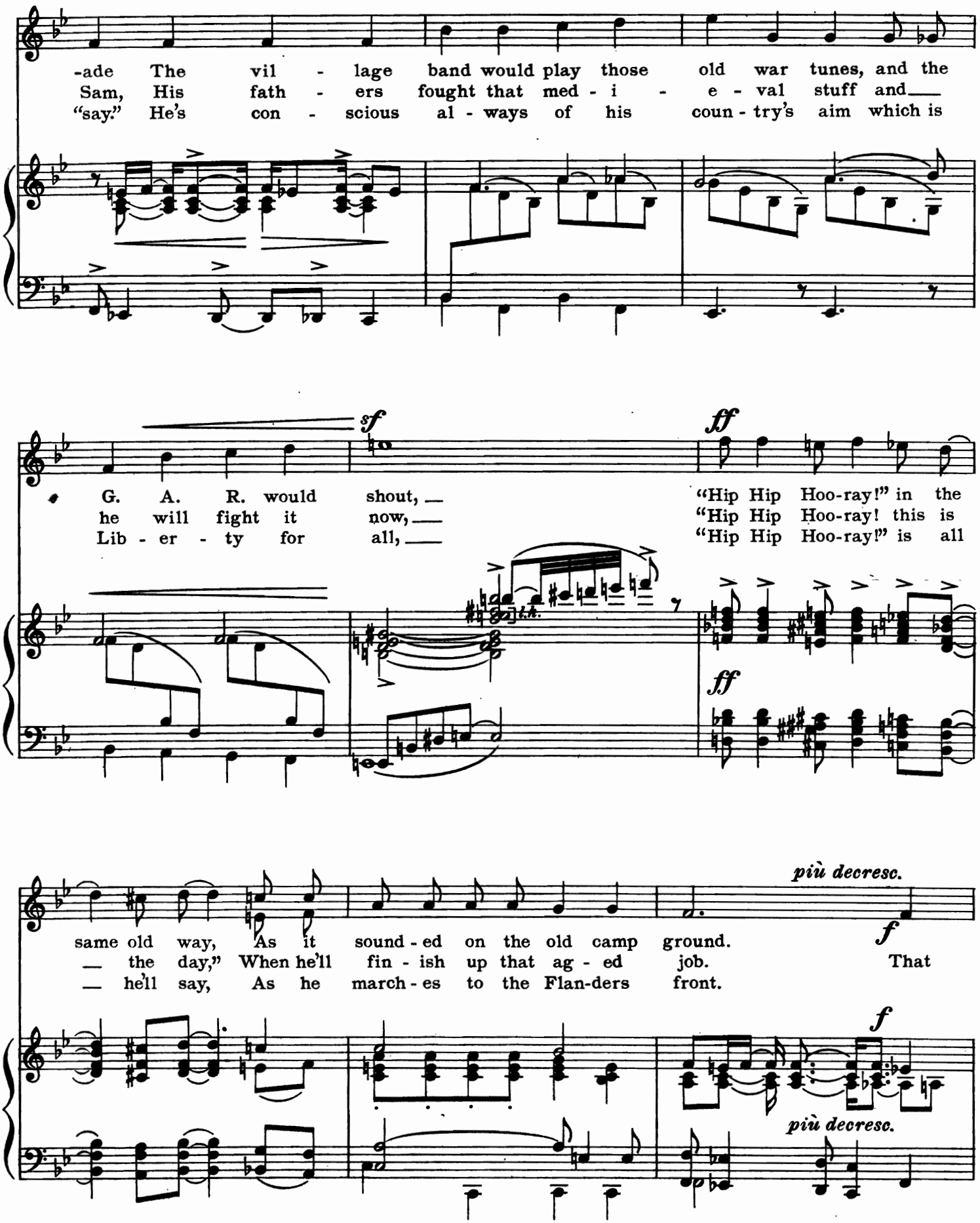

hold back here
(less restrained)
heard a - midst the guns be - low We are the dead. Short days a -
p
l.h.
a tempo
l.h.
f
hold back
più ten.
p
ten.
f
ten.
mf
slower
go we lived, felt dawn, saw sun - set glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie in Flanders
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
slower
mf
ff
fields Take up our quar - rel with the foe! To
with marked even rythm
decisively, evenly and broadly (largamente)
ad lib.
f
ff


fff
you from fall - ing hands we throw, we throw the torch. Be yours to hold it
fff
high If ye break faith with us who die We
slower
mp
shall not sleep though the pop - pies grow In Flan-ders fields.
slower
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
mp
decresc.
p
pp
pp
The G♯'s should sound after the roll, as if written:-
etc.

# He is there!

(May 30, 1917)




-ade The vil - lage band would play those old war tunes, and the
Sam, His fath - ers fought that med - i - e - val stuff and
"say." He's con - scious al - ways of his coun - try's aim which is
sf
ff
G. A. R. would shout,
he will fight it now,
Lib - er - ty for all,
"Hip Hip Hoo-ray!" in the
"Hip Hip Hoo-ray! this is
"Hip Hip Hoo-ray!" is all
ff
più decresc.
f
same old way, As it sound - ed on the old camp ground.
the day," When he'll fin - ish up that ag - ed job.
he'll say, As he march - es to the Flan-ders front.
That
f
più decresc.

Obligato ad lib Violin,
Flute or Fife

CHORUS

Hoo-ray!

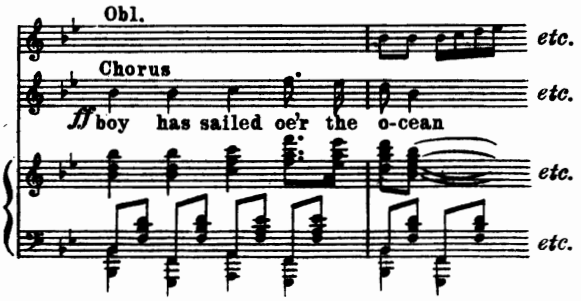
boy has sailed o'er the o - cean, He is there, he is there, he is

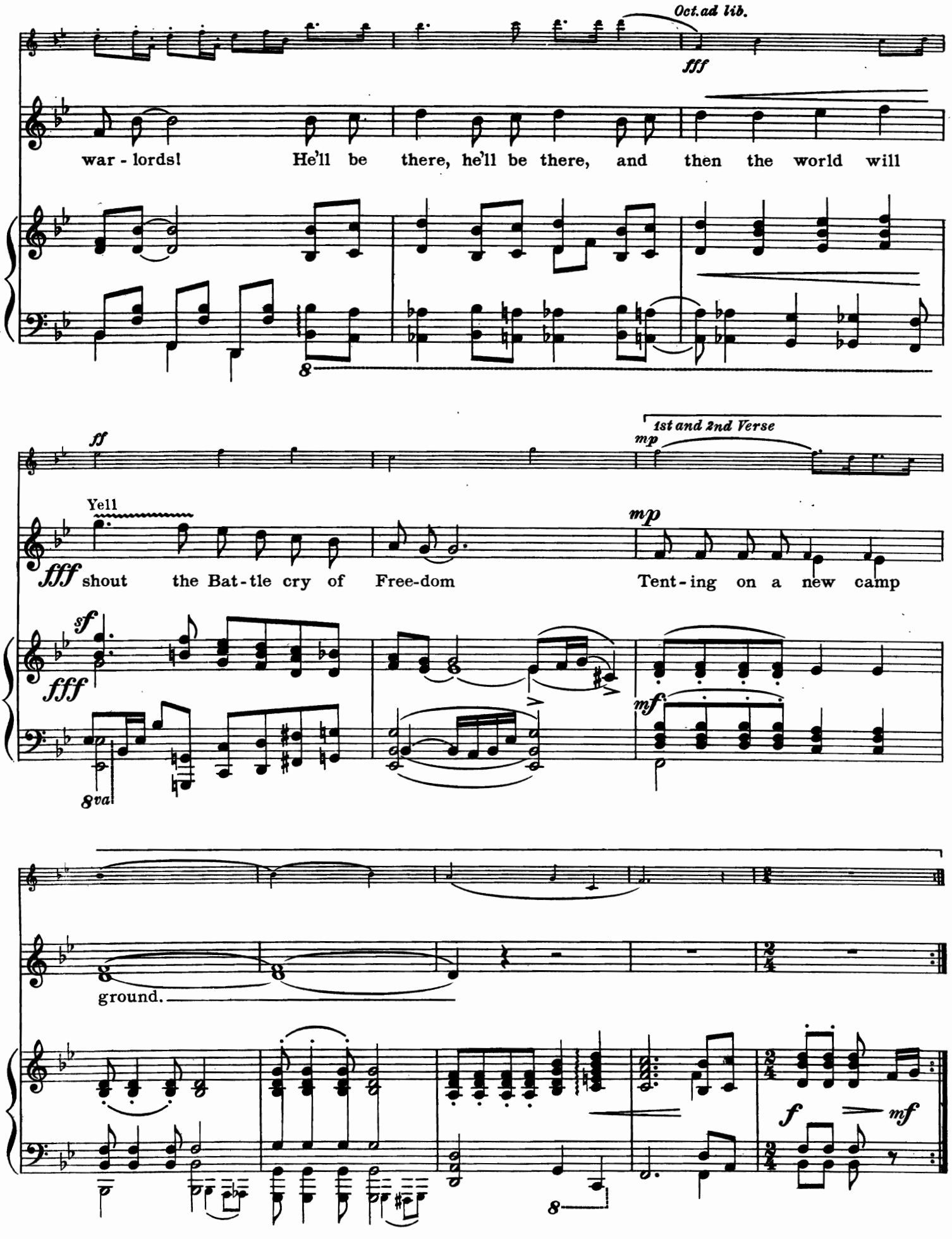
Col 8(ad lib.)

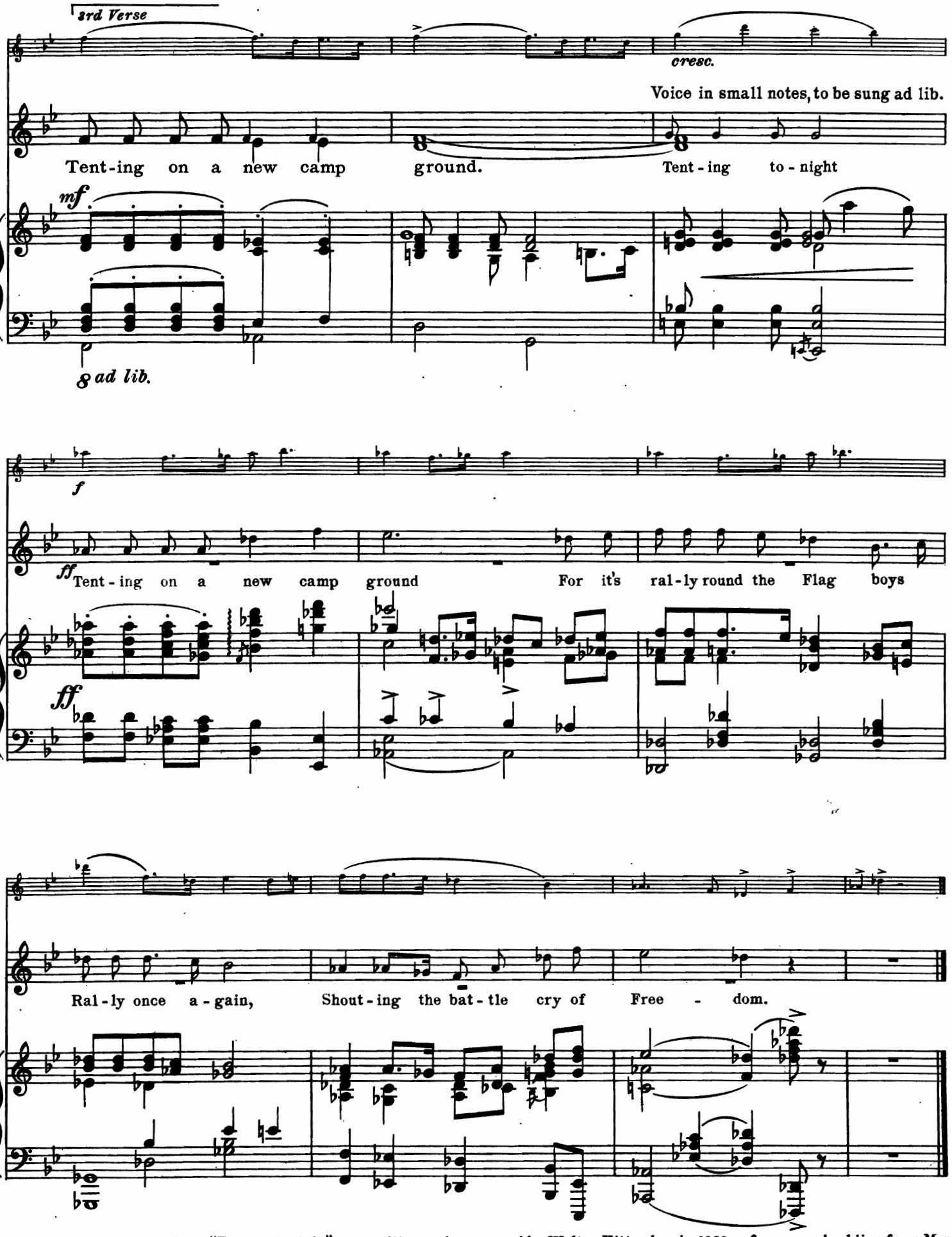
there. He's fight-ing for the right, but when it comes to might, He is

there, he is there, he is there; As the Al - lies beat up all the

*NOTE:*- If the obligato is used, or if there are several voices, the pianist may reinforce his part in the following manner:-




Oct. ad lib.
fff
war - lords! He'll be there, he'll be there, and then the world will
ff
1st and 2nd Verse
mp
Yell
fff shout the Bat - tle cry of Free-dom
mp
Tent - ing on a new camp
sf
fff
8va
mf
ground.
f
mf

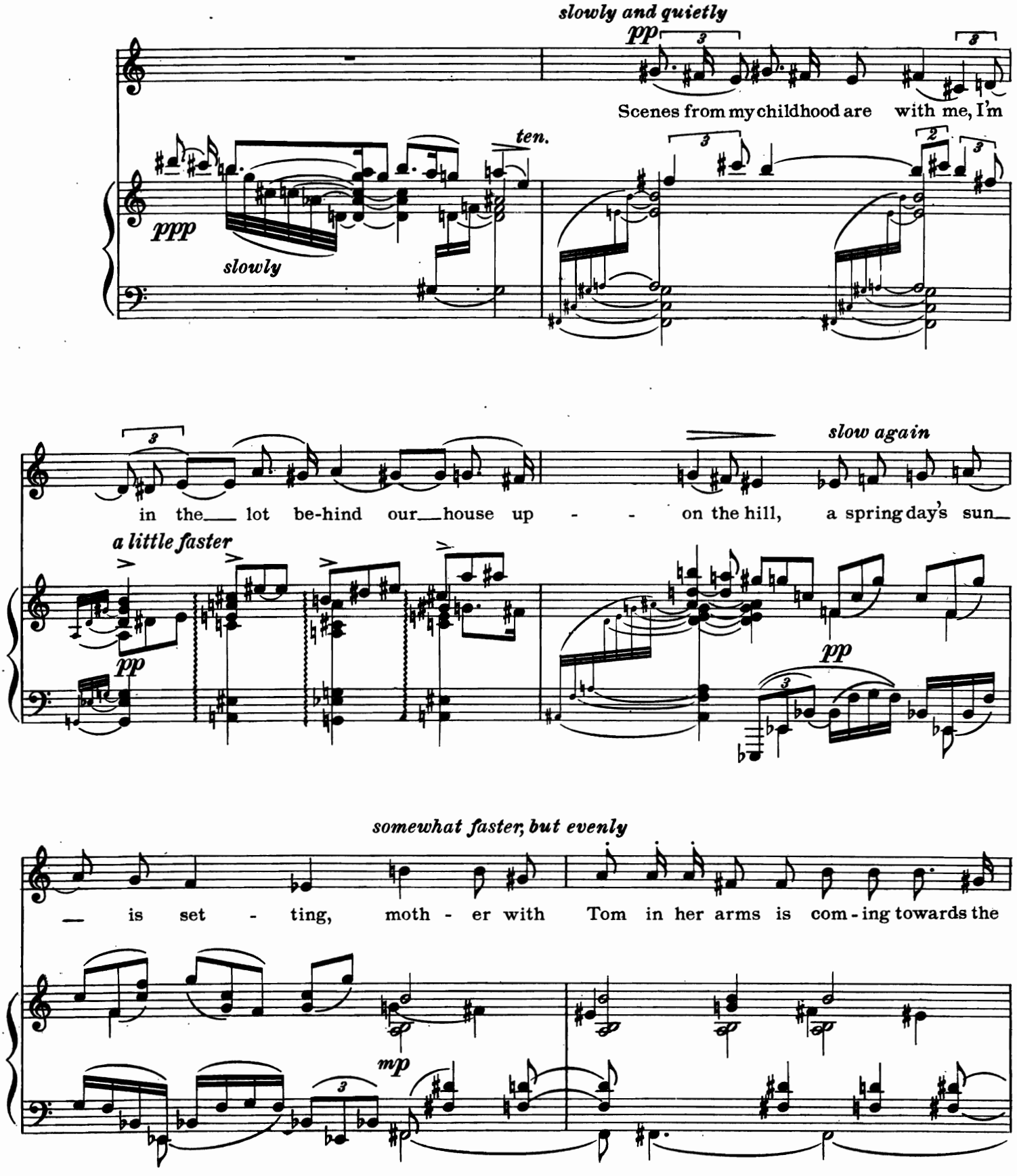


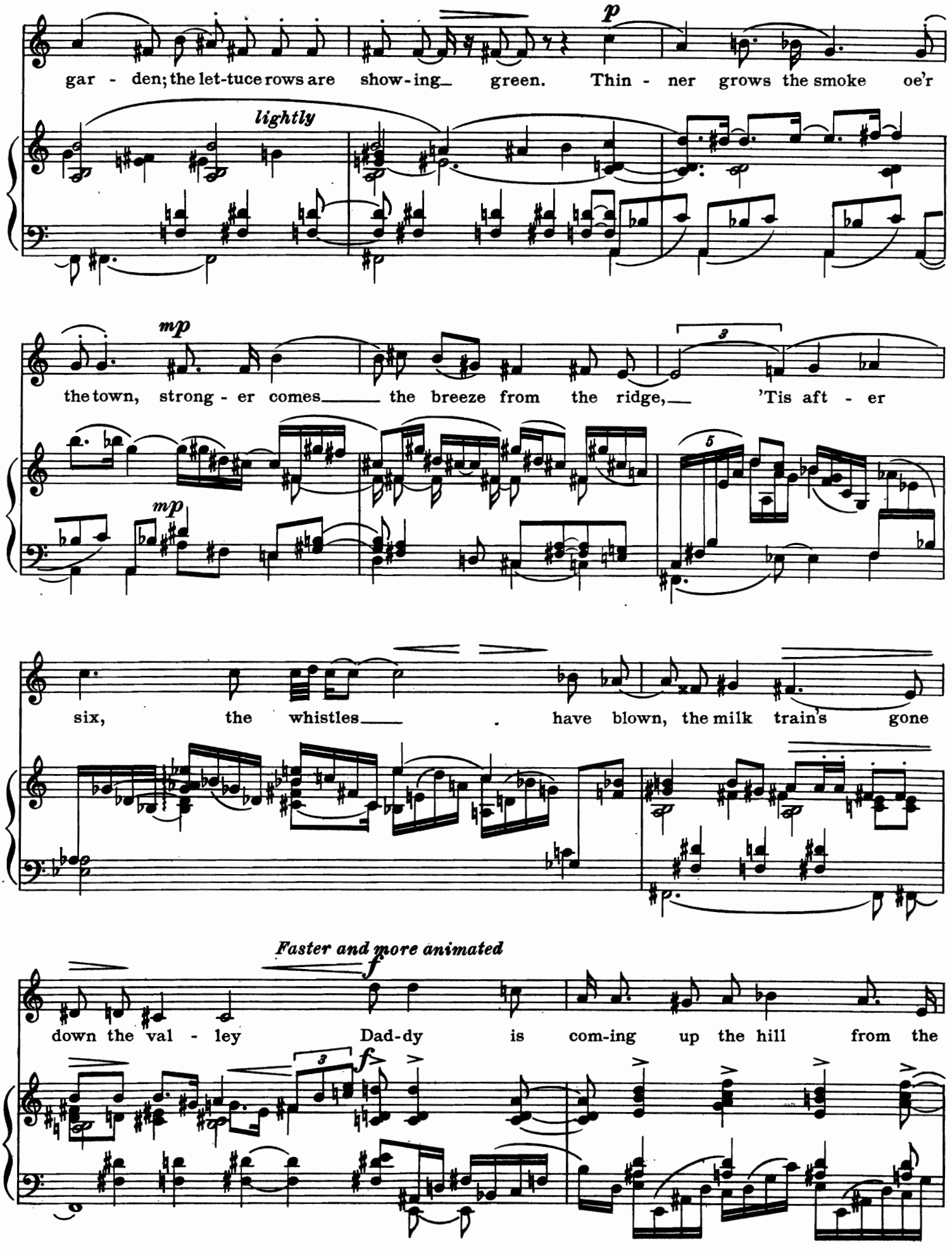

Of the tunes suggested above, "Tenting tonight" was written and composed by Walter Kittredge, in 1862, a farmer and soldier, from Merrimack, N. H; the "Battle Cry of Freedom," was also composed during the Civil war, by Geo. F. Root, a composer and publisher in Boston; Henry Clay Work, the composer of "Marching through Georgia," was born in Middletown, Ct. in 1832.

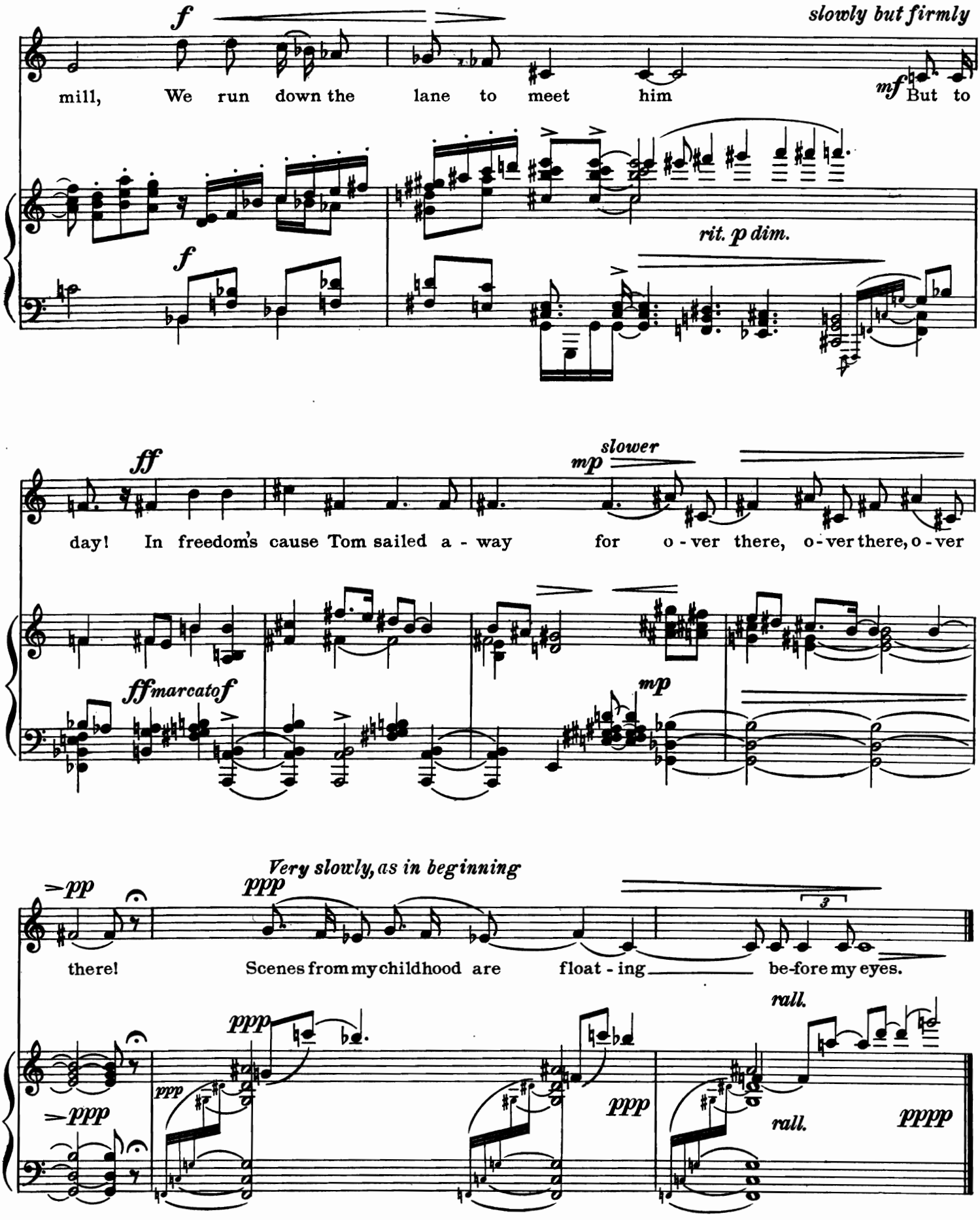
# 51

# Tom Sails Away

(1917)




p
gar - den; the let-tuce rows are show-ing_ green. Thin - ner grows the smoke oe'r
lightly
mp
the town, strong - er comes_____ the breeze from the ridge,_ 'Tis aft - er
mp
3
5
six, the whistles_____ have blown, the milk train's gone
Faster and more animated
f
down the val - ley Dad-dy is com-ing up the hill from the
3
f

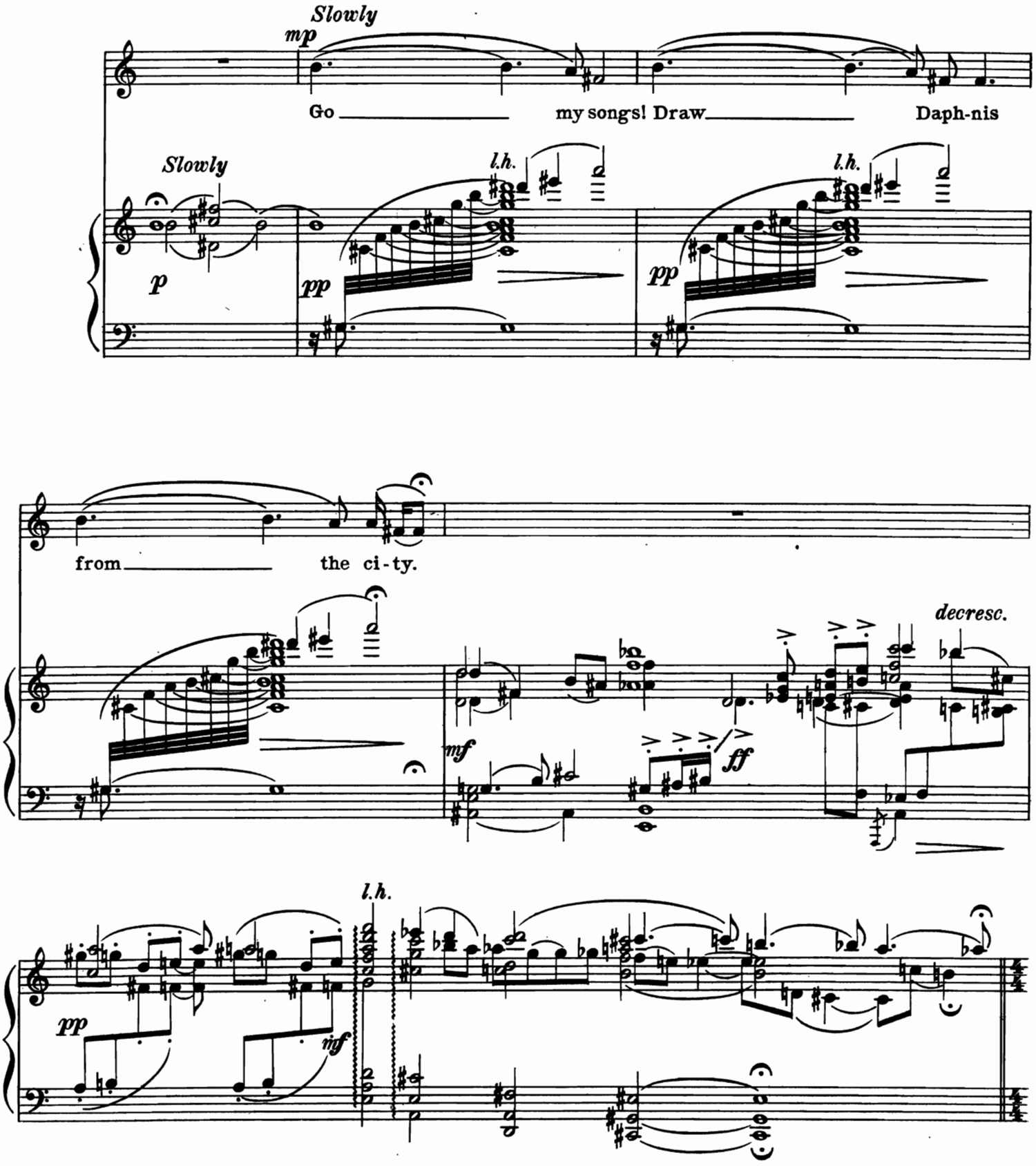

f
slowly but firmly
mill, We run down the lane to meet him
mf But to
f
rit. p dim.
ff
slower
mp
day! In freedom's cause Tom sailed a - way for o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver
ff marcato f
mp
Very slowly, as in beginning
pp
ppp
there! Scenes from my childhood are float - ing be-fore my eyes.
3
rall.
ppp
ppp
ppp
ppp
rall.
pppp

# 52

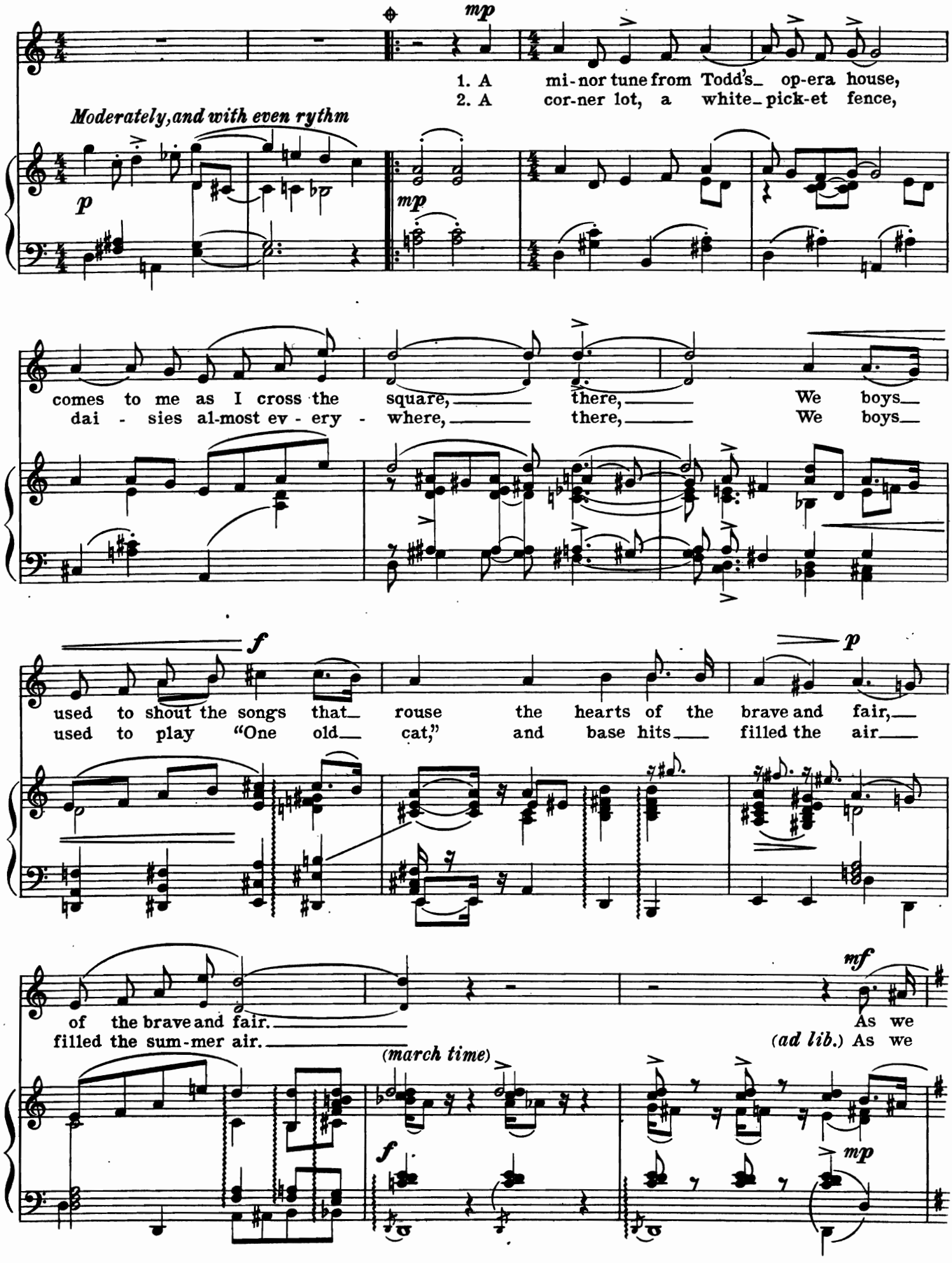
# Old Home Day

'Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin'

(1920)




Nos. 52 to 56 are a group of "Five Street Songs"


mp
1. A mi-nor tune from Todd's op-era house,
2. A cor-ner lot, a white pick-et fence,
Moderately, and with even rythm
p
mp
comes to me as I cross the square, there, We boys
dai - sies al-most ev - ery - where, there, We boys
f
p
used to shout the songs that rouse the hearts of the brave and fair,
used to play "One old cat," and base hits filled the air
mf
of the brave and fair.
filled the sum-mer air.
As we
(ad lib.) As we
(march time)
f
mp

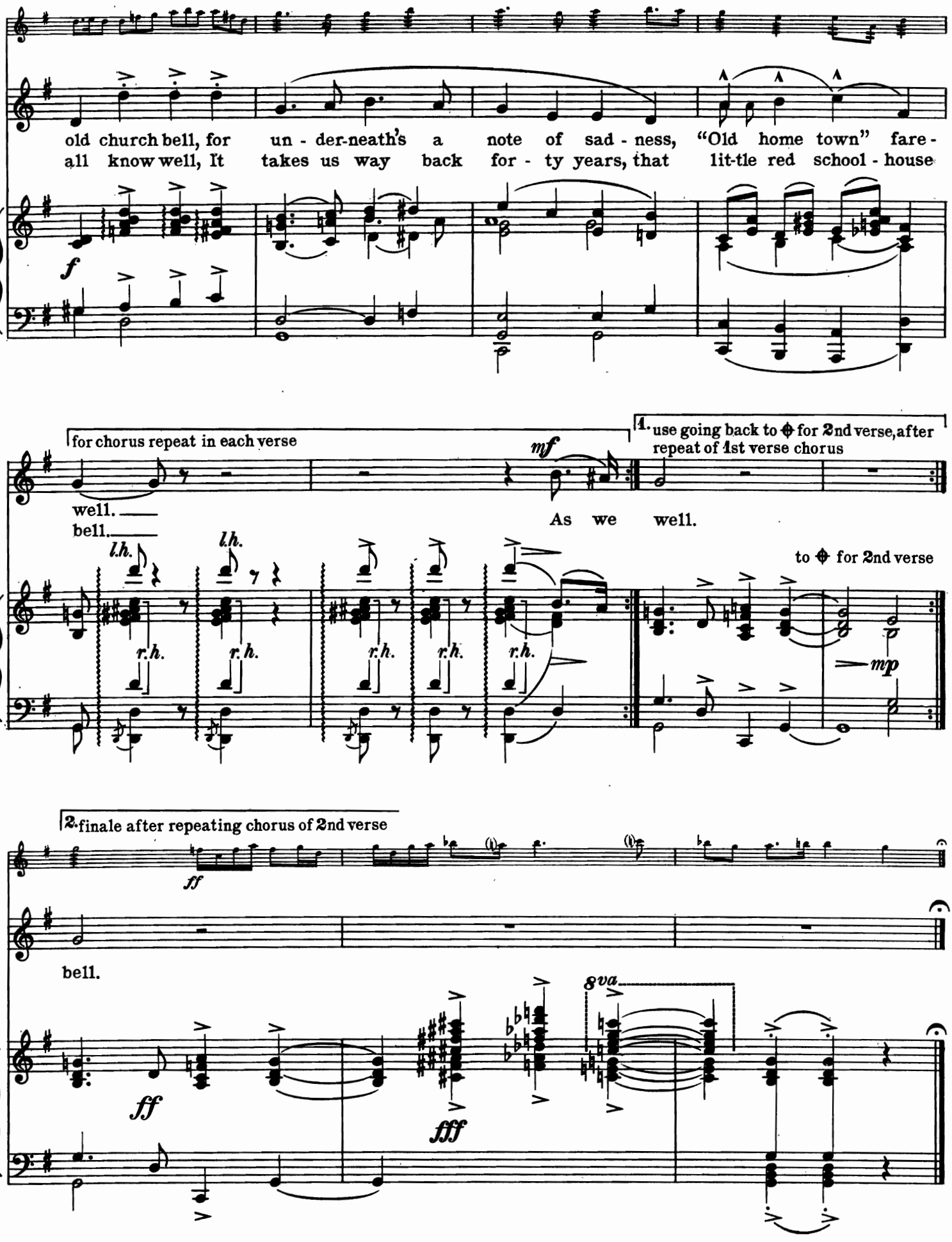
Obligato (ad lib) fife, violin or flute, only with 2nd verse

CHORUS

march a - long down Main street, be - hind the vil - lage band, The
march a - long on Main street, of that "Down East" Yan - kee town, Comes a

dear old trees, with their arch of leaves seem to grasp us by the hand.
sign of life, from the "3rd Corps" fife, – strains of an old break - down;

While we step a - long to the tune of an I - rish song; Glad but wist-ful sounds the
While we step a - long to the tune of it's I - rish song; Comes an - oth - er sound we

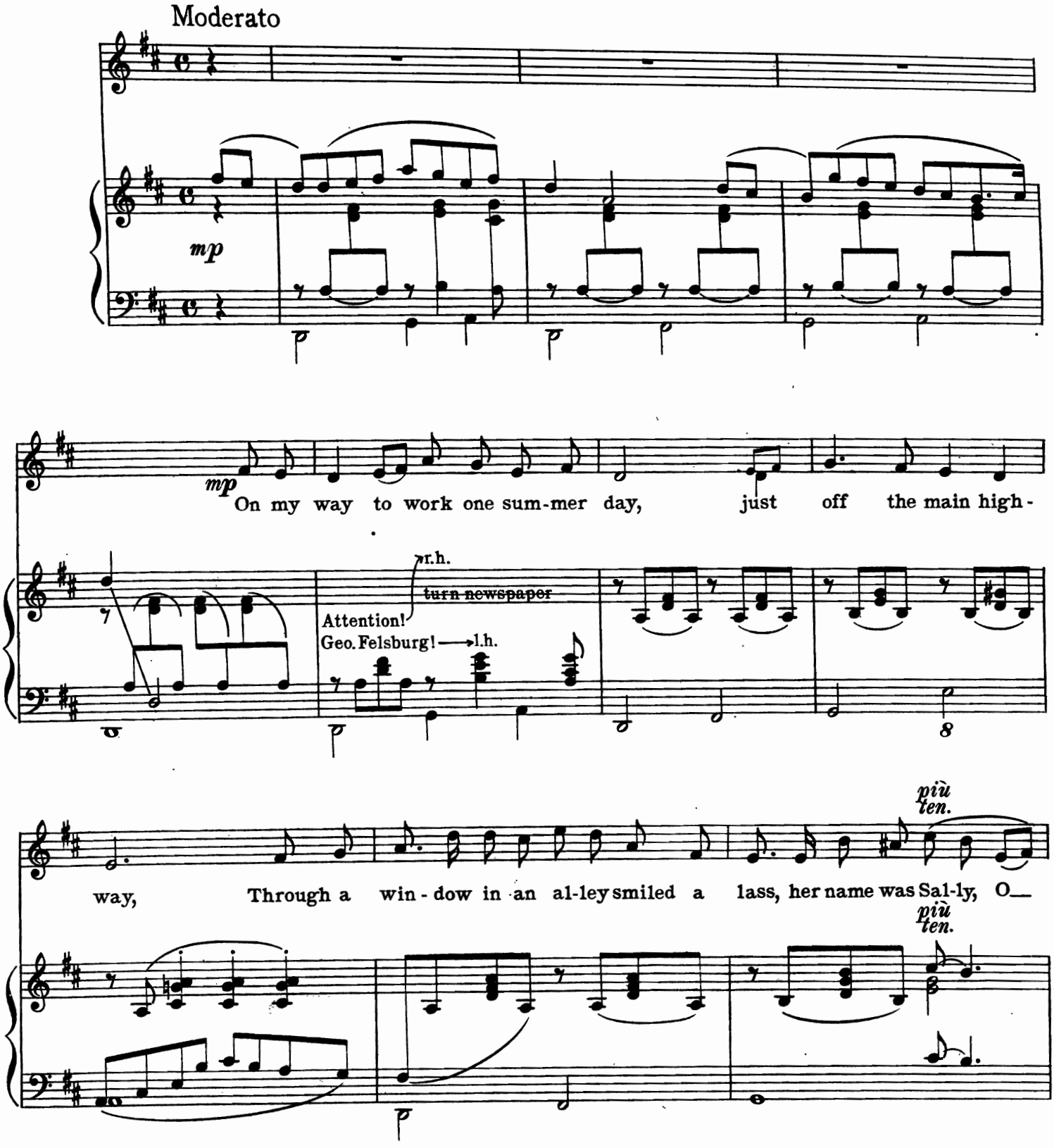

old church bell, for un - der-neath's a note of sad - ness, "Old home town" fare -
all know well, It takes us way back for - ty years, that lit-tle red school - house
f
for chorus repeat in each verse
1. use going back to ⊕ for 2nd verse, after repeat of 1st verse chorus
mf
well.
bell.
As we well.
l.h.
r.h.
to ⊕ for 2nd verse
mp
2. finale after repeating chorus of 2nd verse
ff
bell.
8va
fff

# 53
# In the Alley

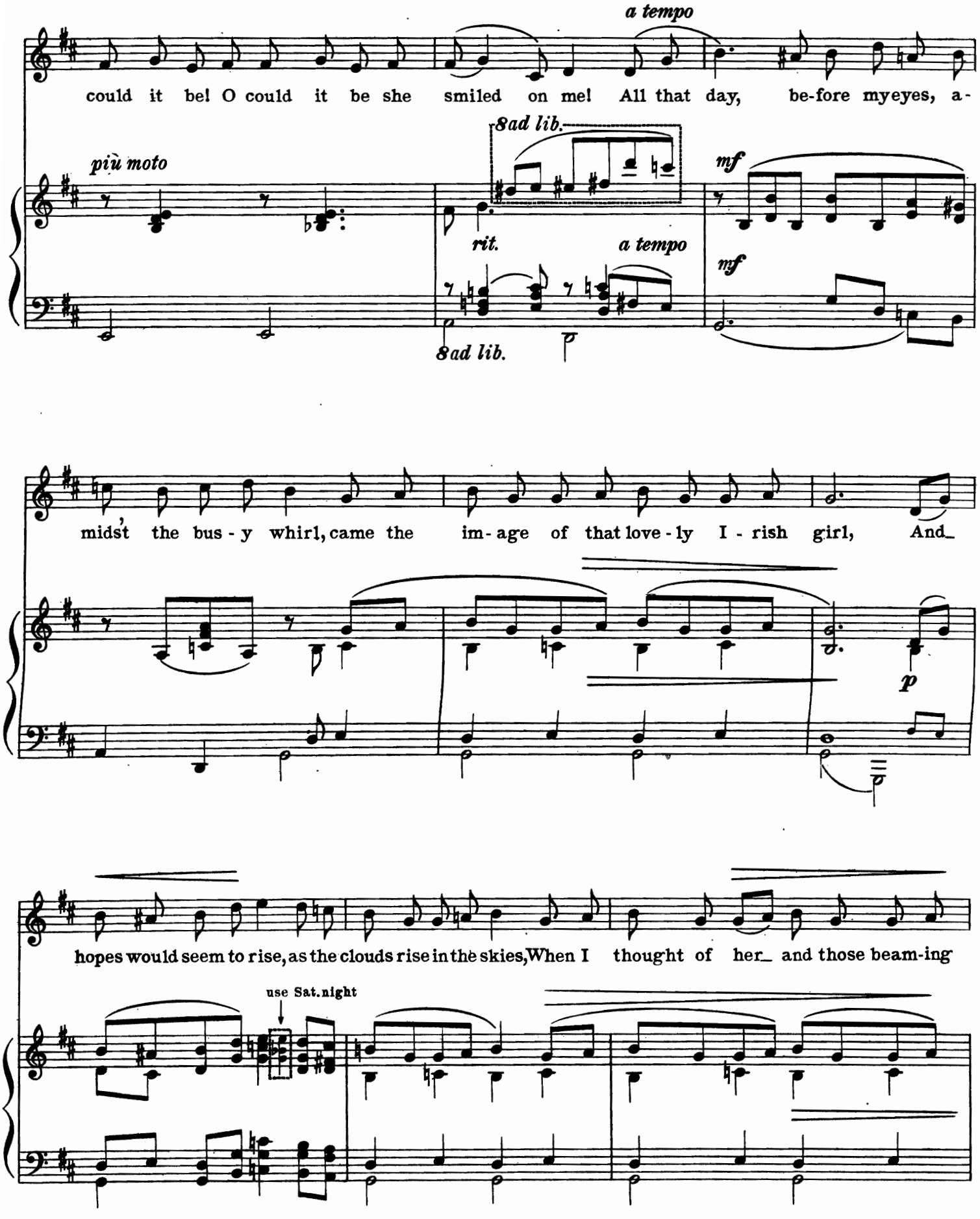
After a session at Poli's

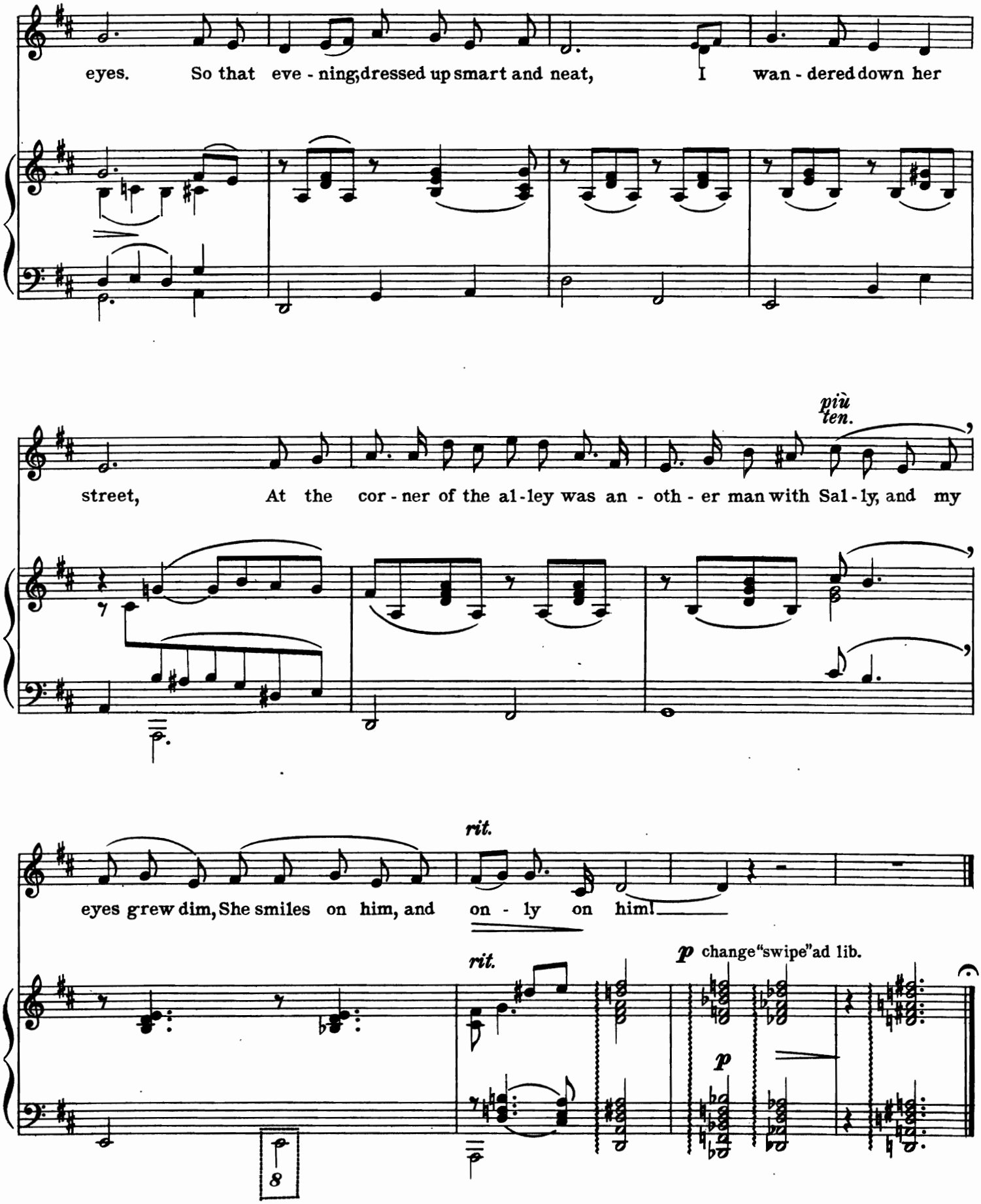
(1896)

Not sung by Caruso, Jenny Lind, John McCormack, Harry Lauder, George Chappell or the Village Nightingale.




This song (and the same may be said of others) is inserted for association's sake—on the ground that that will excuse anything; also, to help clear up a long disputed point, namely:- which is worse? the music or the words?

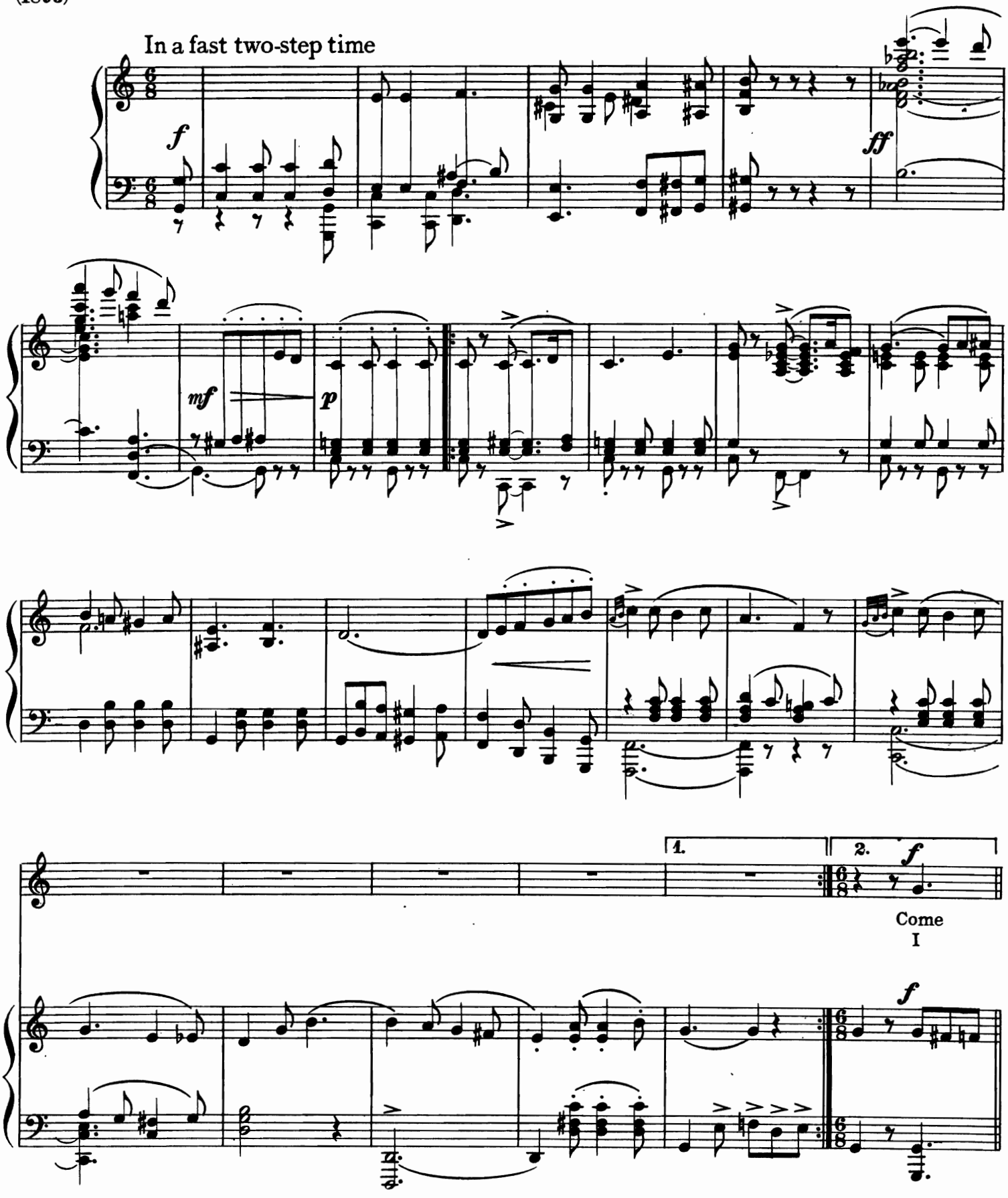

a tempo
could it be! O could it be she smiled on me! All that day, be-fore myeyes, a-
8ad lib.
più moto
mf
rit.
a tempo
mf
8ad lib.
midst the bus - y whirl, came the im - age of that love - ly I - rish girl, And
p
hopes would seem to rise, as the clouds rise in the skies, When I thought of her and those beam-ing
use Sat. night


eyes. So that eve - ning, dressed up smart and neat, I wan - dered down her
più ten.
street, At the cor - ner of the al - ley was an - oth - er man with Sal - ly, and my
rit.
eyes grew dim, She smiles on him, and on - ly on him!
rit.
p change "swipe" ad lib.
p
8

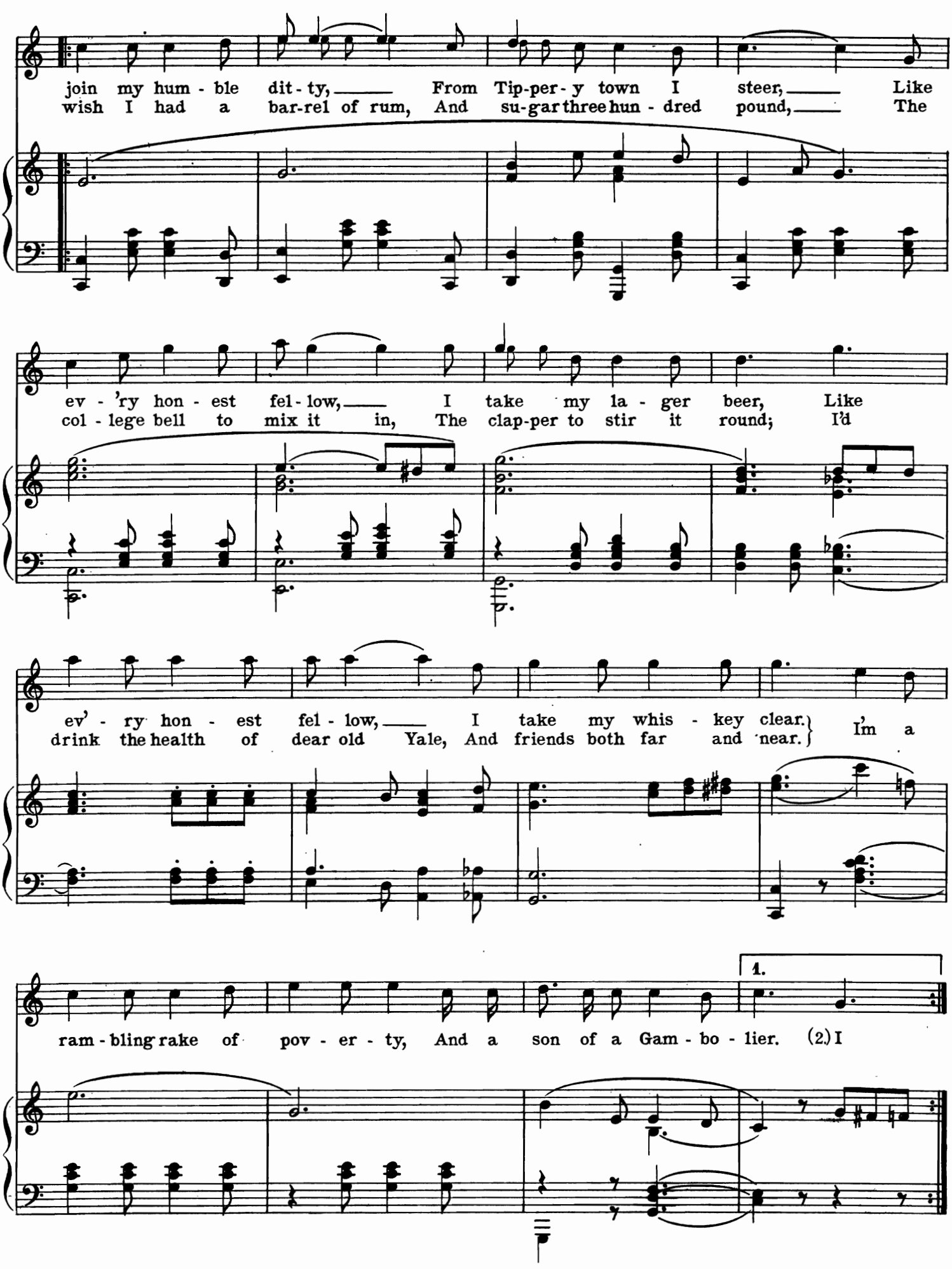
# 54

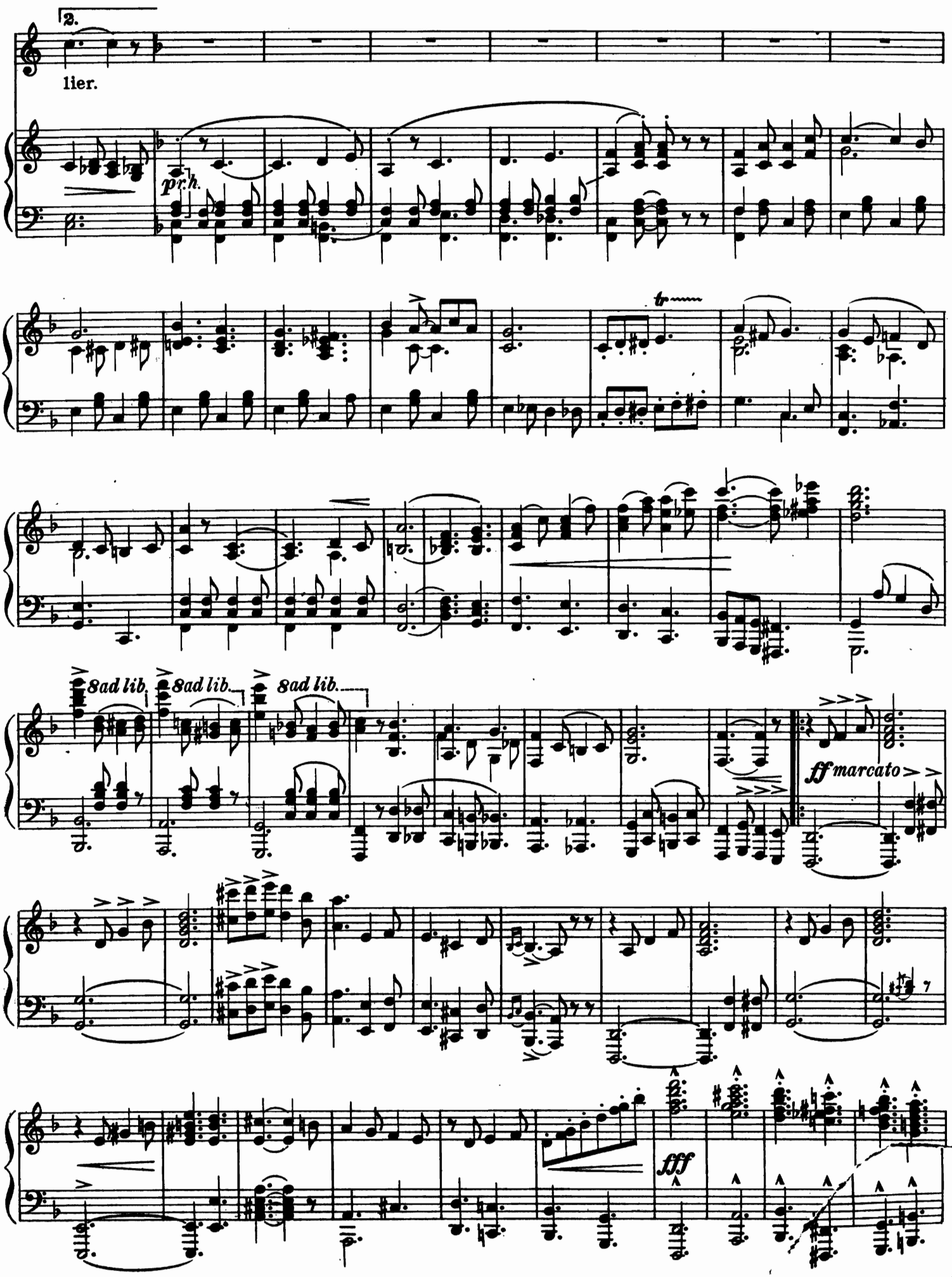
# A Son of a Gambolier

(1895)




Nos 52 to 56 are a group of "Five Street Pieces"


join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tip-per - y town I steer, Like
wish I had a bar-rel of rum, And su-gar three hun - dred pound, The
ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I take my la - ger beer, Like
col - lege bell to mix it in, The clap-per to stir it round; I'd
ev' - ry hon - est fel - low, I take my whis - key clear.
drink the health of dear old Yale, And friends both far and near.
I'm a
1.
ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And a son of a Gam - bo - lier. (2.) I


2.
lier.
pr. h.
tr
8ad lib.
8ad lib.
8ad lib.
ff marcato
fff

**Kazoo Chorus**
**Flutes, fiddles and flageolets**

*ff*

*tr*

*ff*

add piccolos, ocarinas and fifes

Trombones

*sf* *sf*

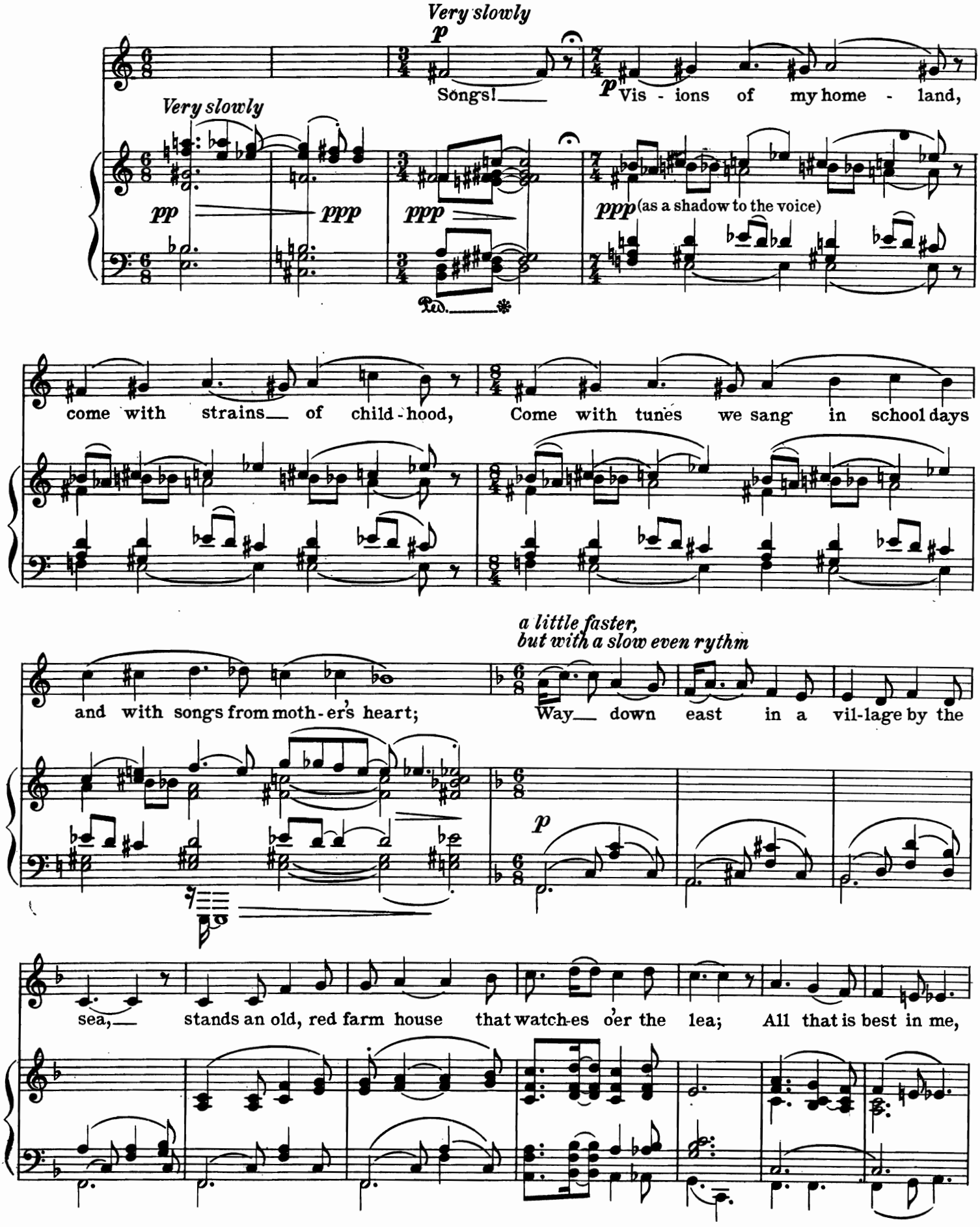
1. 2.

*fff*

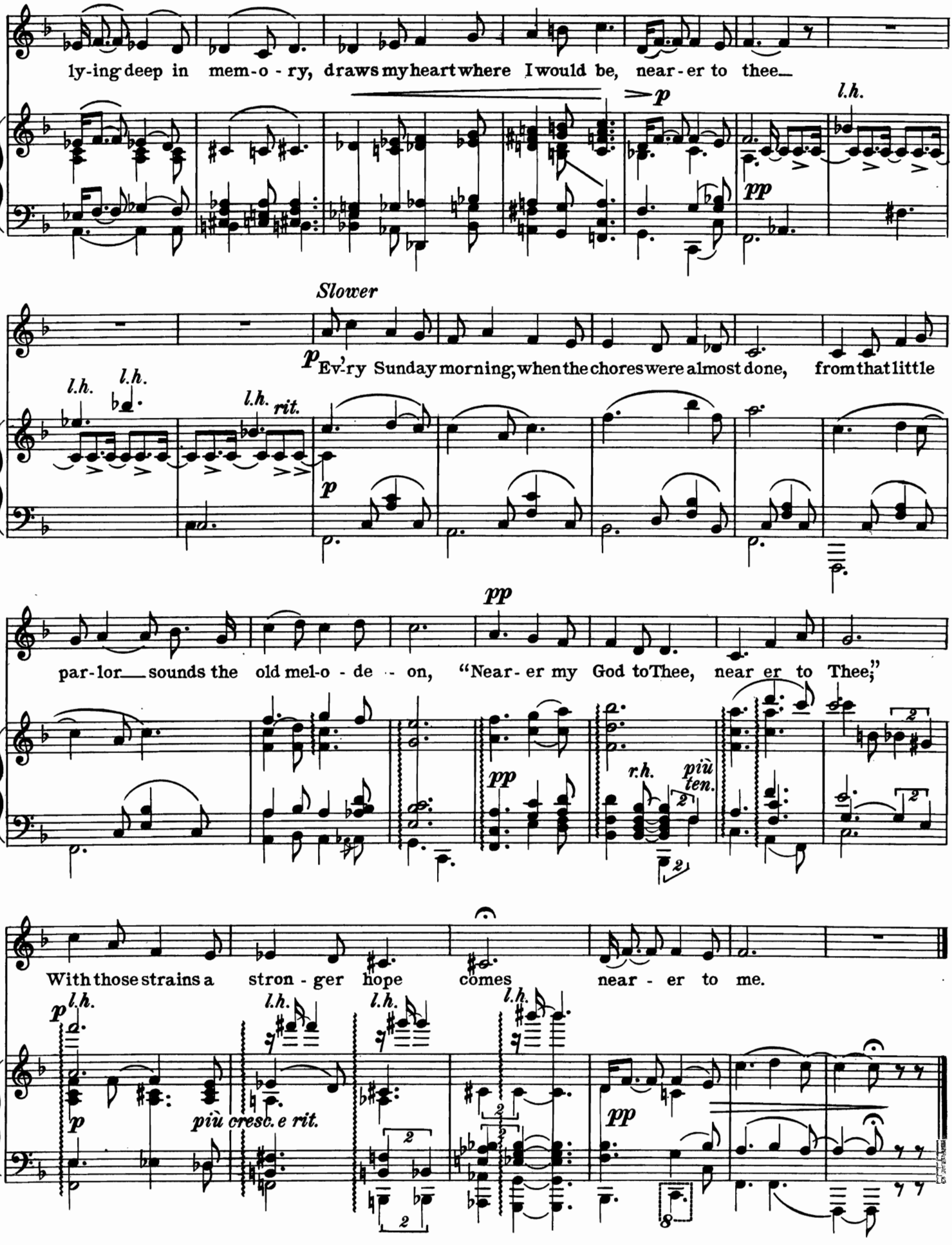
*fff*

# 55
# Down East

(1919)



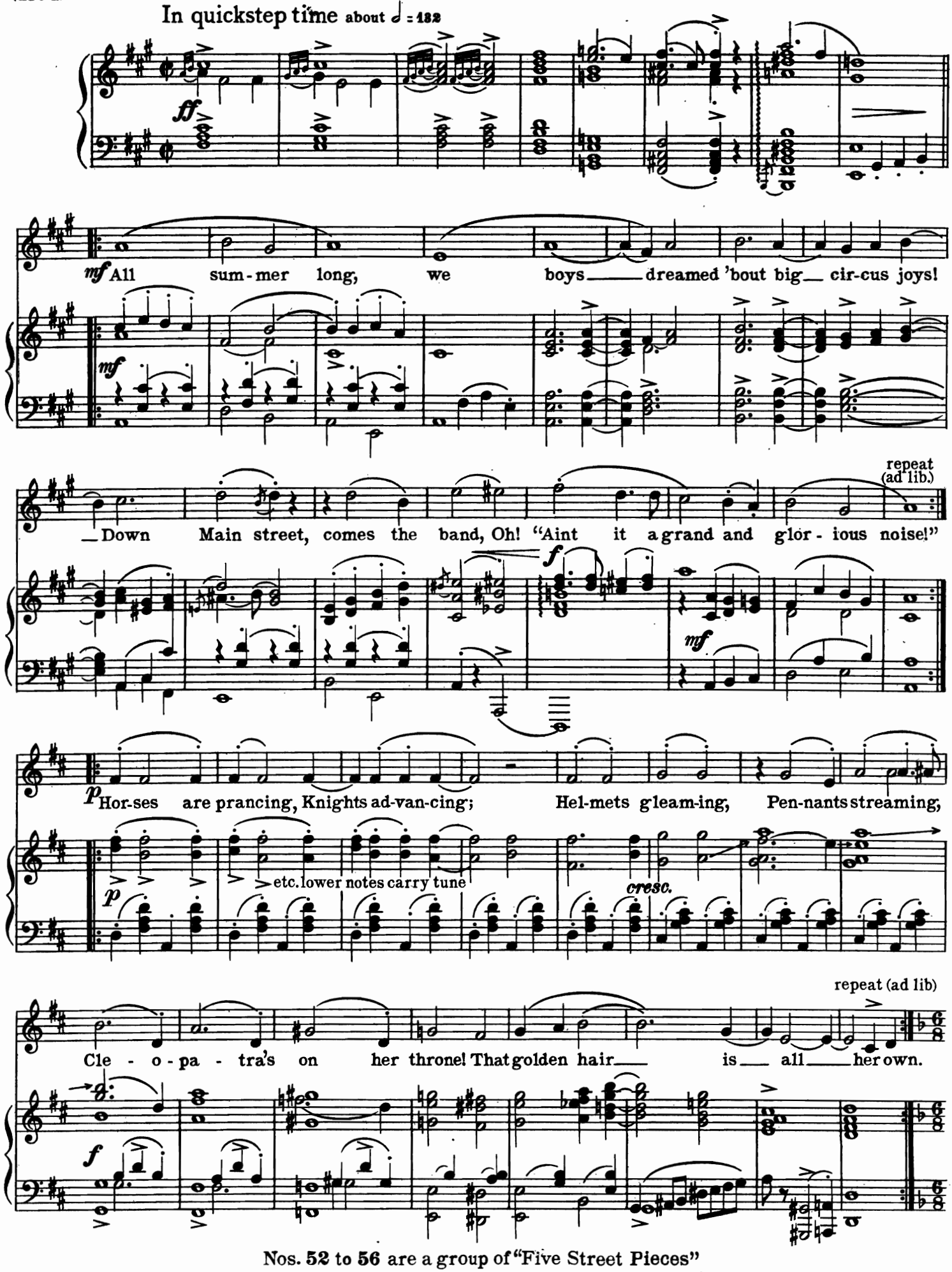

Nos. **52** to **56** are a group of "Five Street Songs"


ly-ing deep in mem-o-ry, draws my heart where I would be, near-er to thee—
p
l.h.
pp
Slower
p Ev-'ry Sunday morning, when the chores were almost done, from that little
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
rit.
p
pp
par-lor— sounds the old mel-o-de-on, "Near-er my God to Thee, near er to Thee;"
pp
r.h.
più ten.
With those strains a stron-ger hope comes near-er to me.
p
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
p
più cresc. e rit.
pp

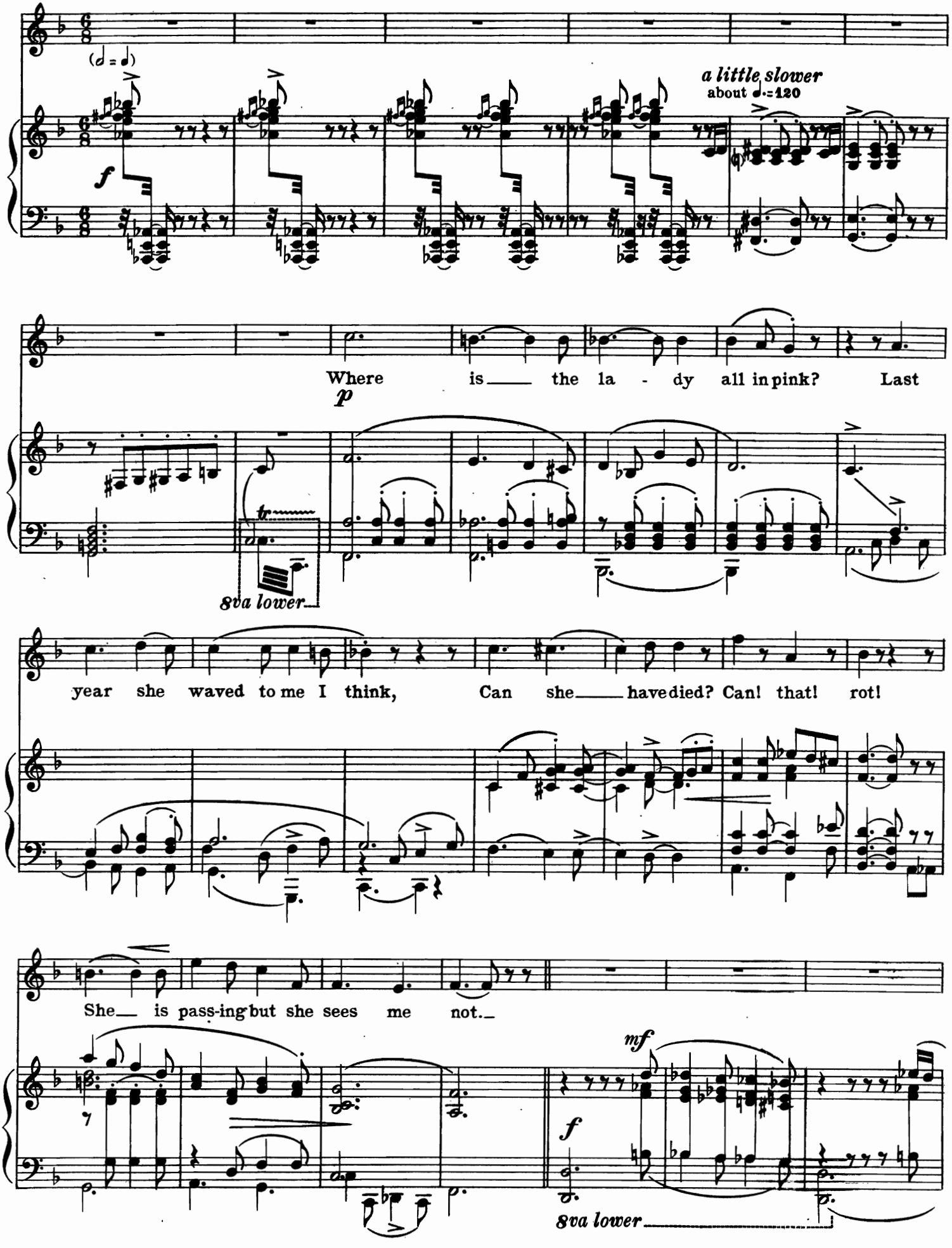
(1894)

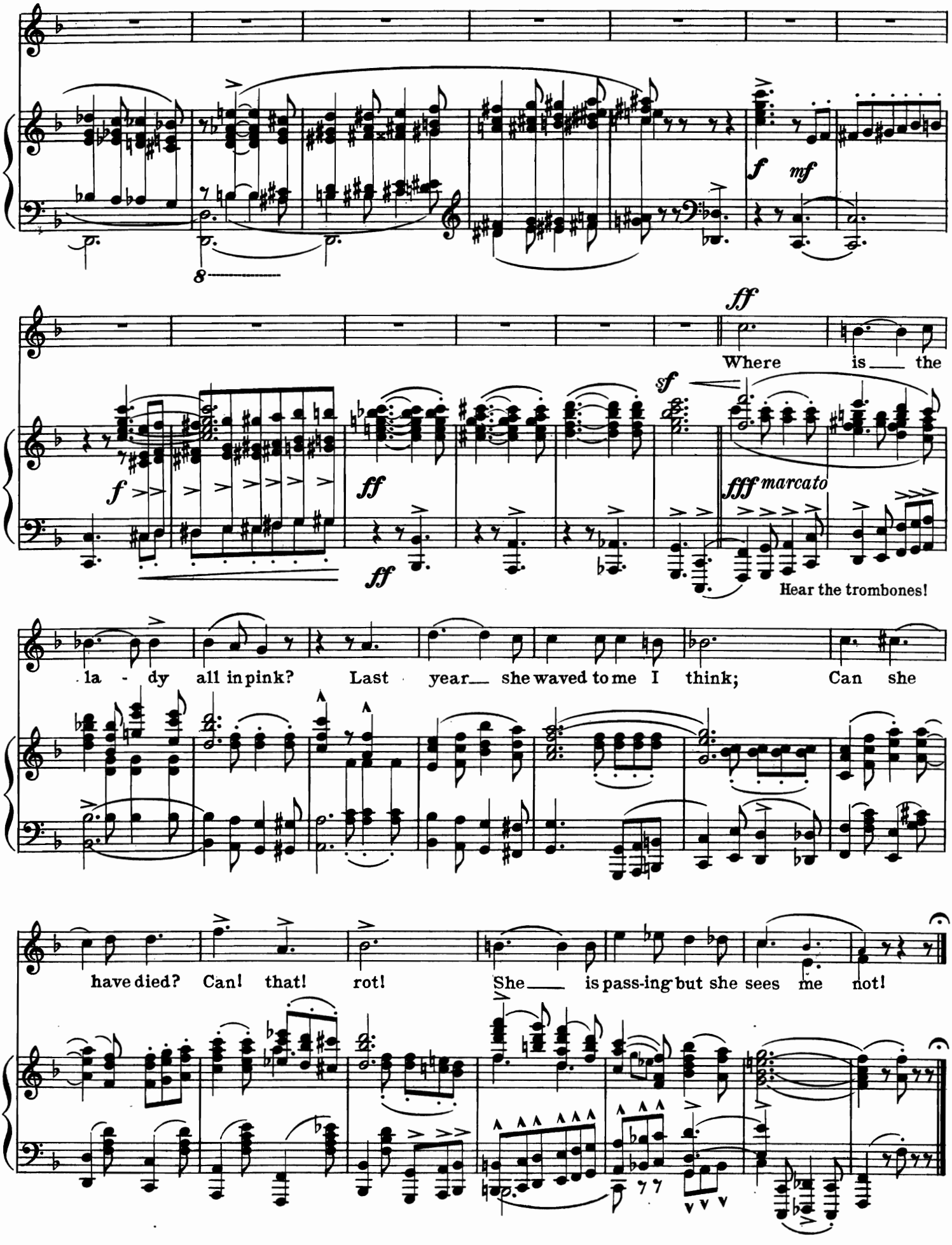
# 56
# The Circus Band

In quickstep time about ♩ = 132



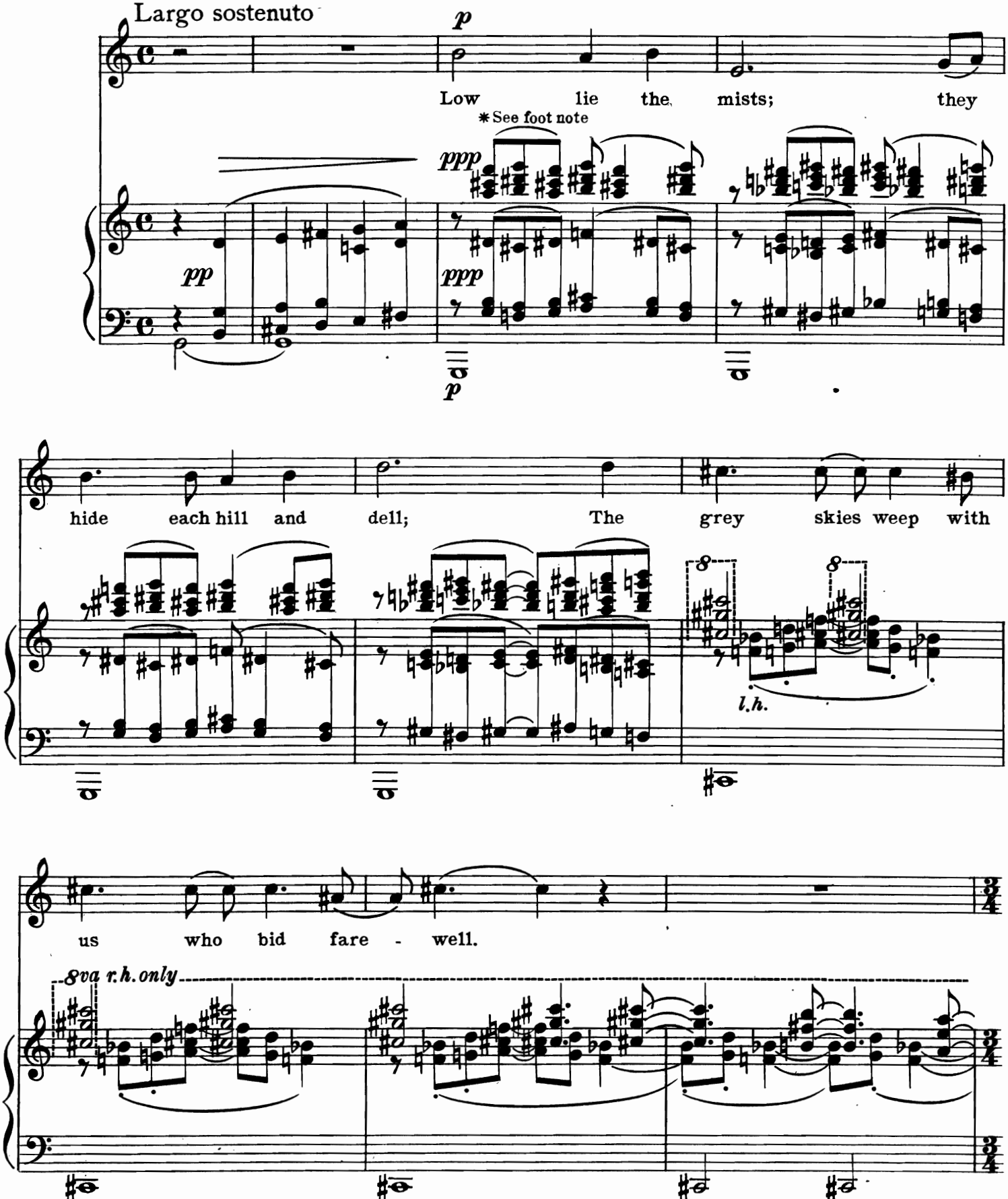

Nos. **52** to **56** are a group of "Five Street Pieces"


(♩ = ♩)
a little slower
about ♩.=120
f
Where is the la - dy all in pink? Last
p
tr
8va lower
year she waved to me I think, Can she have died? Can! that! rot!
She is pass-ing but she sees me not.
mf
f
8va lower

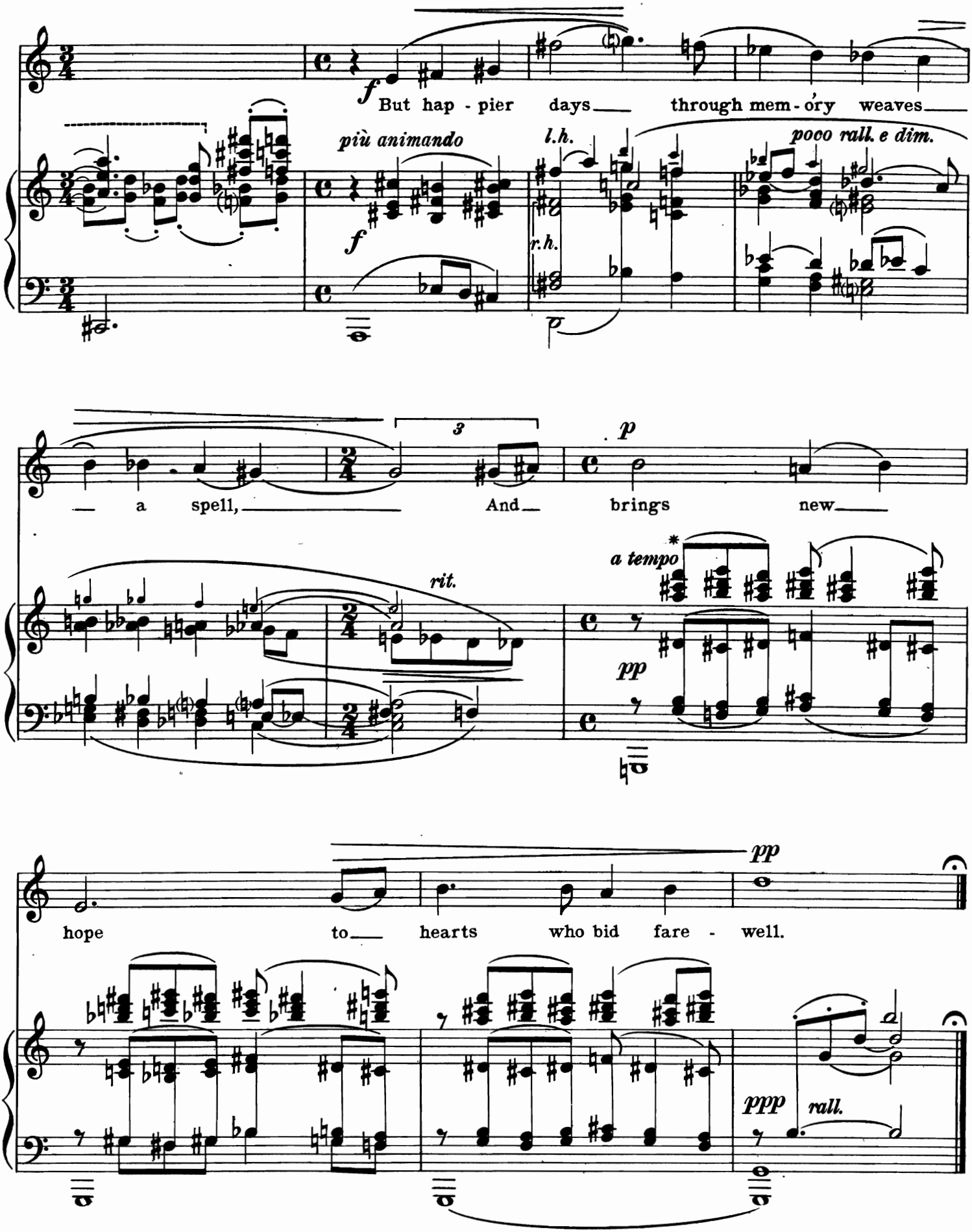

8
f
mf
ff
Where is the
sf
f
ff
ff
fff marcato
Hear the trombones!
la - dy all in pink? Last year she waved to me I think; Can she
have died? Can! that! rot! She is pass-ing but she sees me not!

# 57
# Mists

(1910)

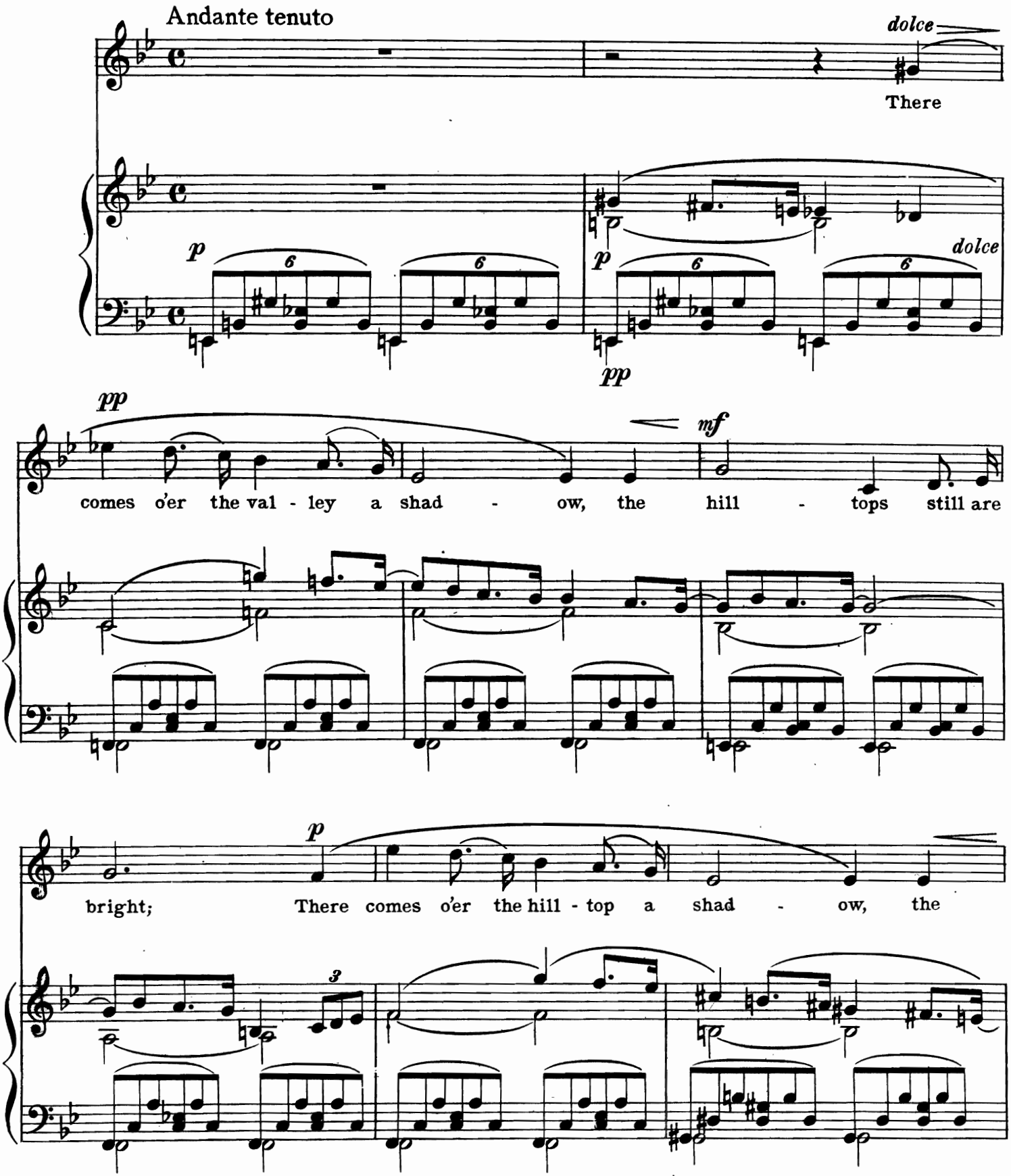


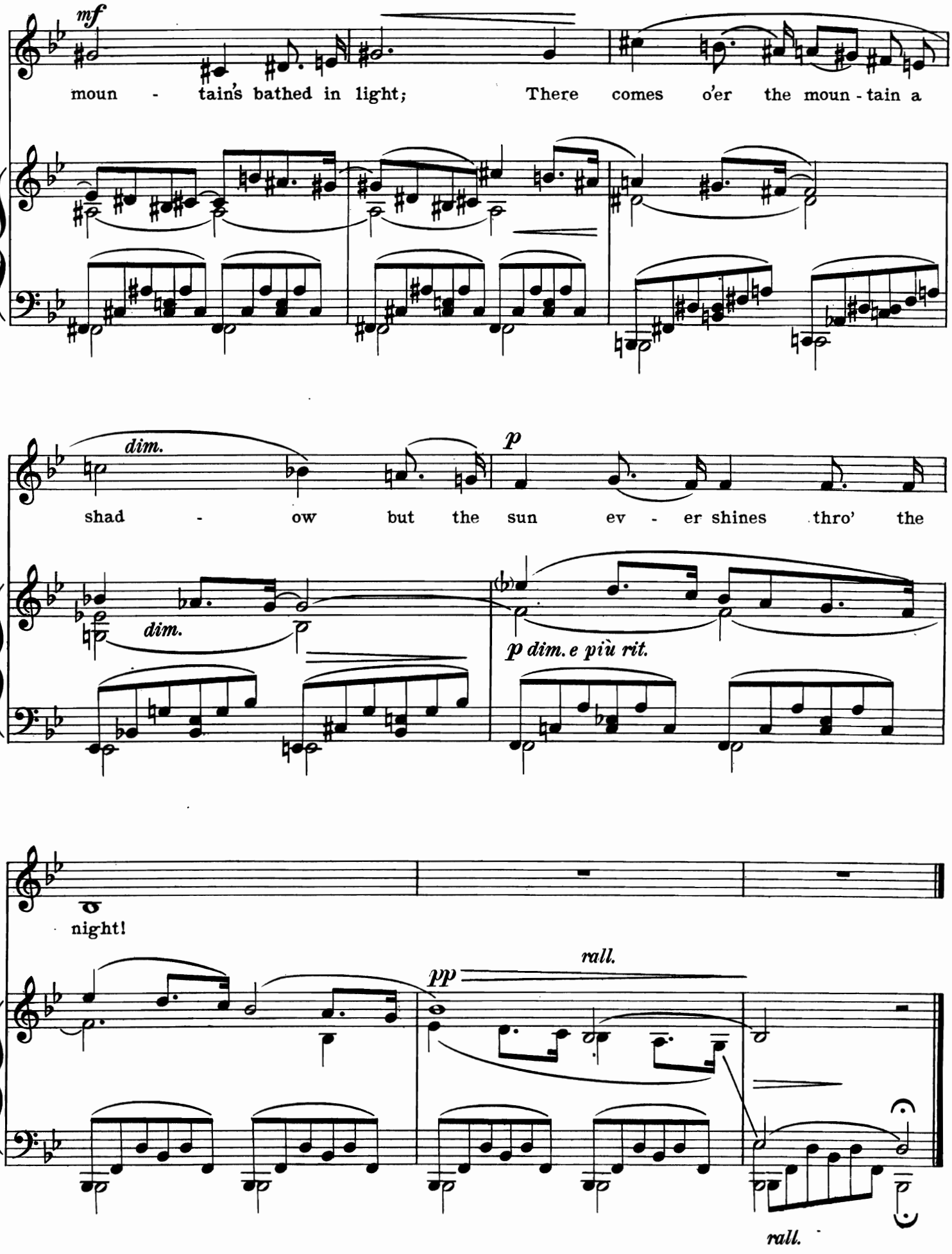

*The group of notes in the r.h. in measures 2,3,4,5 and 16, 17, 18 may be omitted, in which case the l.h. part, with the exception of the low G, may be doubled an octave higher. If the r.h. notes are used they should be scarcely audible.


f
But hap - pier days through mem - o'ry weaves
più animando
l.h.
r.h.
poco rall. e dim.
— a spell, And brings new
3
p
rit.
a tempo
pp
hope to hearts who bid fare - well.
pp
ppp
rall.

# 58
# Evidence

(1910)

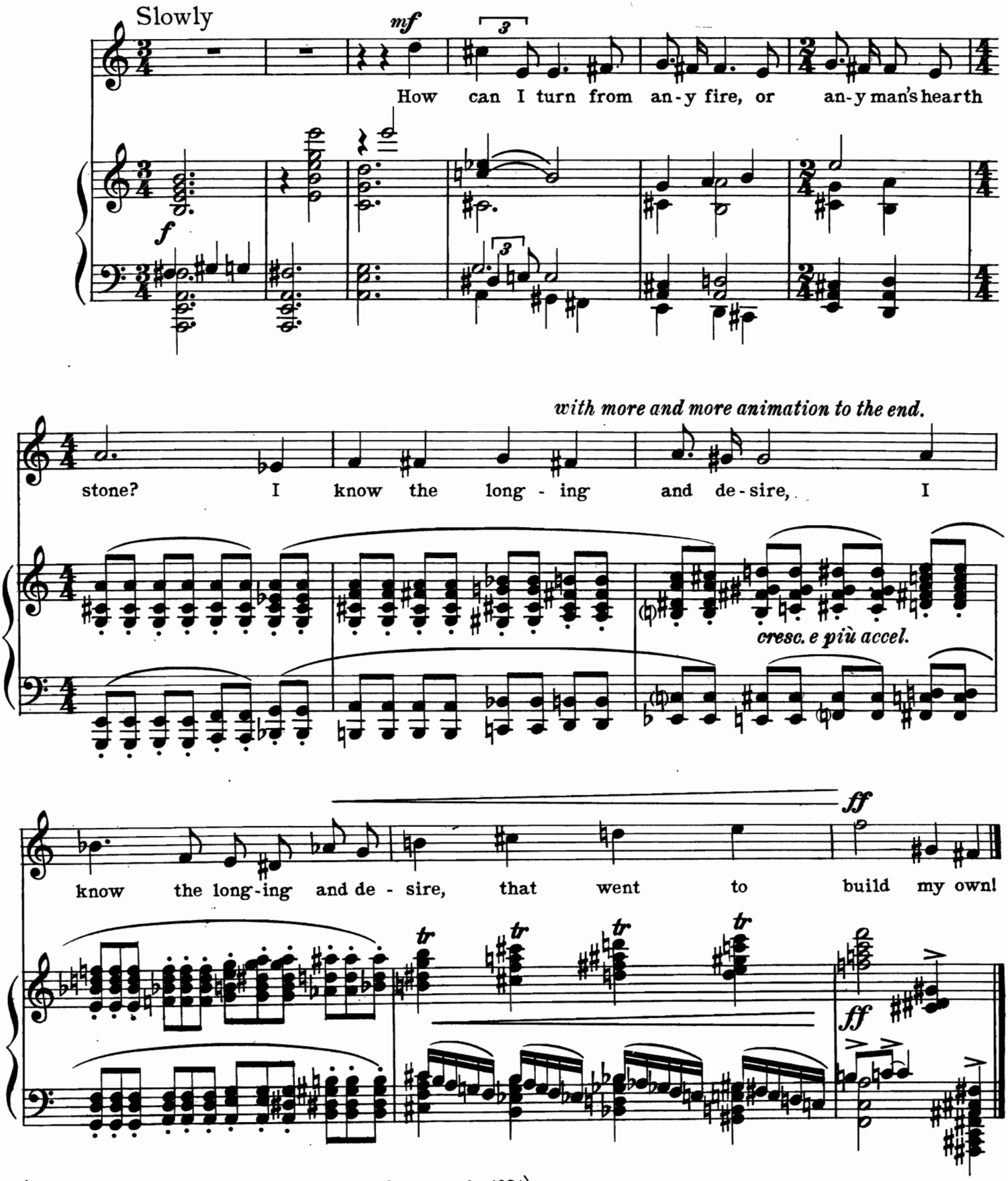



mf
moun - tain's bathed in light; There comes o'er the moun - tain a
dim.
p
shad - ow but the sun ev - er shines thro' the
dim.
p dim. e più rit.
night!
pp
rall.
rall.

# 59
# Tolerance

(1909)

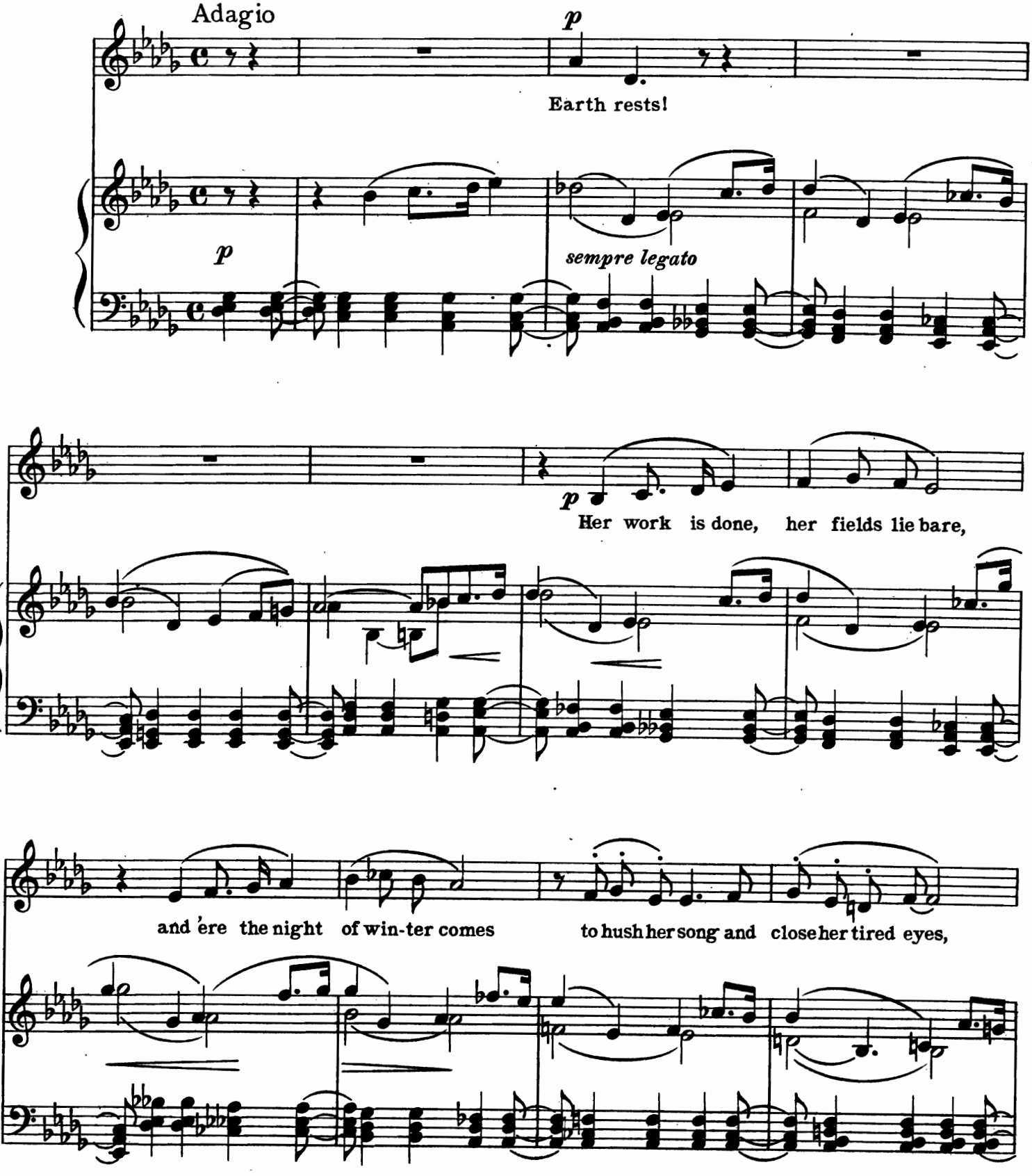
*(from a quotation in Pres. Hadley's Lectures, "Some Influences in Modern Philosophic Thought." Yale University Press.)*

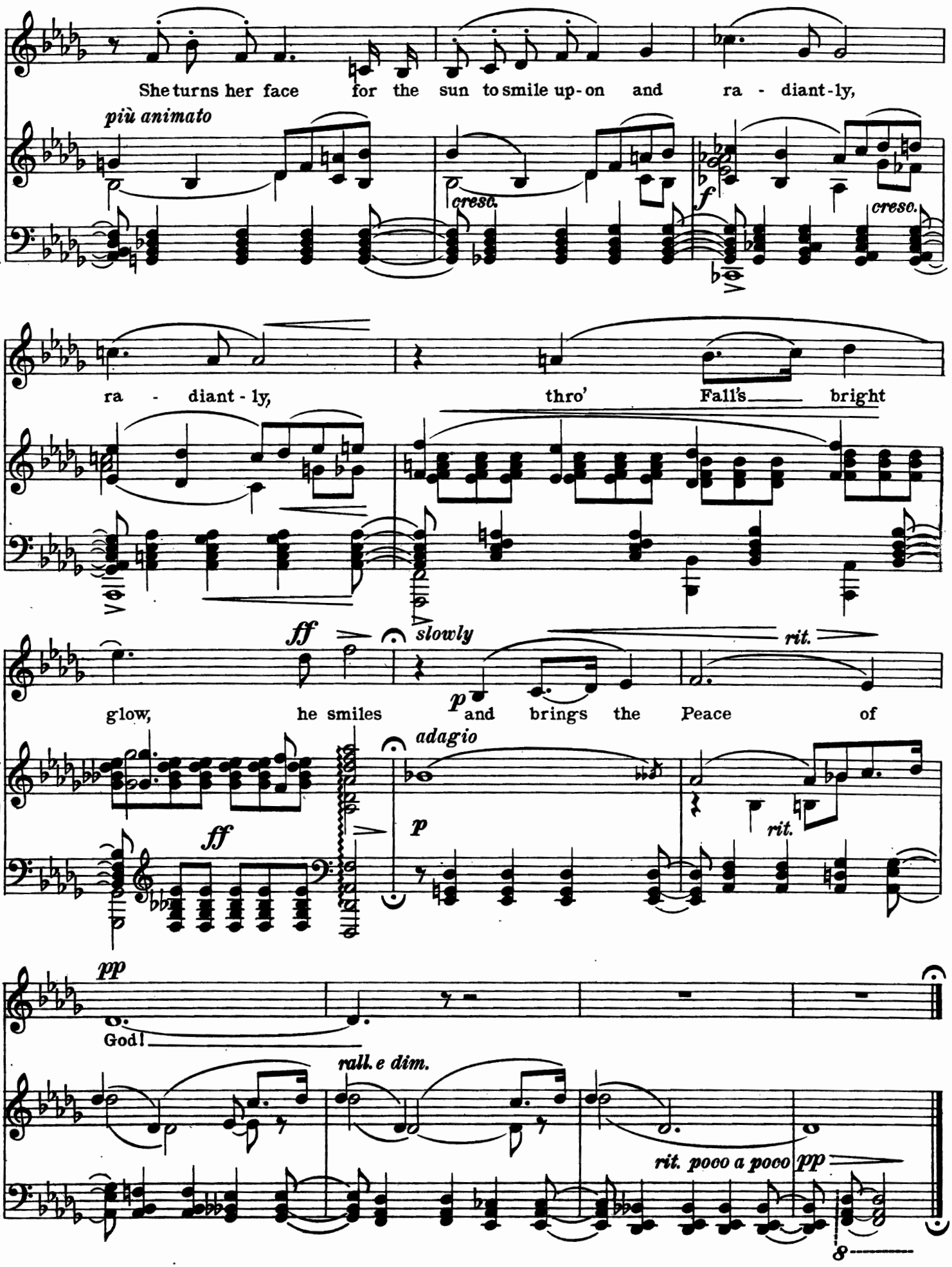



(Adapted, from a piece for orchestra, to the above words, 1921)

# 60
# Autumn

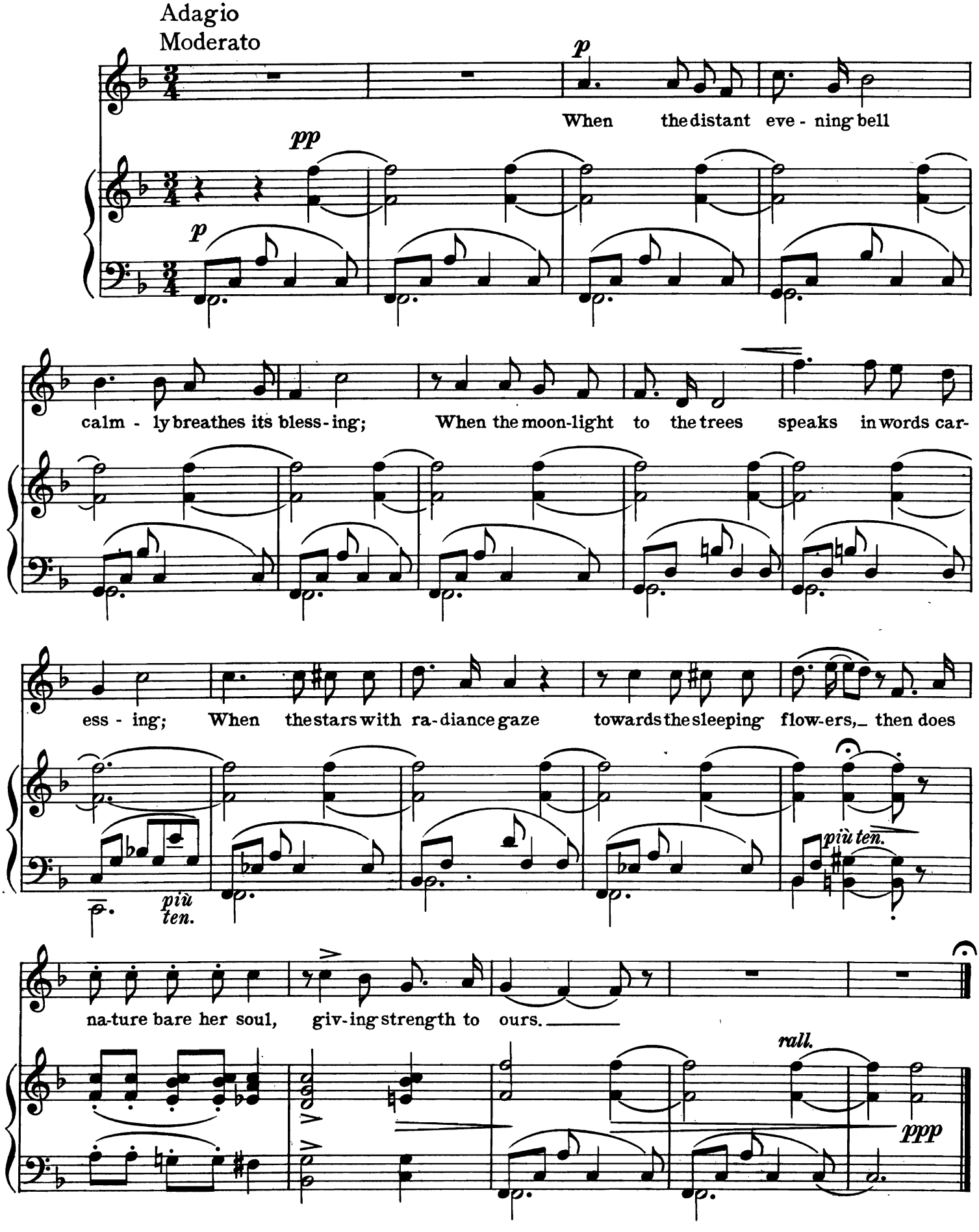
(1908)




She turns her face for the sun to smile up-on and ra - diant-ly,
più animato
cresc.
f
cresc.
ra - diant - ly, thro' Fall's bright
ff
slowly
rit.
glow, he smiles and brings the Peace of
p
adagio
ff
p
rit.
pp
God!
rall. e dim.
rit. poco a poco
pp
8

# 61
# Nature's Way

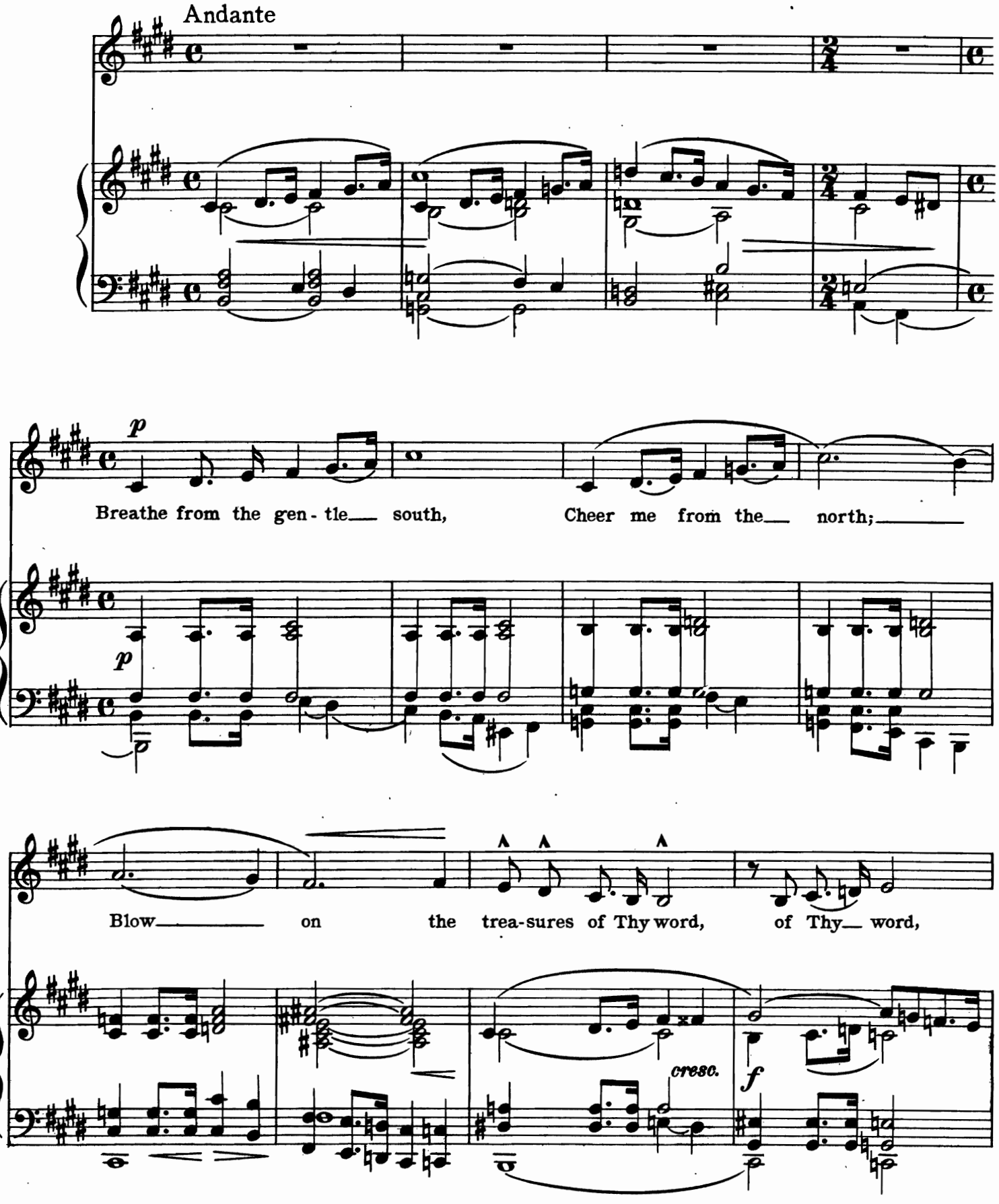
(1908)

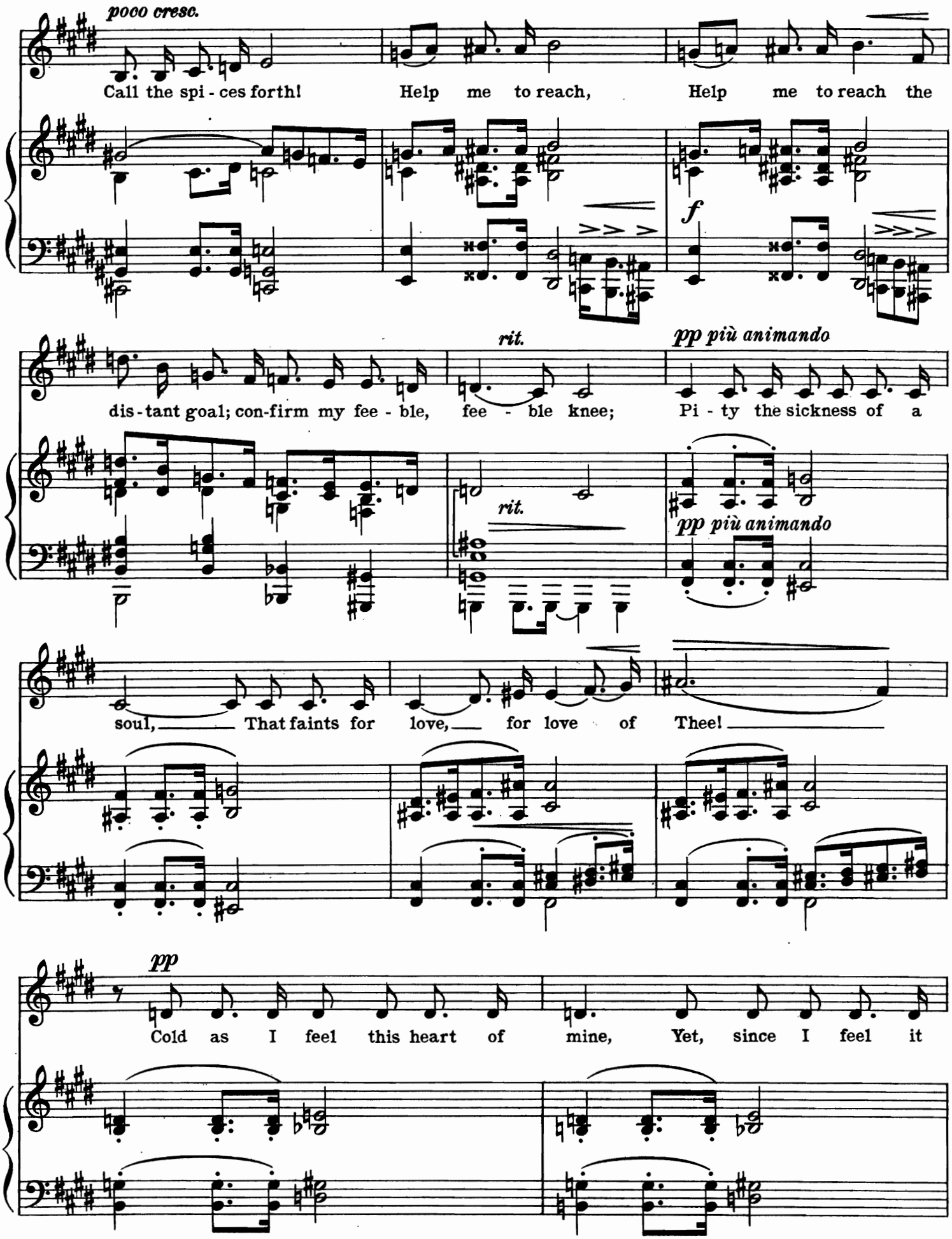


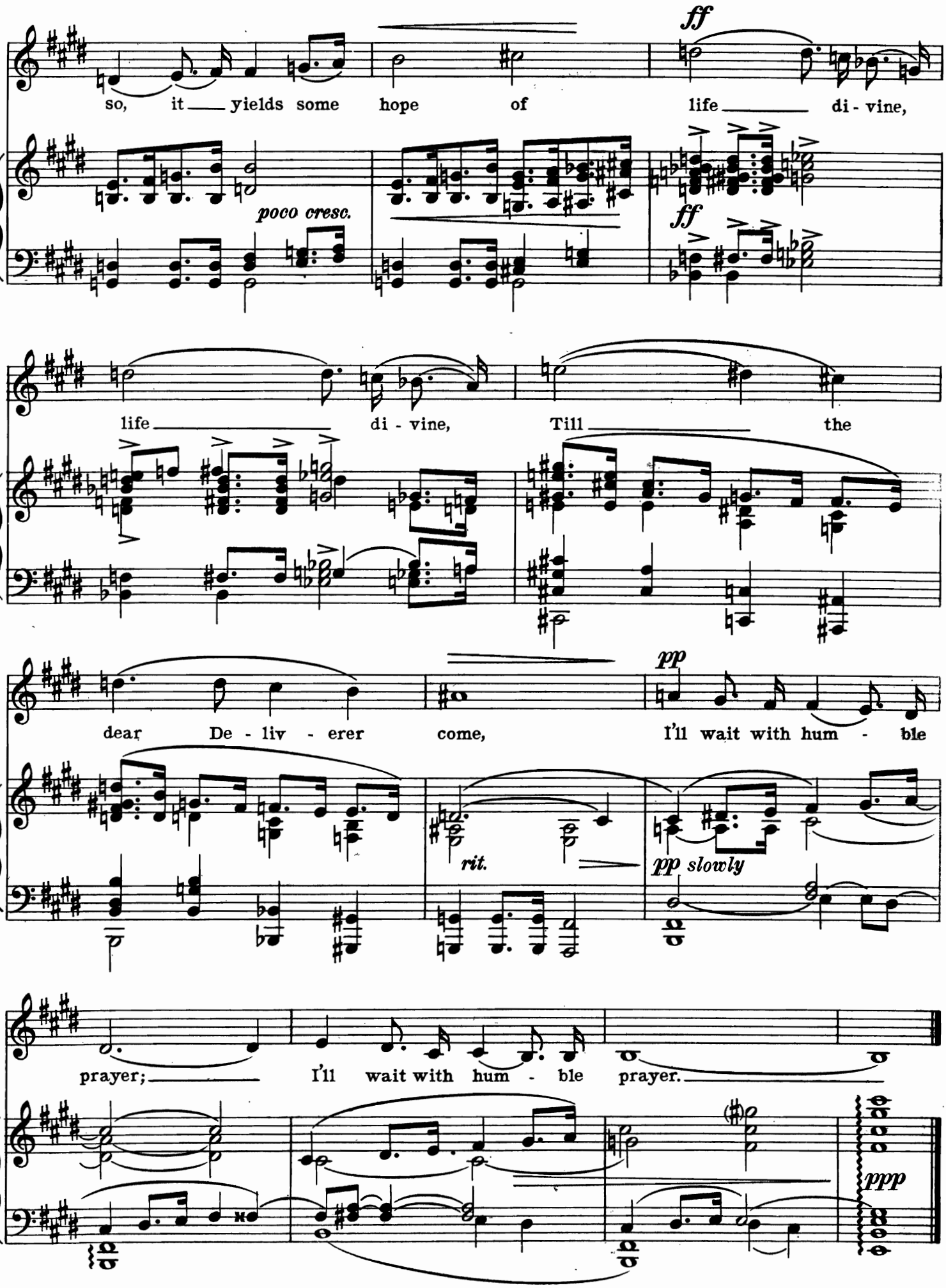
# 62
# The Waiting Soul

(1908)

Cowper

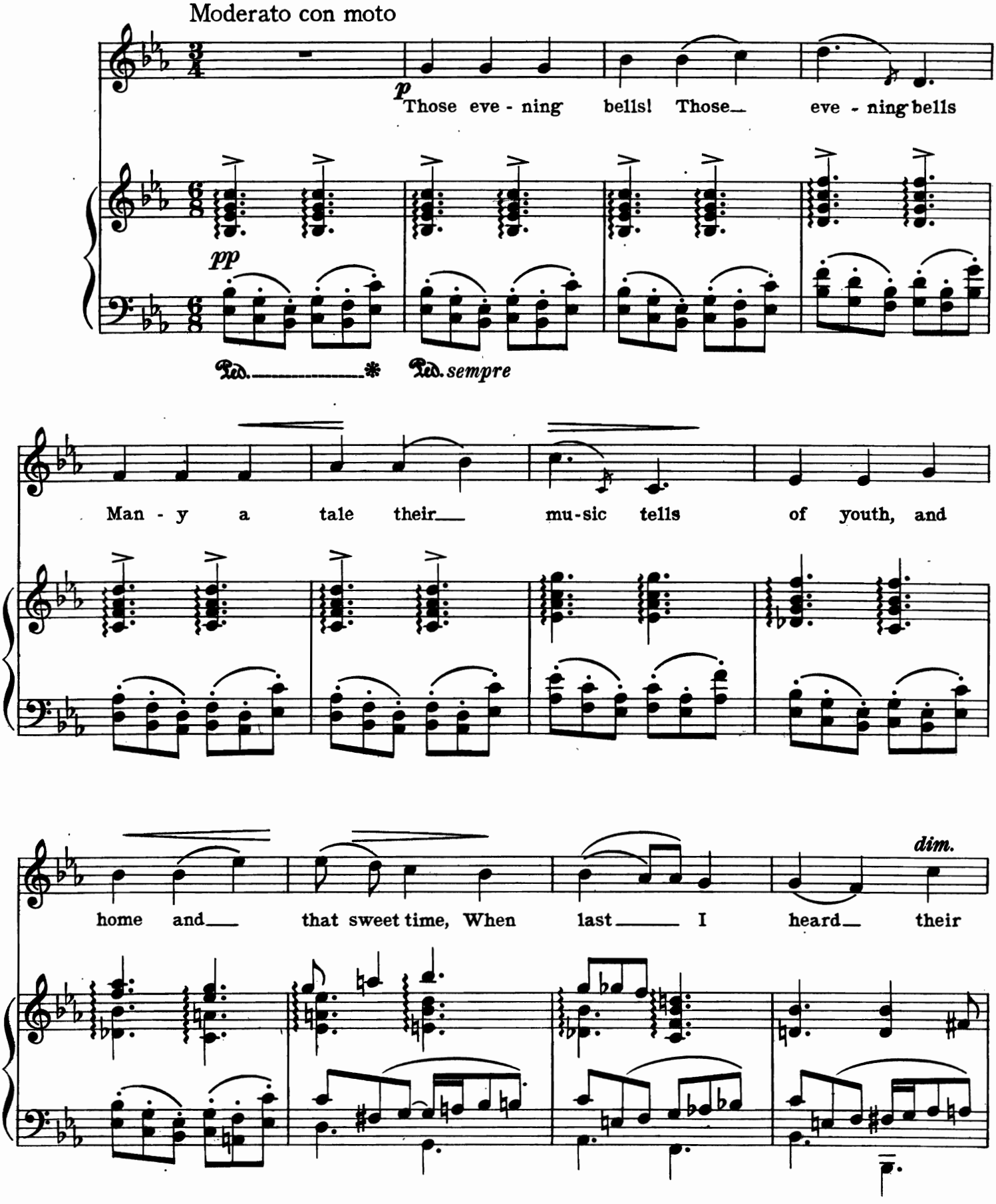


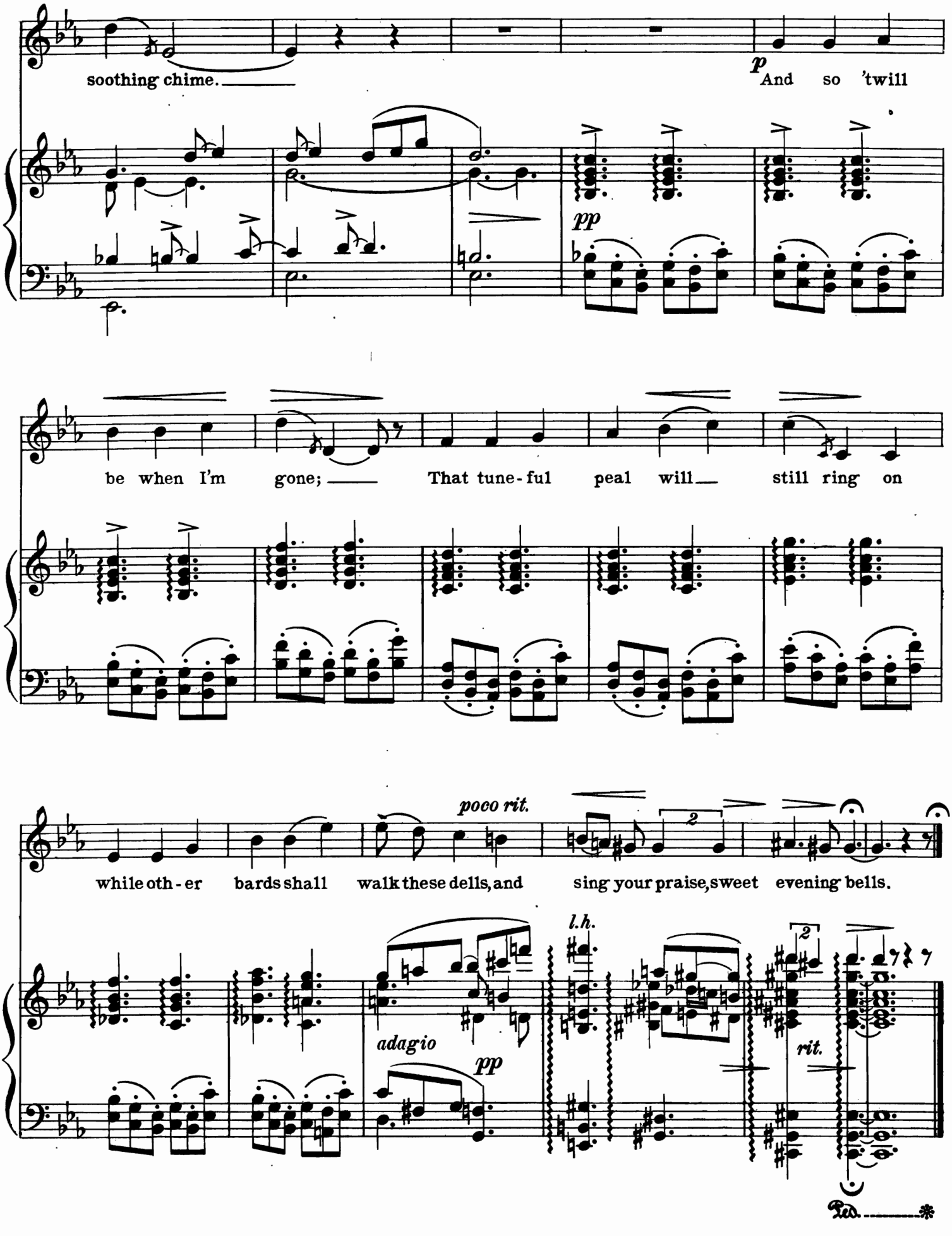

pooo cresc.
Call the spi - ces forth! Help me to reach, Help me to reach the
f
rit.
pp più animando
dis - tant goal; con-firm my fee - ble, fee - ble knee; Pi - ty the sickness of a
rit.
pp più animando
soul, That faints for love, for love of Thee!
pp
Cold as I feel this heart of mine, Yet, since I feel it


ff
so, it yields some hope of life di - vine,
poco cresc.
ff
life di - vine, Till the
pp
dear De - liv - erer come, I'll wait with hum - ble
rit.
pp slowly
prayer; I'll wait with hum - ble prayer.
ppp

# 63
# Those Evening Bells

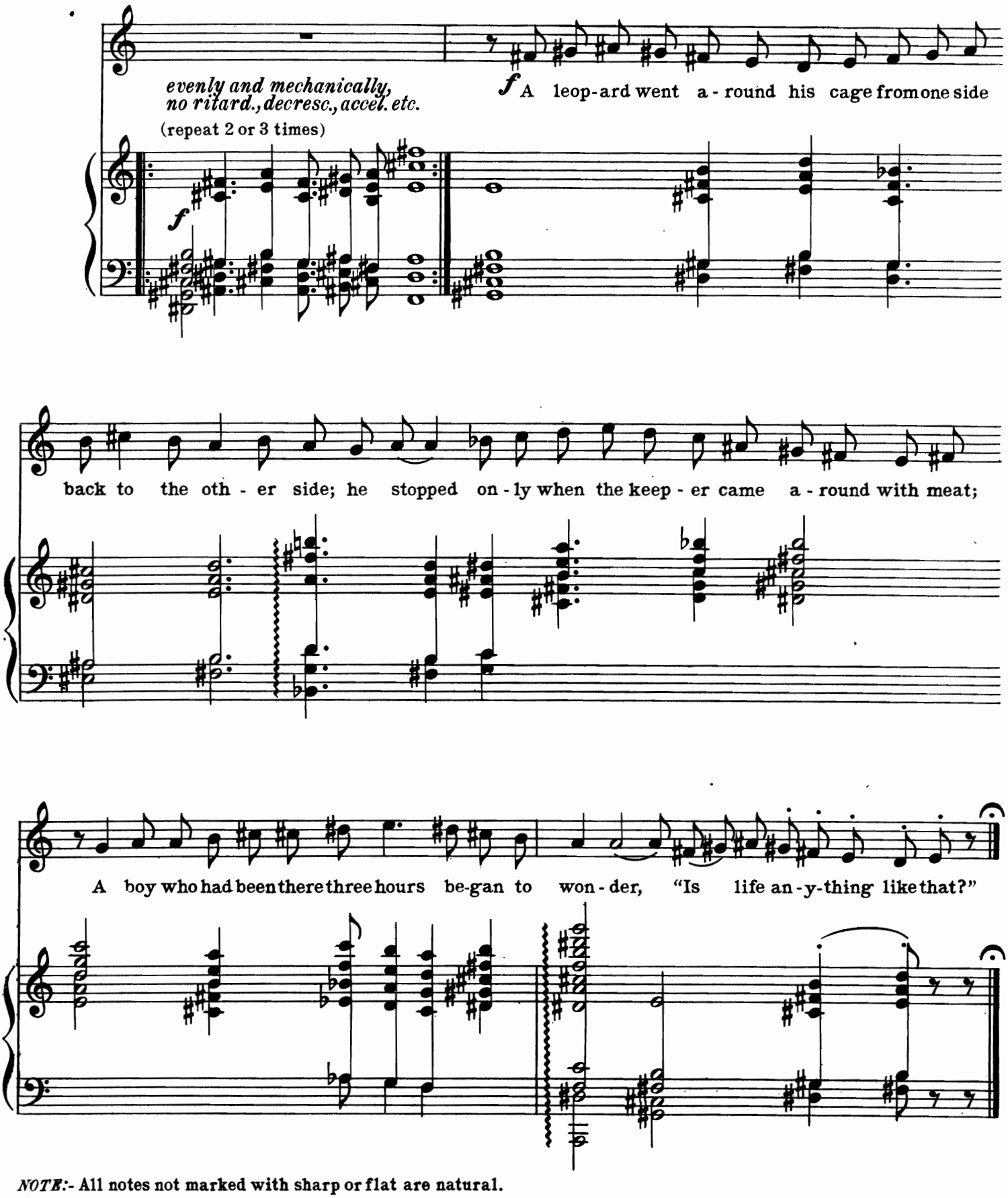
(1907) Moore




soothing chime.
p
And so 'twill
pp
be when I'm gone;
That tune-ful peal will
still ring on
poco rit.
while oth-er bards shall walk these dells, and sing your praise, sweet evening bells.
l.h.
adagio
pp
rit.
Ped.
*

# 64
# The Cage

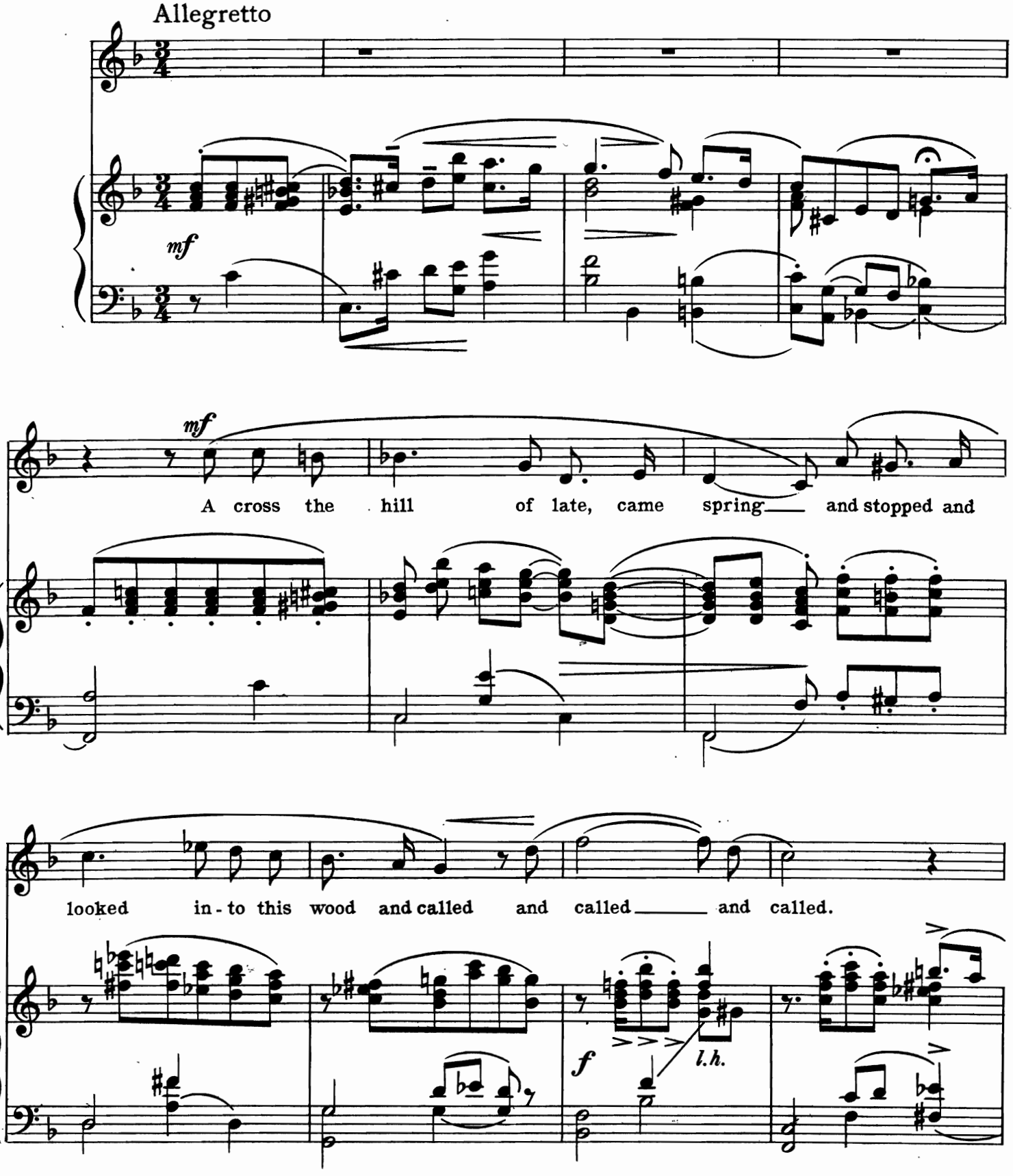
(1906)

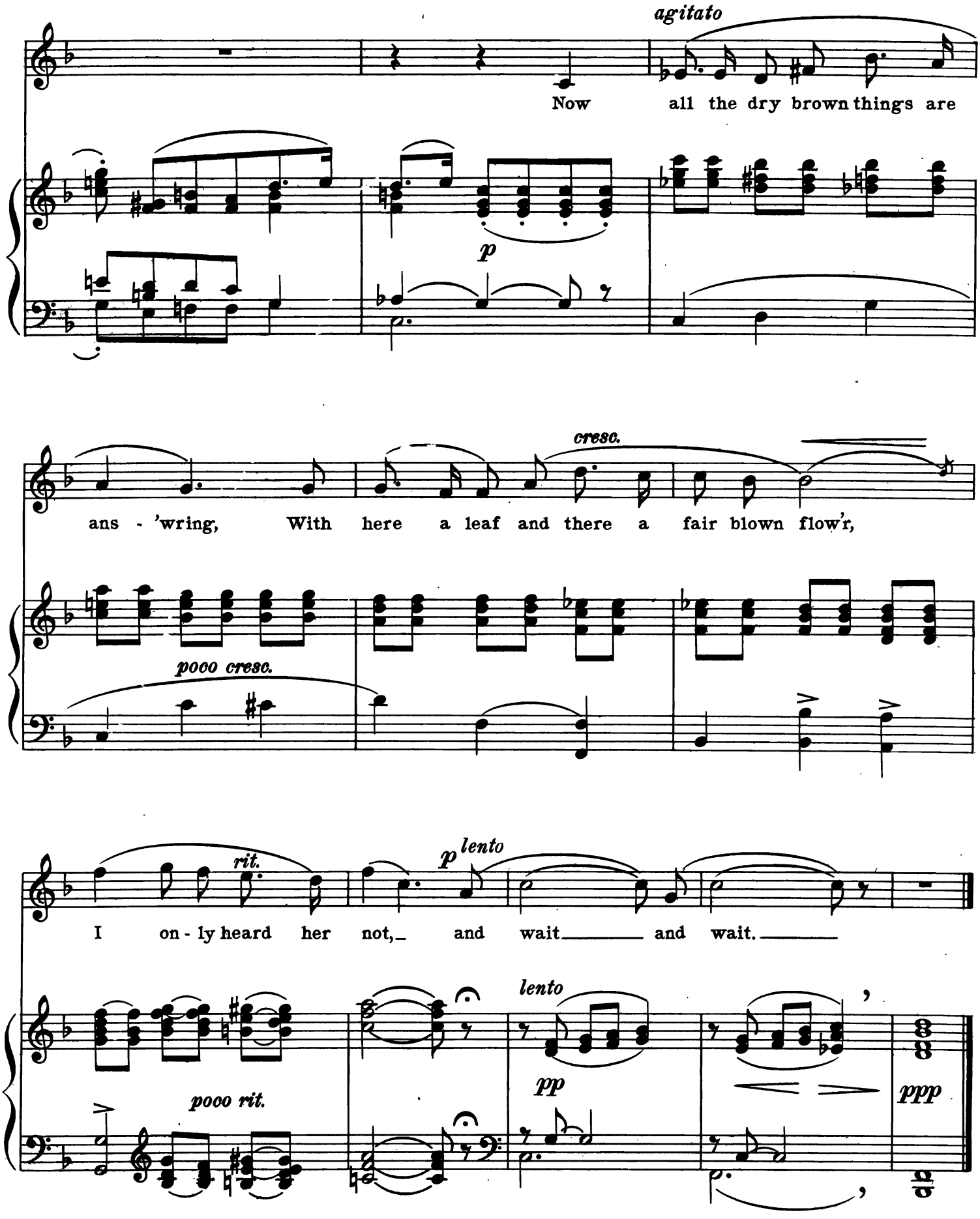



*NOTE:*- All notes not marked with sharp or flat are natural.

# 65
# Spring Song

(1904)




agitato
Now all the dry brown things are
p
cresc.
ans - 'wring, With here a leaf and there a fair blown flow'r,
poco cresc.
rit.
p lento
I on - ly heard her not, and wait and wait.
lento
pp
ppp
poco rit.

# 66
# The Light that is Felt

(1904)

Whittier

Slowly

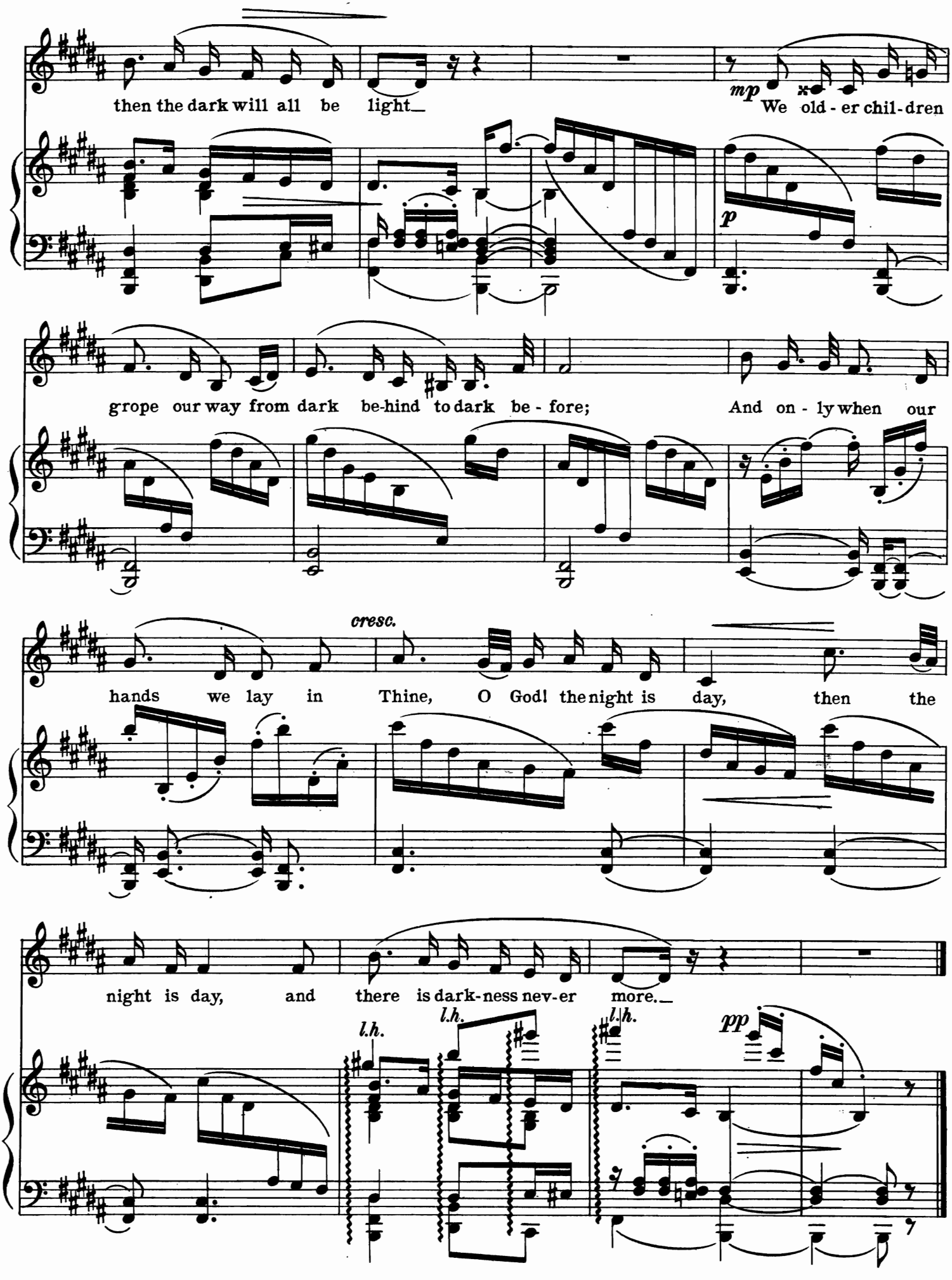
*p*

A ten - der child of sum-mers three, at night, while

*pp*

seek - ing her lit-tle bed, Paused on the dark stair tim - id-ly, Oh,

moth - er_ take my hand, said she, Oh, moth - er_ take my hand And


then the dark will all be light_
mp
We old - er chil-dren
p
grope our way from dark be-hind to dark be - fore;
And on - ly when our
cresc.
hands we lay in Thine, O God! the night is day, then the
night is day, and there is dark-ness nev-er more._
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
pp

# 67
# Walking

(1902)

Allegro con spirito

Ped. * Ped. sempre

ff l.h. marcato

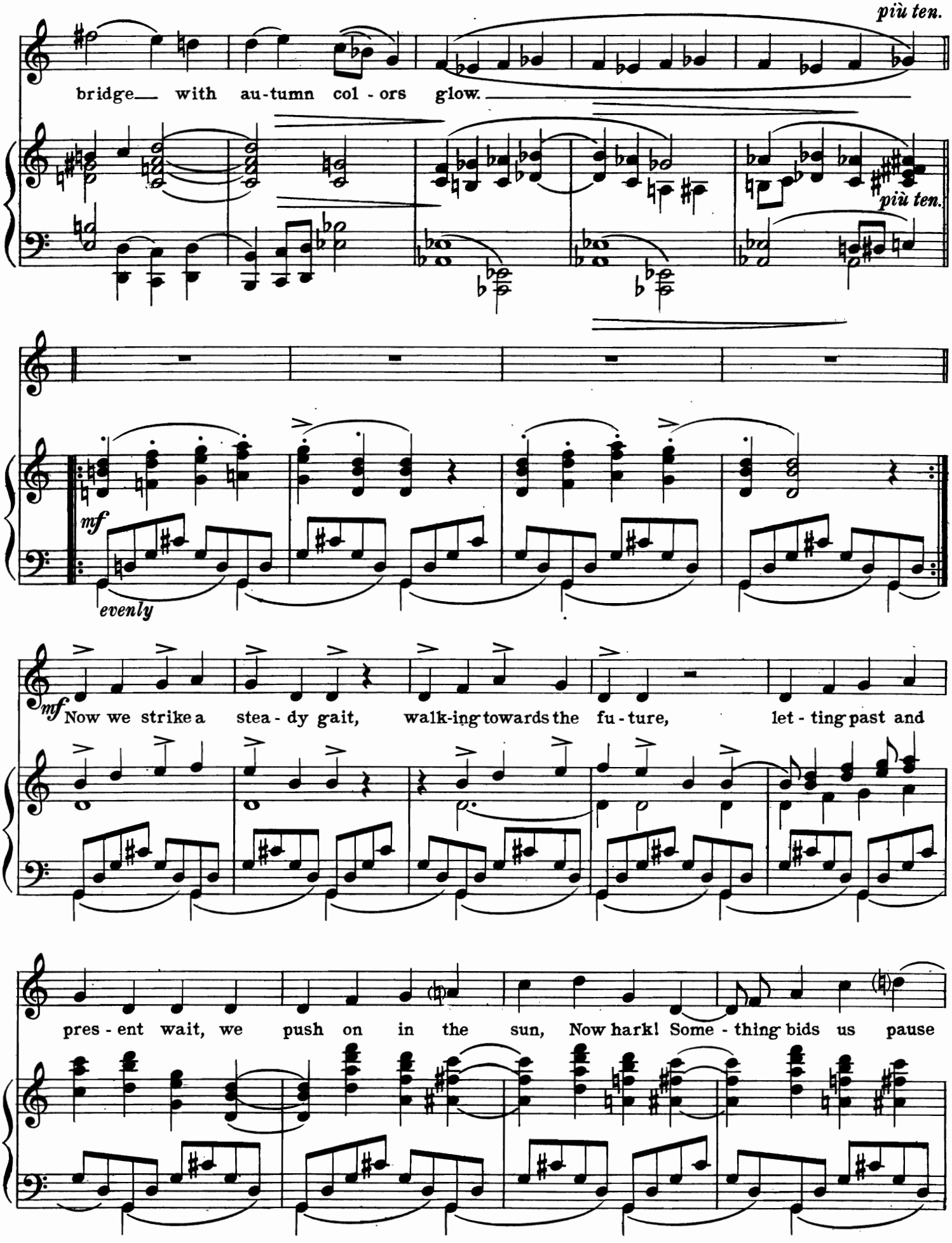
l.h. mp

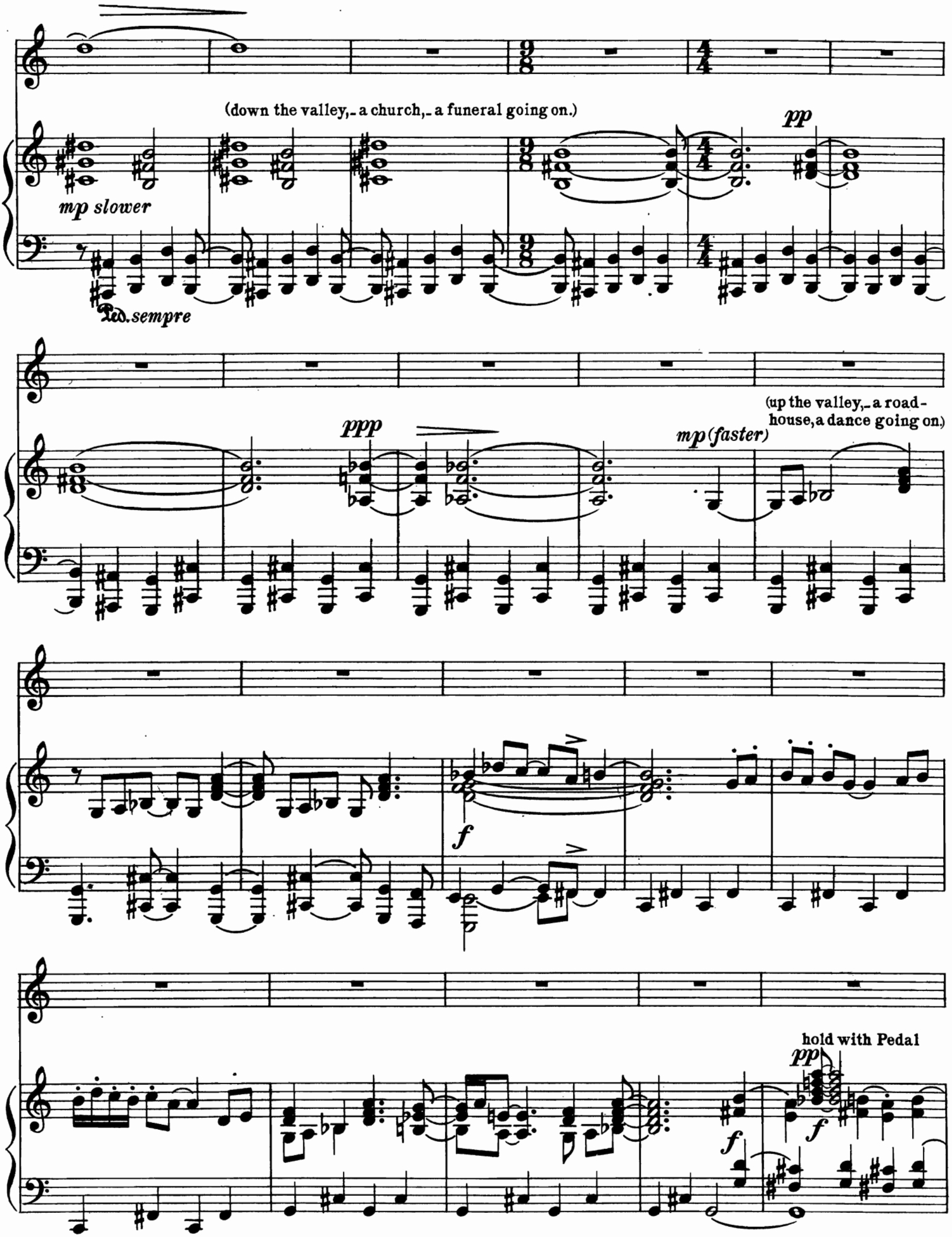
(marked and not too legato)

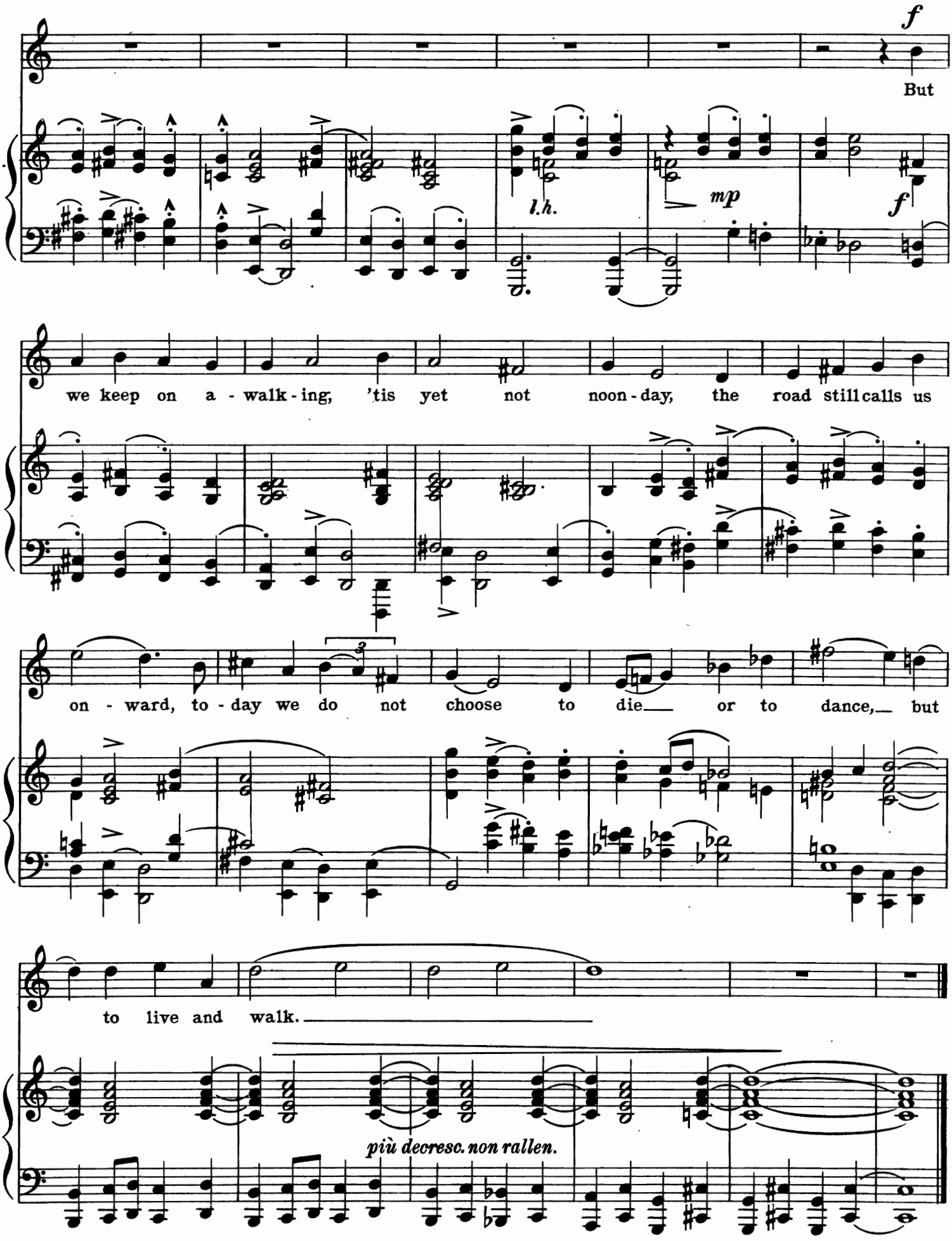
f A big Oc - to - ber morn - ing, the vil - lage church-bells, the

f

road a - long the ridge,_ the chest-nut burr and su - mach, the hills a - bove the


più ten.
bridge with au-tumn col - ors glow.
più ten.
mf
evenly
mf
Now we strike a stea - dy gait, walk-ing towards the fu - ture, let - ting past and
pres - ent wait, we push on in the sun, Now hark! Some - thing bids us pause

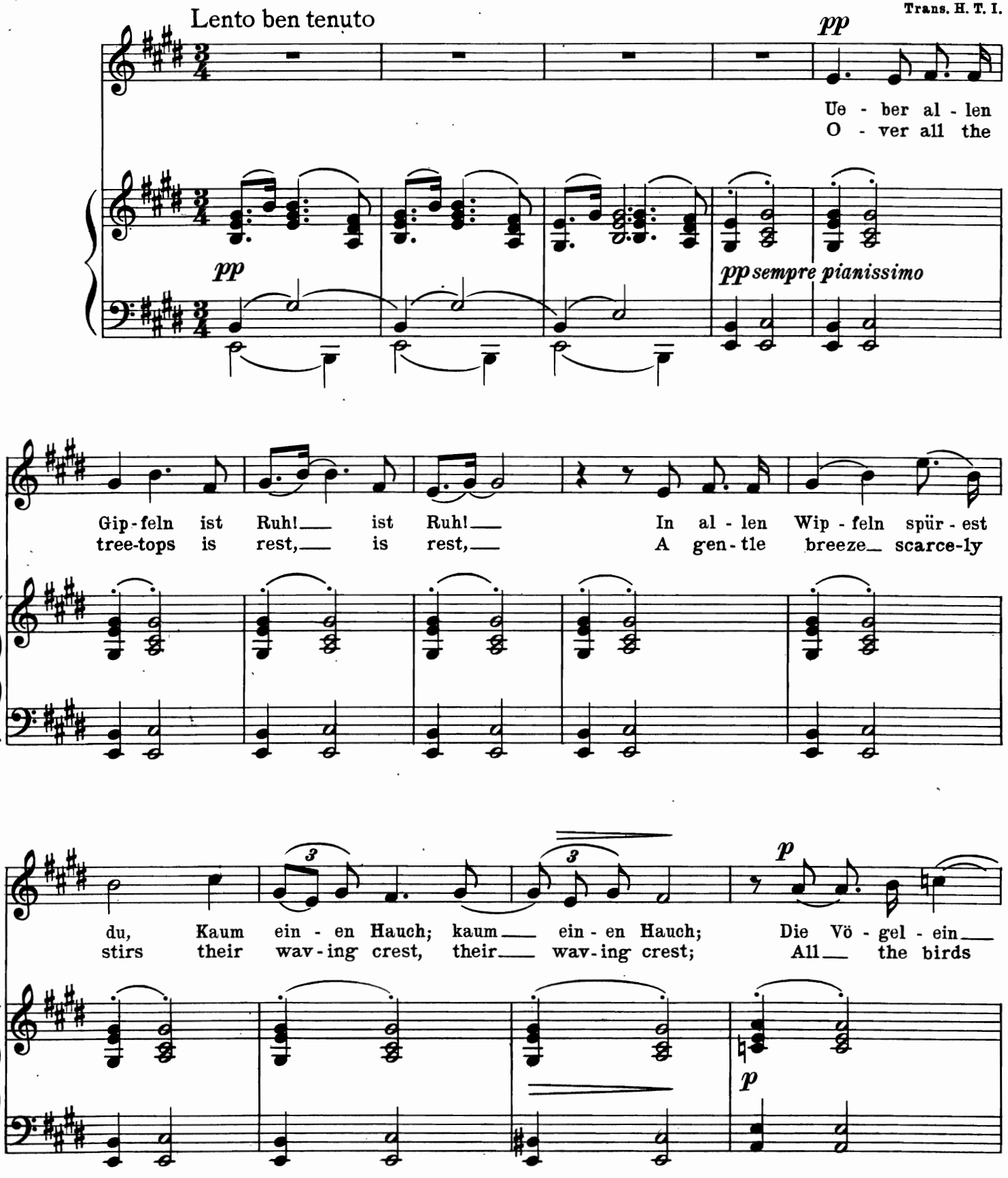

(down the valley,- a church,- a funeral going on.)
pp
mp slower
Ped. sempre
(up the valley,- a road-
house, a dance going on)
ppp
mp (faster)
f
hold with Pedal
pp
f
f
f

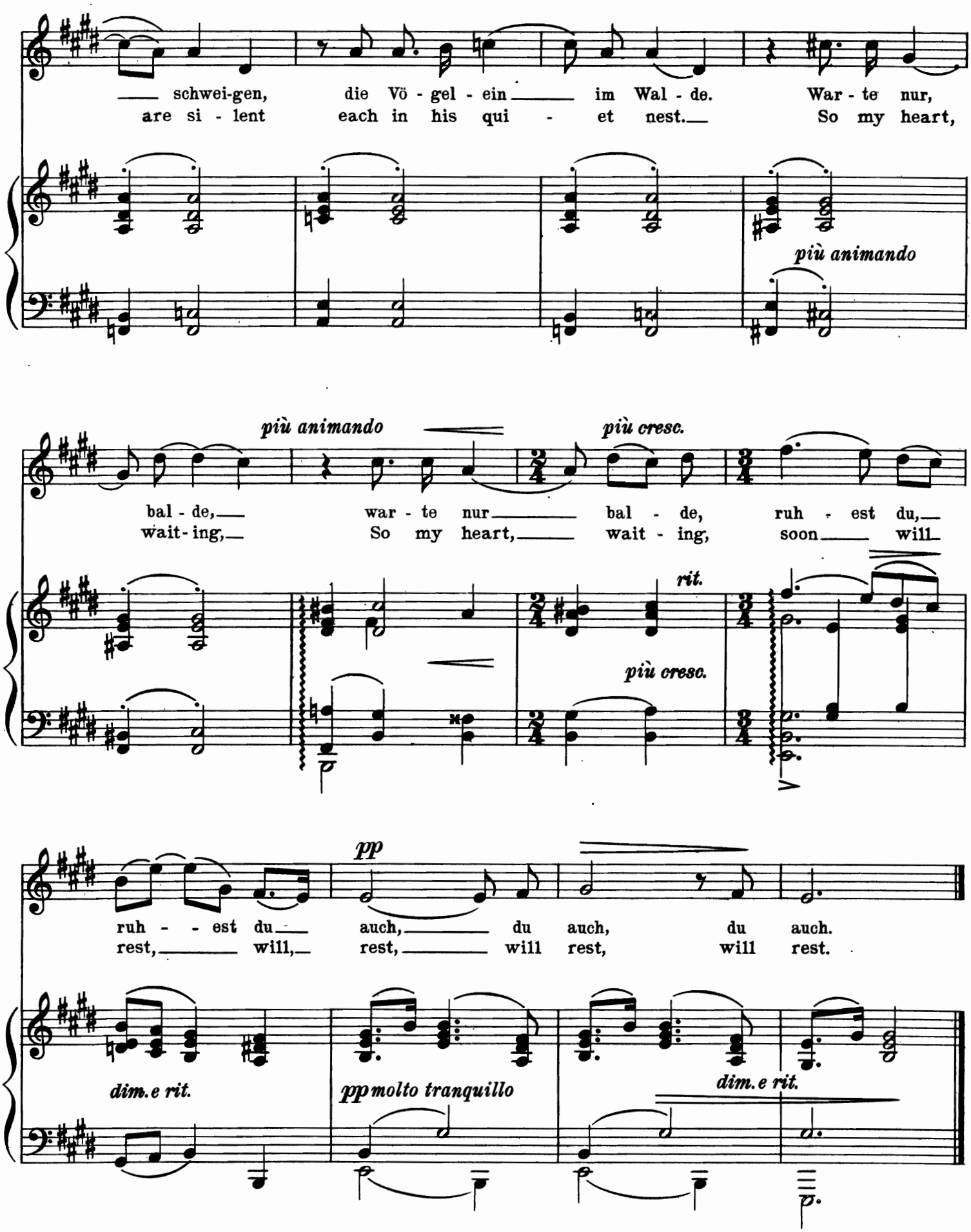

f
But
l.h.
mp
f
we keep on a - walk - ing; 'tis yet not noon - day, the road still calls us
on - ward, to - day we do not choose to die or to dance, but
to live and walk.
più decresc. non rallen.

# 68
# Ilmenau
# Over All the Treetops

(1902)

Goethe
Trans. H. T. I.



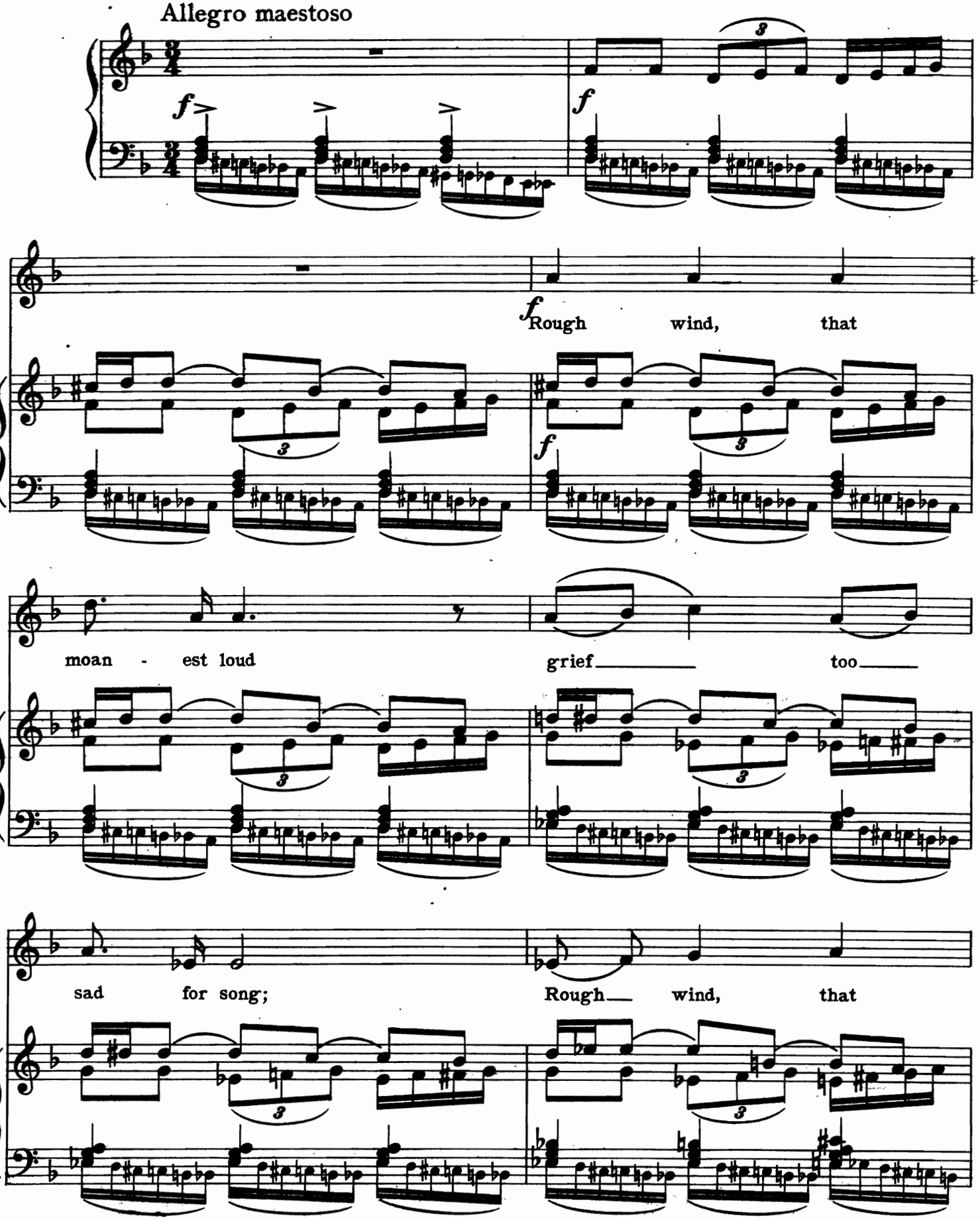

schwei-gen, die Vö - gel - ein im Wal - de. War - te nur,
are si - lent each in his qui - et nest. So my heart,
più animando
più animando
più cresc.
bal - de, war - te nur bal - de, ruh - est du,
wait - ing, So my heart, wait - ing, soon will
rit.
più cresc.
ruh - est du auch, du auch, du auch.
rest, will, rest, will rest, will rest.
pp
dim.e rit.
pp molto tranquillo
dim.e rit.

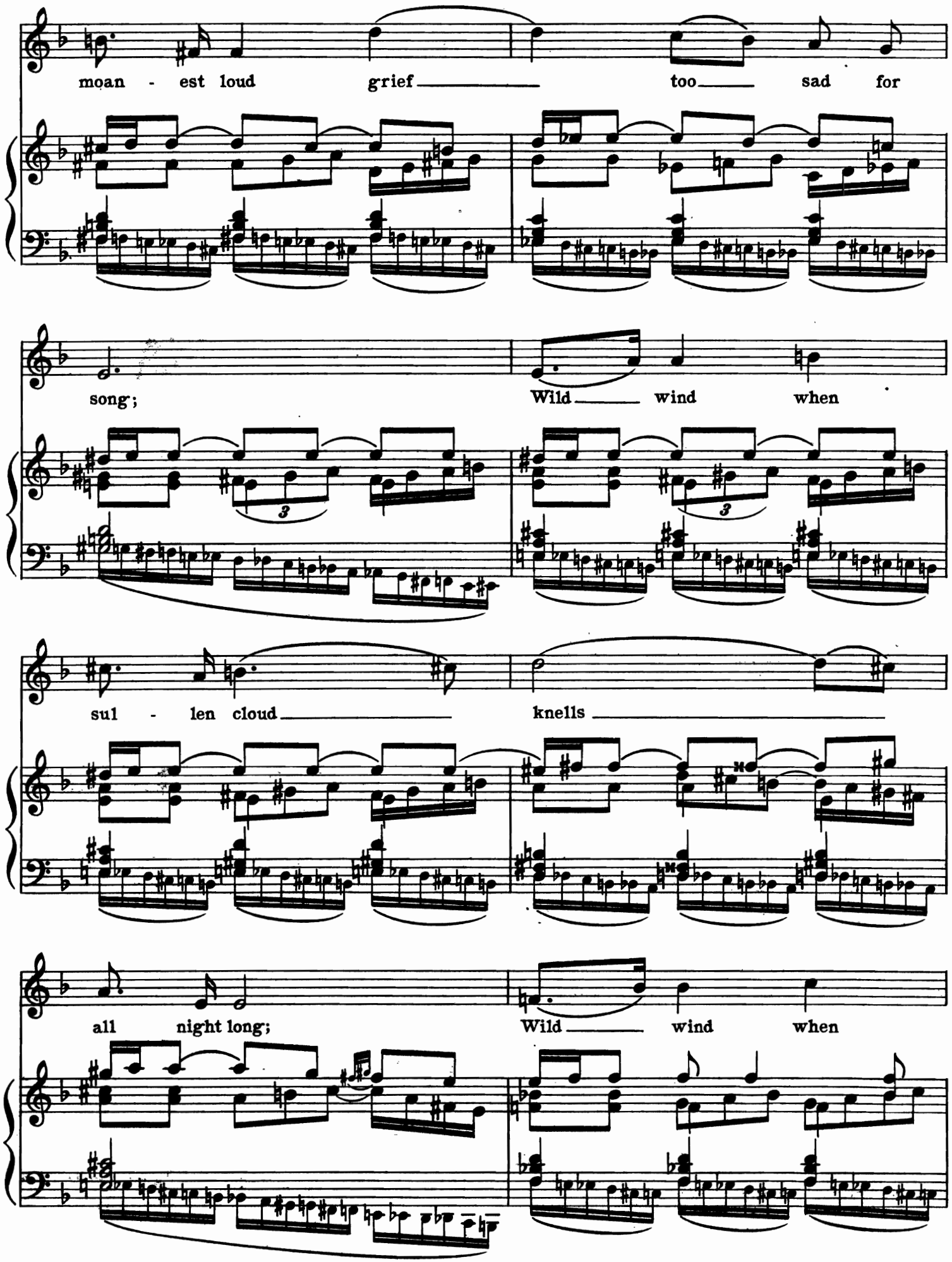
# 69
# Rough Wind

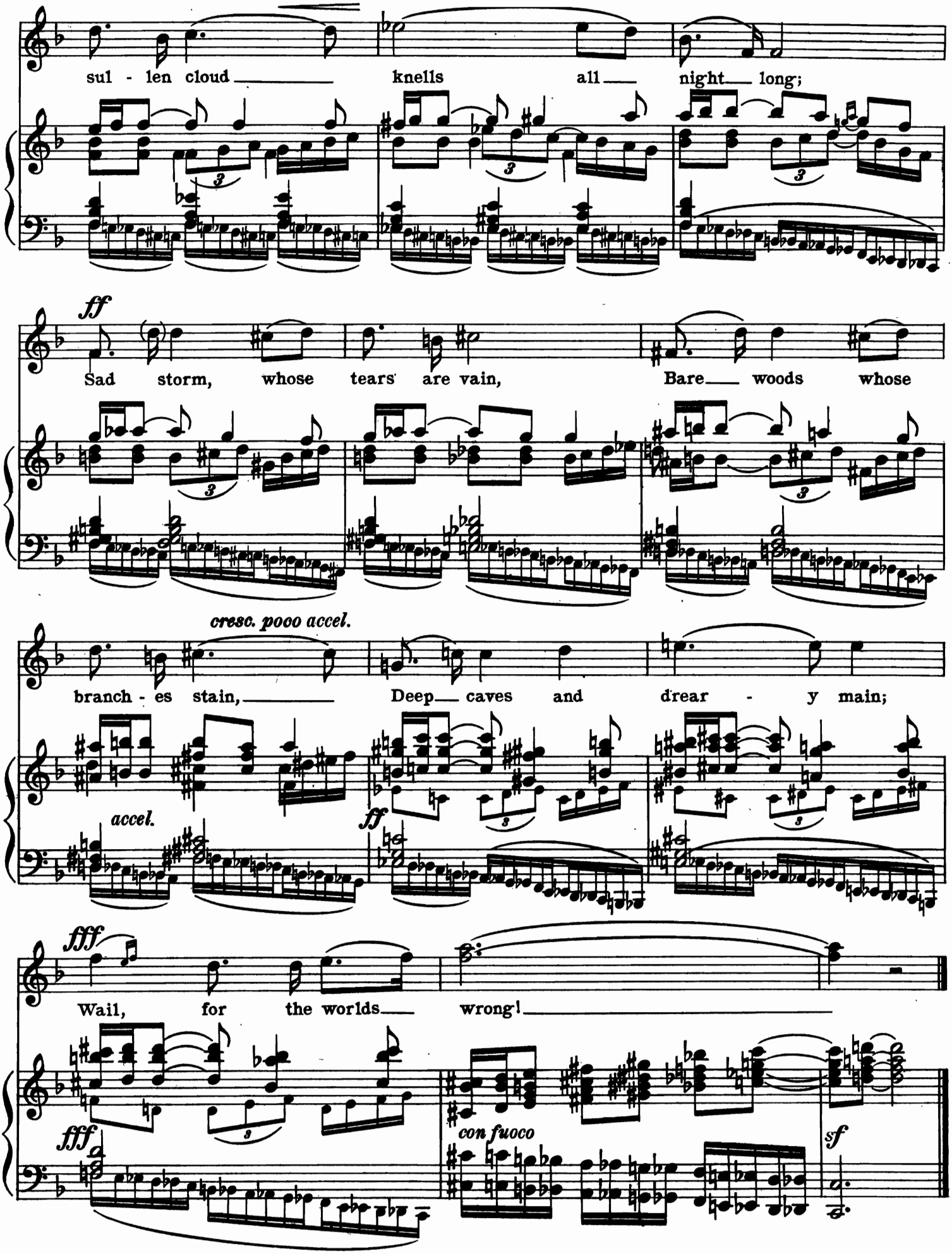
(1902)

Shelley

Allegro maestoso




moan - est loud grief too sad for
song;
Wild wind when
sul - len cloud
knells
all night long;
Wild wind when


sul - len cloud knells all night long;
ff
Sad storm, whose tears are vain, Bare woods whose
cresc. poco accel.
branch - es stain, Deep caves and drear - y main;
accel.
ff
fff
Wail, for the worlds wrong!
fff
con fuoco
sf

# 70
# Mirage

(1902)

C. G. Rossetti

Moderato

*p*

The hope I dreamed of was a

dream, was but a dream; and now I wake ex - ceed - ing com - fort-

less, and worn and old, for a dream's sake My si - lent heart lie still and break;

*pp* *a tempo*

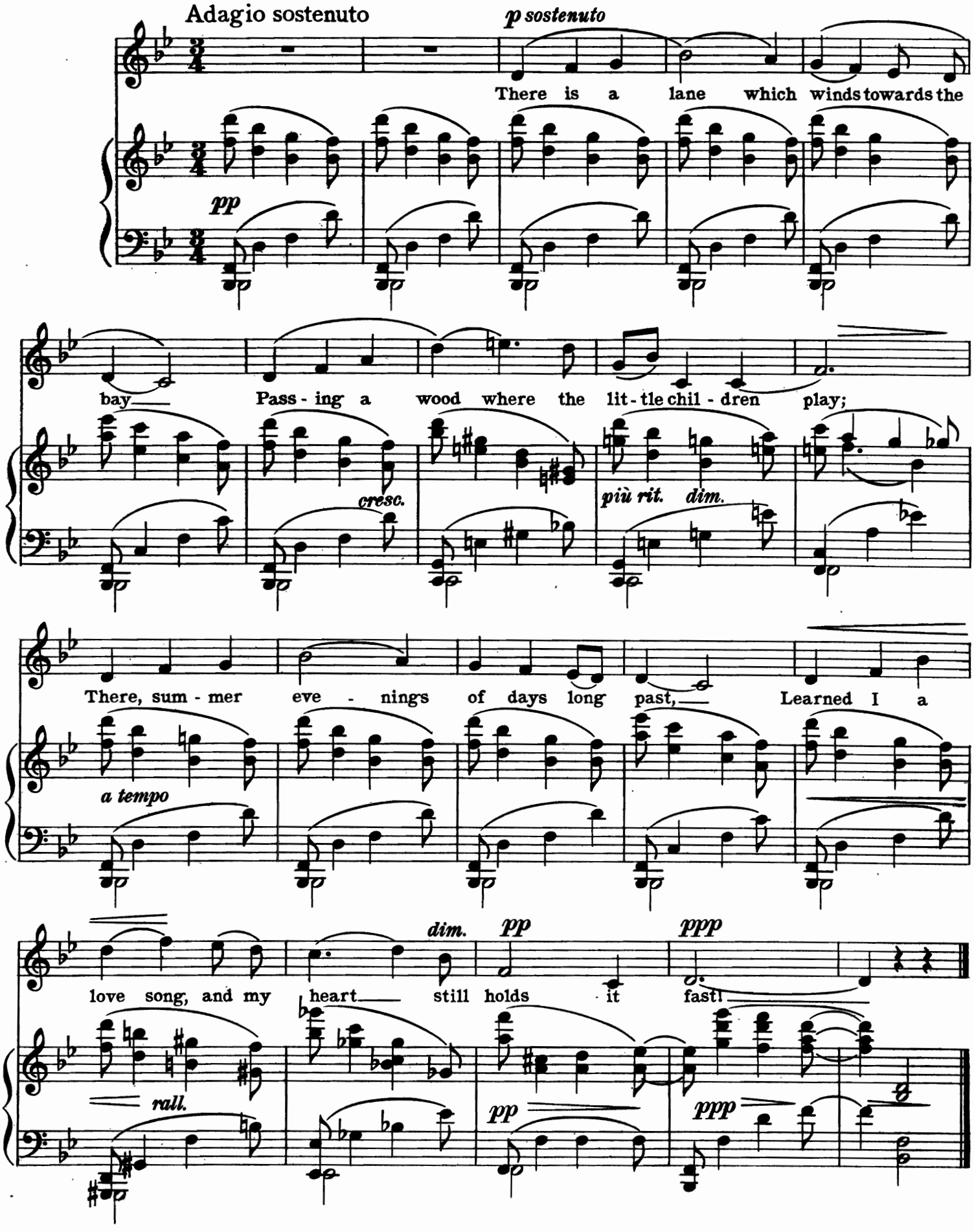
Life, and the world, and my own self_ are changed, for a dream's sake.

*rall.*

*ppp* *a tempo*

# 71
# There is a Lane

(1902)

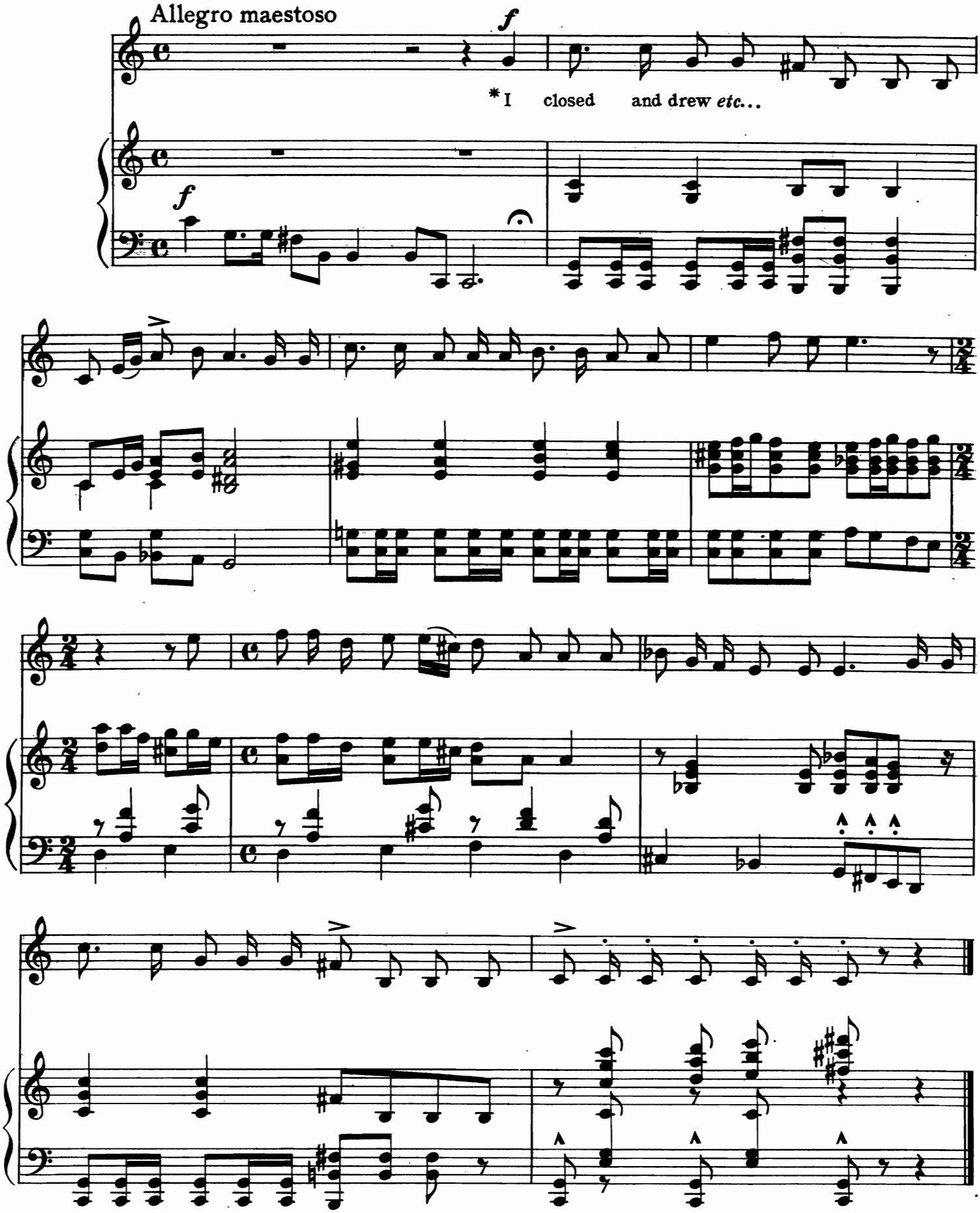


# 72

# Tarrant Moss

(1902)

Kipling

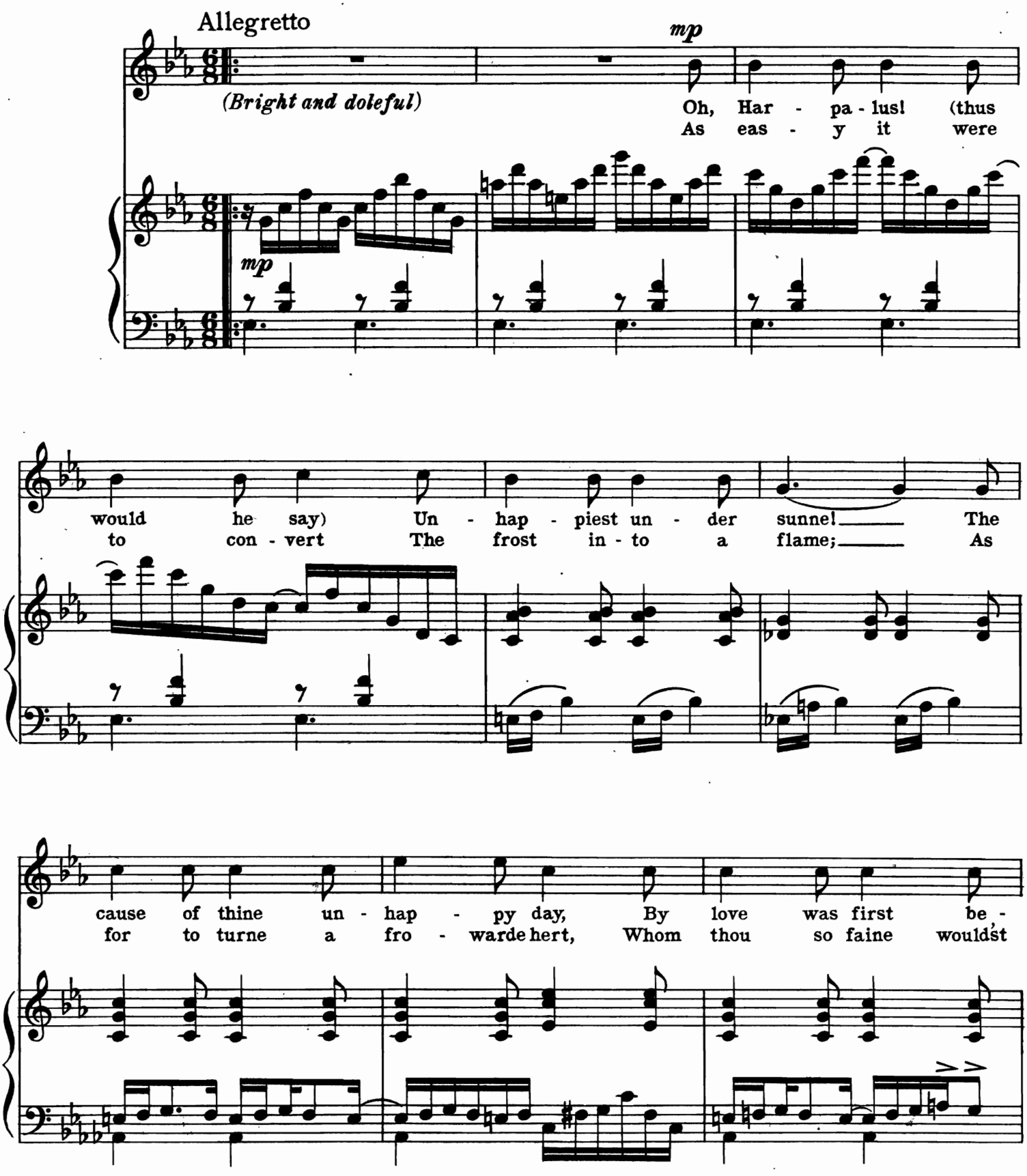


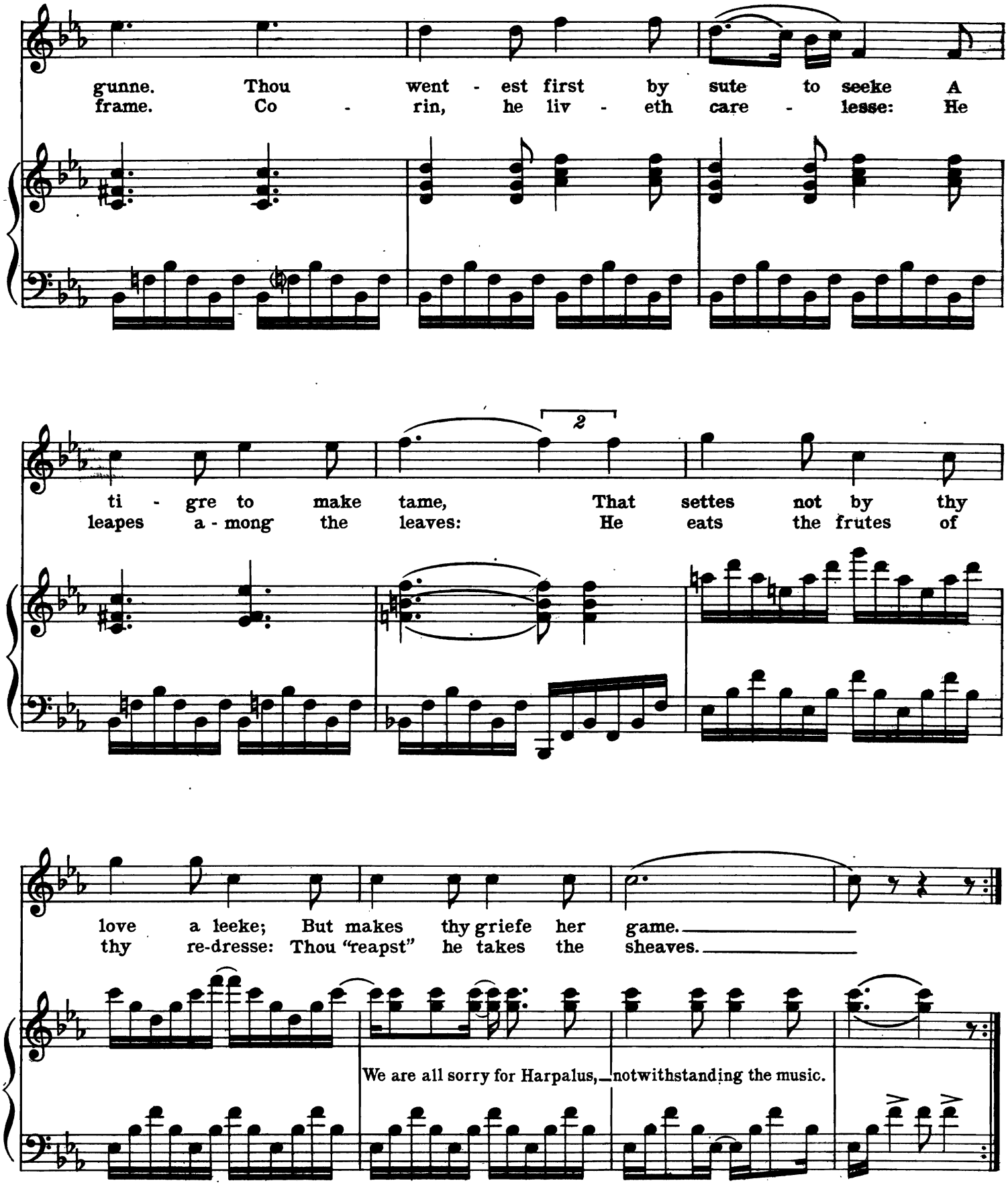

*Permission to use this verse had not been obtained from Mr. Kipling at the time of going to press.

# 73
# Harpalus
## (An Ancient Pastoral)

(1902)

from "Reliques"
Thomas Percy

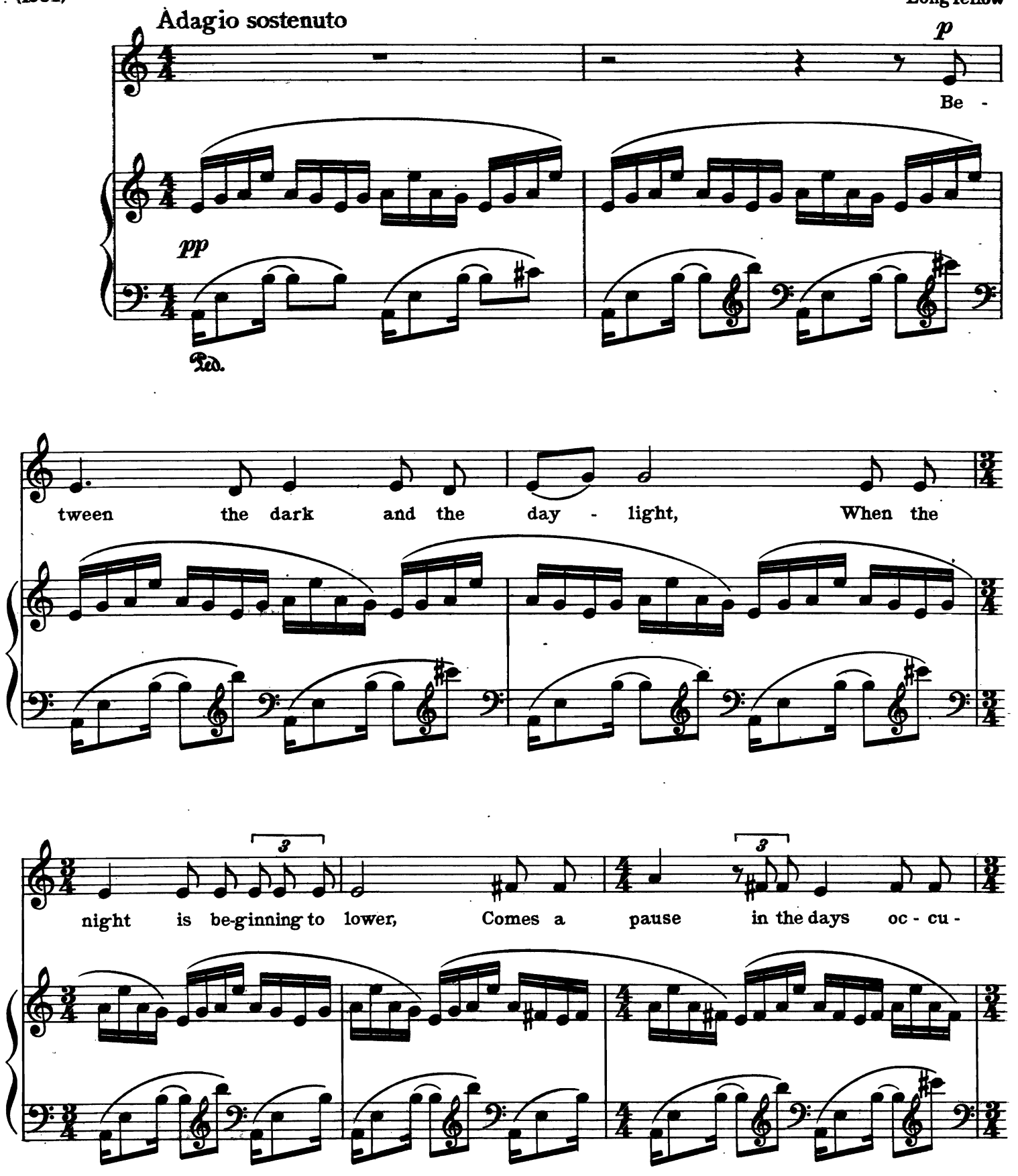


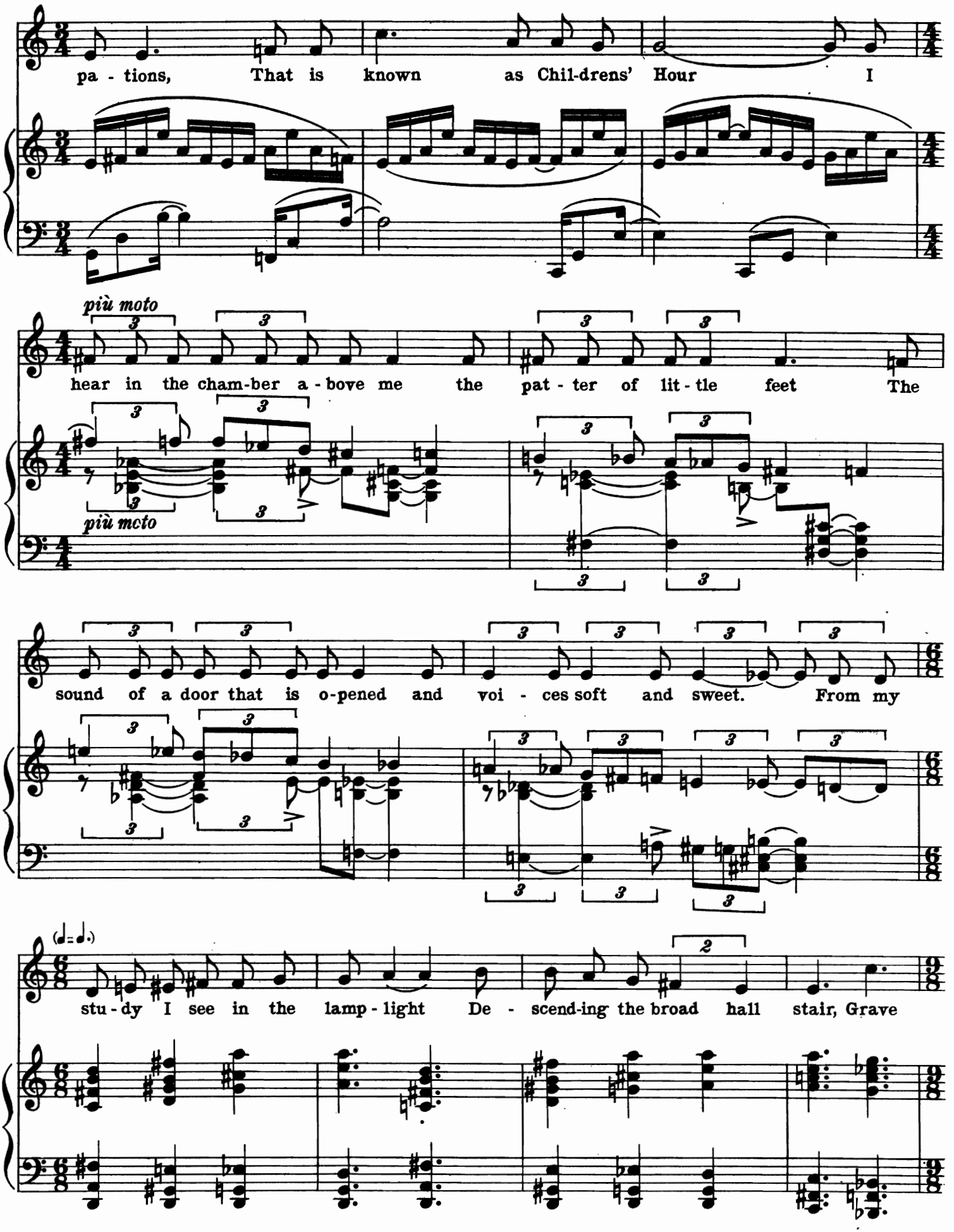

gunne. Thou went - est first by sute to seeke A
frame. Co - rin, he liv - eth care - lesse: He
2
ti - gre to make tame, That settes not by thy
leapes a - mong the leaves: He eats the frutes of
love a leeke; But makes thy griefe her game.
thy re-dresse: Thou "reapst" he takes the sheaves.
We are all sorry for Harpalus, notwithstanding the music.

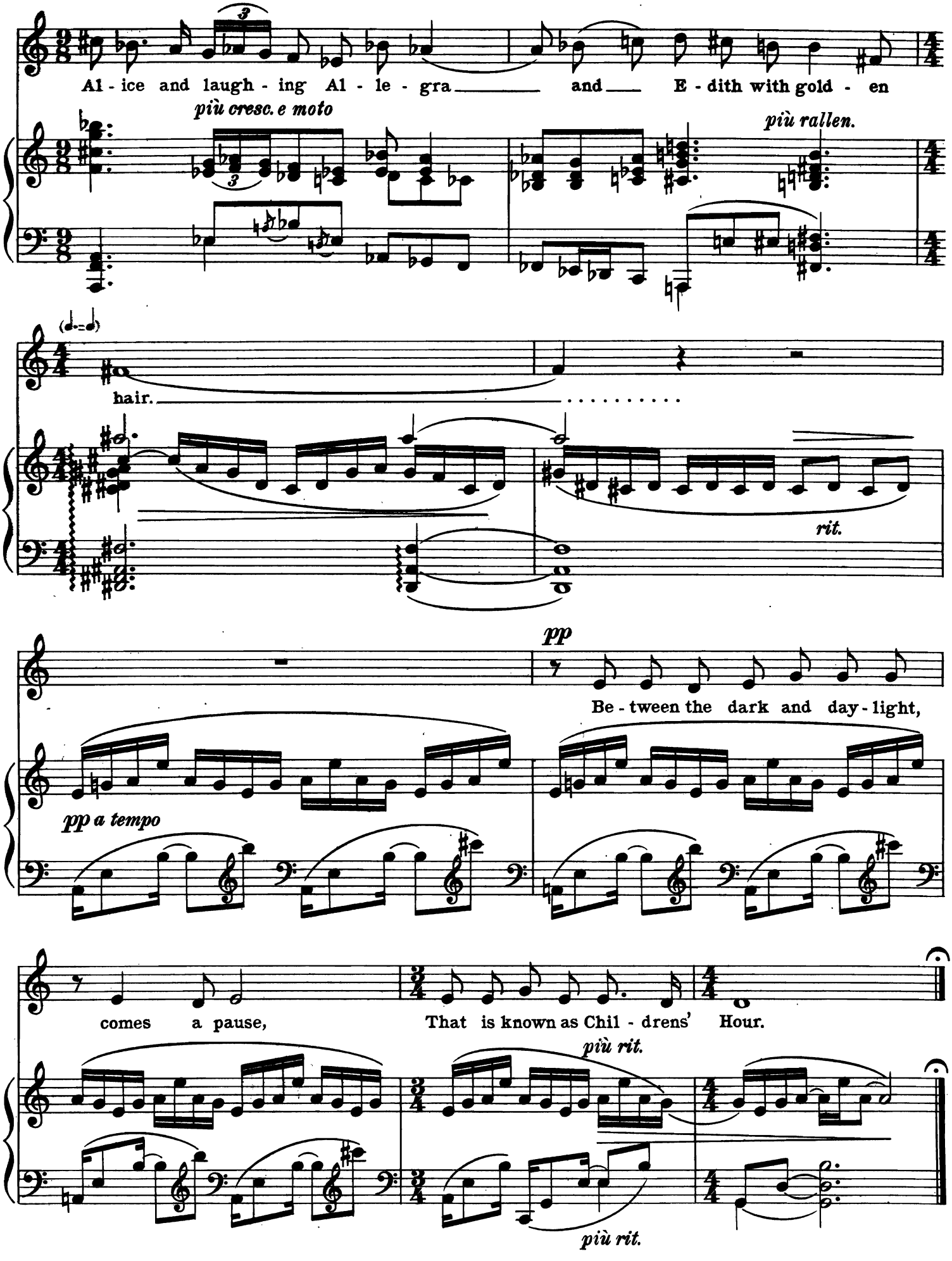
# 74
# The Childrens' Hour

(1901)

Longfellow




pa - tions, That is known as Chil-drens' Hour I
più moto
più moto
hear in the cham-ber a - bove me the pat - ter of lit - tle feet The
sound of a door that is o-pened and voi - ces soft and sweet. From my
(♩=♩.)
stu - dy I see in the lamp - light De - scend-ing the broad hall stair, Grave


Al - ice and laugh - ing Al - le - gra and E - dith with gold - en
più cresc. e moto
più rallen.
hair.
rit.
pp
Be - tween the dark and day - light,
pp a tempo
comes a pause,
That is known as Chil - drens' Hour.
più rit.
più rit.

# 75

# I travelled among unknown men

(1901)

Wordsworth

Andante con moto

*mp*

I trav - elled a - mong

*p*

un - known men, In lands be-yond the sea; Nor Eng - land did I know till then, Nor

*p*

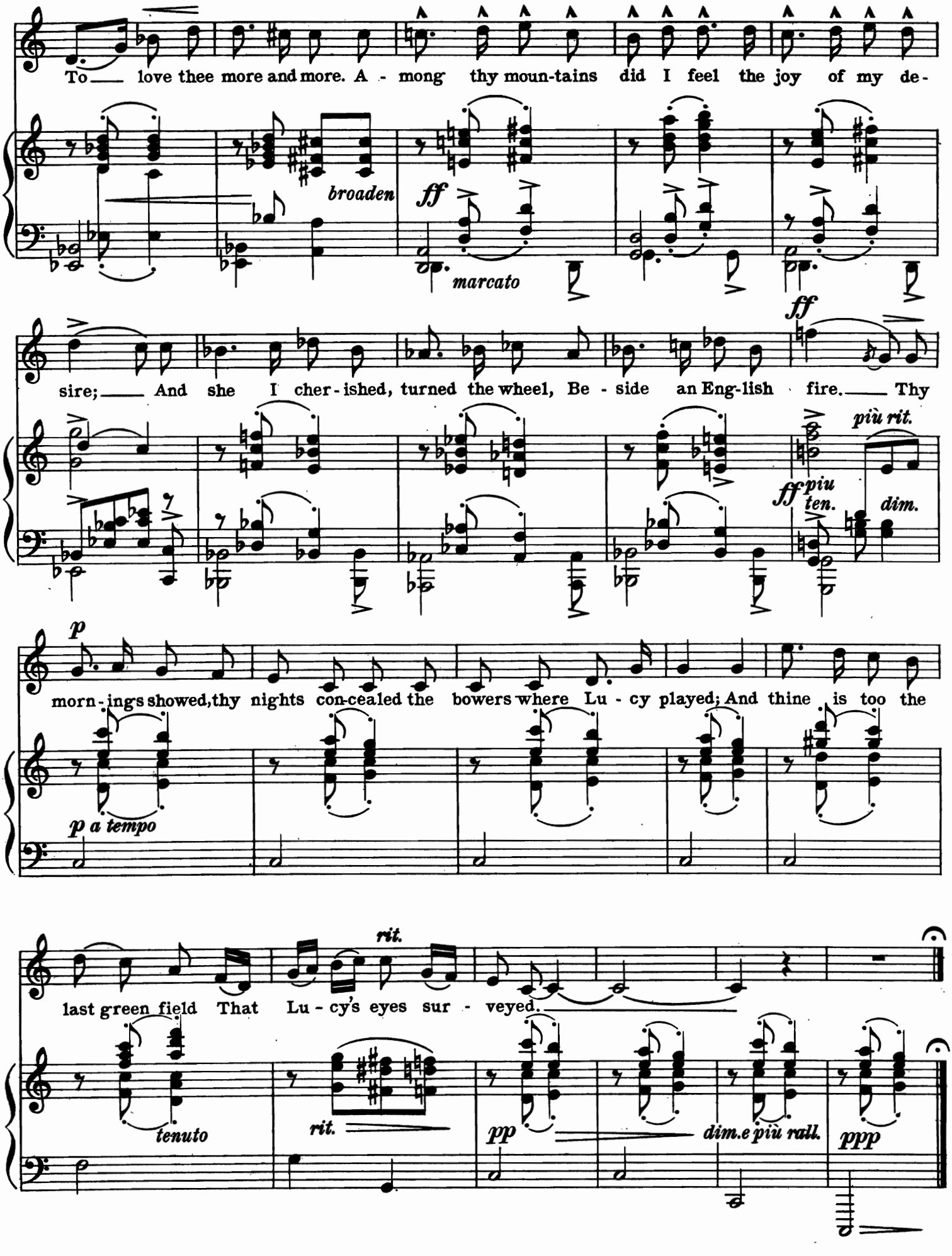
Eng - land did I know till then, What love I bore to thee. 'Tis past, that mel - an -

*e più moto*

*f*

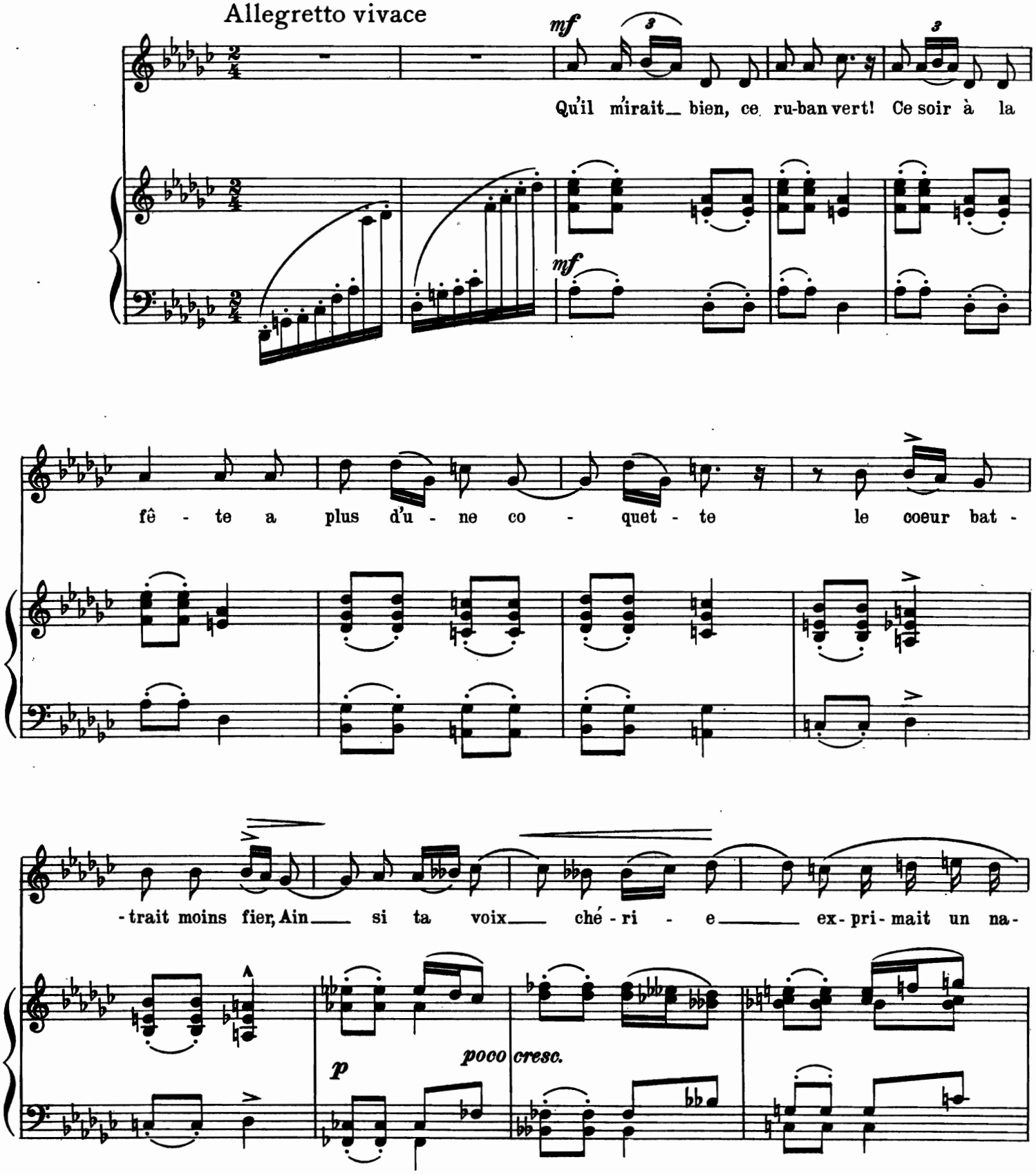
*mf*

chol - y dream! Nor will I quit thy shore A sec - ond time, for still I seem

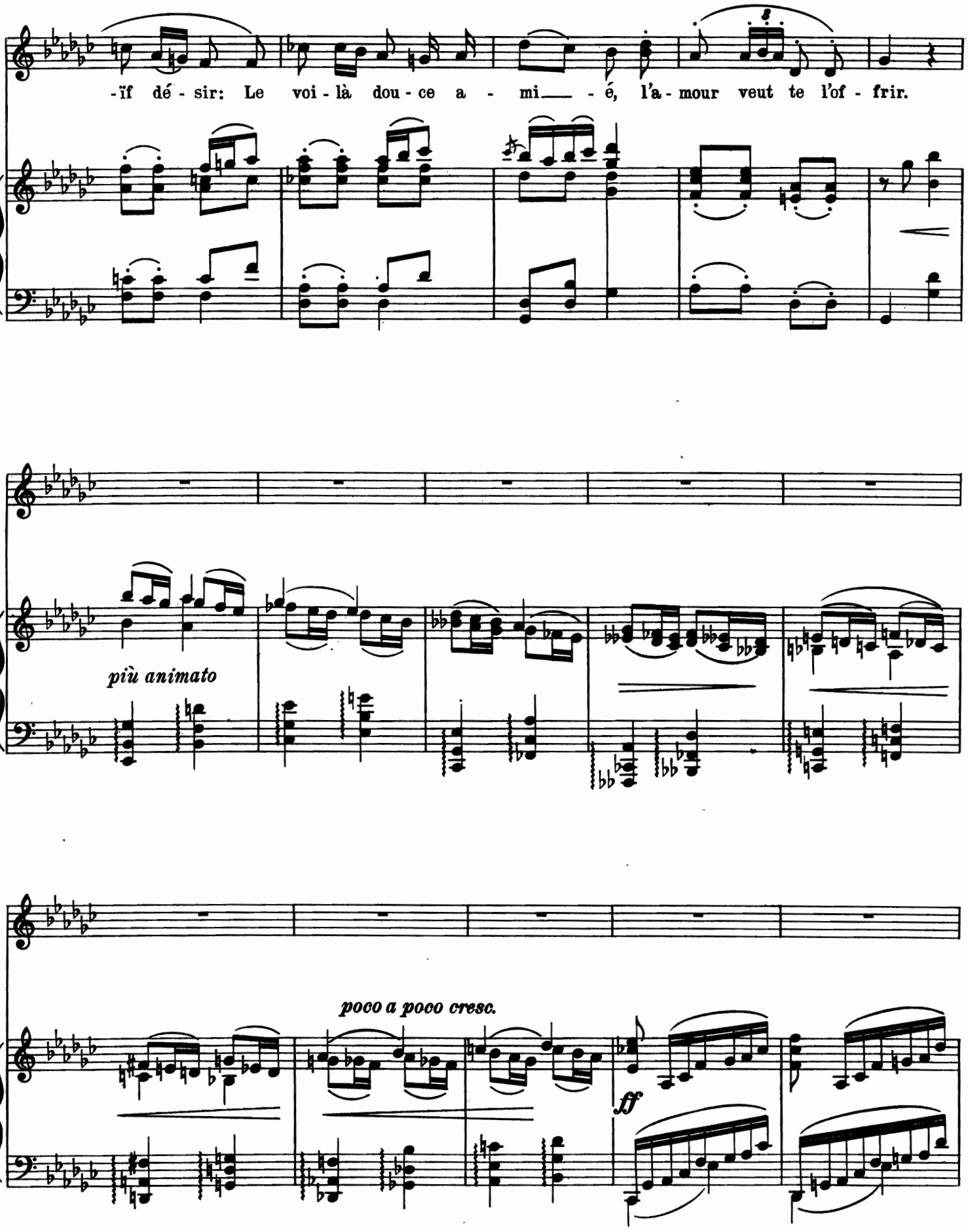

To love thee more and more. A - mong thy moun-tains did I feel the joy of my de-
broaden
ff
marcato
sire; And she I cher - ished, turned the wheel, Be - side an Eng-lish fire. Thy
ff
più rit.
ff piu ten.
dim.
p
morn - ings showed, thy nights con-cealed the bowers where Lu - cy played; And thine is too the
p a tempo
last green field That Lu - cy's eyes sur - veyed.
rit.
tenuto
rit.
pp
dim.e più rall.
ppp

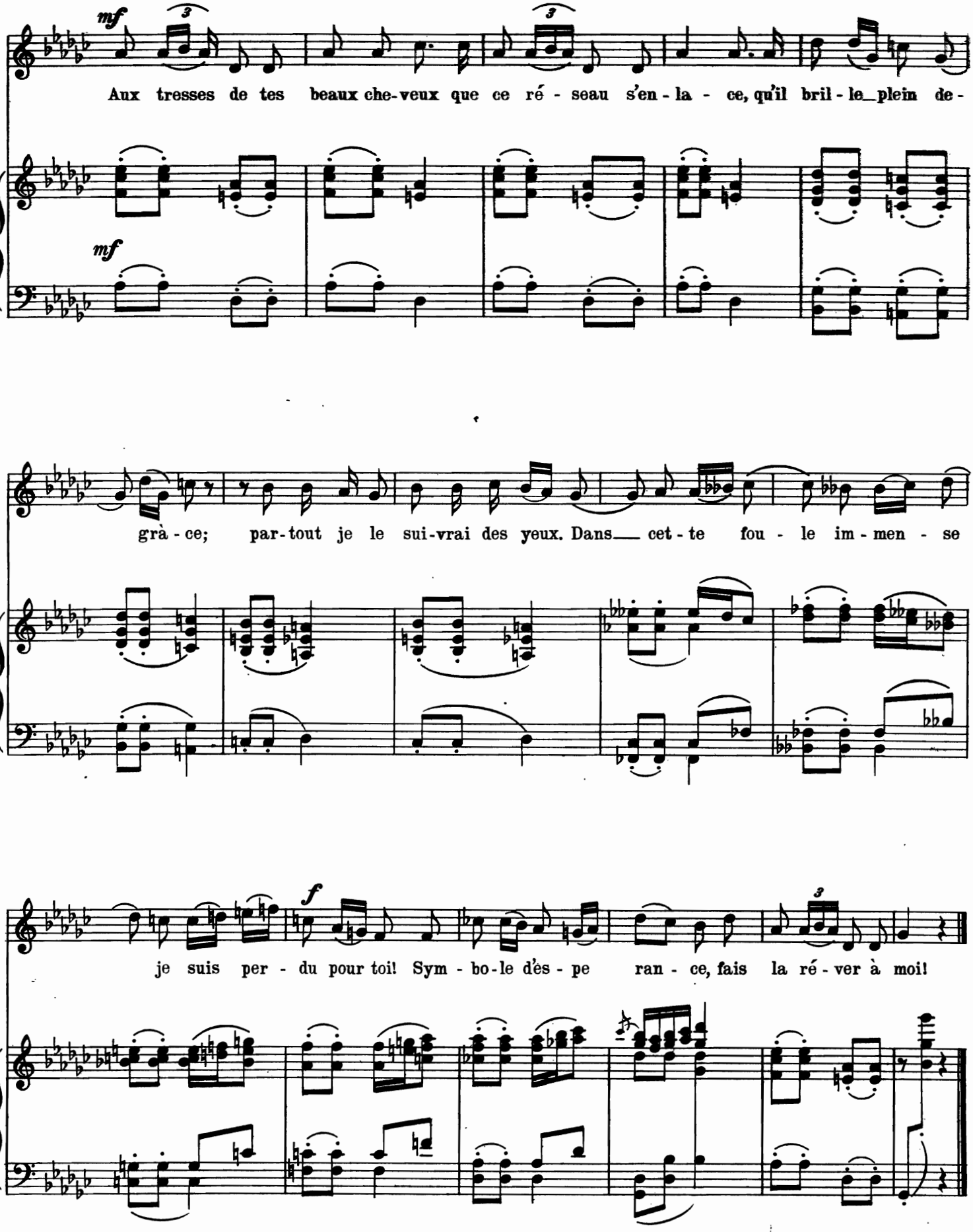
# 76
# Qu'il m'irait bien

(1901)



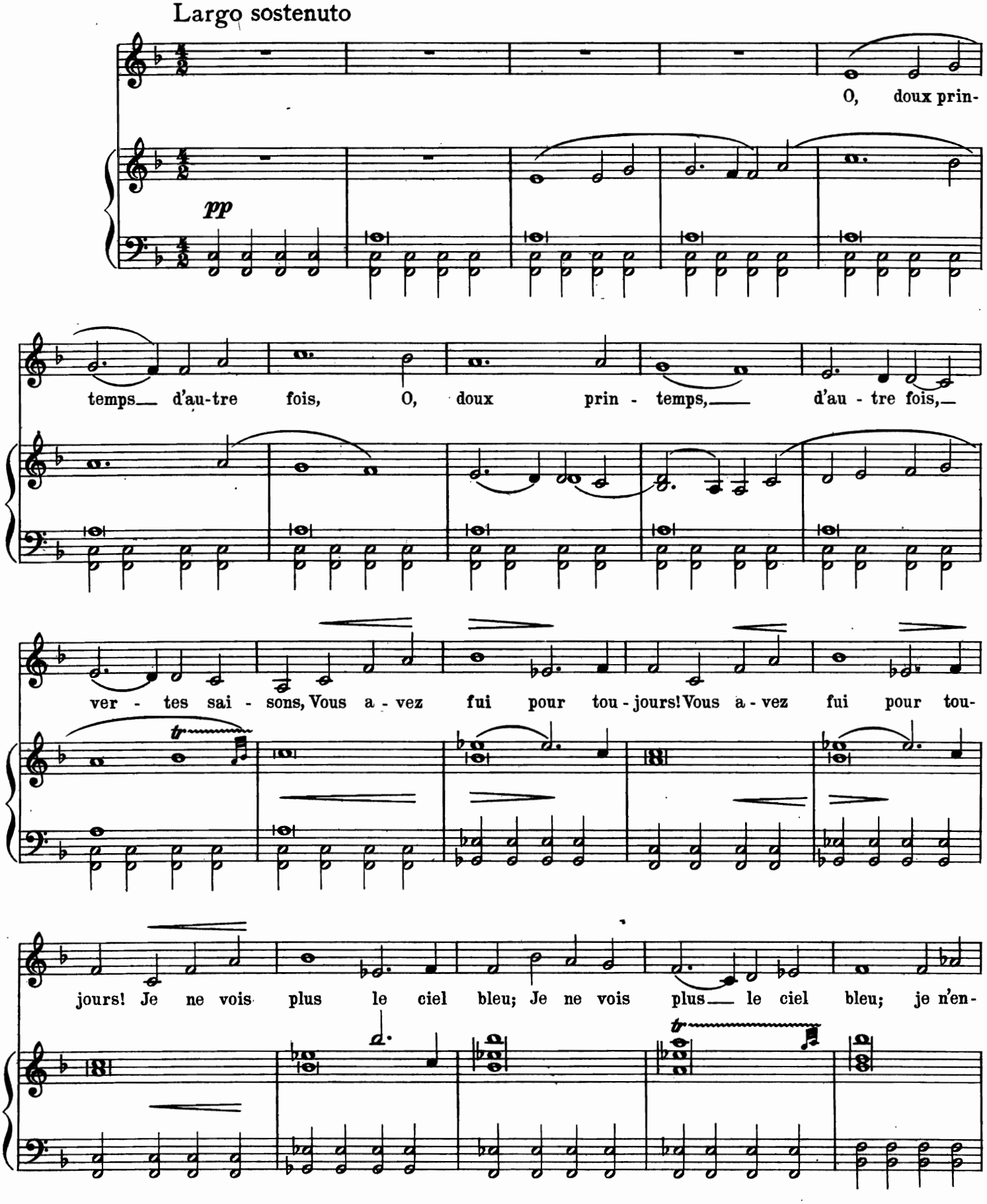

Nos. 76, 77, 78, 79, comprise a group of French Songs

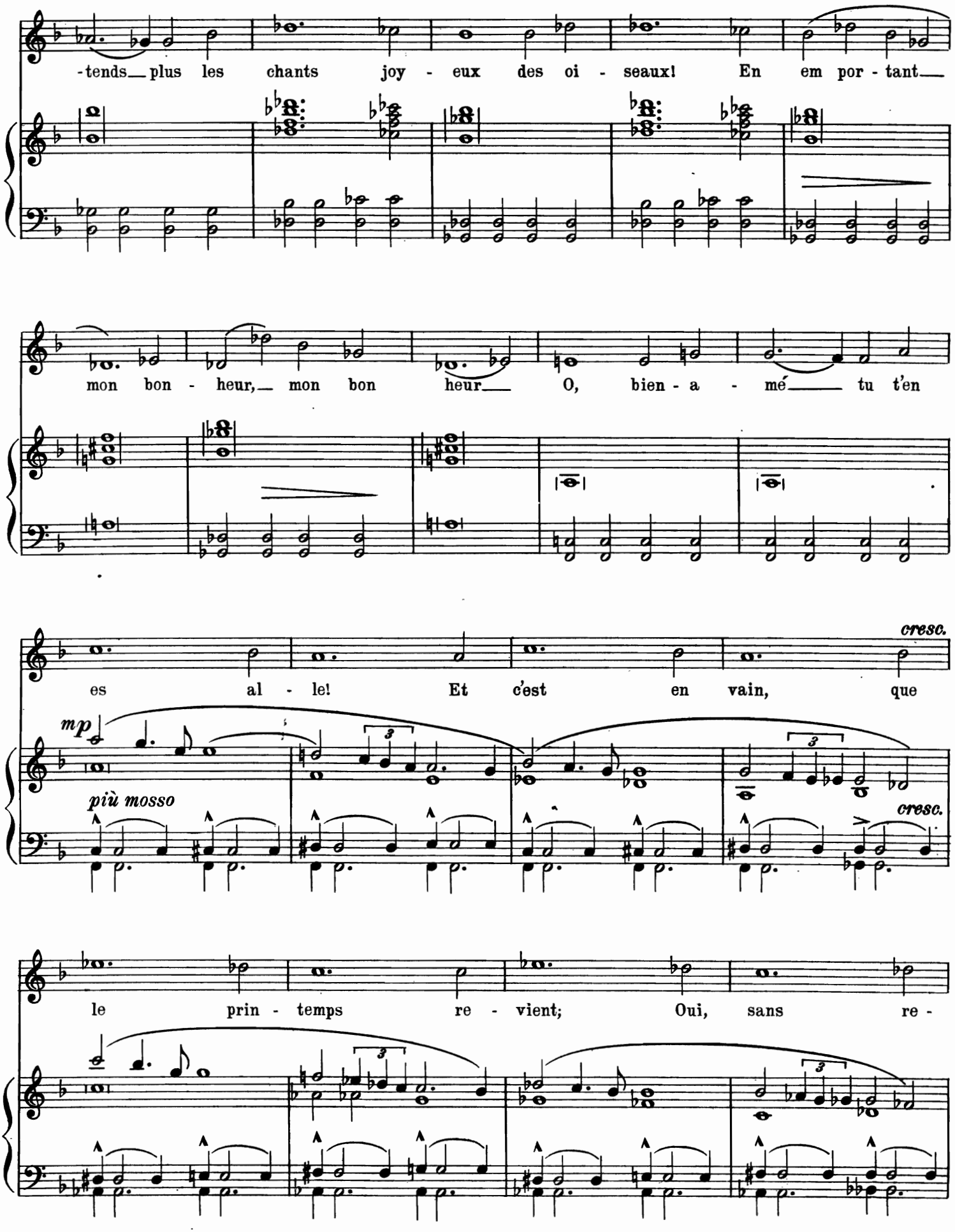

-if dé - sir: Le voi - là dou - ce a - mi — - é, l'a - mour veut te l'of - frir.
più animato
poco a poco cresc.
ff

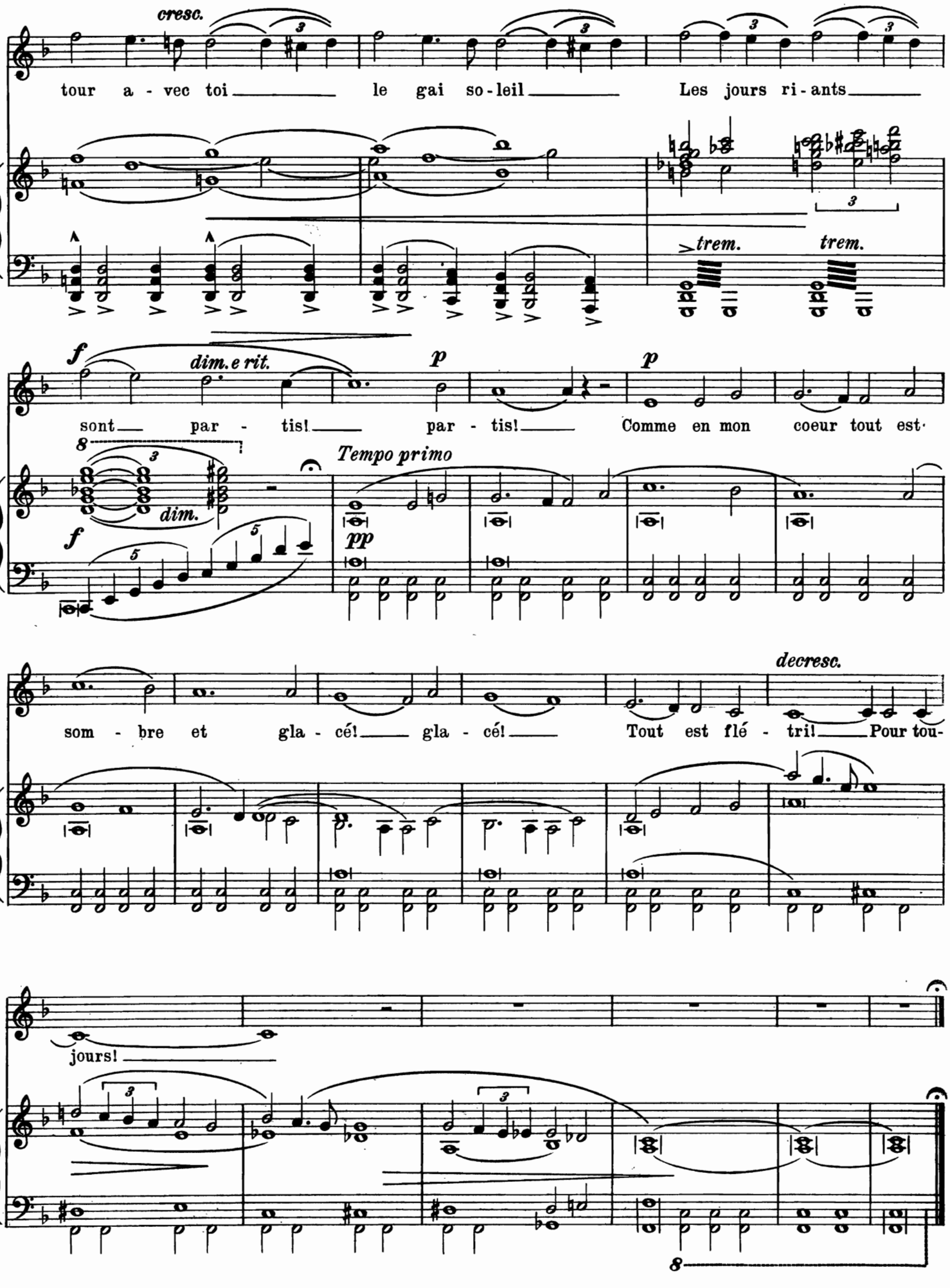

mf
Aux tresses de tes beaux che-veux que ce ré - seau s'en - la - ce, qu'il bril - le plein de -
mf
grà - ce; par-tout je le sui-vrai des yeux. Dans cet - te fou - le im - men - se
f
je suis per - du pour toi! Sym - bo-le d'es - pe ran - ce, fais la ré - ver à moi!

# 77
# Elégie

(1901) Gallet



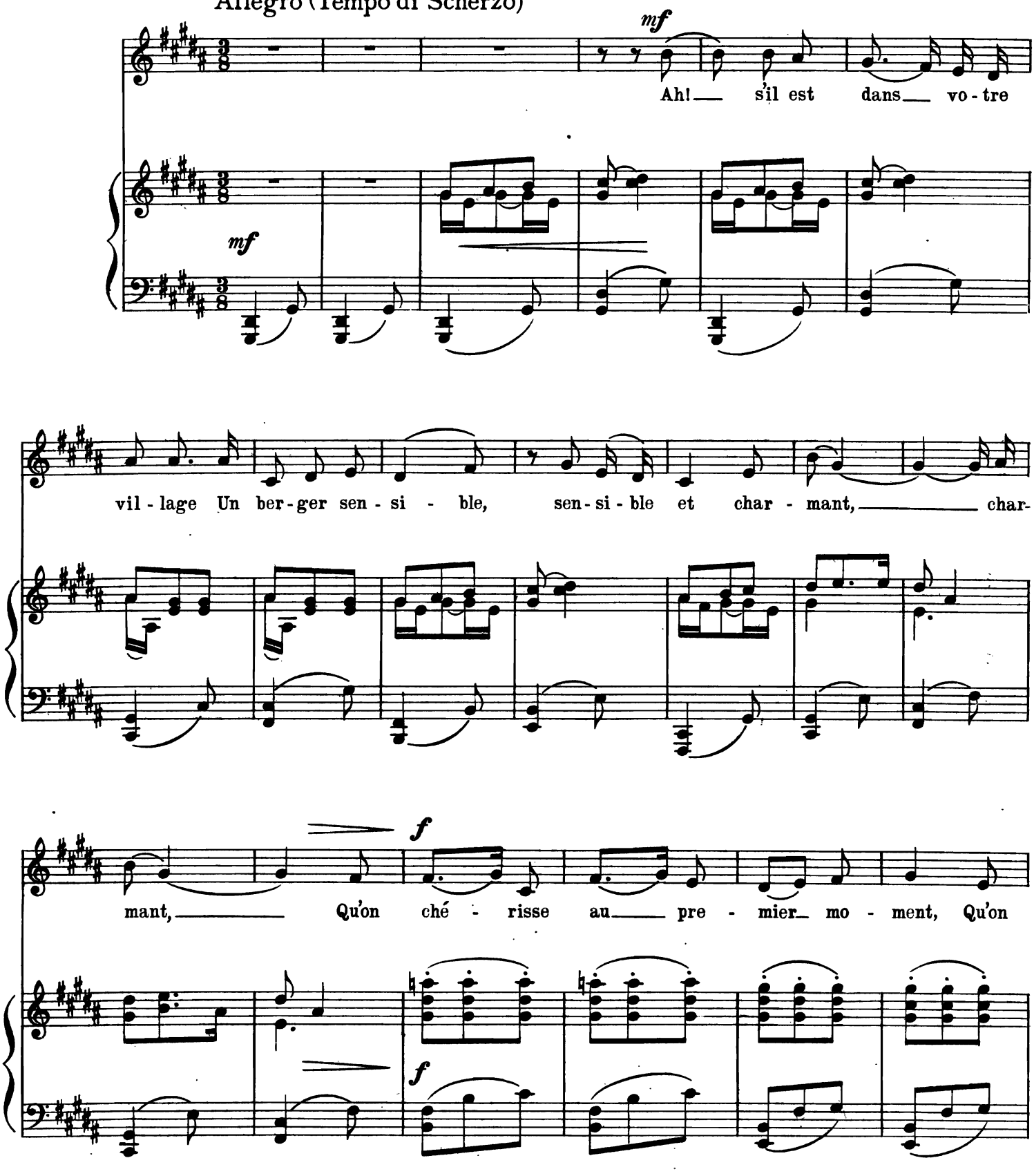

-tends plus les chants joy - eux des oi - seaux! En em por - tant
mon bon - heur, mon bon heur O, bien - a - mé tu t'en
es al - le! Et c'est en vain, que
cresc.
mp
più mosso
cresc.
le prin - temps re - vient; Oui, sans re -


cresc.
tour a - vec toi le gai so - leil Les jours ri - ants
trem.
trem.
f
dim. e rit.
p
p
sont par - tis! par - tis! Comme en mon coeur tout est·
8
dim.
f
Tempo primo
pp
decresc.
som - bre et gla - cé! gla - cé! Tout est flé - tri! Pour tou-
jours!
8

# 78
# Chanson de Florian

(1901) J. P. Claris de Florian

Allegro (Tempo di Scherzo)



aime en sui - te d'a - van - ta - ge, Ah! C'est mon a - mi, ren

— dez le moi! j'ai - son a - mour il a — ma foi!

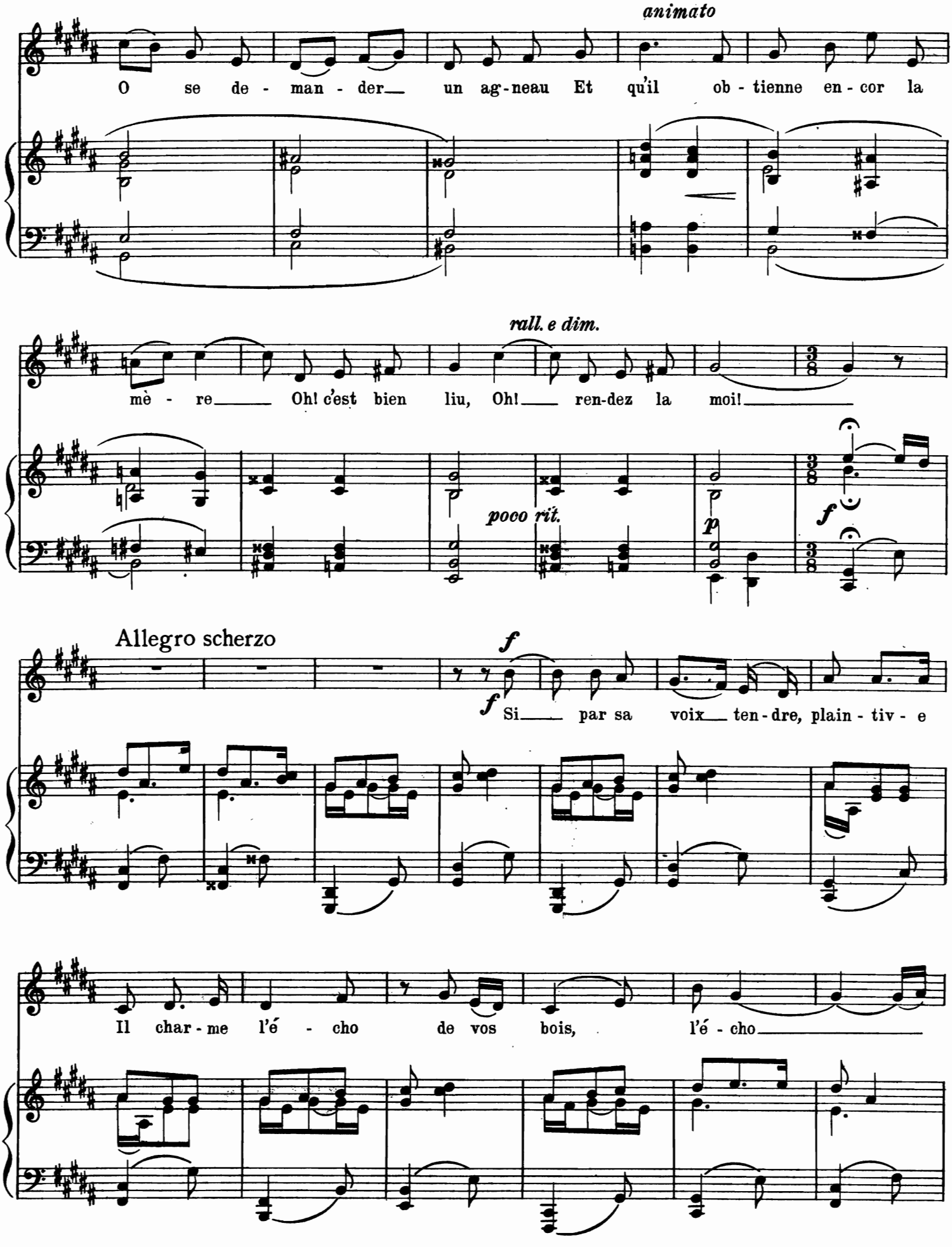
J'ai son a - mour — il a — ma foi! — ma foi!

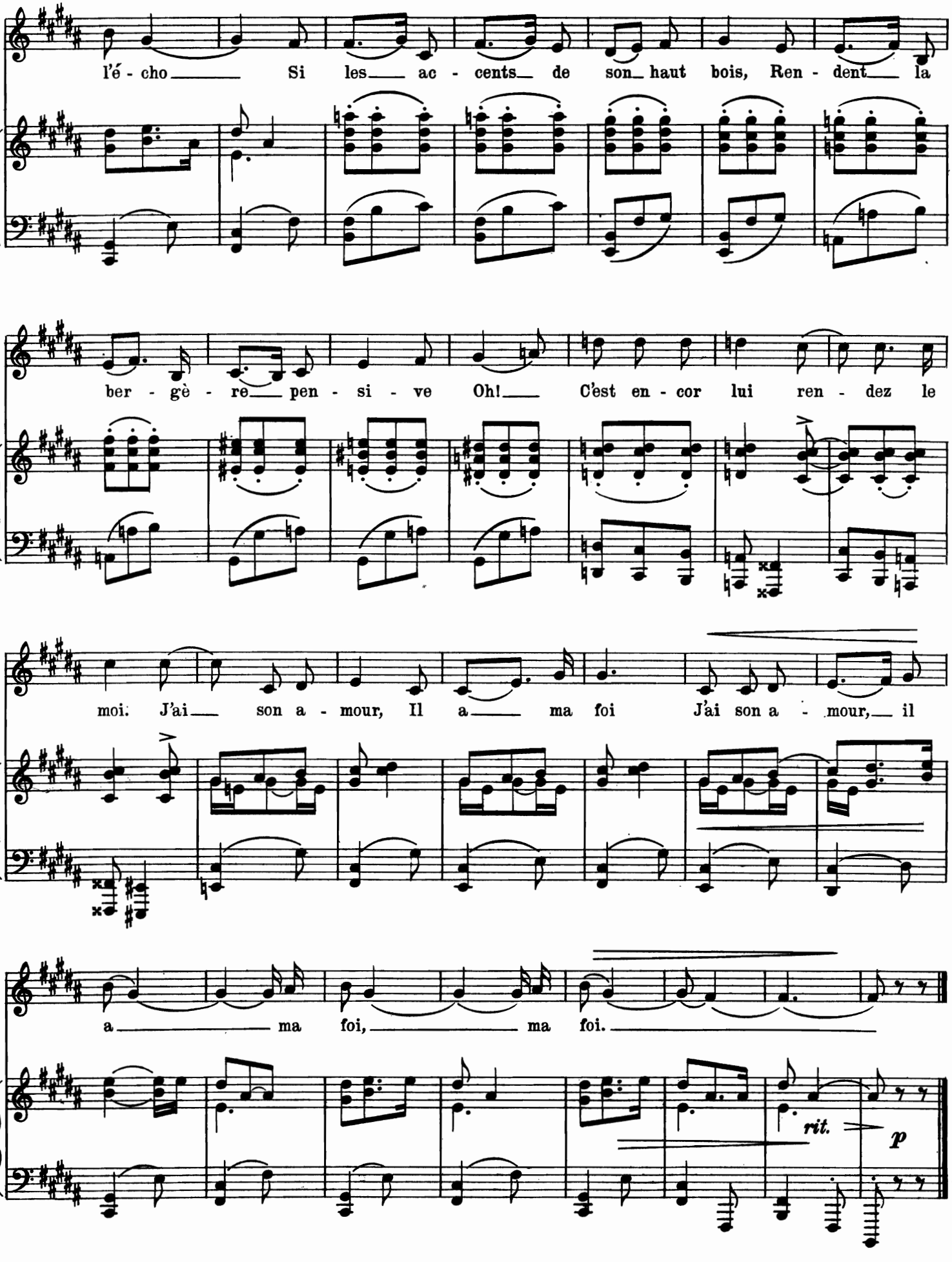
Moderato

*mp*

Si pas-sant près de sa chau - mière Le pauvre, en voy-ant son trou - peau,

*mp*


animato
O se de - man - der un ag - neau Et qu'il ob - tienne en - cor la
rall. e dim.
mè - re Oh! c'est bien liu, Oh! ren-dez la moi!
poco rit.
p
f
Allegro scherzo
f
f
Si par sa voix ten - dre, plain - tiv - e
Il char - me l'é - cho de vos bois, l'é - cho

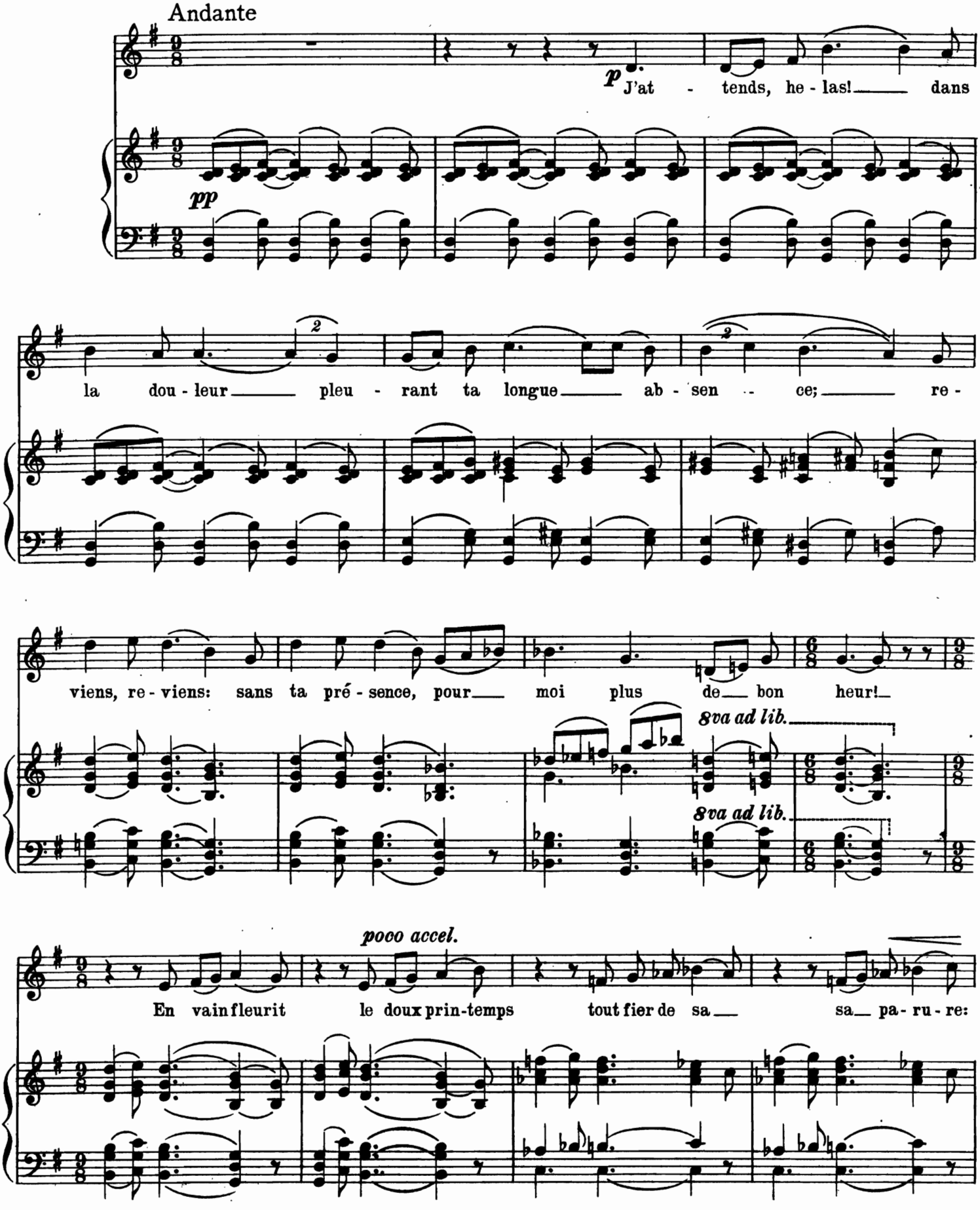

l'é - cho Si les ac - cents de son haut bois, Ren - dent la
ber - gè - re pen - si - ve Oh! C'est en - cor lui ren - dez le
moi: J'ai son a - mour, Il a ma foi J'ai son a - mour, il
a ma foi, ma foi.
rit.
p

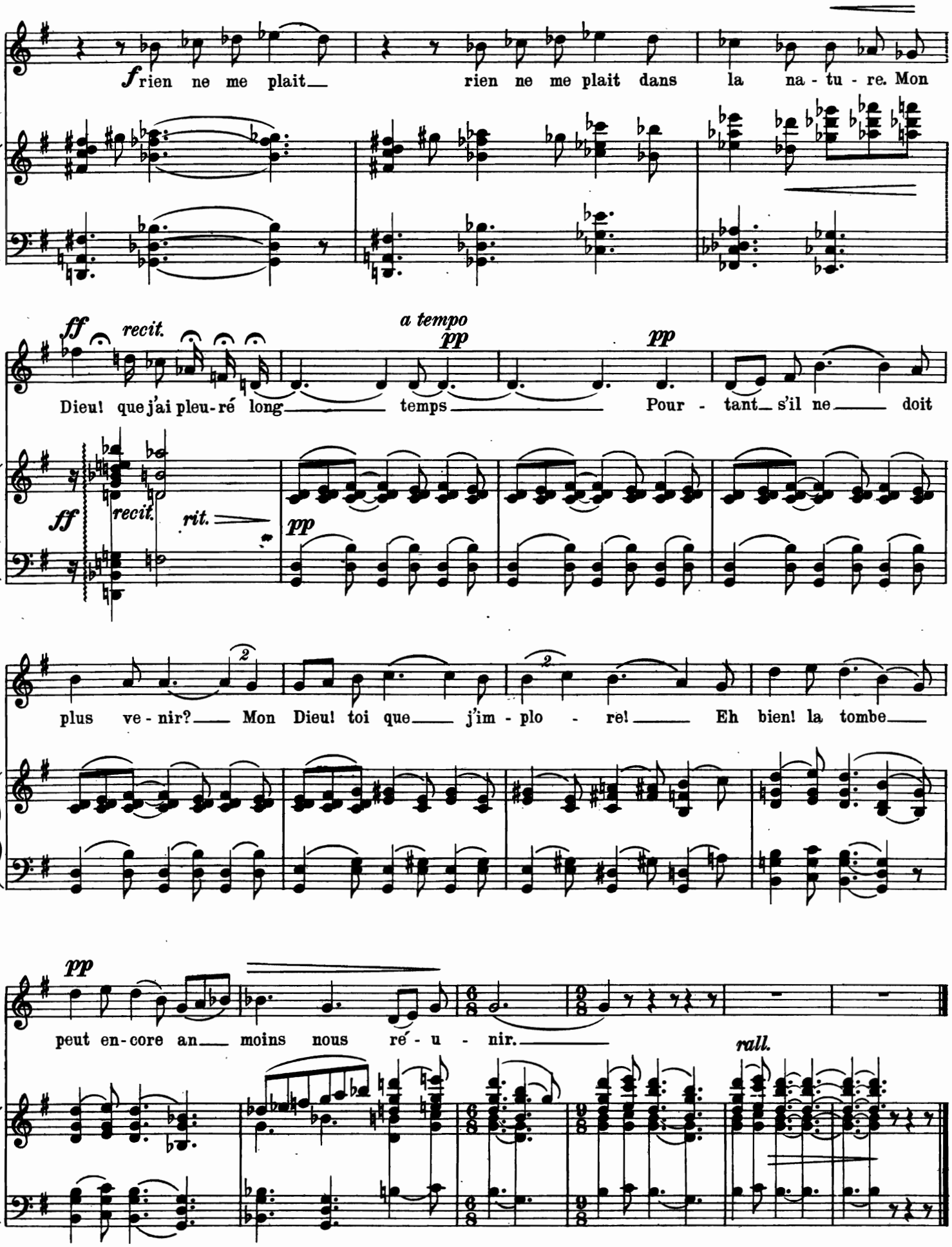
# 79

## De la drama:
# Rosamunde

(1898)

Bĕlanger
From v. Chezy

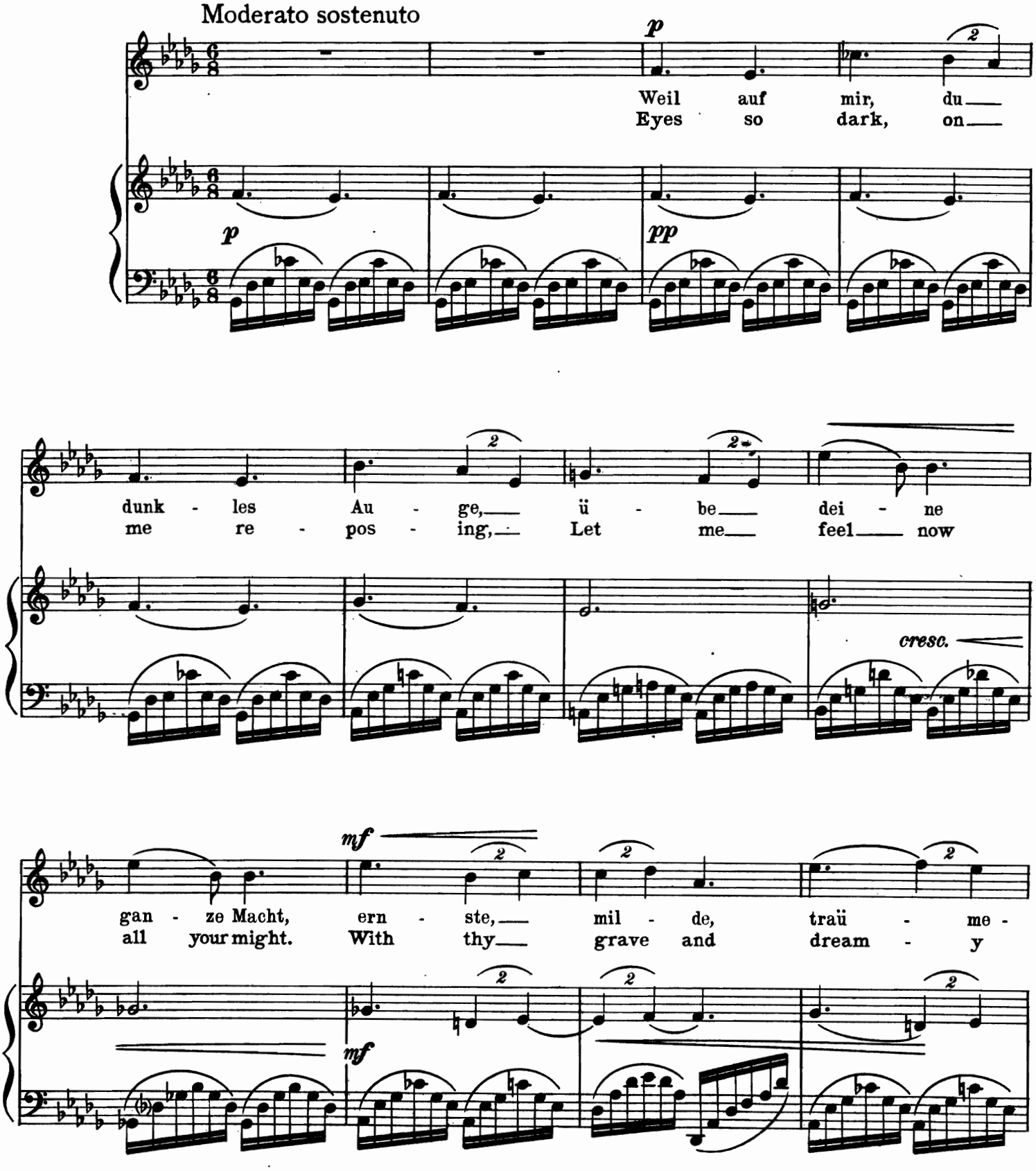



f rien ne me plait rien ne me plait dans la na - tu - re. Mon
ff recit. a tempo pp pp
Dieu! que j'ai pleu-ré long temps Pour - tant s'il ne doit
ff recit. rit. pp
plus ve - nir? Mon Dieu! toi que j'im - plo - re! Eh bien! la tombe
pp
peut en-core an moins nous ré - u - nir.
rall.

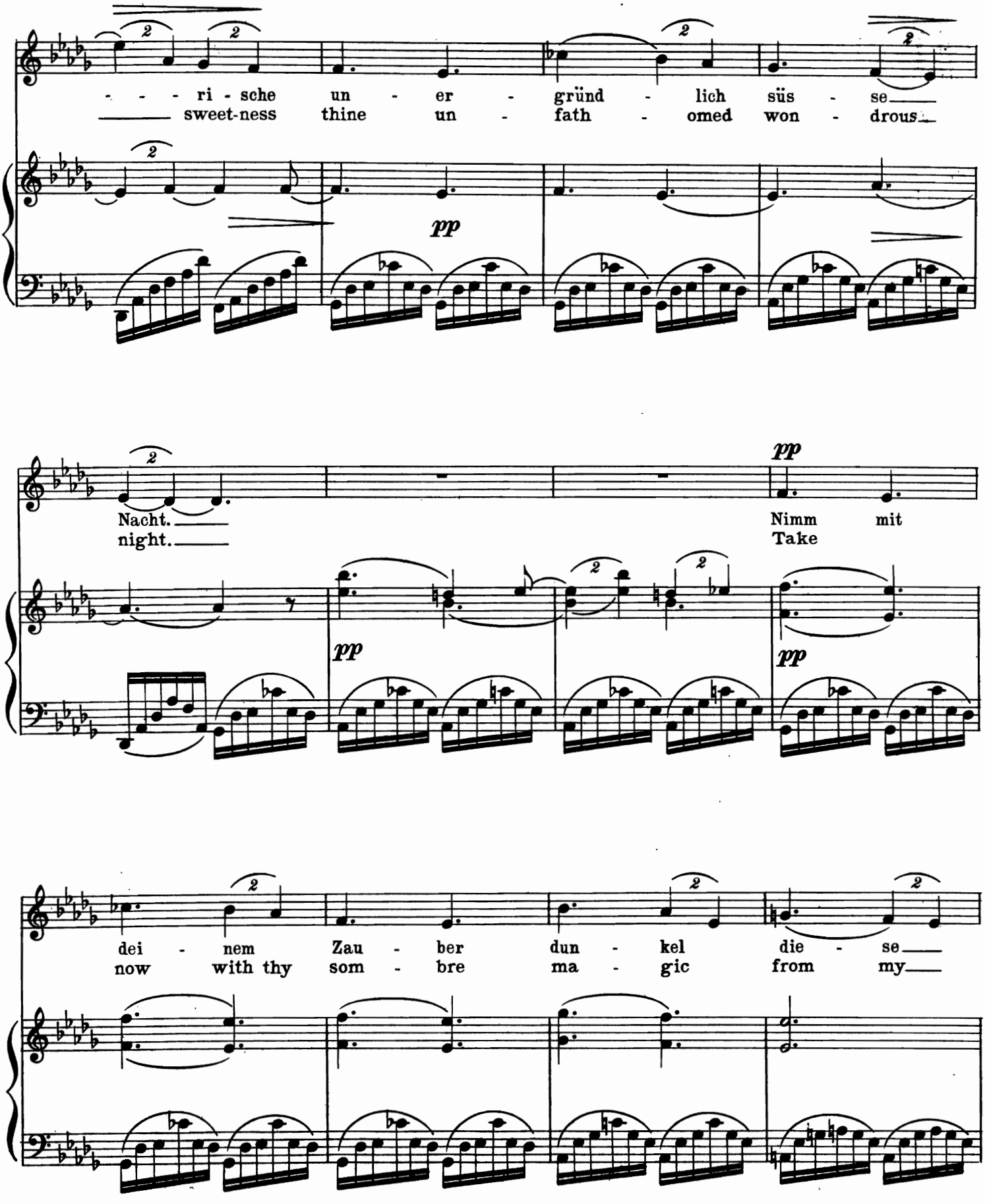
# 80
# Weil' auf mir

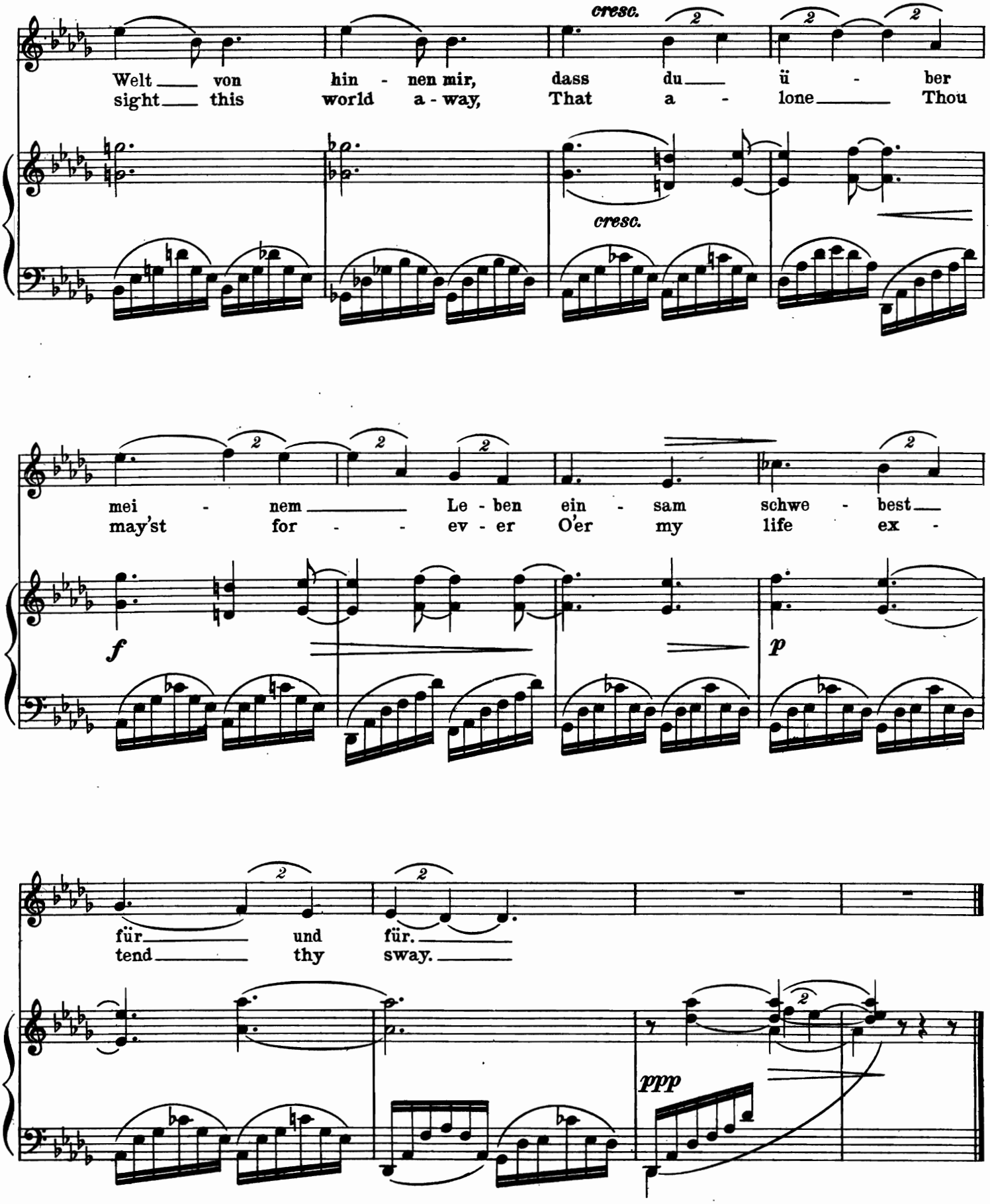
(1902)

Lenau
Westbrook-trans.




Nos. 80, 81, 82, 83, comprise a group of German Songs.


- - - ri - sche un - er - gründ - lich süs - se
sweet-ness thine un - fath - omed won - drous
pp
Nacht.
night.
pp
Nimm mit
Take
pp
pp
dei - nem Zau - ber dun - kel die - se
now with thy som - bre ma - gic from my

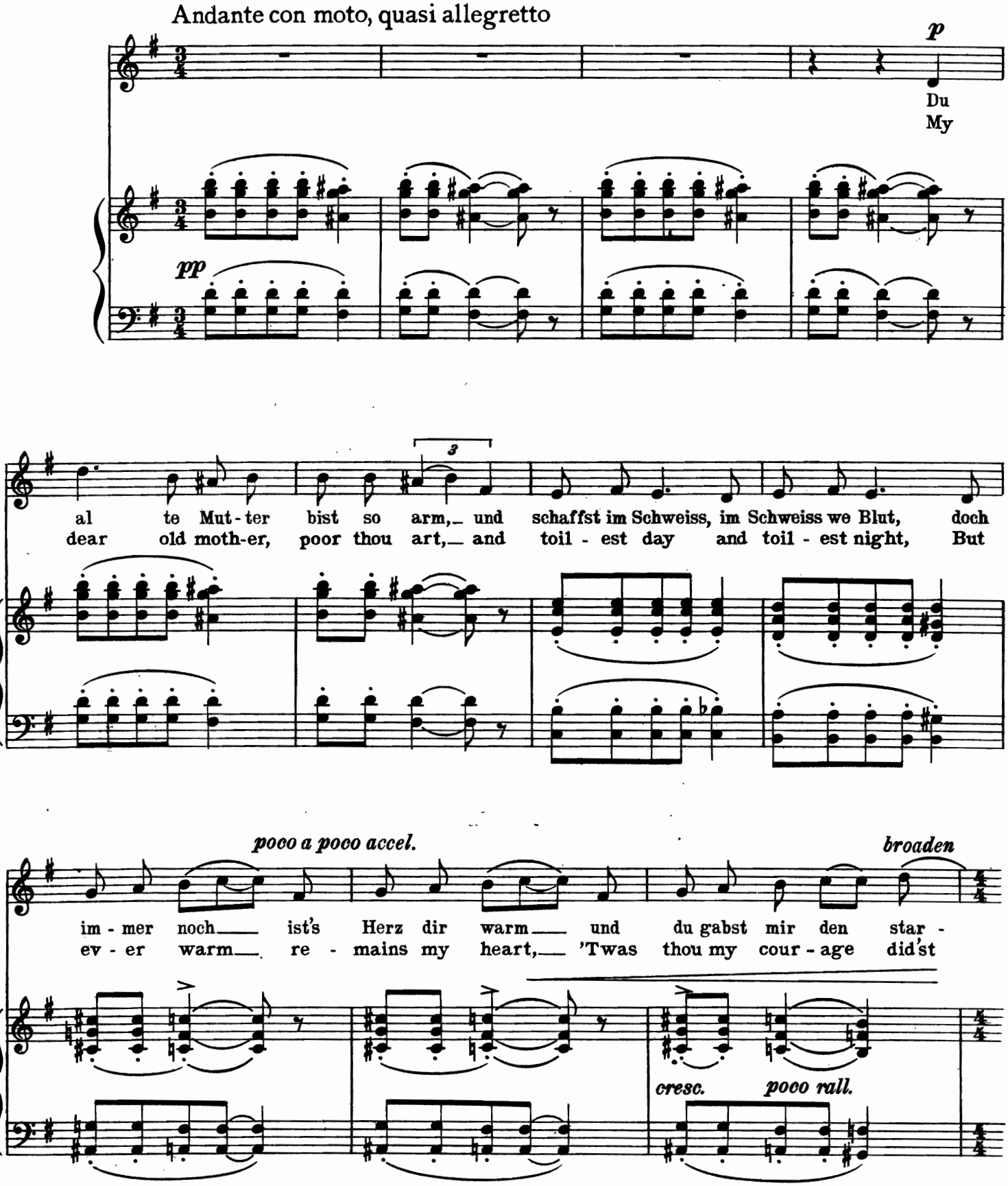

cresc.
Welt von hin - nen mir, dass du ü - ber
sight this world a - way, That a - lone Thou
cresc.
mei - nem Le - ben ein - sam schwe - best
may'st for - ev - er O'er my life ex -
f
p
für und für.
tend thy sway.
ppp

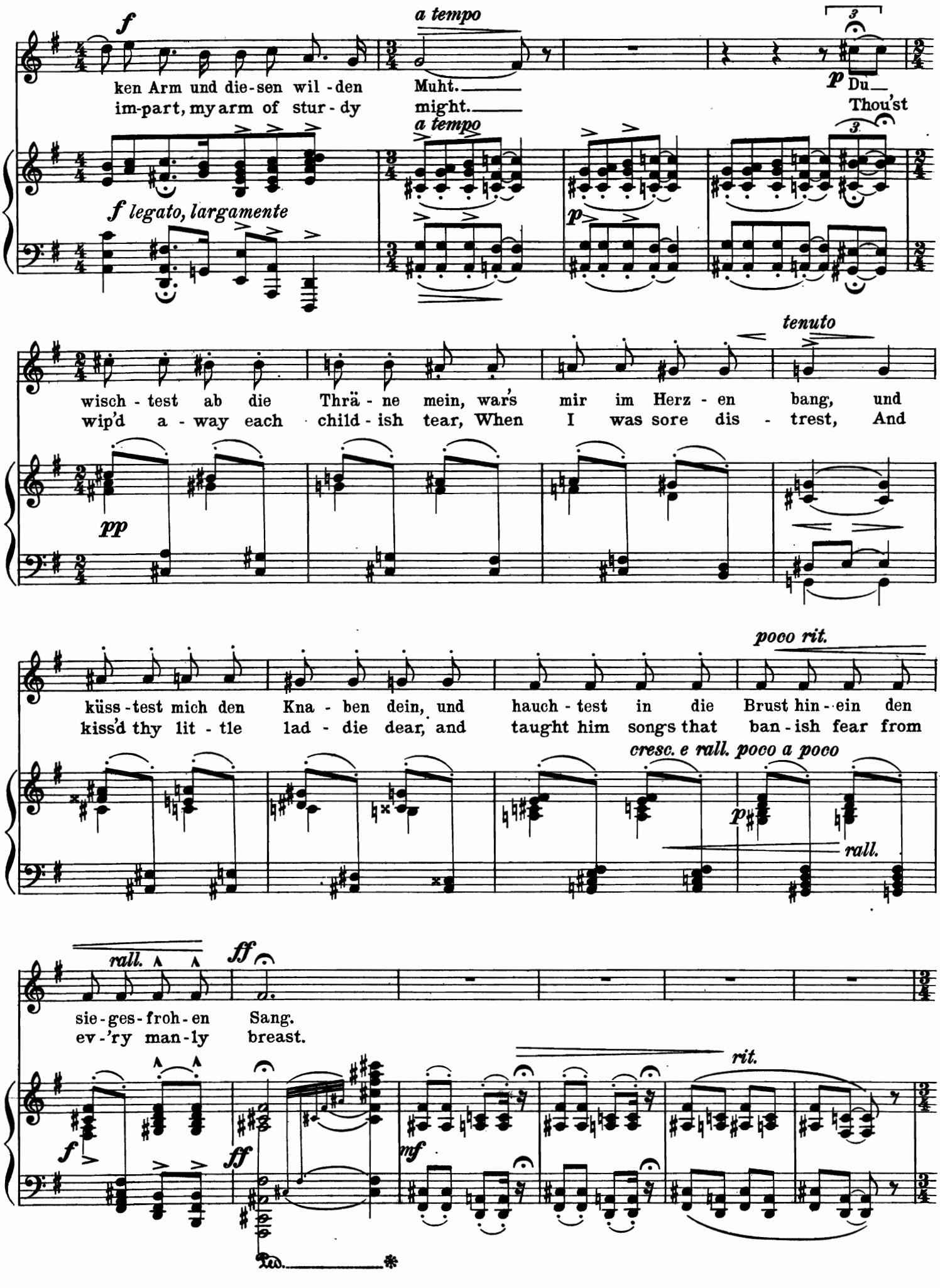
# 81
# The Old Mother

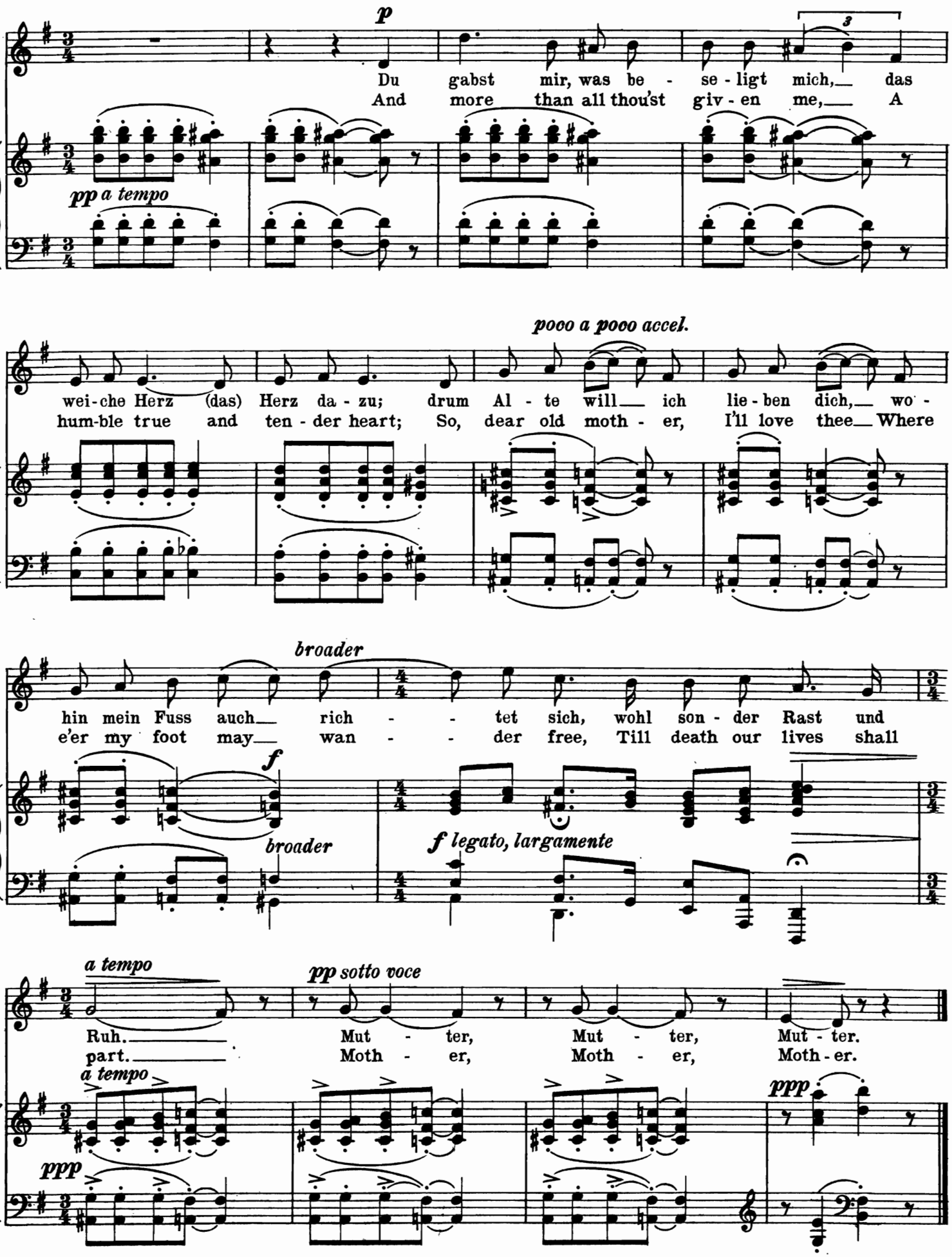
(1900)

Vinje
Corder-trans.

Andante con moto, quasi allegretto




f
a tempo
ken Arm und die-sen wil-den
im-part, my arm of stur-dy
Muht.
might.
p
Du
Thou'st
f legato, largamente
a tempo
p
tenuto
wisch-test ab die Thrä-ne mein, wars mir im Herz-en bang, und
wip'd a-way each child-ish tear, When I was sore dis-trest, And
pp
poco rit.
küss-test mich den Kna-ben dein, und hauch-test in die Brust hin-ein den
kiss'd thy lit-tle lad-die dear, and taught him songs that ban-ish fear from
cresc. e rall. poco a poco
p
rall.
rall.
ff
sie-ges-froh-en Sang.
ev-'ry man-ly breast.
rit.
f
ff
mf

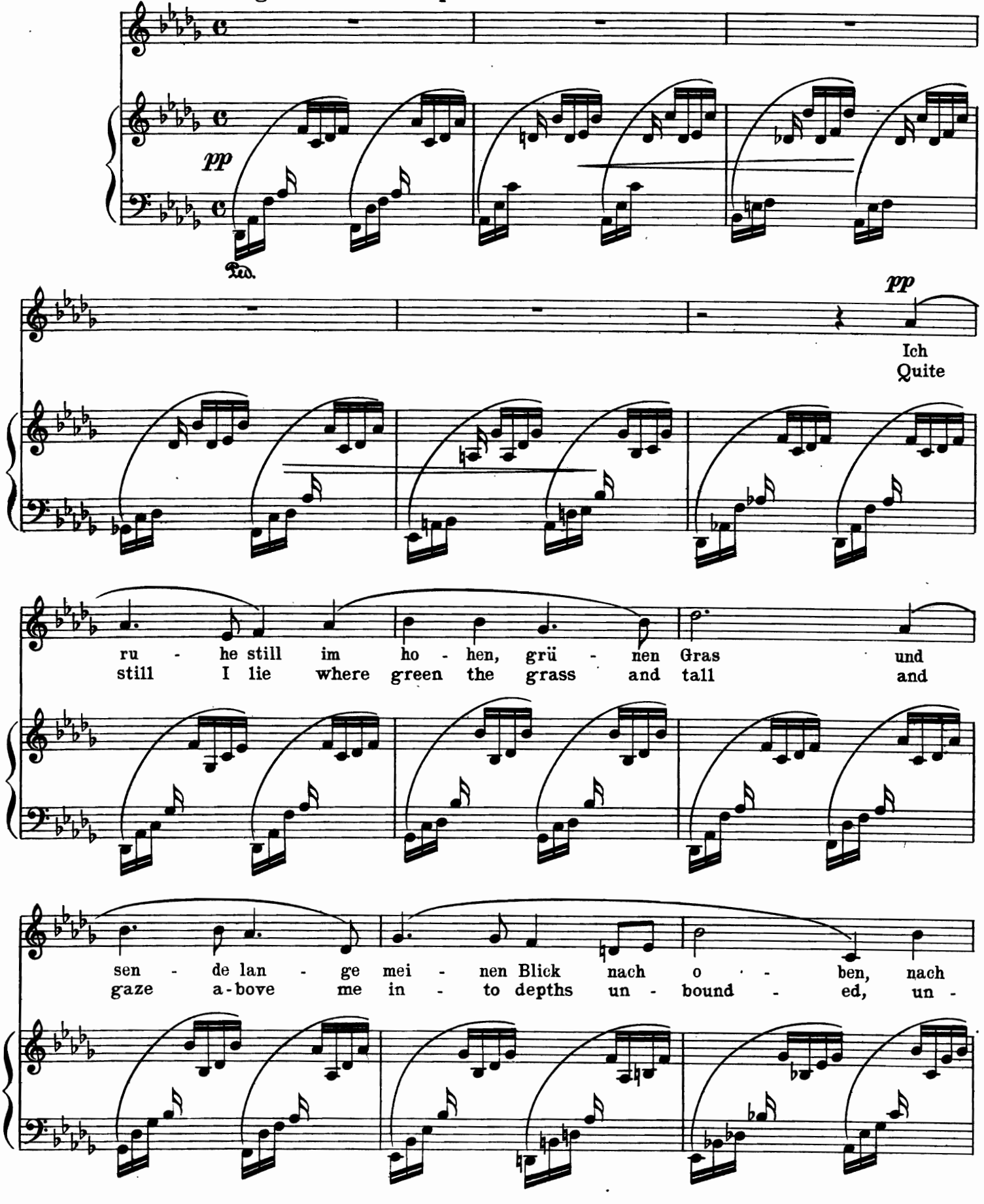

p
Du gabst mir, was be - se - ligt mich, das
And more than all thou'st giv - en me, A
pp a tempo
pooo a pooo accel.
wei - che Herz (das) Herz da - zu; drum Al - te will ich lie - ben dich, wo -
hum-ble true and ten - der heart; So, dear old moth - er, I'll love thee Where
broader
hin mein Fuss auch rich - - tet sich, wohl son - der Rast und
e'er my foot may wan - - der free, Till death our lives shall
f
broader
f legato, largamente
a tempo
pp sotto voce
Ruh.
Mut - ter, Mut - ter, Mut - ter.
part.
Moth - er, Moth - er, Moth - er.
a tempo
ppp
ppp

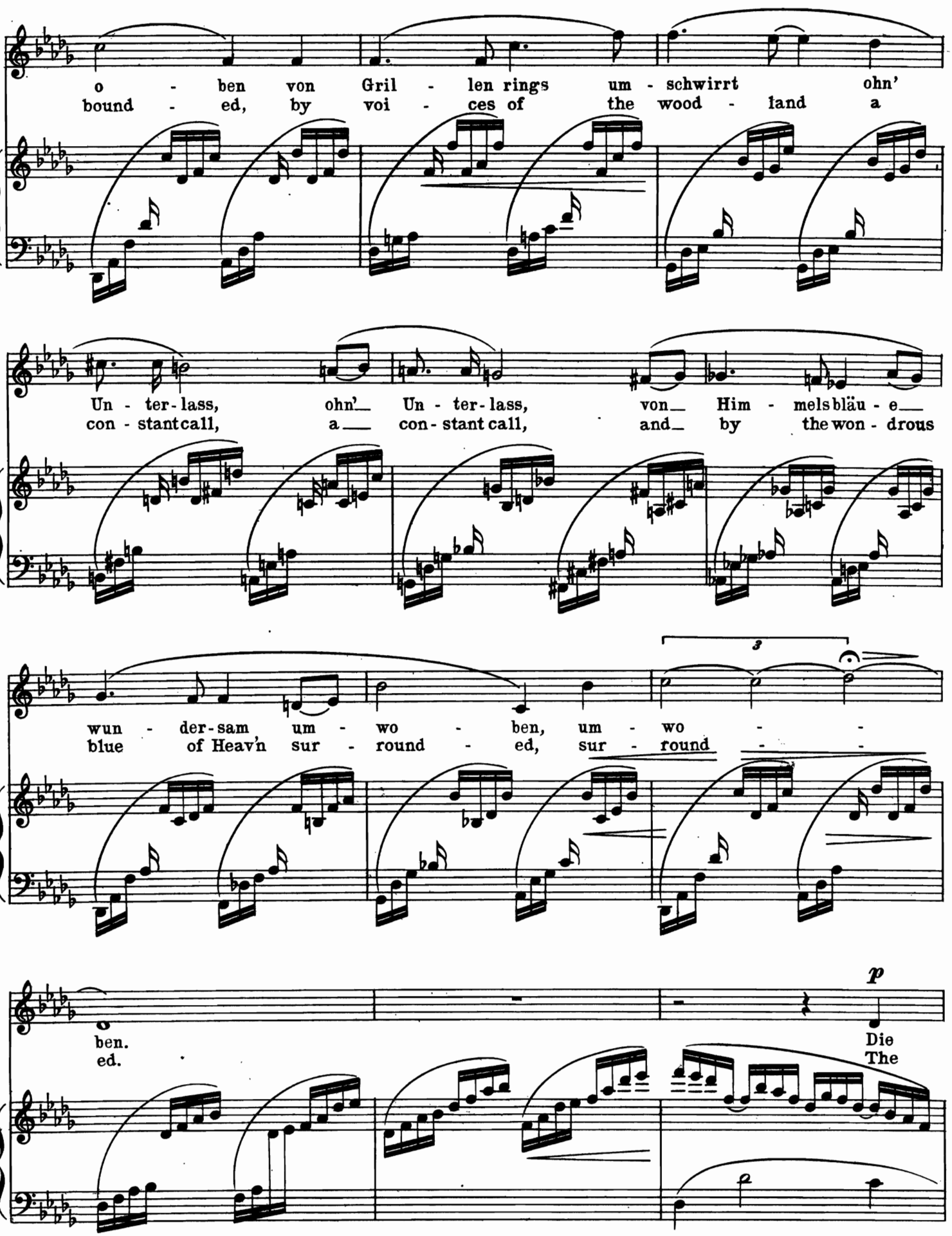
# 82
# In Summer Fields
## Feldeinsamkeit

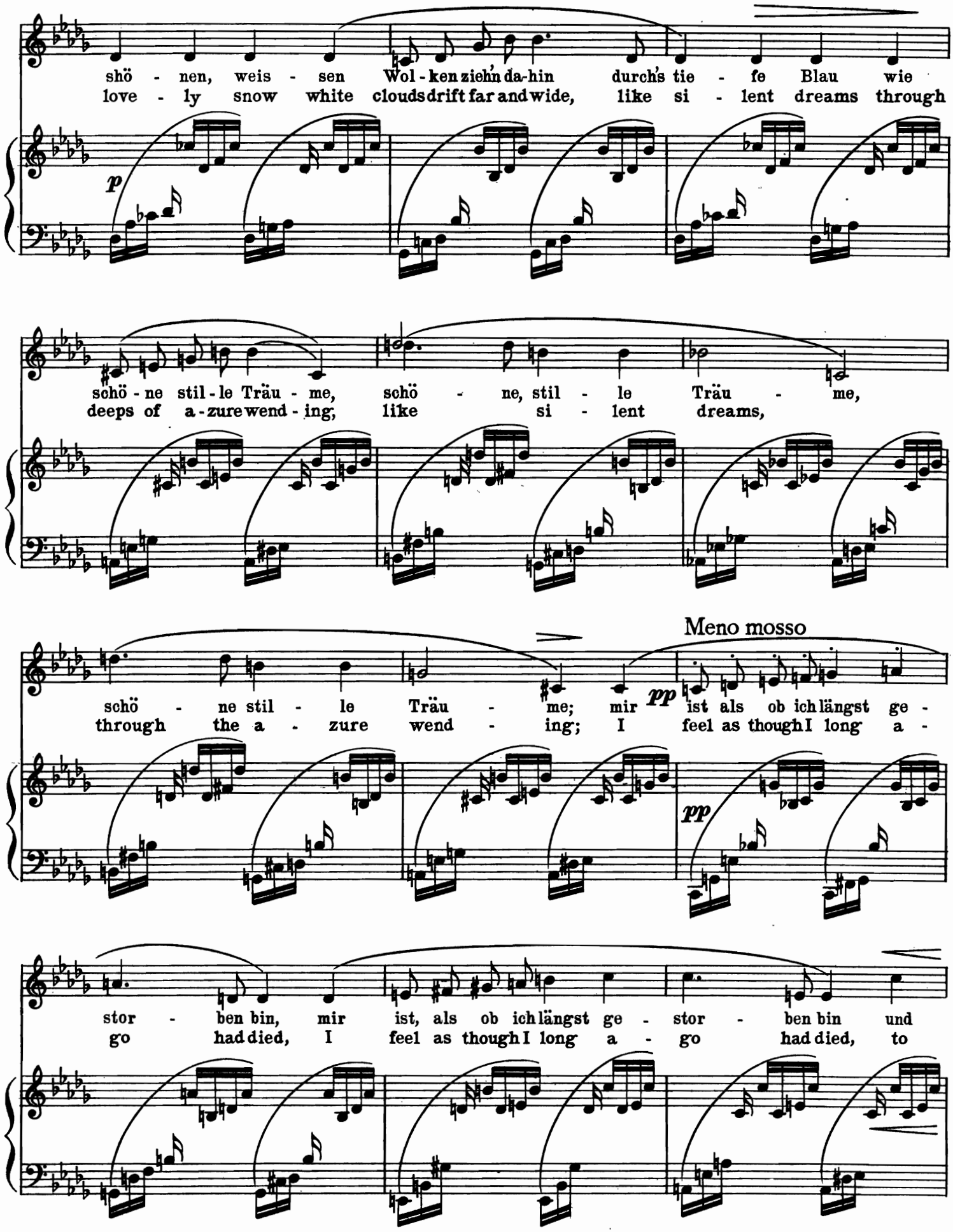
(1900)

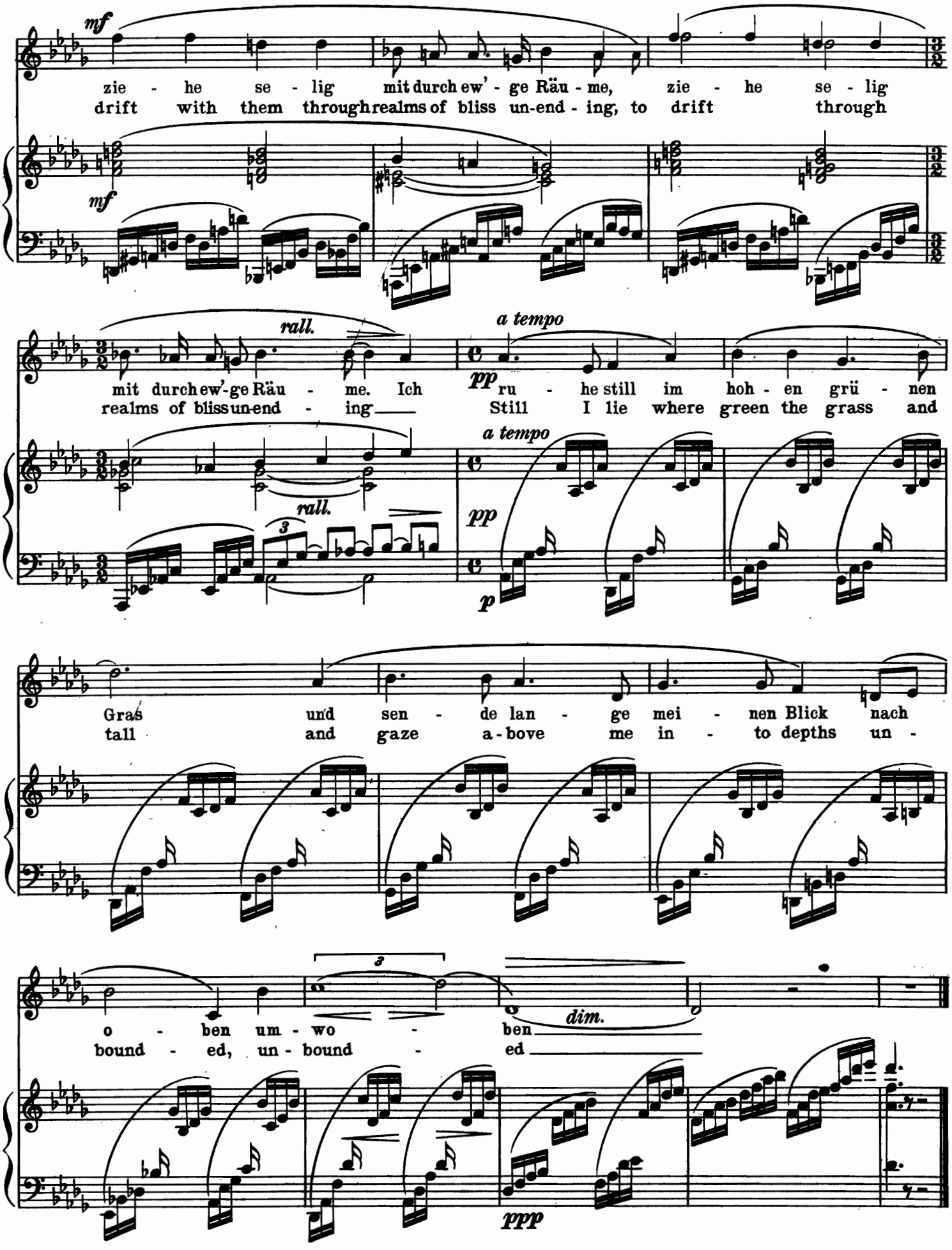
Almers
Chapman-trans.

Allegretto molto tranquillo



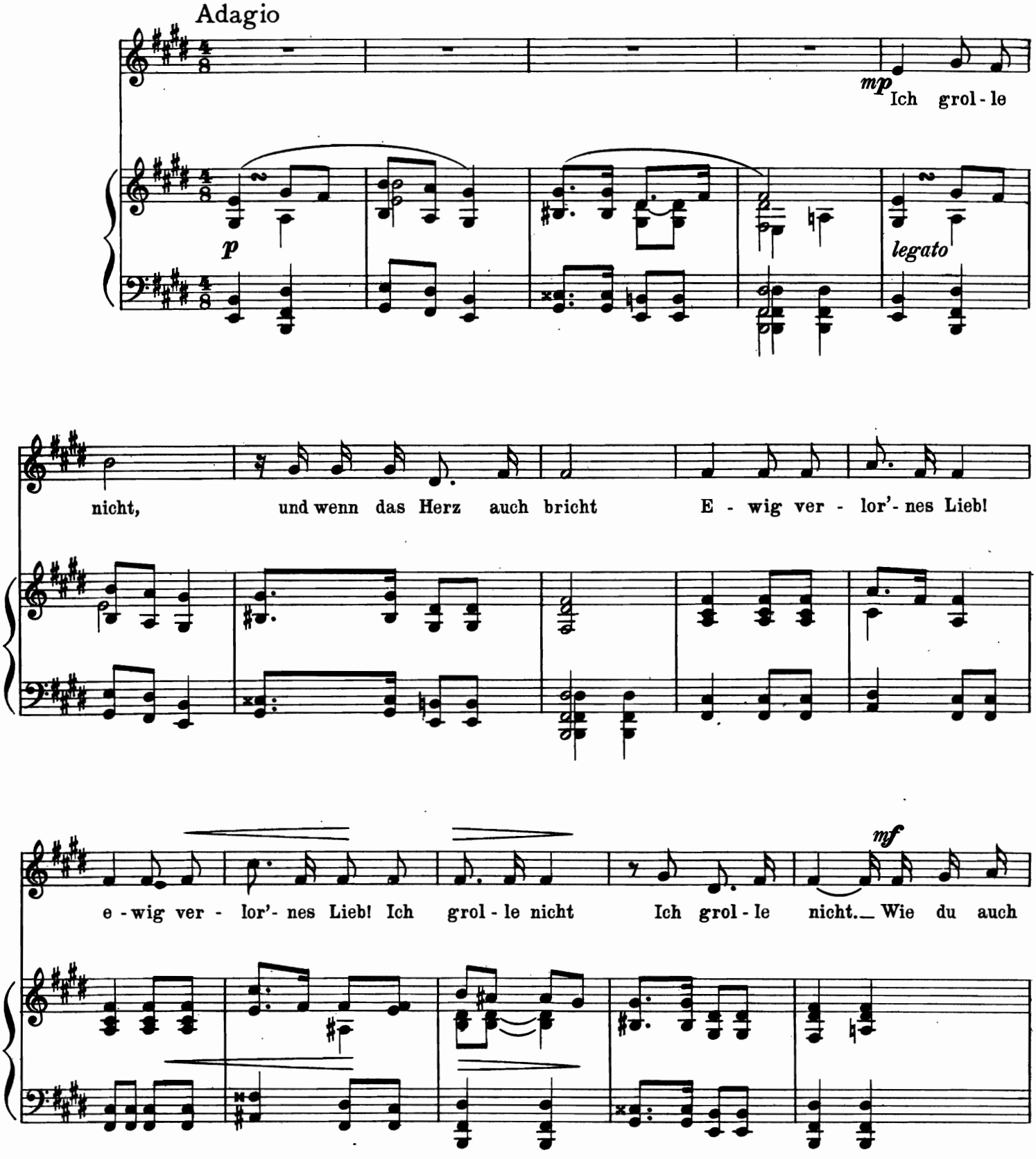

o - ben von Gril - len rings um - schwirrt ohn'
bound - ed, by voi - ces of the wood - land a
Un - ter - lass, ohn'_ Un - ter - lass, von_ Him - mels bläu - e_
con - stant call, a_ con - stant call, and_ by the won - drous
3
wun - der - sam um - wo - ben, um - wo - -
blue of Heav'n sur - round - ed, sur - round - -
p
o
ben.
ed.
Die
The

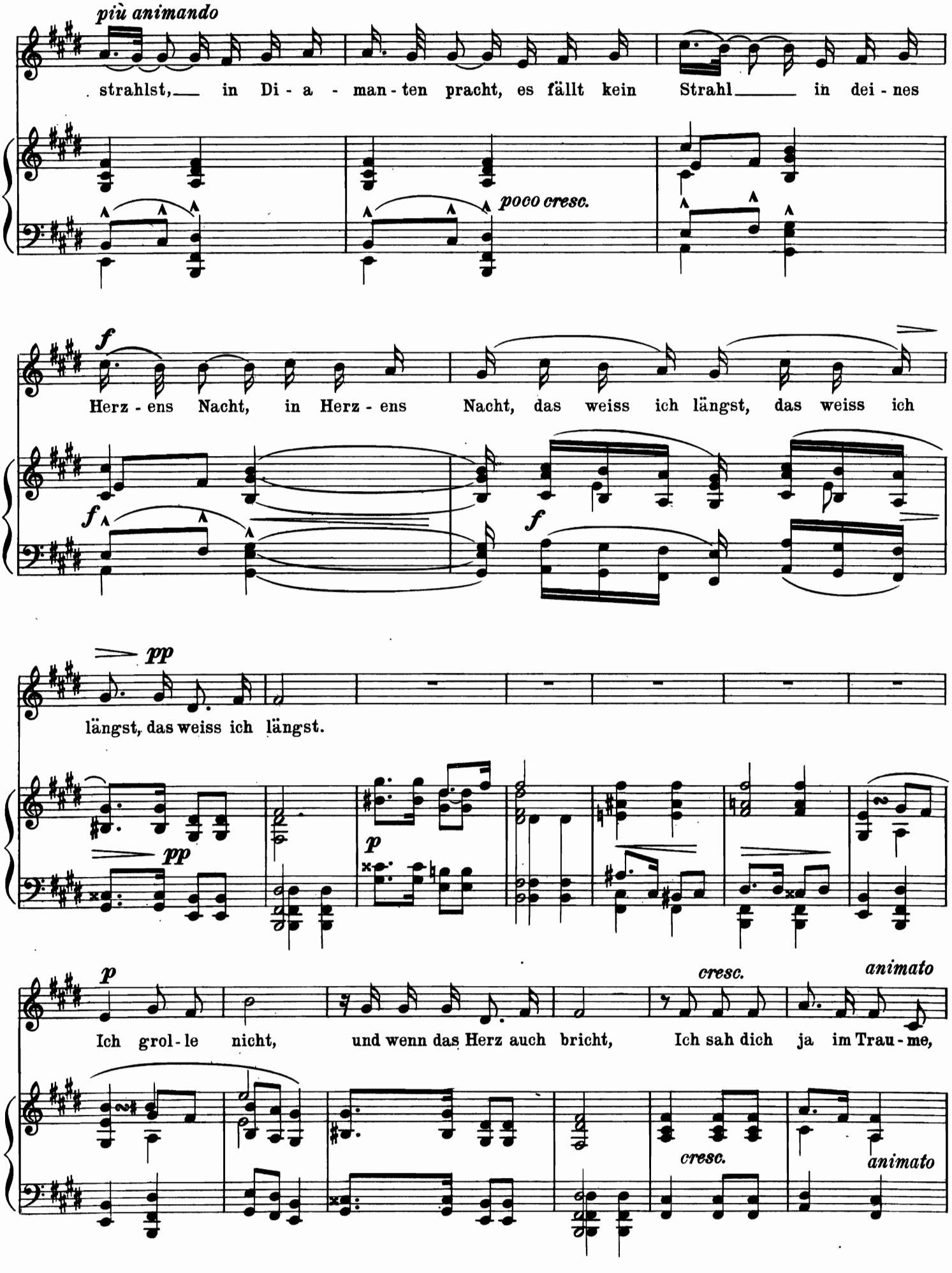

shö - nen, weis - sen Wol - ken ziehn da-hin durchs tie - fe Blau wie
love - ly snow white clouds drift far and wide, like si - lent dreams through
p
schö - ne stil - le Träu - me, schö - ne, stil - le Träu - me,
deeps of a - zure wend - ing; like si - lent dreams,
Meno mosso
schö - ne stil - le Träu - me; mir pp ist als ob ich längst ge -
through the a - zure wend - ing; I feel as though I long a -
pp
stor - ben bin, mir ist, als ob ich längst ge - stor - ben bin und
go had died, I feel as though I long a - go had died, to

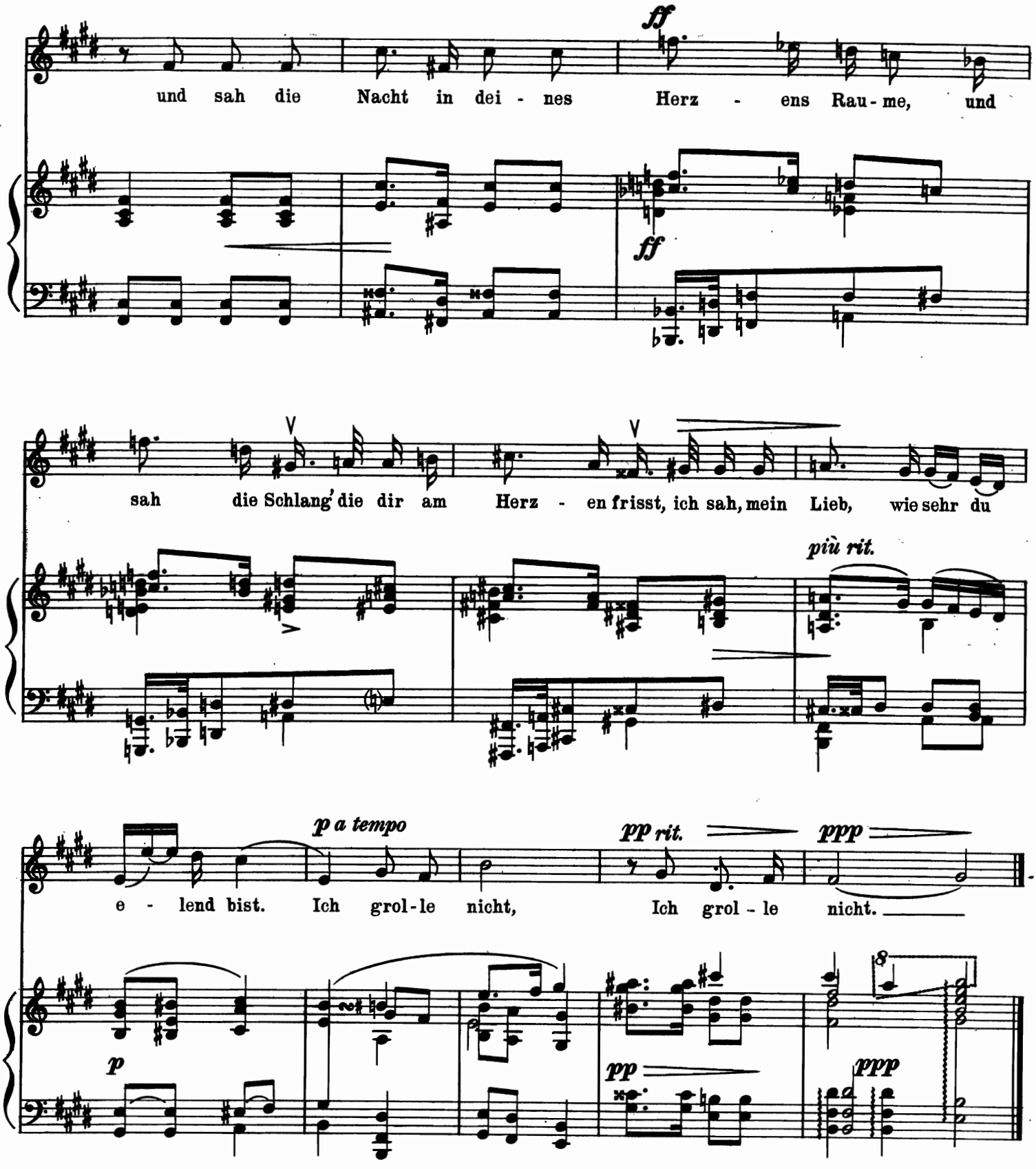

mf
zie - he se - lig mit durch ew' - ge Räu - me, zie - he se - lig
drift with them through realms of bliss un-end - ing, to drift through
mf
rall.
a tempo
mit durch ew'-ge Räu - me. Ich pp ru - he still im hoh - en grü - nen
realms of bliss un-end - ing Still I lie where green the grass and
a tempo
rall.
3
pp
p
Gras und sen - de lan - ge mei - nen Blick nach
tall and gaze a - bove me in - to depths un -
3
o - ben um - wo - ben dim.
bound - ed, un - bound - ed
ppp

# 83
# Ich Grolle Nicht

(1899) Heine




più animando
strahlst, in Di - a - man - ten pracht, es fällt kein Strahl in dei - nes
poco cresc.
f
Herz - ens Nacht, in Herz - ens Nacht, das weiss ich längst, das weiss ich
f
f
pp
längst, das weiss ich längst.
pp
p
p
Ich grol - le nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht, Ich sah dich ja im Trau - me,
cresc.
animato
cresc.
animato



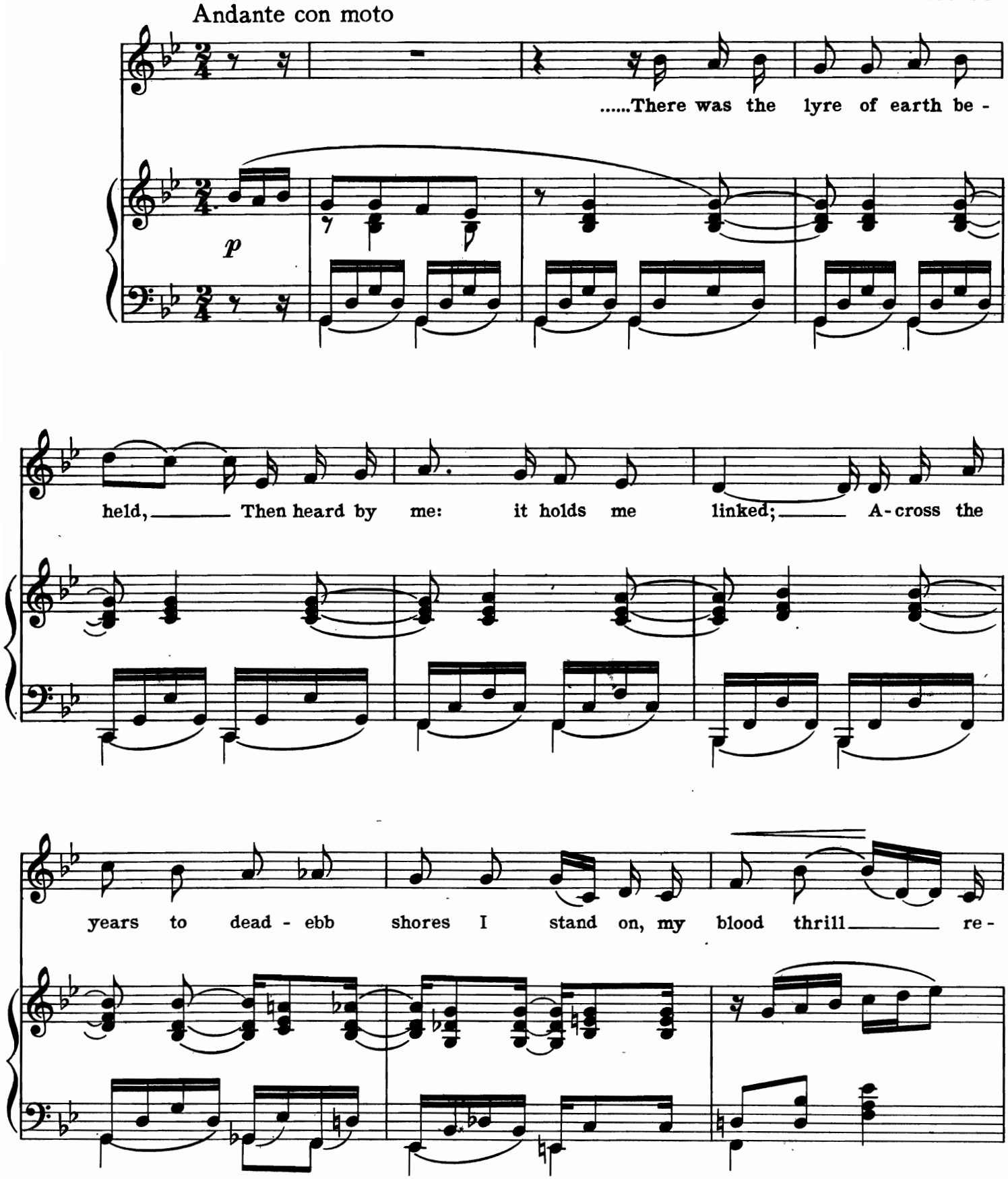

The writer has been severely criticized for attempting to put music to texts of songs, which are masterpieces of great composers. The song above and some of the others, were written primarily as studies. It should be unnecessary to say that they were not composed in the spirit of competition; neither Schumann, Brahms or Franz will be the one to suffer by a comparison, another unnecessary statement. Moreover, they would probably be the last to claim a monopoly of anything—especially the right of man to the pleasure of trying to express in music whatever he wants to. These songs are inserted not so much in spite of this criticism as because of it.

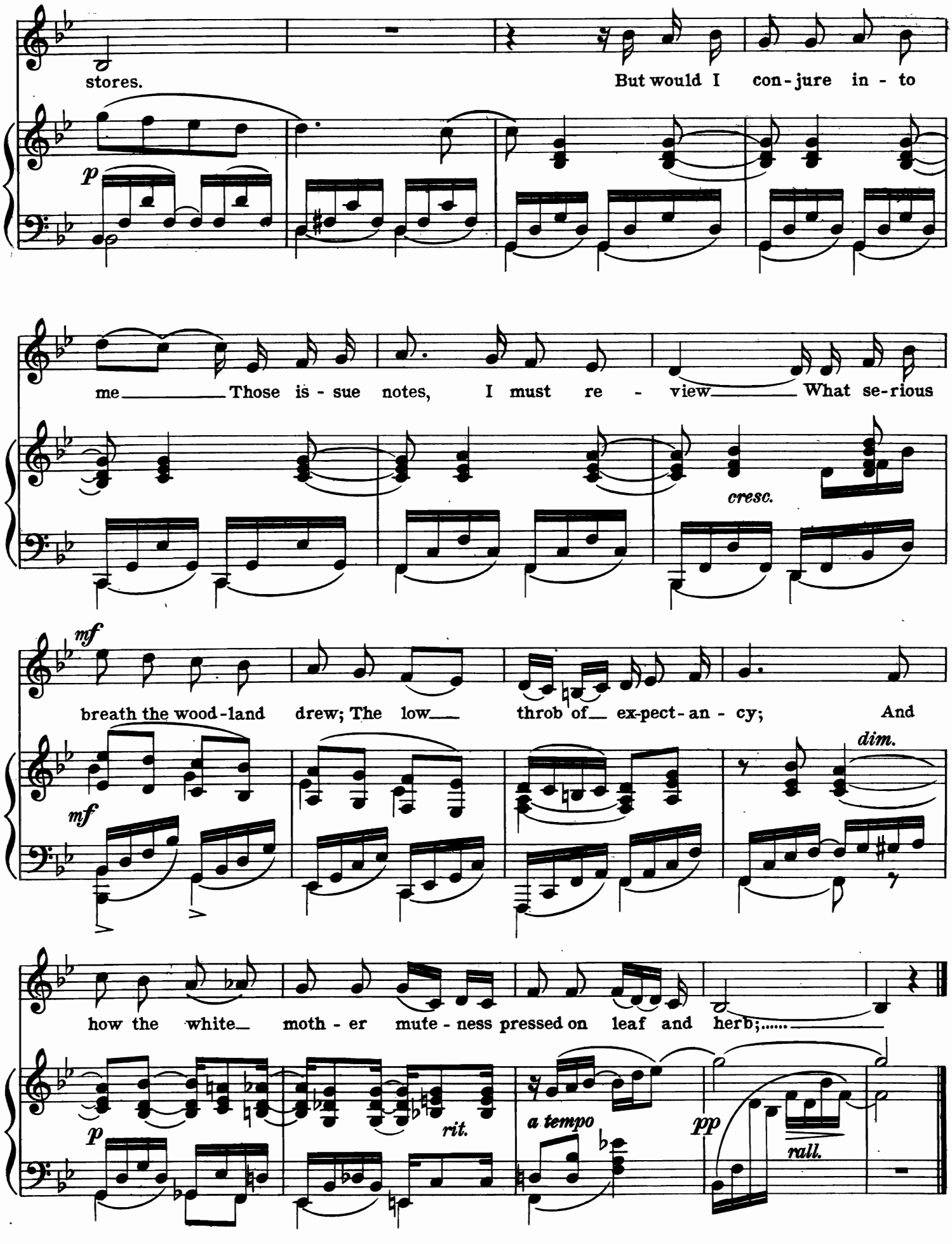
# 84
# from "Night of Frost in May"

(1899)

Meredith

Andante con moto




stores.
But would I con - jure in - to
p
me Those is - sue notes, I must re - view What se-rious
cresc.
mf
breath the wood-land drew; The low throb of ex-pect-an - cy; And
mf
dim.
how the white moth - er mute - ness pressed on leaf and herb;.....
p
rit.
a tempo
pp
rall.

# 85
# Dreams

(1897)

Porteous
Trans.

Moderato

*p*

When twi-light

*mp*

comes, when twilight comes with shad - ows drear, I dream of thee, of thee dear one;
2. back, when I look back on hap - pier days, my eyes are filled, are filled with tears;

and grows my soul so dark and sad, sad as shadows
I see thee then in vis - ions plain, so true, so full of

*più rit.*

*a -*

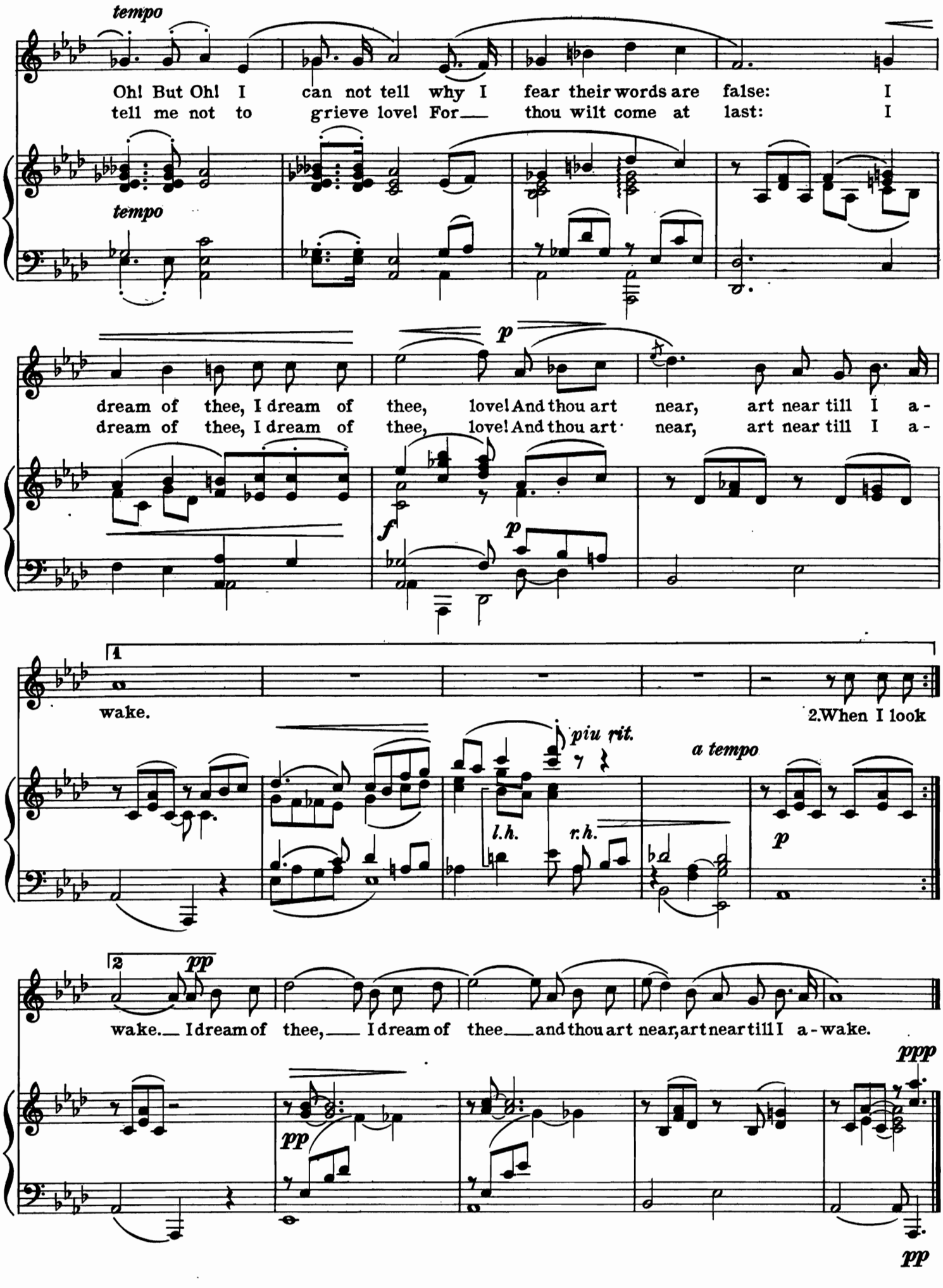
drear, They tell me not to grieve love, for thou wilt come, But
love. But now I fear to ask them if thou art 'live; They

*cresc.*

*più rit.*

*a -*

Nos. **85** to **92**, a group of "Sentimental Ballads"

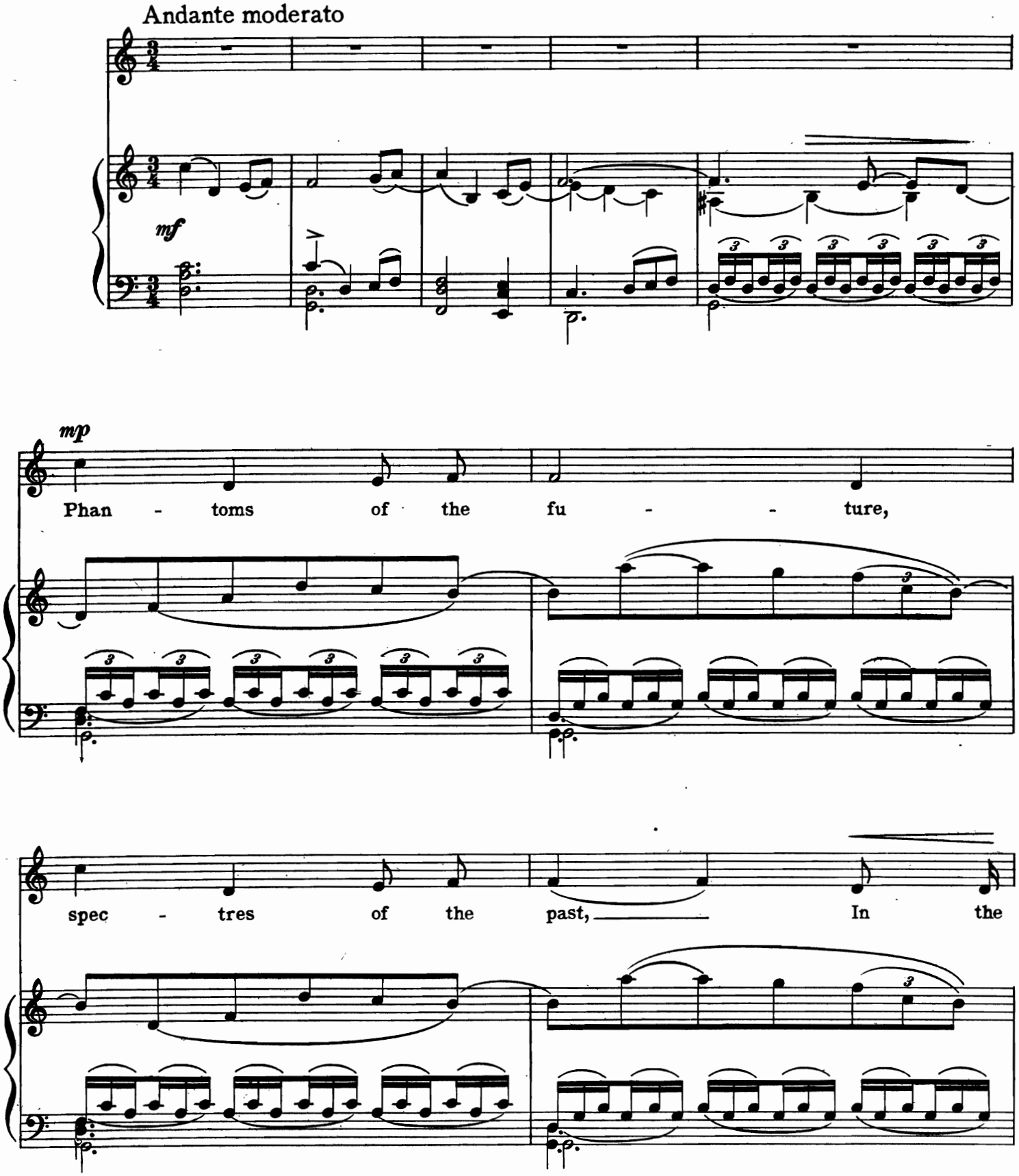

tempo
Oh! But Oh! I can not tell why I fear their words are false: I
tell me not to grieve love! For thou wilt come at last: I
tempo
p
dream of thee, I dream of thee, love! And thou art near, art near till I a-
dream of thee, I dream of thee, love! And thou art near, art near till I a-
f
p
1
wake.
2.When I look
piu rit.
a tempo
l.h.
r.h.
p
2
pp
wake. I dream of thee, I dream of thee and thou art near, art near till I a-wake.
ppp
pp
pp

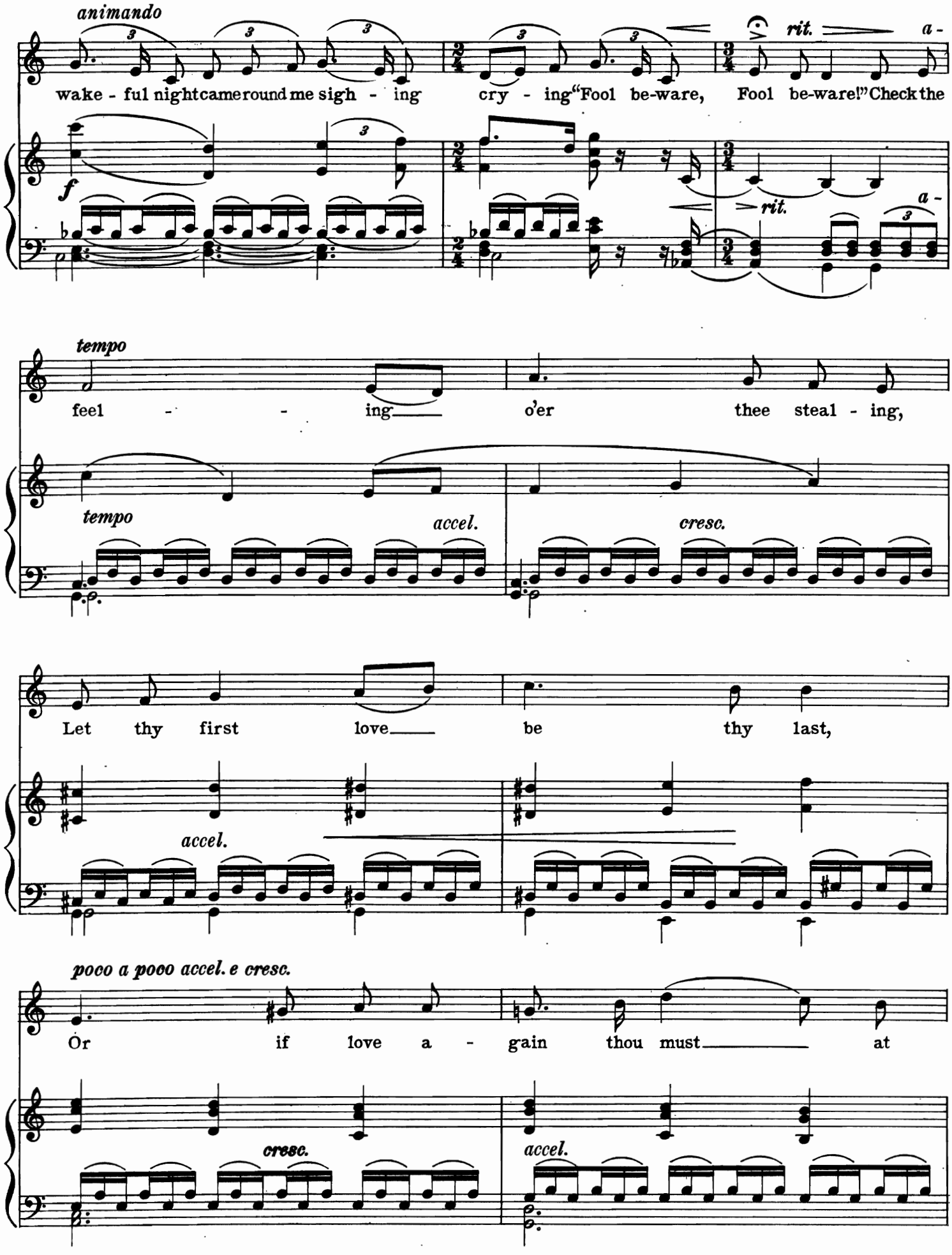
# 86
# Omens and Oracles

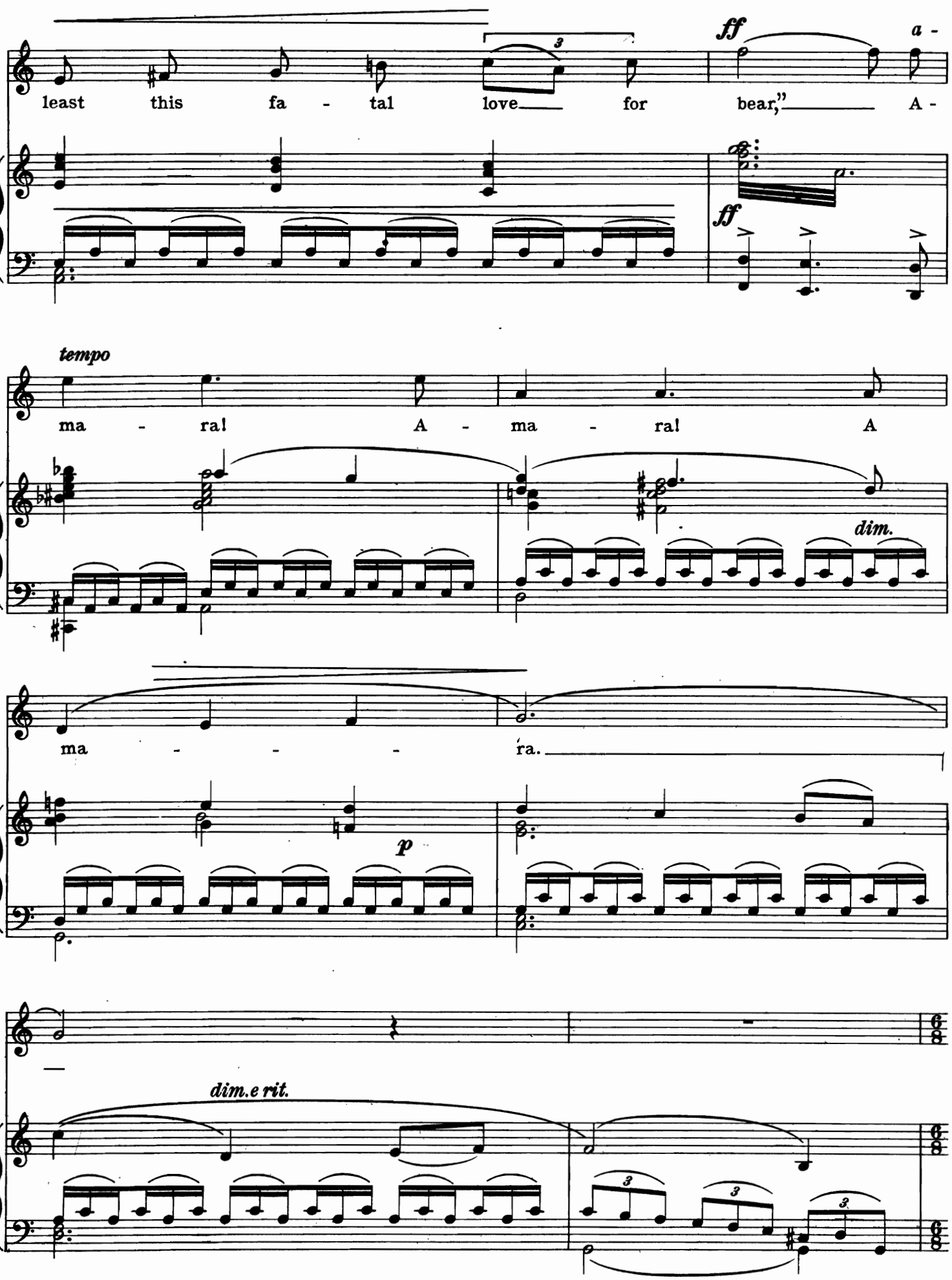
(about 1900)

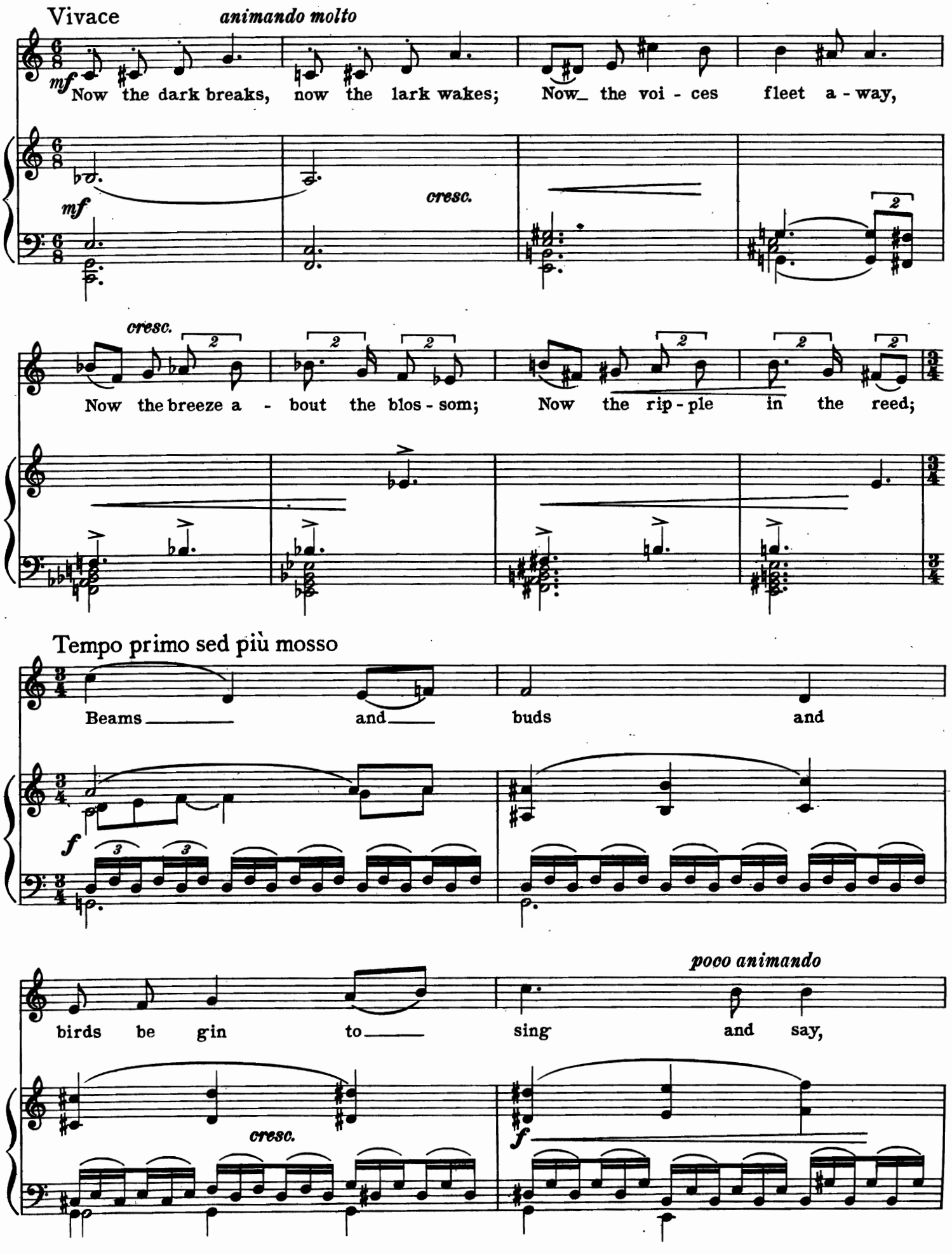
Author unknown
to composer

Andante moderato



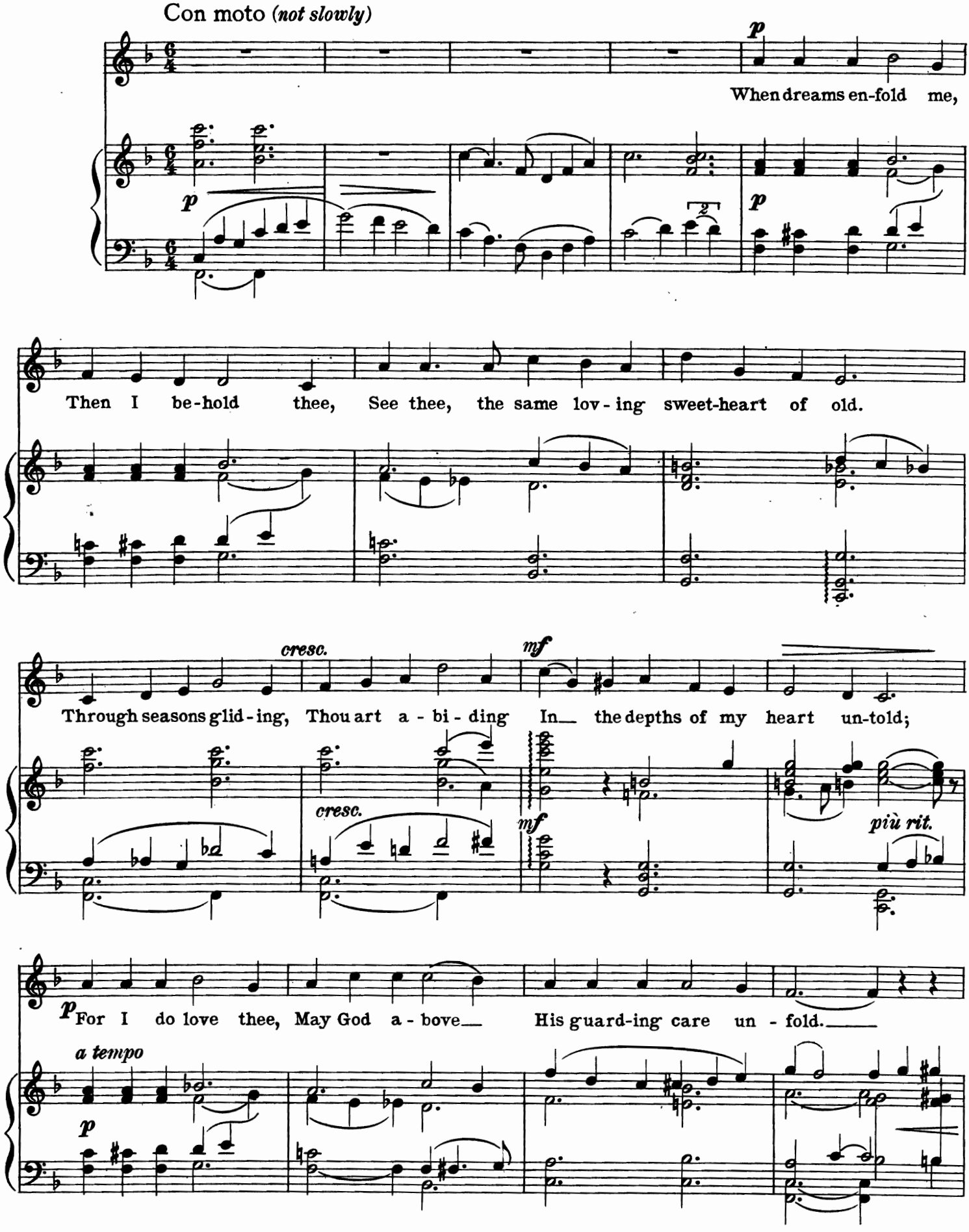

animando
wake - ful night came round me sigh - ing cry - ing "Fool be-ware, Fool be-ware!" Check the
f
rit.
a -
tempo
feel - - ing o'er thee steal - ing,
tempo
accel.
cresc.
Let thy first love be thy last,
accel.
poco a poco accel. e cresc.
Or if love a - gain thou must at
cresc.
accel.

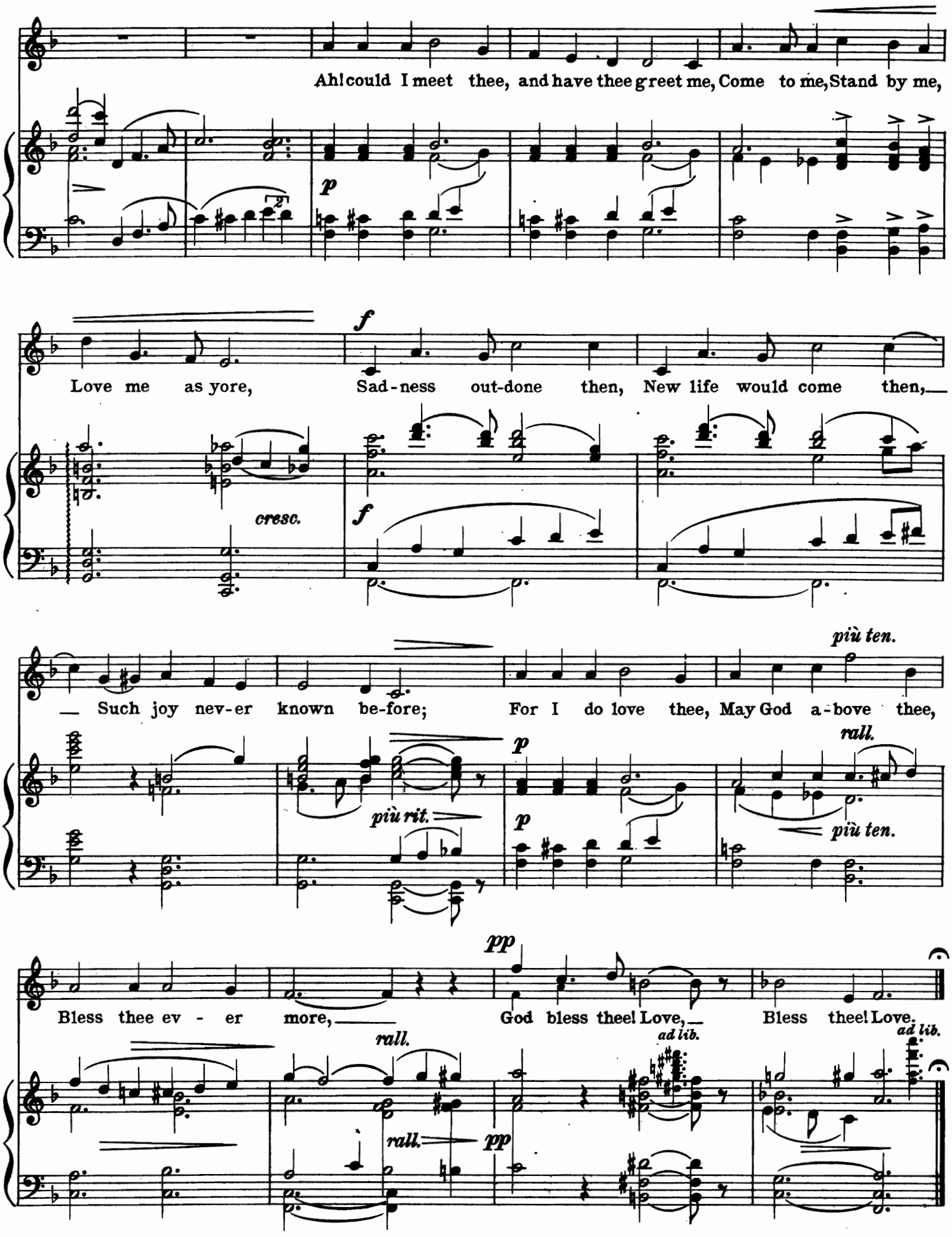

least this fa - tal love for bear," A -
ff
a -
ff
tempo
ma - ra! A - ma - ra! A
dim.
ma - - - ra.
p
dim.e rit.


Vivace
animando molto
mf
Now the dark breaks, now the lark wakes; Now_ the voi - ces fleet a - way,
cresc.
Now the breeze a - bout the blos - som; Now the rip - ple in the reed;
Tempo primo sed più mosso
Beams and buds and
f
poco animando
birds be gin to sing and say,
cresc.
f

# 87
# An Old Flame

(1896)

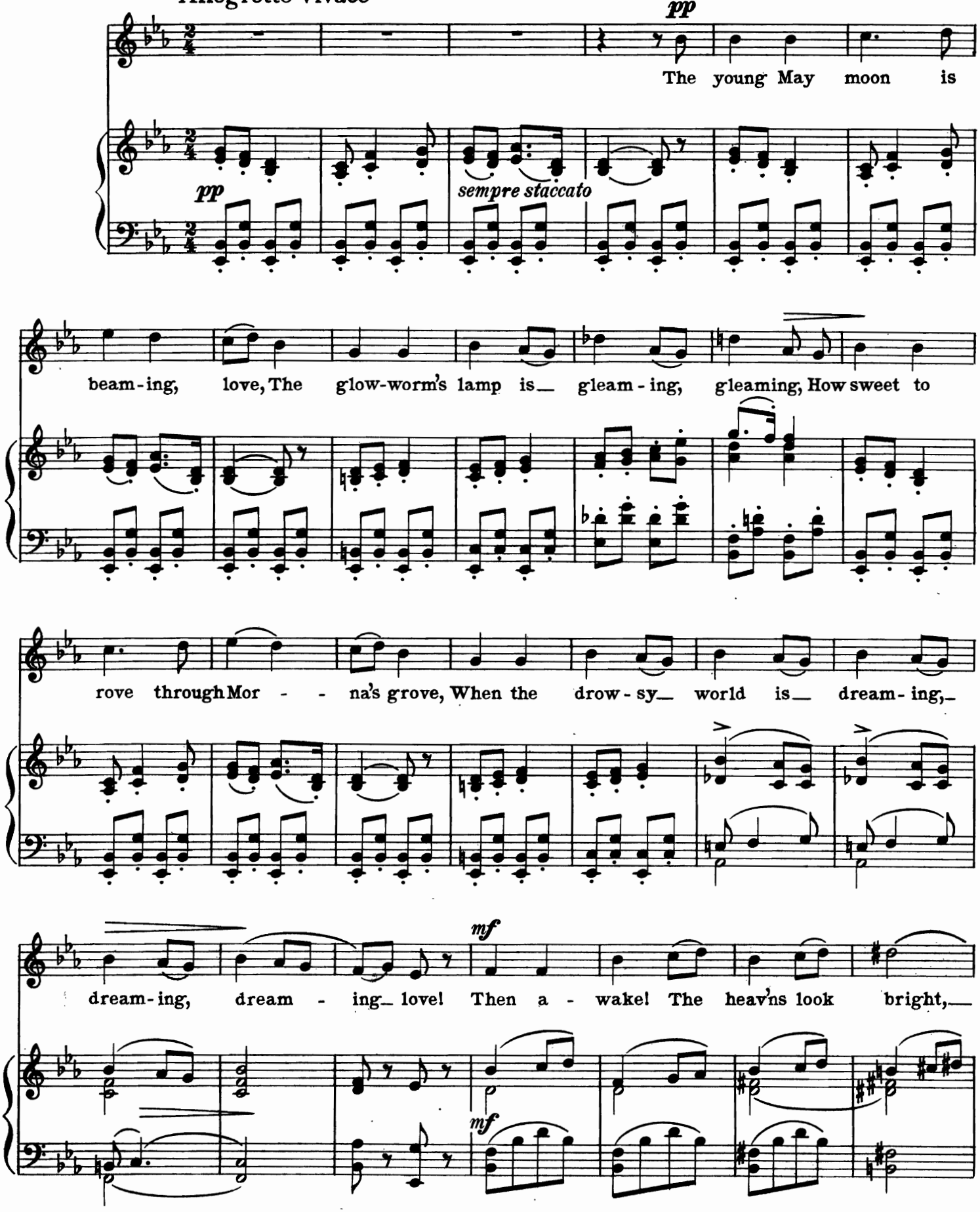


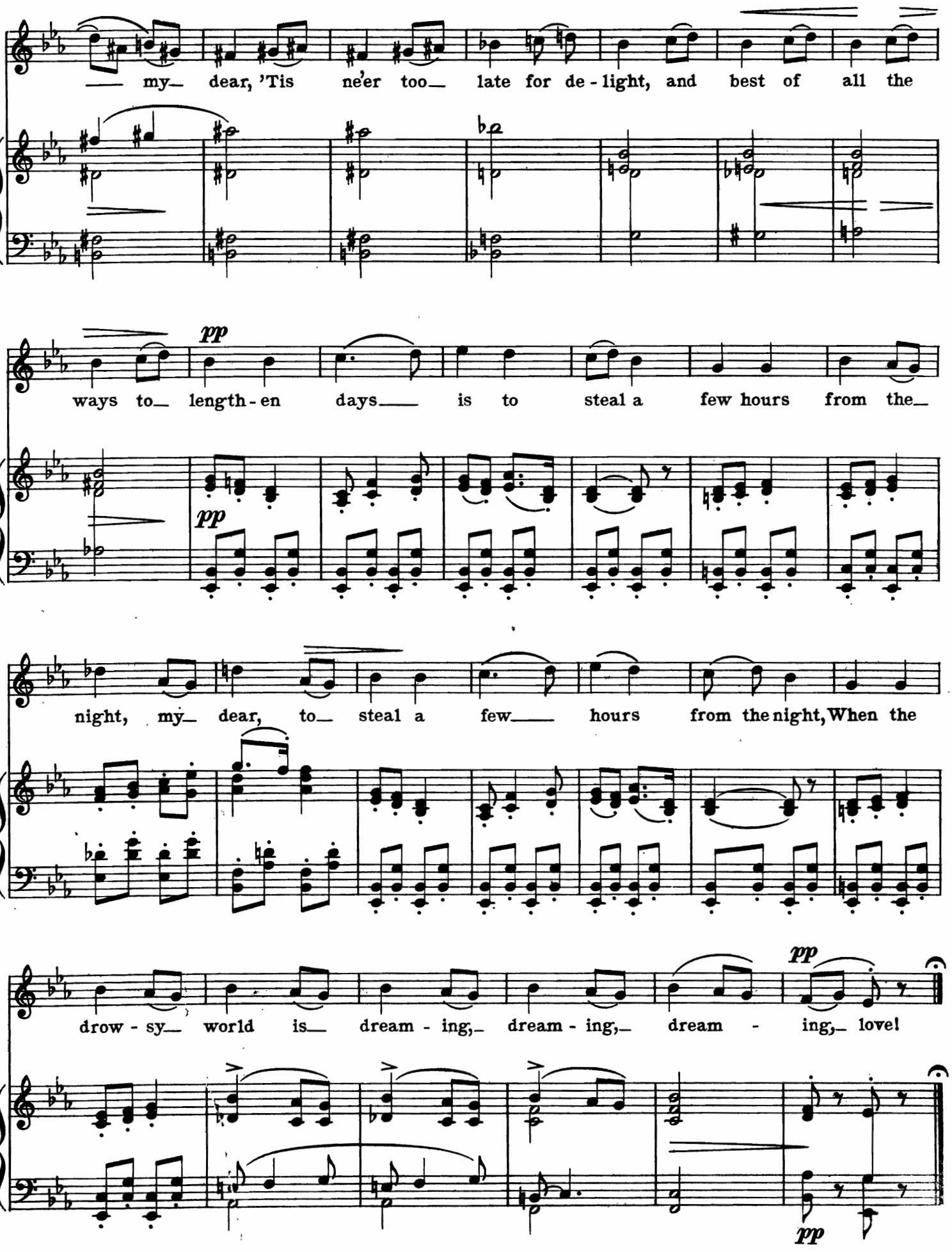

Ah! could I meet thee, and have thee greet me, Come to me, Stand by me,
Love me as yore, Sad-ness out-done then, New life would come then,
cresc.
— Such joy nev-er known be-fore; For I do love thee, May God a-bove thee,
più rit.
più ten.
rall.
più ten.
Bless thee ev - er more, God bless thee! Love, Bless thee! Love.
rall.
rall.
ad lib.
ad lib.

# 88
# A Night Song

(1895) Moore

Allegretto vivace

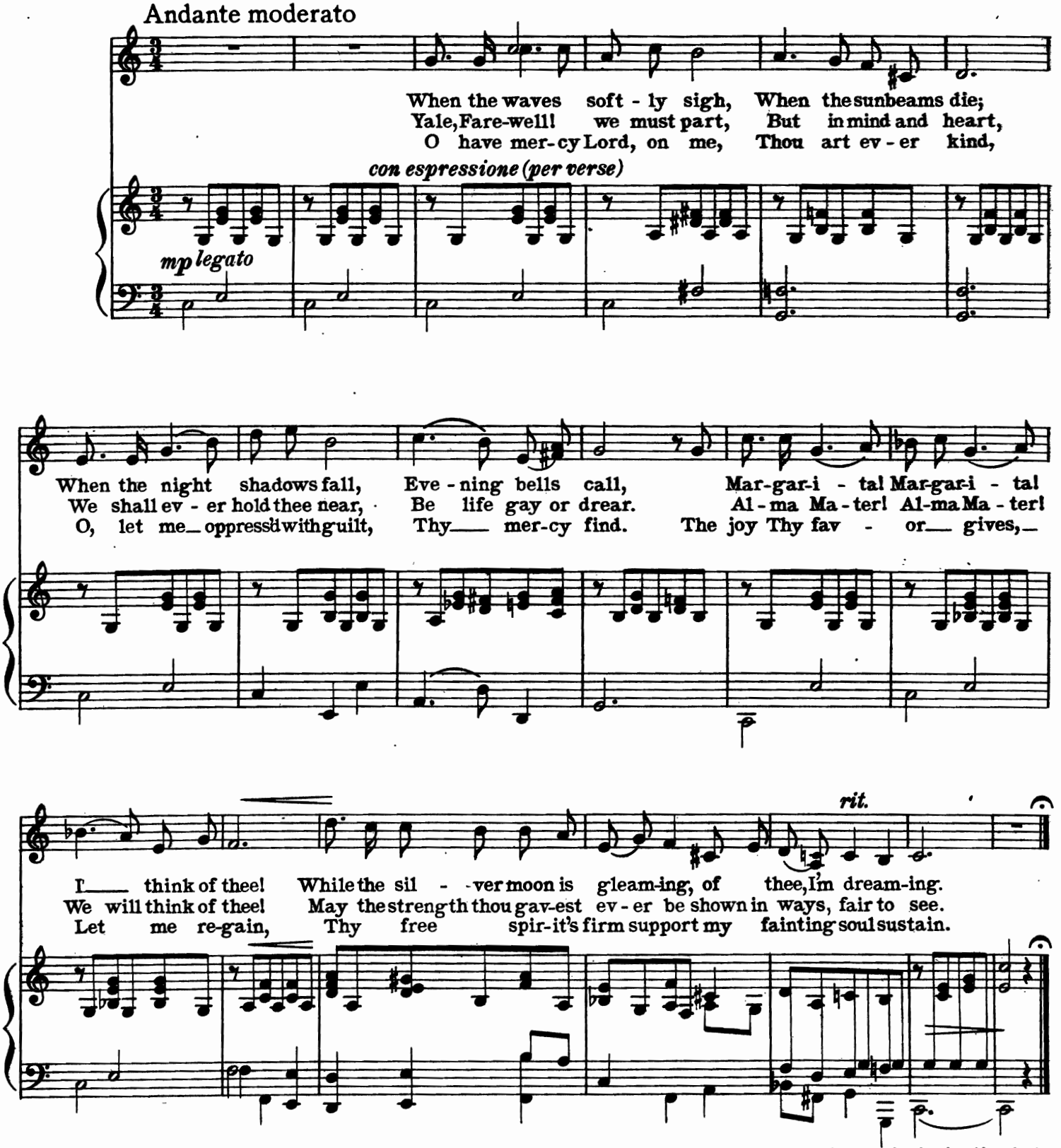



— my— dear, 'Tis ne'er too— late for de - light, and best of all the
pp
ways to— leng th - en days— is to steal a few hours from the—
pp
night, my— dear, to— steal a few— hours from the night, When the
pp
drow - sy— world is— dream - ing,— dream - ing,— dream - ing,— love!
pp

# 89

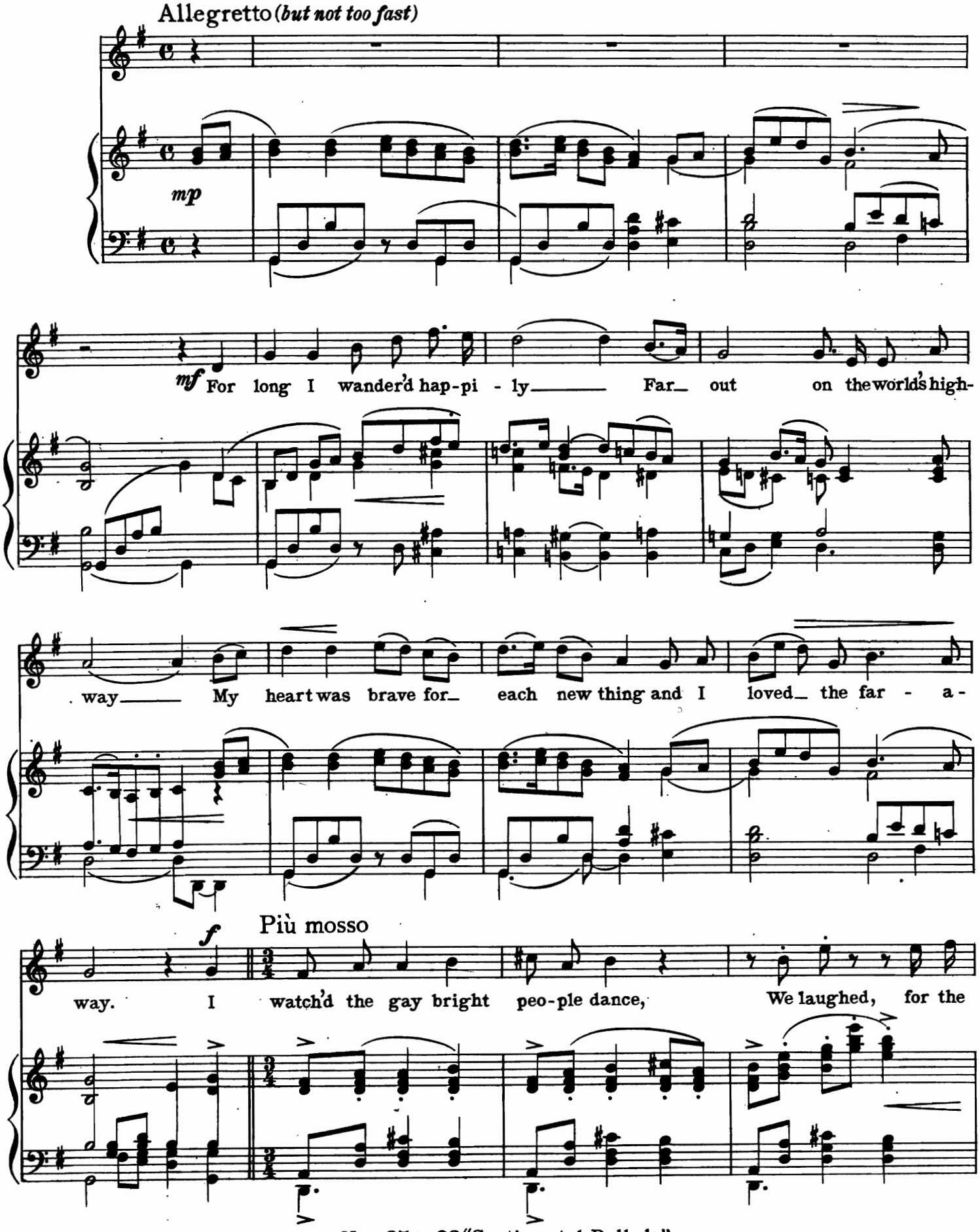
# A Song—for Anything

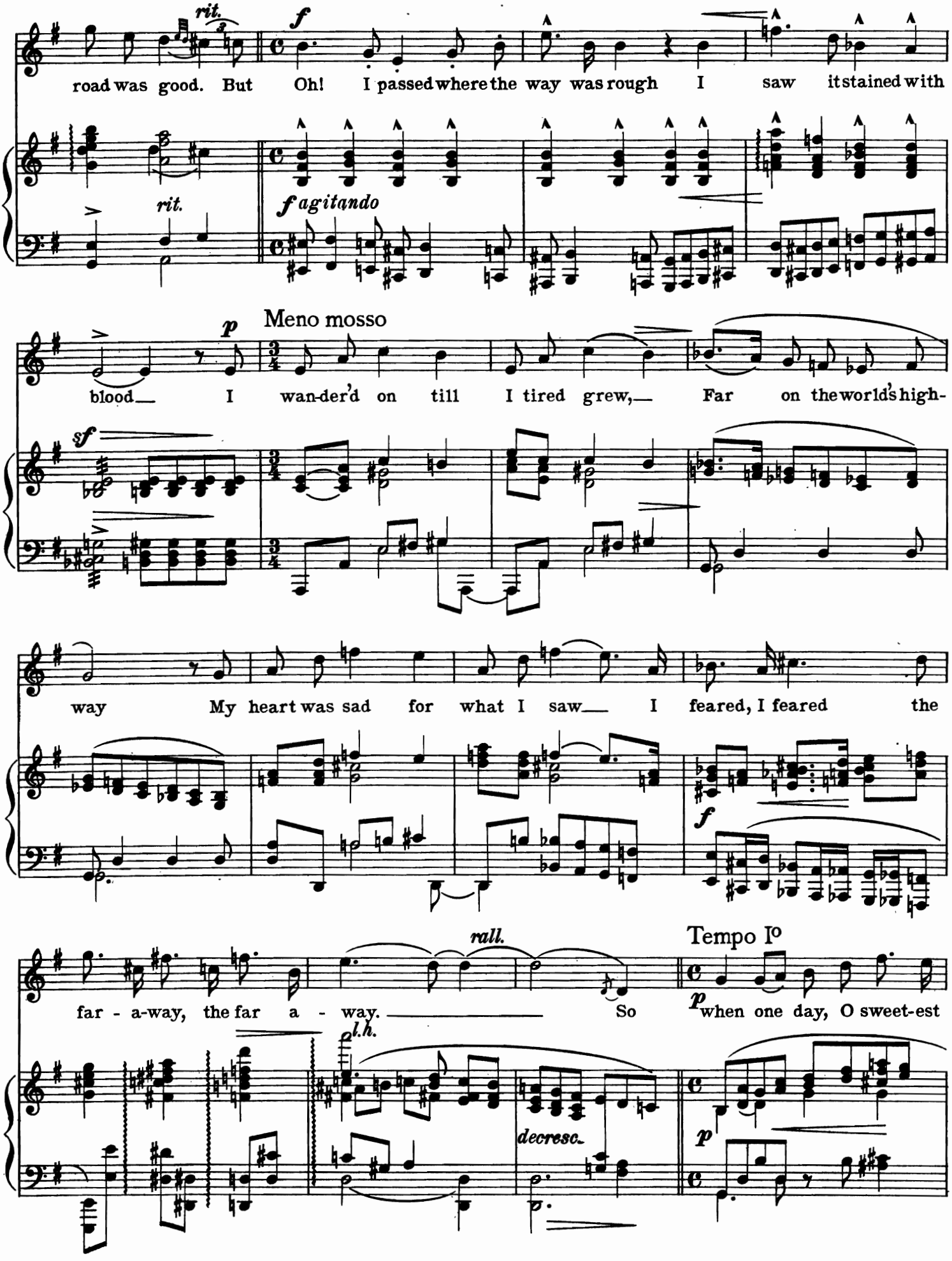
(1892)

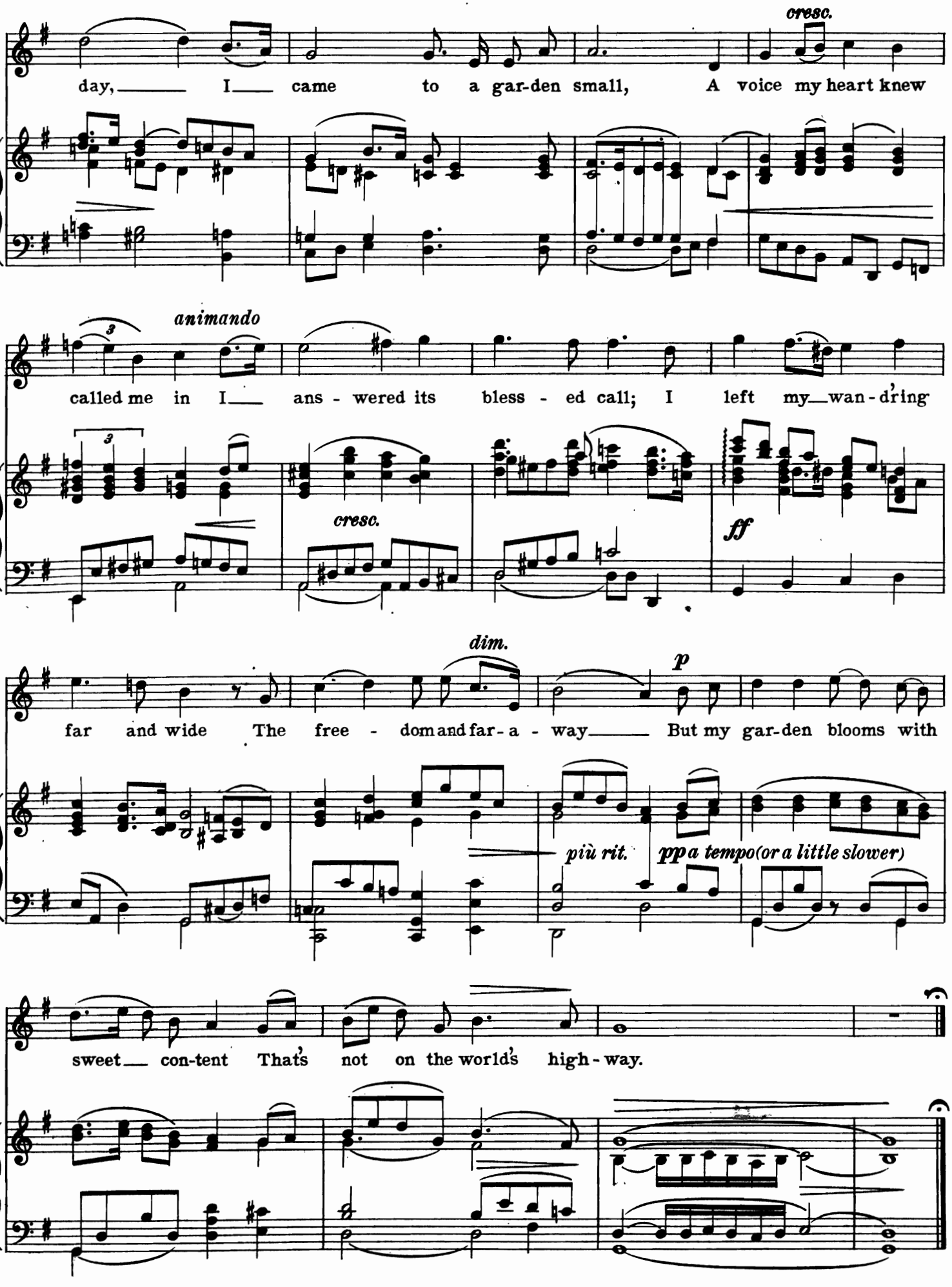



*NOTE:*—The song above is a common illustration (and not the only one in this book) of how inferior music is inclined to follow inferior words and "vice-versa." The music was originally written to the sacred words printed last, (and the best of the three.) Some thirty years ago it was sung in a country church and even as a response after the prayer. The congregation not only tolerated it, but accepted it apparently with satisfaction. That music of this character is less frequently heard in relegious services now-a-days is one of the signs of the wholesome progress of music in this country. An "Amen" was tacked on to the end of this song; a relative of the composer remarked, at the time, that it was about as appropiate to this kind of a tune as a benediction would be after an exhibition of the "Circassian Beauty" at the "Danbury Fair."

# 90
# The World's Highway




rit.
f
road was good. But Oh! I passed where the way was rough I saw it stained with
rit.
f agitando
Meno mosso
p
blood— I wan-der'd on till I tired grew,— Far on the world's high-
sf
way My heart was sad for what I saw— I feared, I feared the
f
rall.
Tempo Io
far - a-way, the far a - way. So
p when one day, O sweet-est
l.h.
decresc.
p

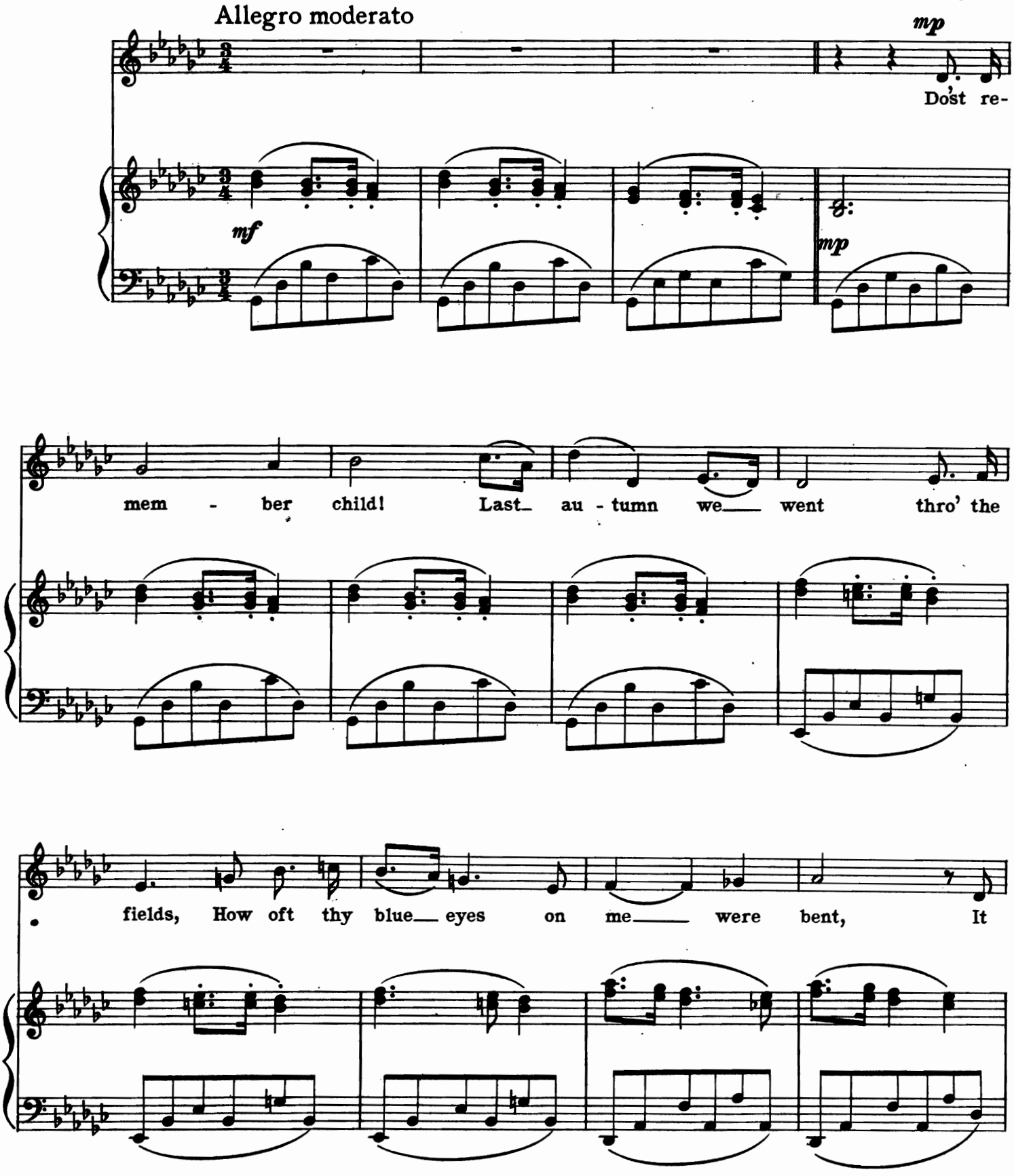

cresc.
day, I came to a gar-den small, A voice my heart knew
animando
called me in I ans - wered its bless - ed call; I left my wan - d'ring
cresc.
ff
dim.
p
far and wide The free - dom and far - a - way But my gar-den blooms with
più rit.
pp a tempo (or a little slower)
sweet con-tent That's not on the world's high - way.

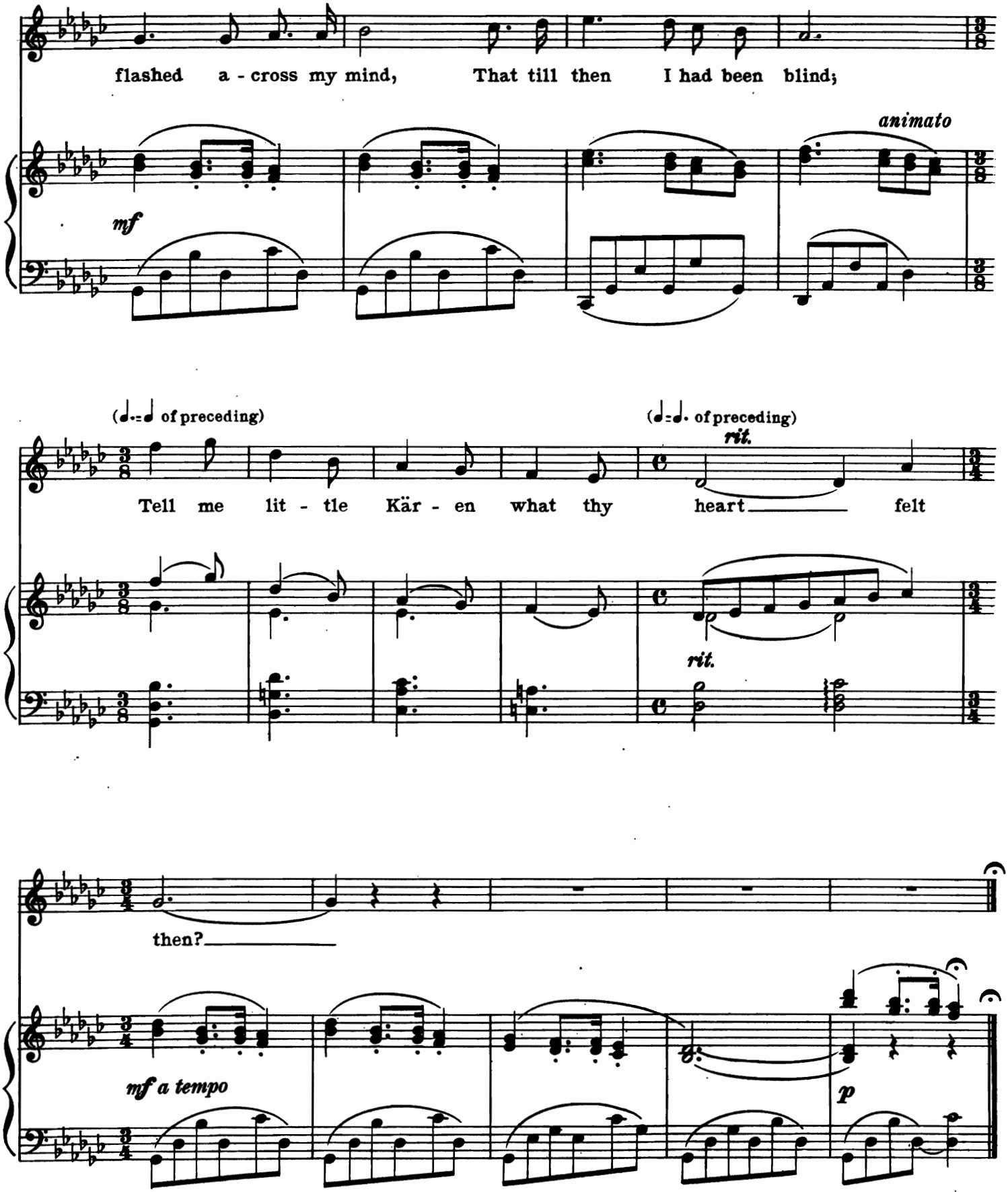
# 91
# Kären

(1894)

Author unknown
to composer

Allegro moderato



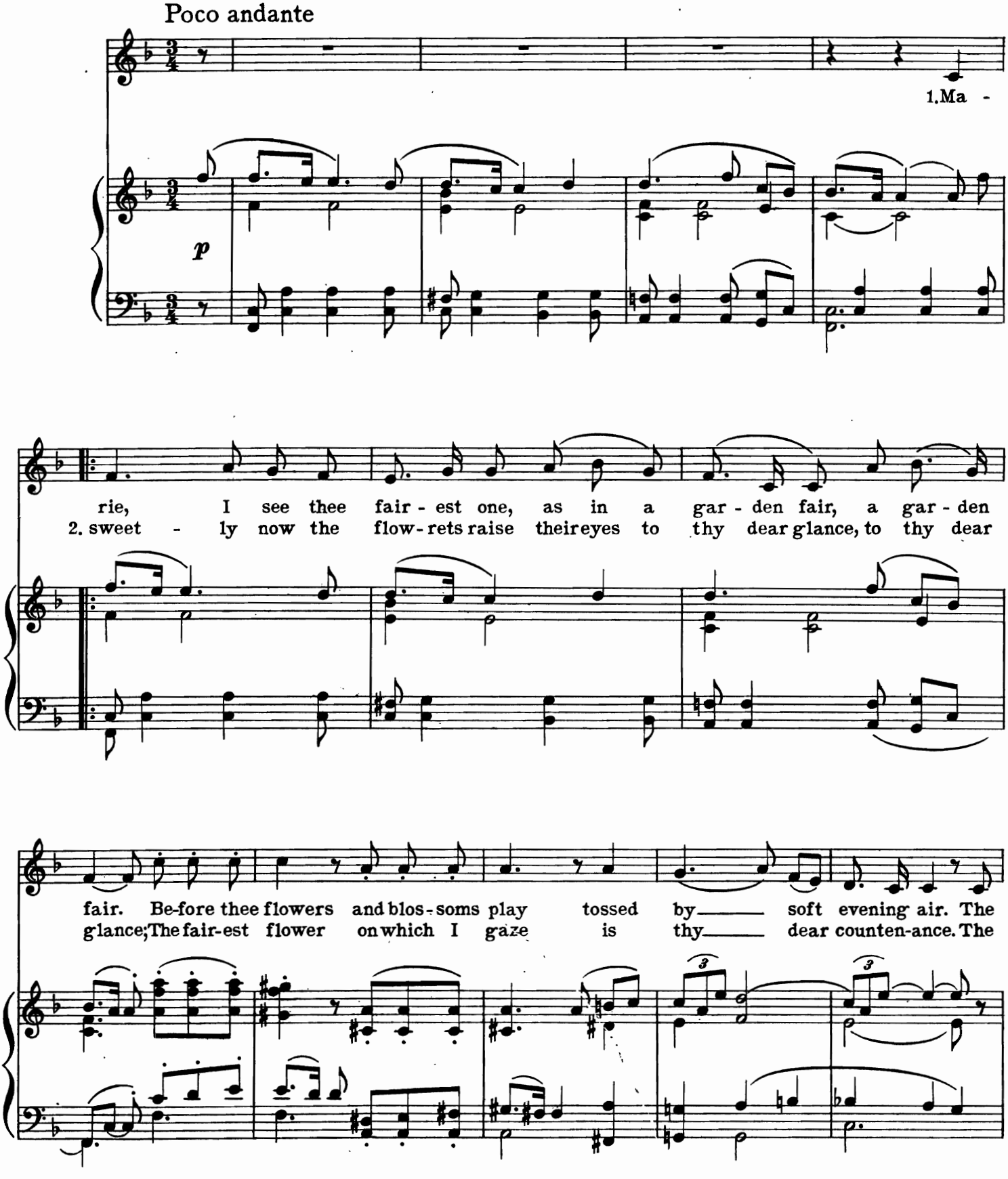

flashed a - cross my mind, That till then I had been blind;
animato
mf
(♩.=♩ of preceding)
(♩=♩. of preceding)
rit.
Tell me lit - tle Kär - en what thy heart felt
rit.
then?
mf a tempo
p

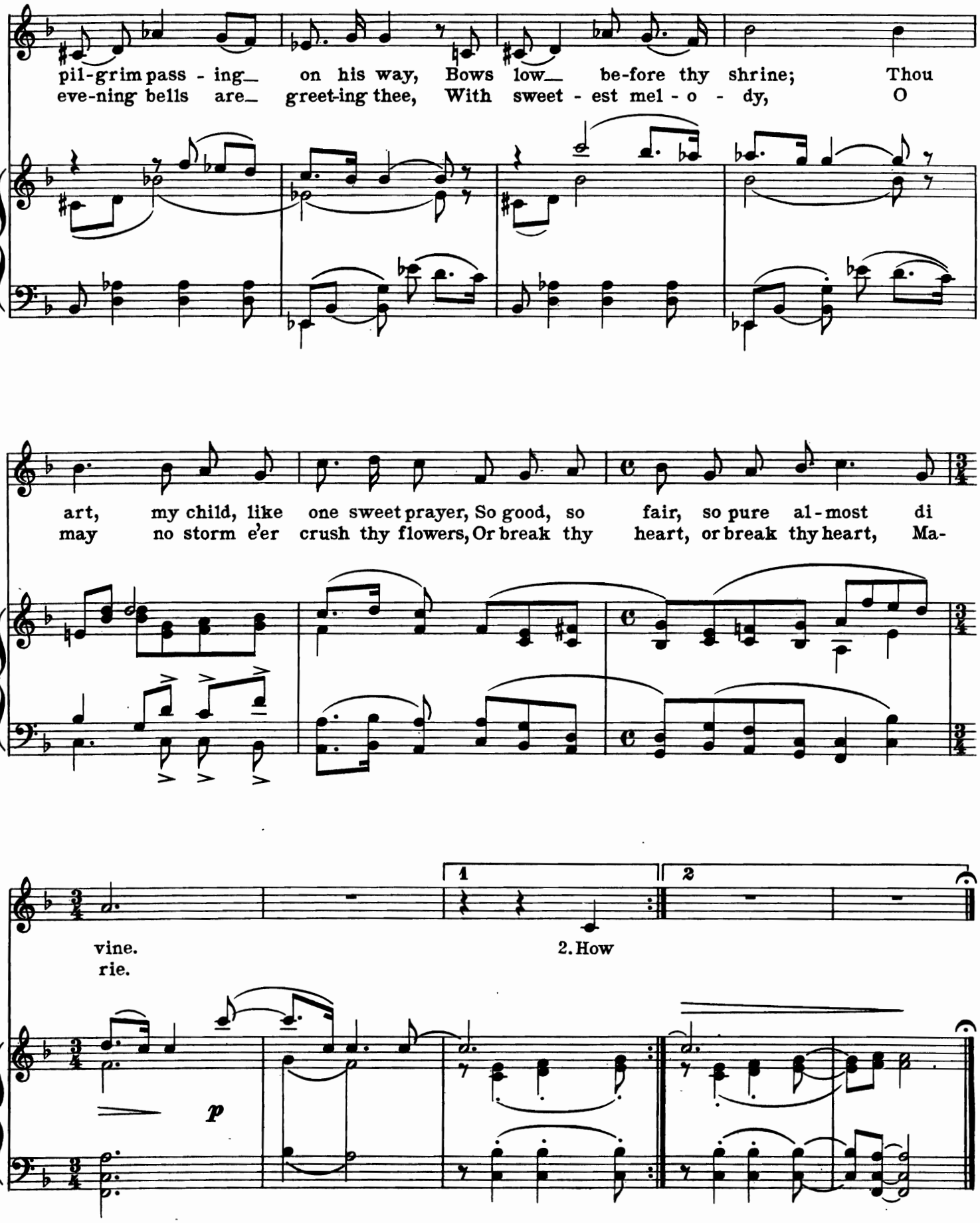
# 92
# Marie

(1896)

Gottschall

Poco andante

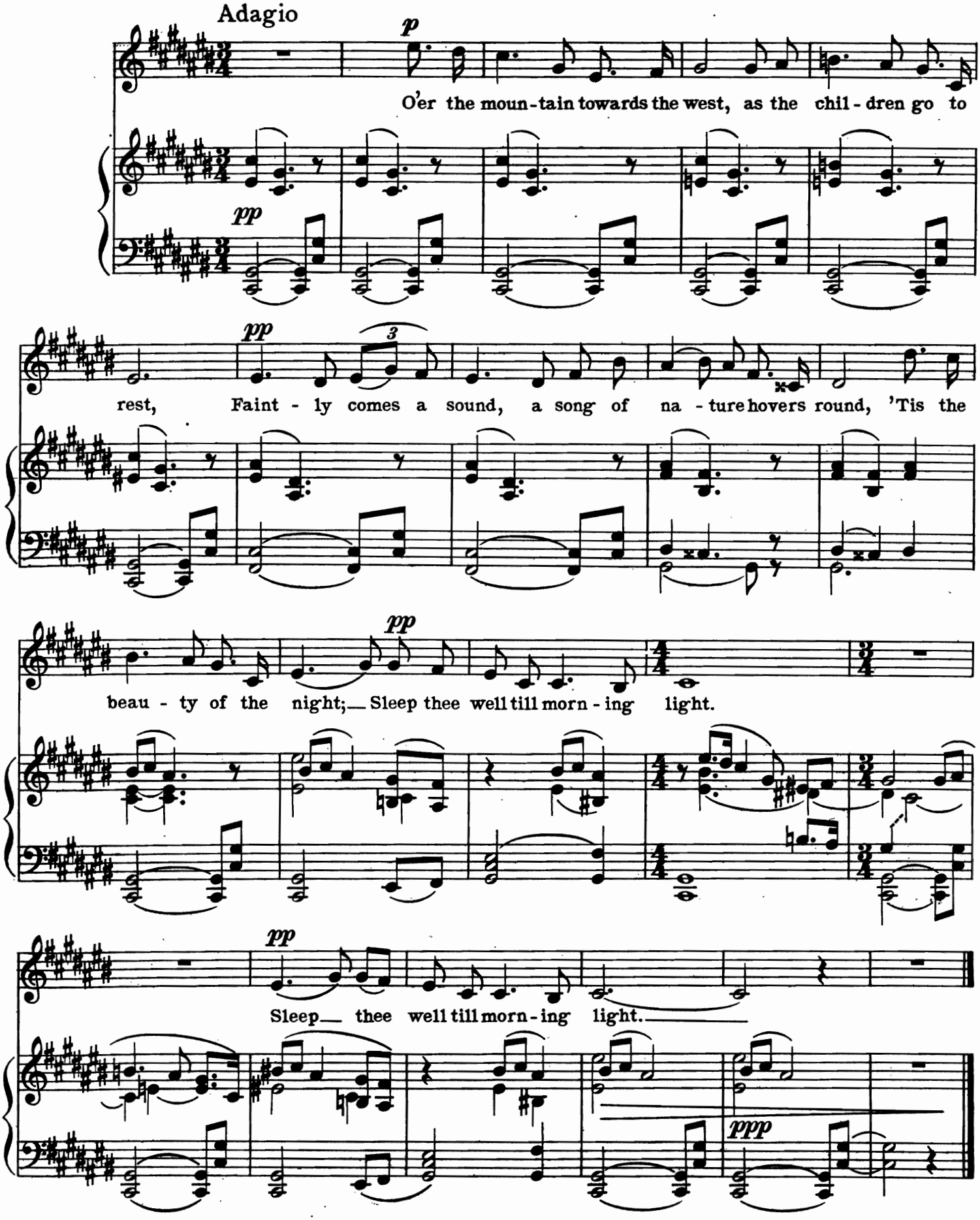



pil-grim pass - ing_ on his way, Bows low_ be-fore thy shrine; Thou
eve-ning bells are_ greet-ing thee, With sweet - est mel - o - dy, O
art, my child, like one sweet prayer, So good, so fair, so pure al-most di
may no storm e'er crush thy flowers, Or break thy heart, or break thy heart, Ma-
vine.
rie.
1
2
2. How
p

# 93

# Berceuse

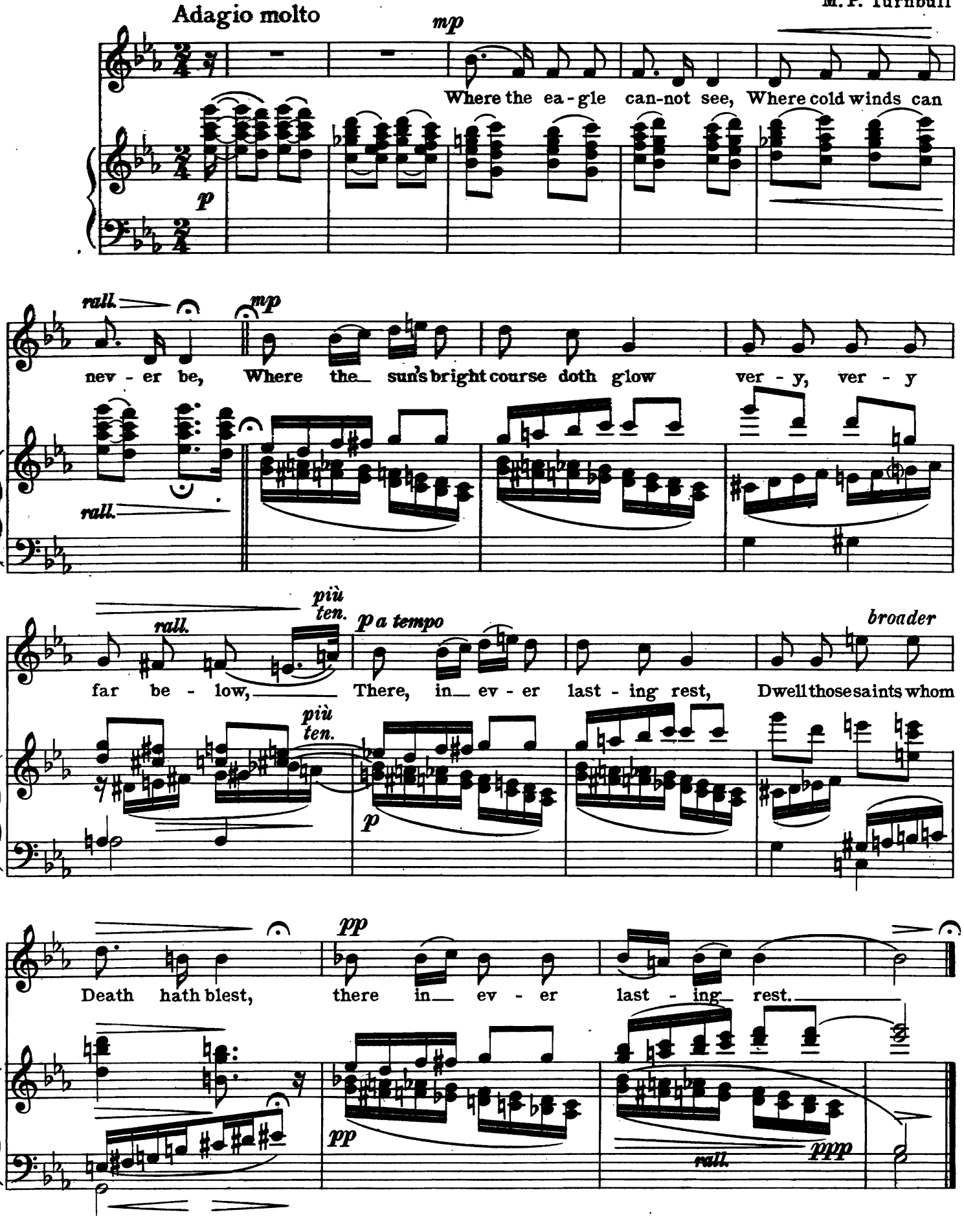
(1900)



# 94
# Where the Eagle

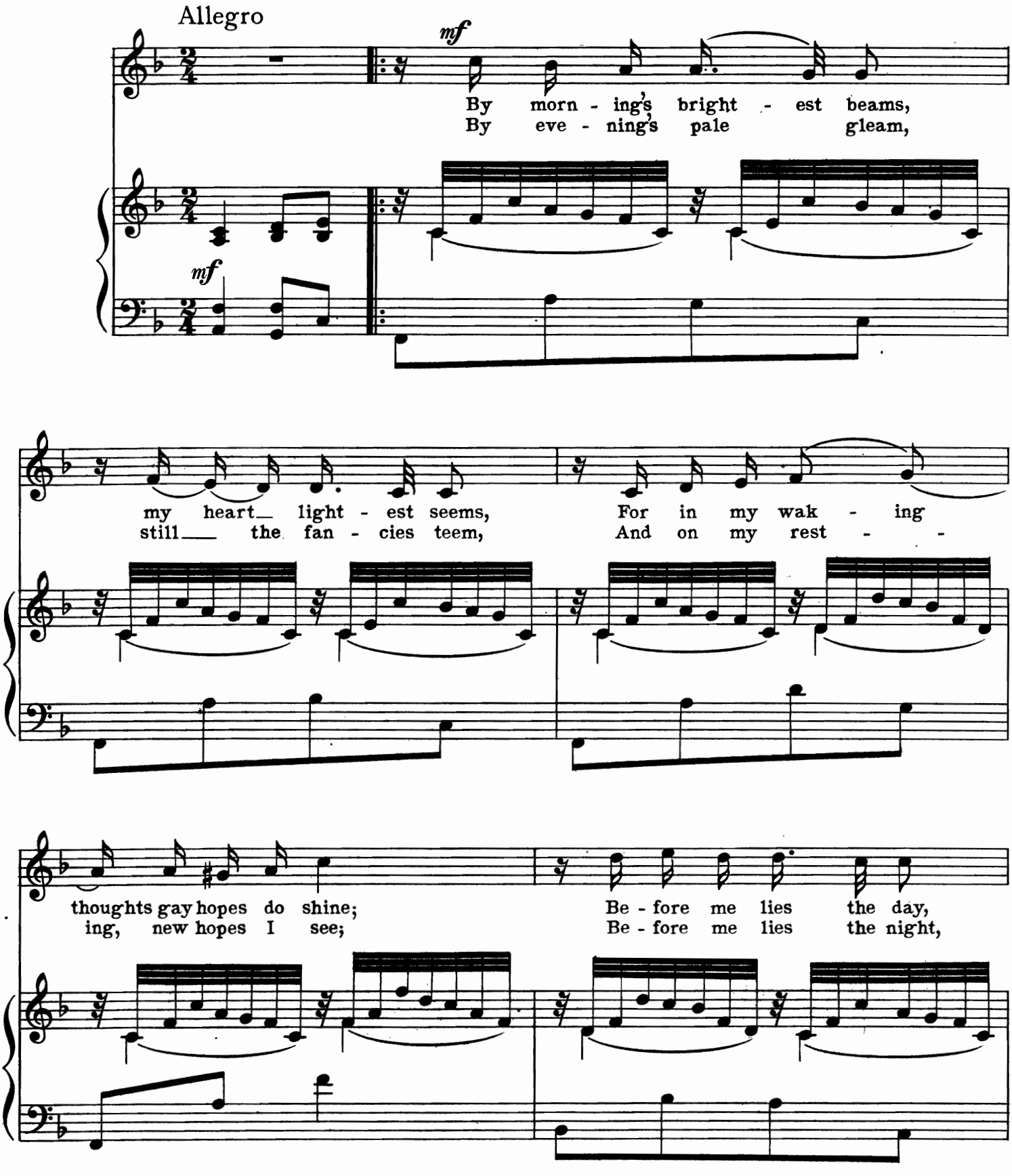
(1900)

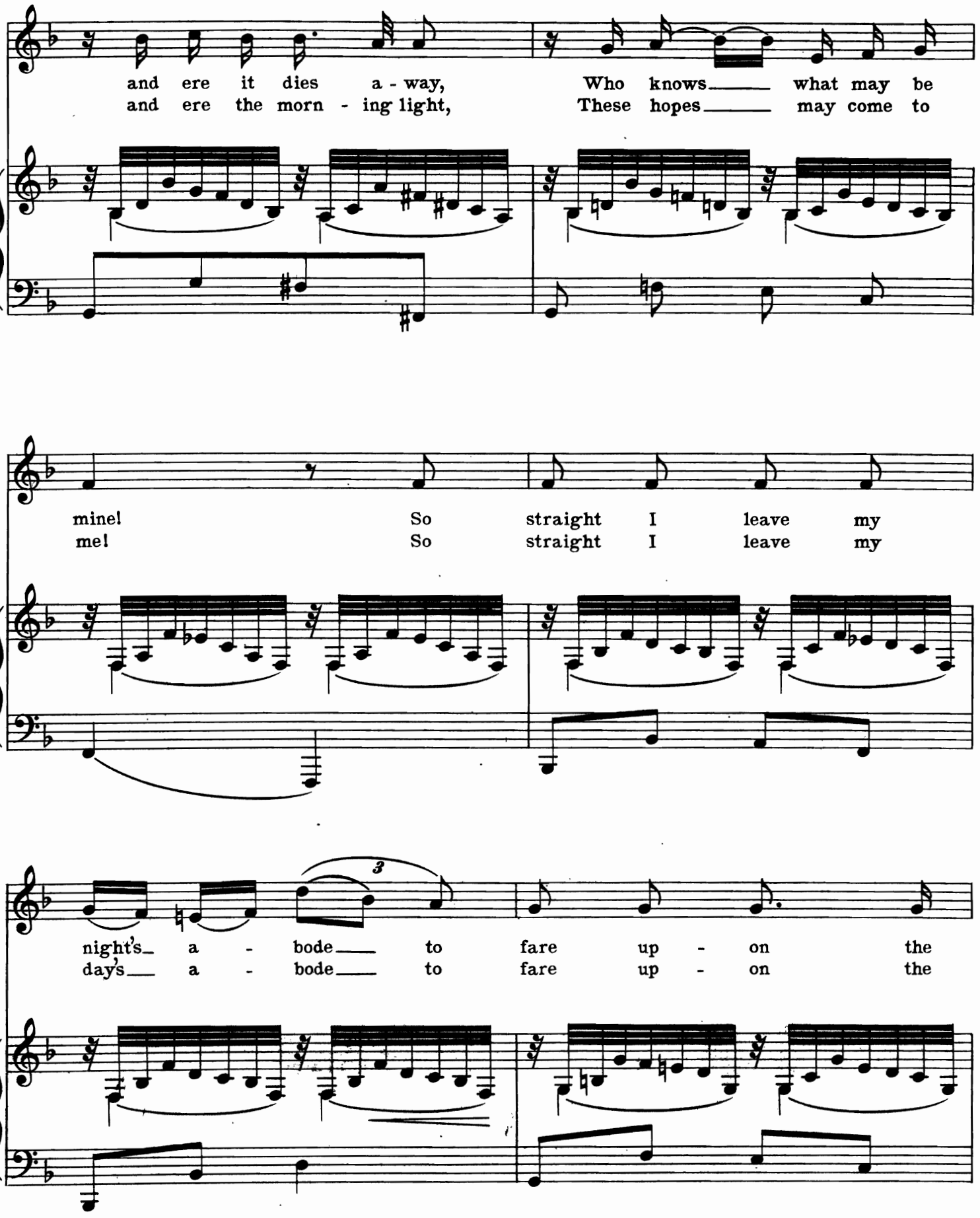
M. P. Turnbull

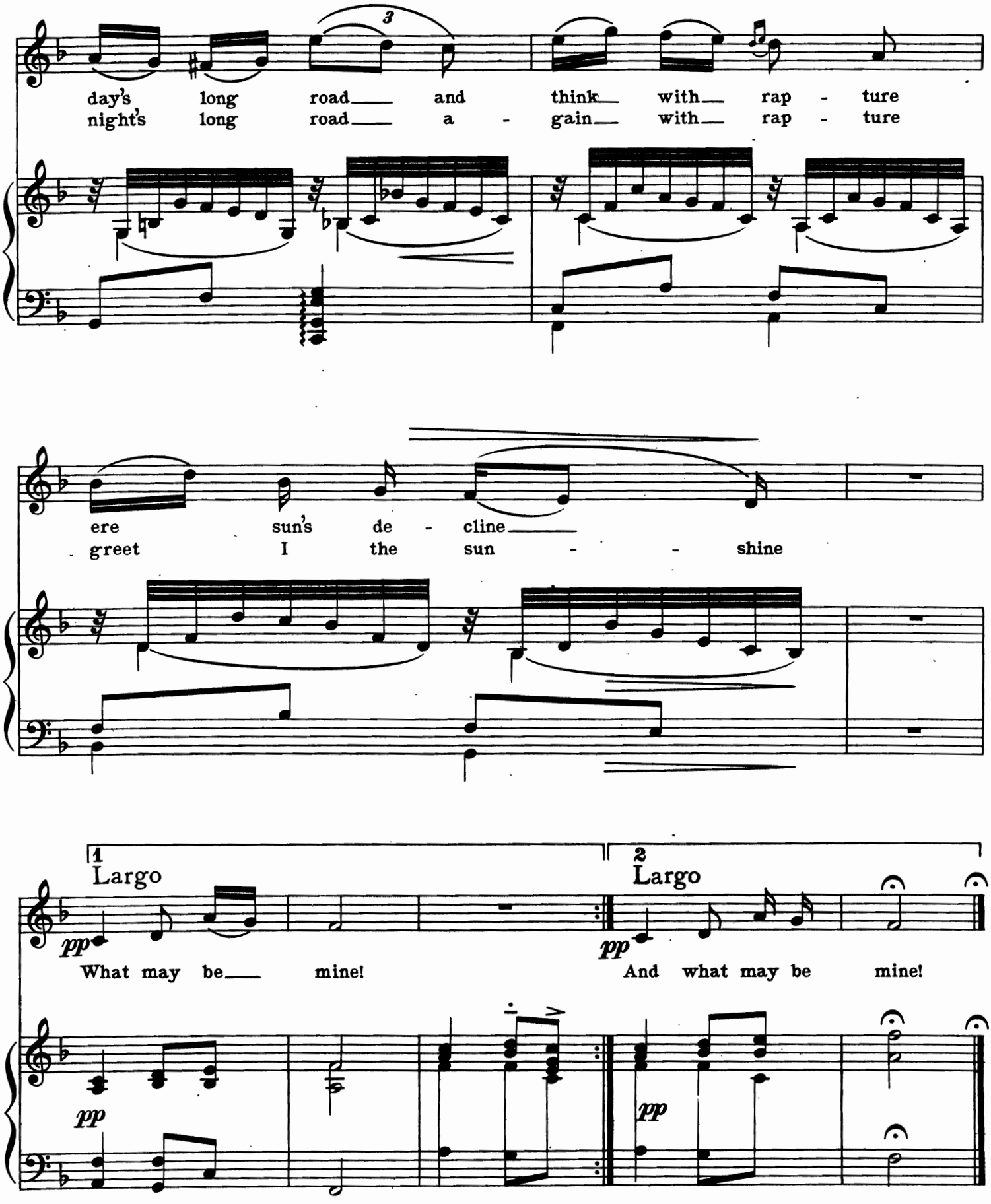


# 95
# Allegro

(1900)



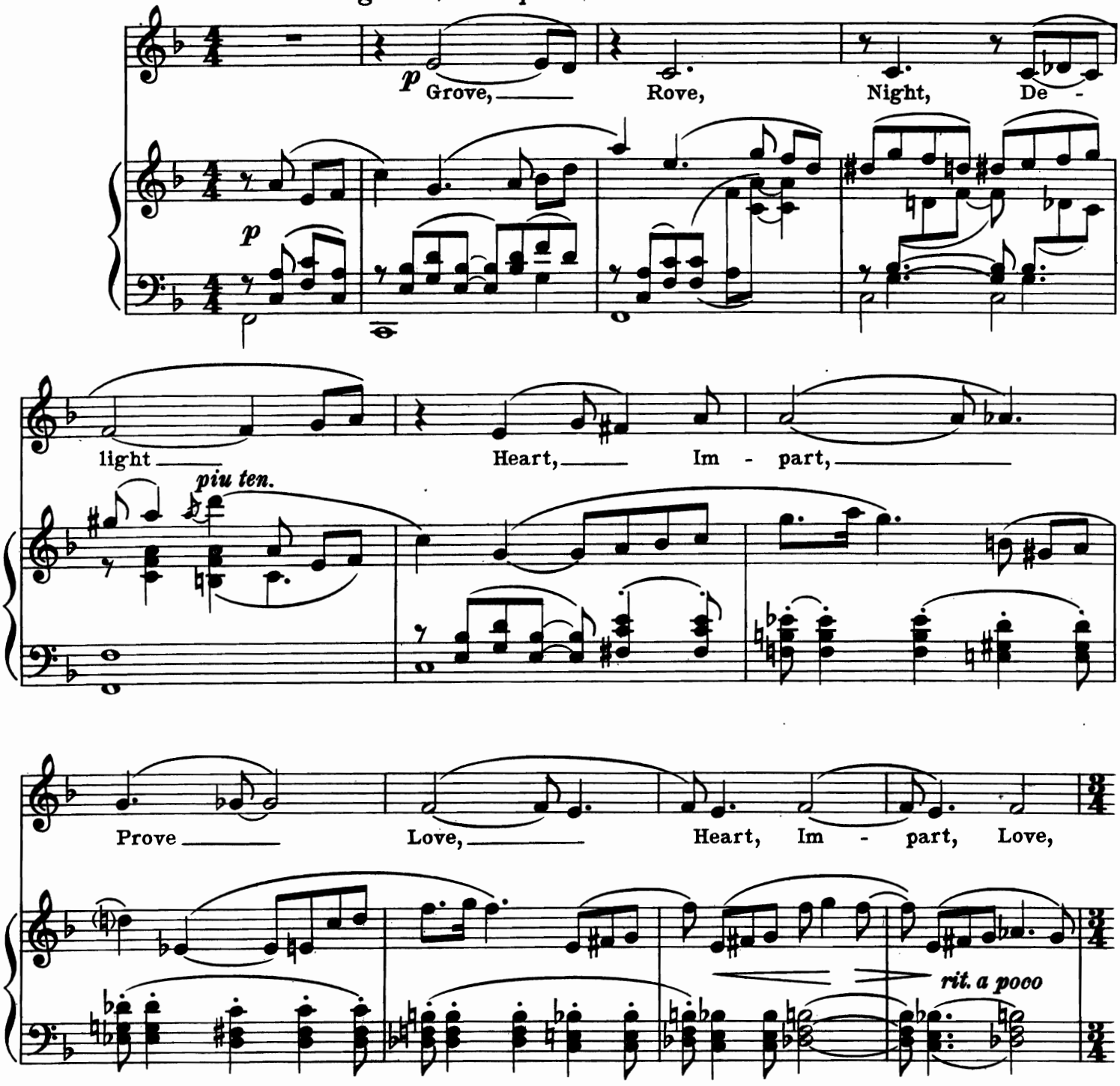

and ere it dies a - way, Who knows what may be
and ere the morn - ing light, These hopes may come to
mine! So straight I leave my
me! So straight I leave my
night's a - bode to fare up - on the
day's a - bode to fare up - on the
3


day's long road and think with rap - ture
night's long road a - gain with rap - ture
ere sun's de - cline
greet I the sun - - shine
1
Largo
pp
What may be mine!
2
Largo
pp
And what may be mine!
pp
pp

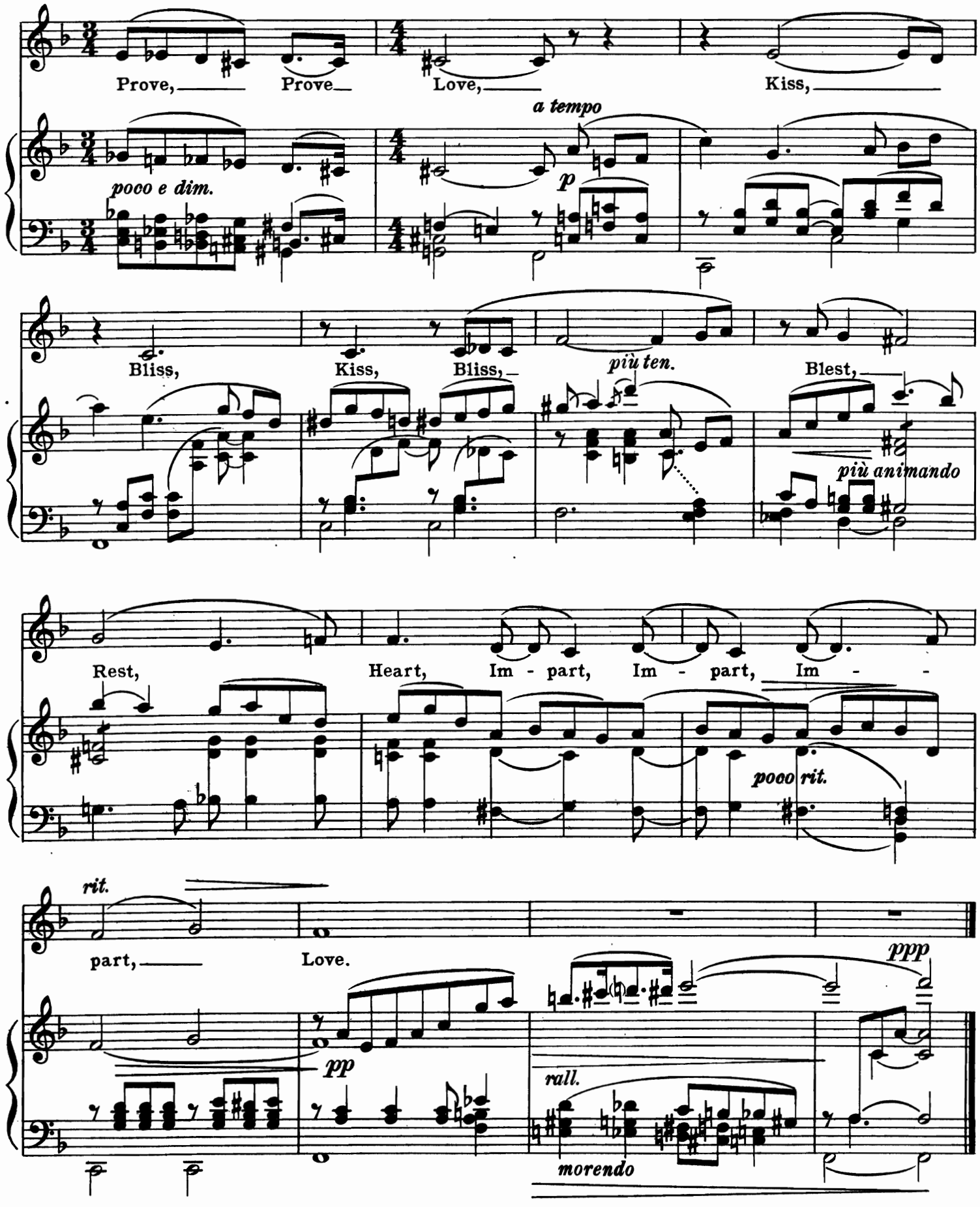
Leigh Hunt, in his Essays, "Rhyme and Reason," says: ...."yet how many 'poems' are there....of which we require no more than the rhymes, to be acquainted with the whole of them? You know what the rogues have done by the ends they come to. For instance, what more is necessary to inform us of all the following gentleman has for sale, than the bell he tinkles at the end of his cry? We are as sure of him as the muffin-man." Then he quotes the beautiful text, found in the song below. It is called a 'Love Song,' but this is not enough; when attached to music, it becomes a "Morceau du Coeur,"– a "Romanzo di Central Park," or an "Intermezzo Table d'hote." "...Was there ever peroration more eloquent? Ever a series of catastrophes more explanatory of their previous history?"

(1900)

Andante con grazia, con espressione e con amore.



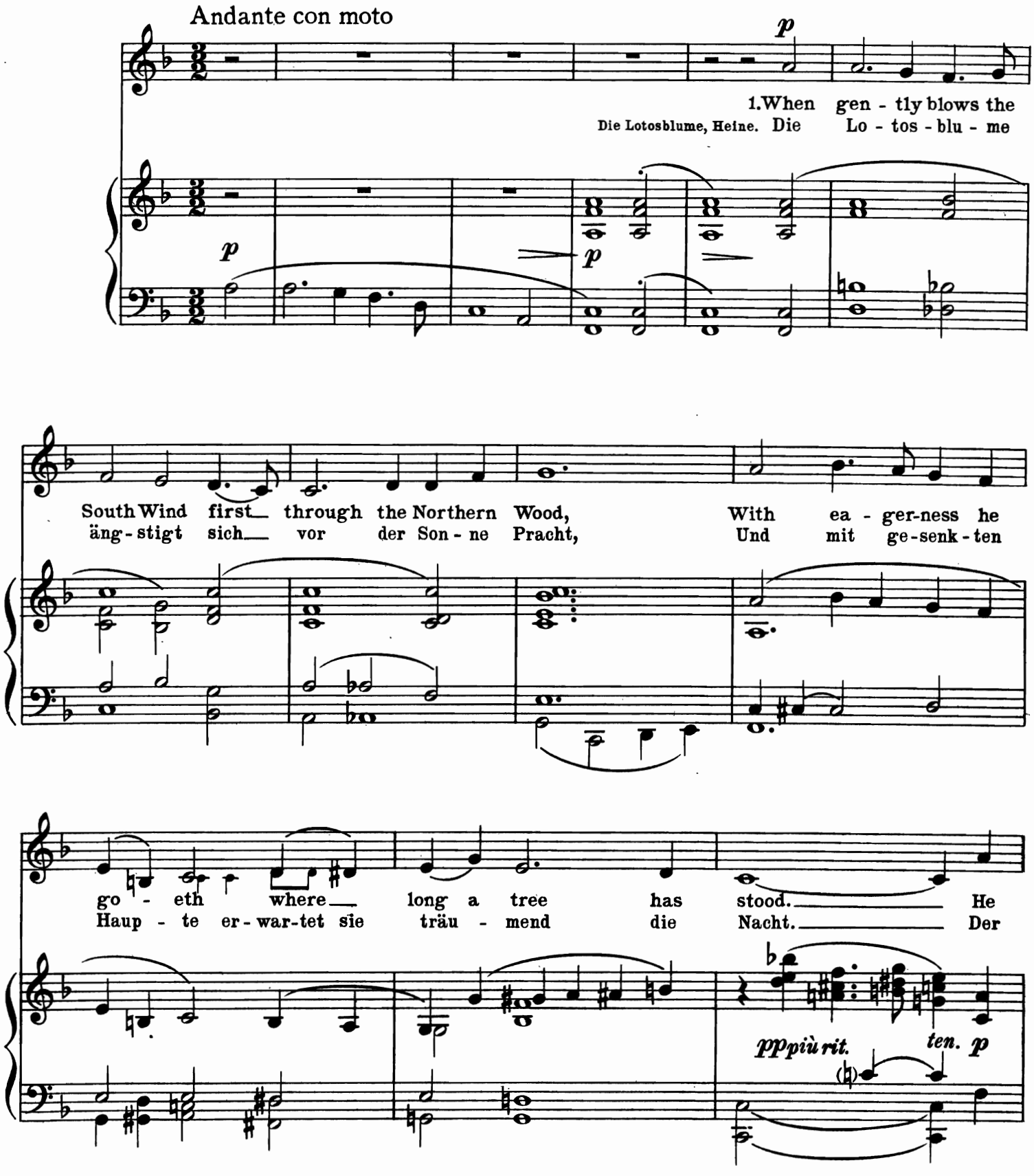

*NOTE:*- Men with high, liquid notes, and lady sopranos may sing an octave higher than written. The voice part of this "Aria," however, may be omitted with good effect. To make a deeper impression, a violin may play the right-hand tune, and may be omitted,– for the same reason.



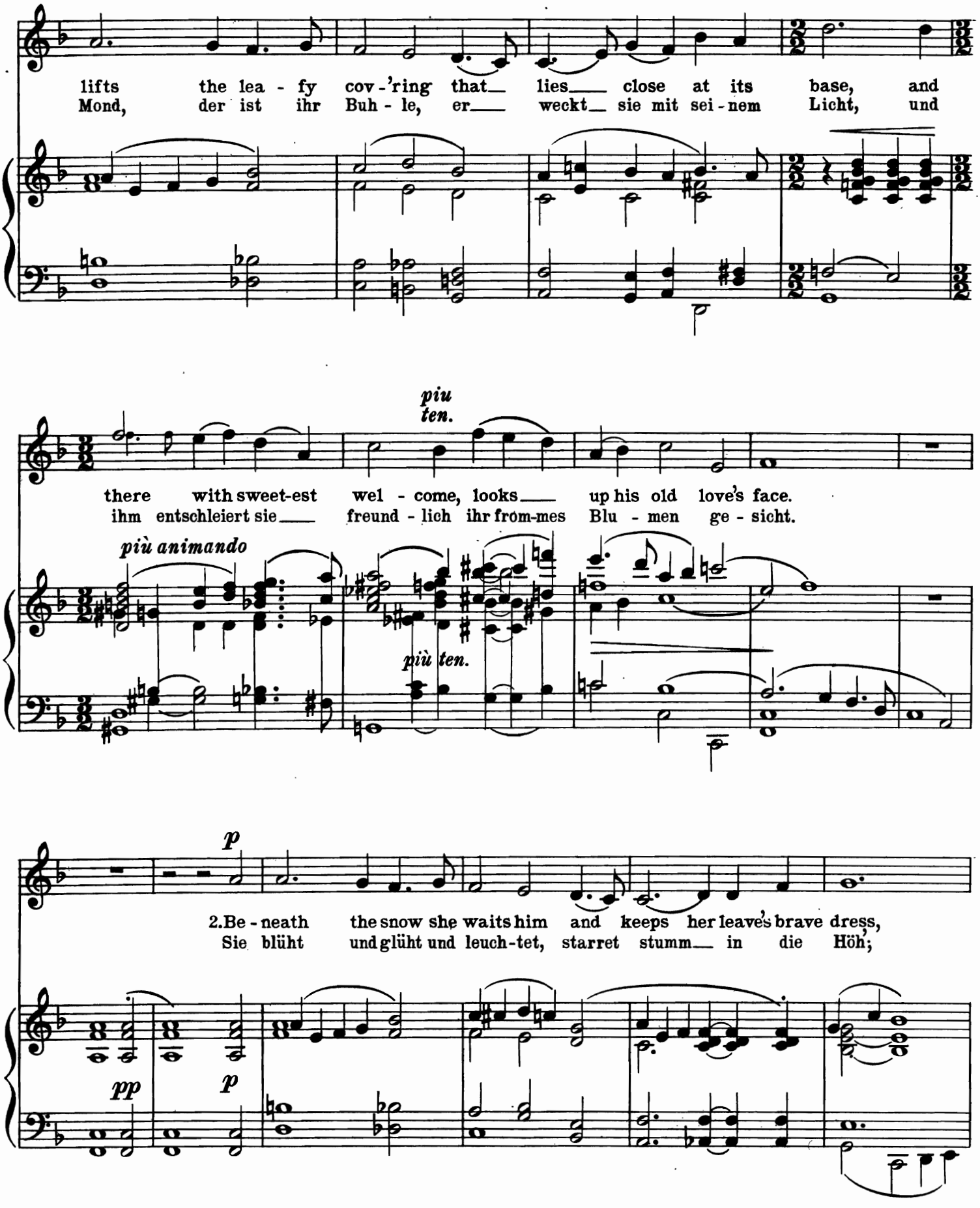

Some twenty years ago, an eminent and sure-minded critic of music in New York told a young man that _____ was one of our great composers; what he meant by "our" is not recorded, nor is it remembered that this profound statement was qualified by the word "living"—probably not, as this arbiter of tears and emotions is quite enthusiastic over his enthusiasms. The above collection of notes and heartbeats would show, but does so very inadequately, the influence, on the youthful mind, of the master in question.

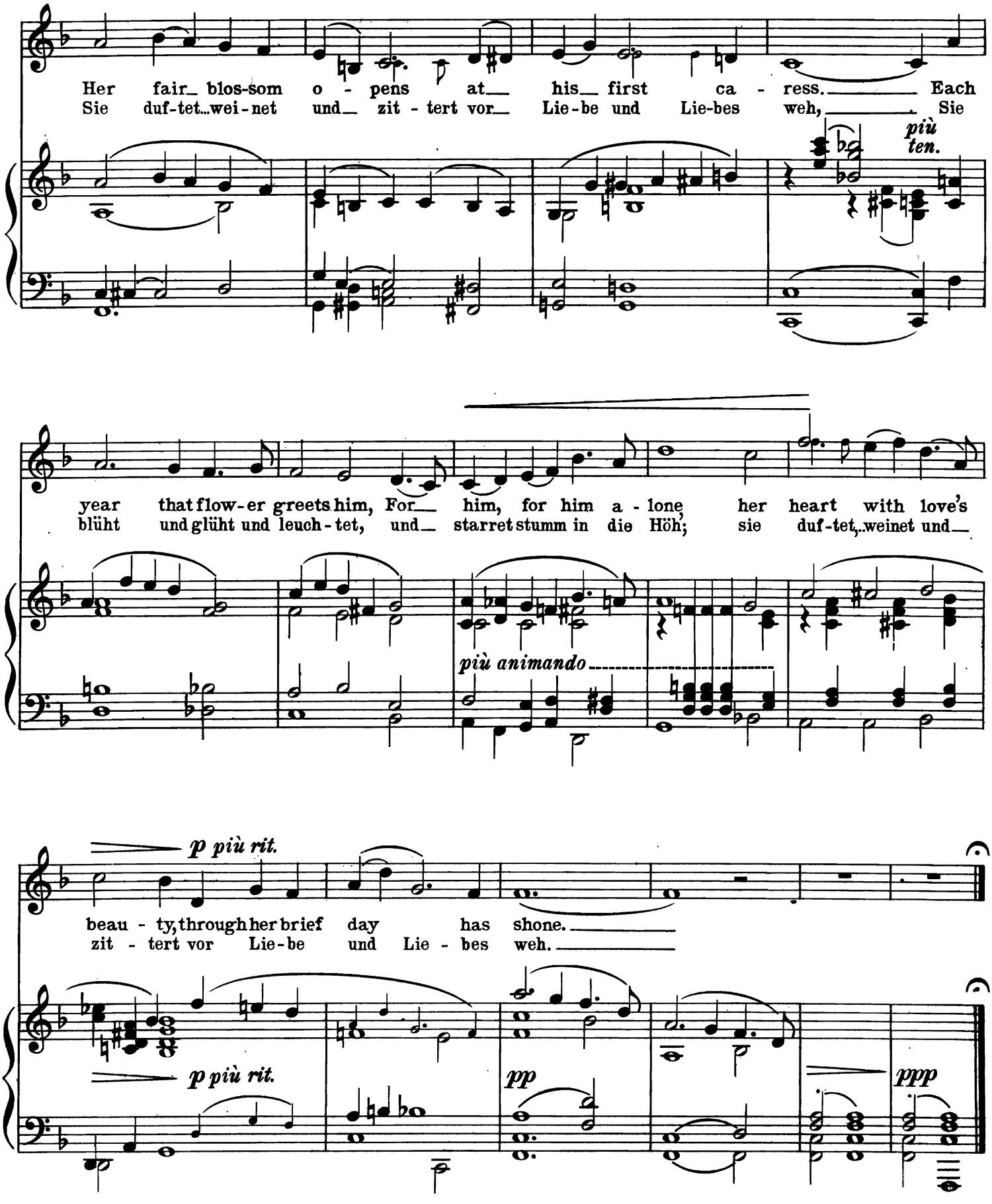
# 97
# The South Wind

(1899)




*NOTE:*- Composed originally to "Die Lotosblume" but as the setting was unsatisfactory, the other words were written for it.


lifts the lea - fy cov - 'ring that lies close at its base, and
Mond, der ist ihr Buh - le, er weckt sie mit sei - nem Licht, und
piu ten.
there with sweet-est wel - come, looks up his old love's face.
ihm entschleiert sie freund - lich ihr from-mes Blu - men ge - sicht.
più animando
più ten.
p
2. Be - neath the snow she waits him and keeps her leave's brave dress,
Sie blüht und glüht und leuch-tet, starret stumm in die Höh';
pp
p




*NOTE:*- The music for the second verse may be used for both.

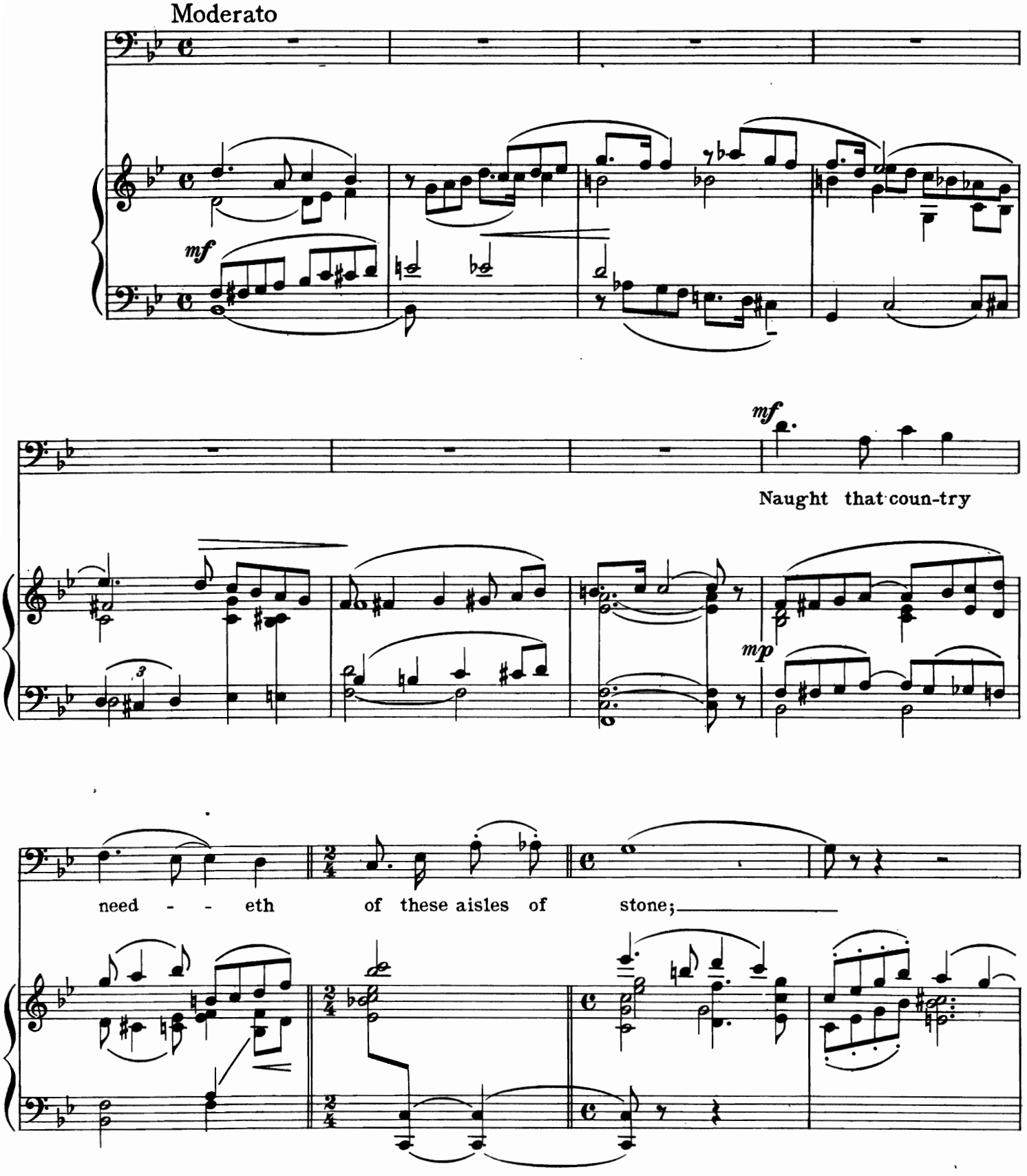
# 98

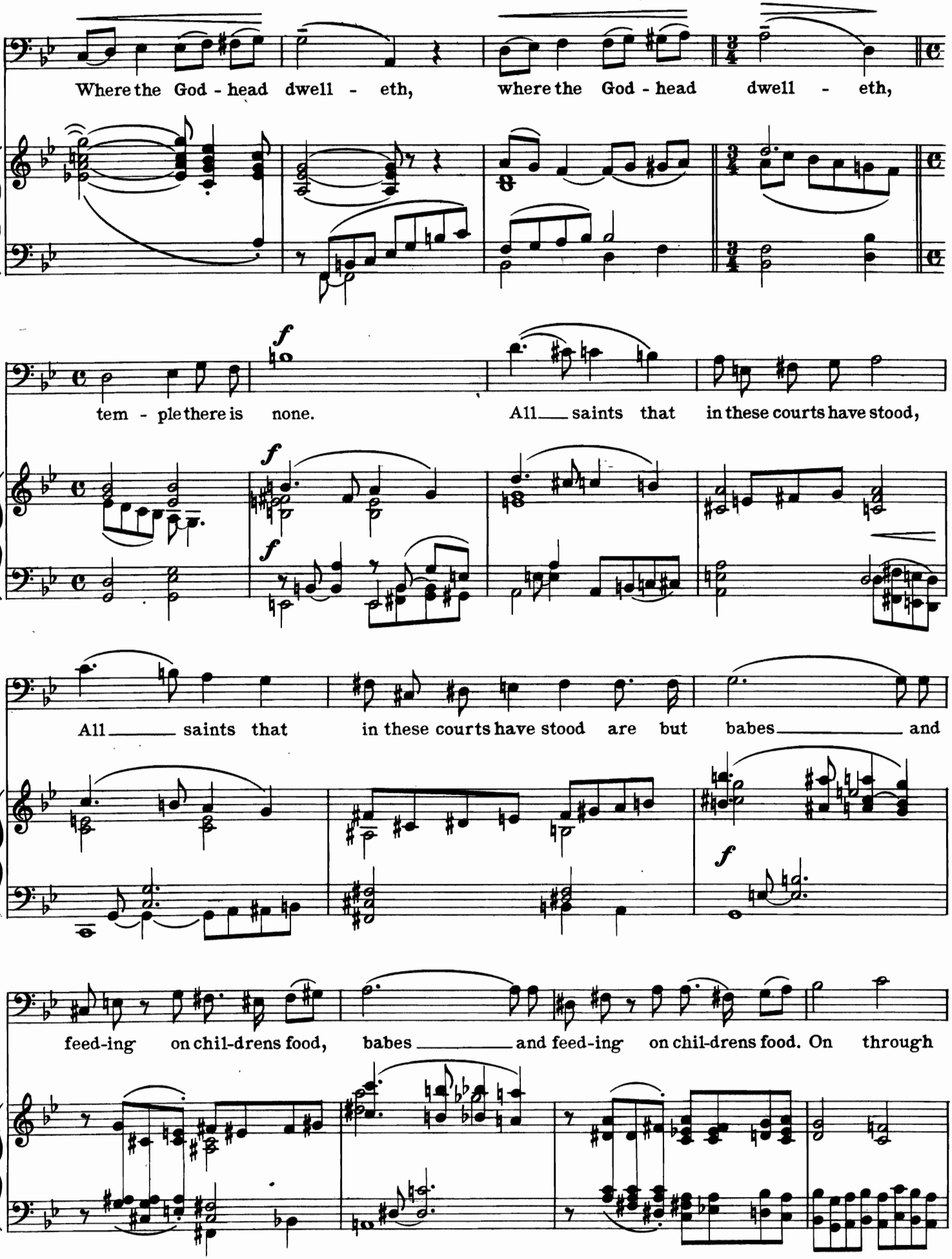
# Naught that Country needeth

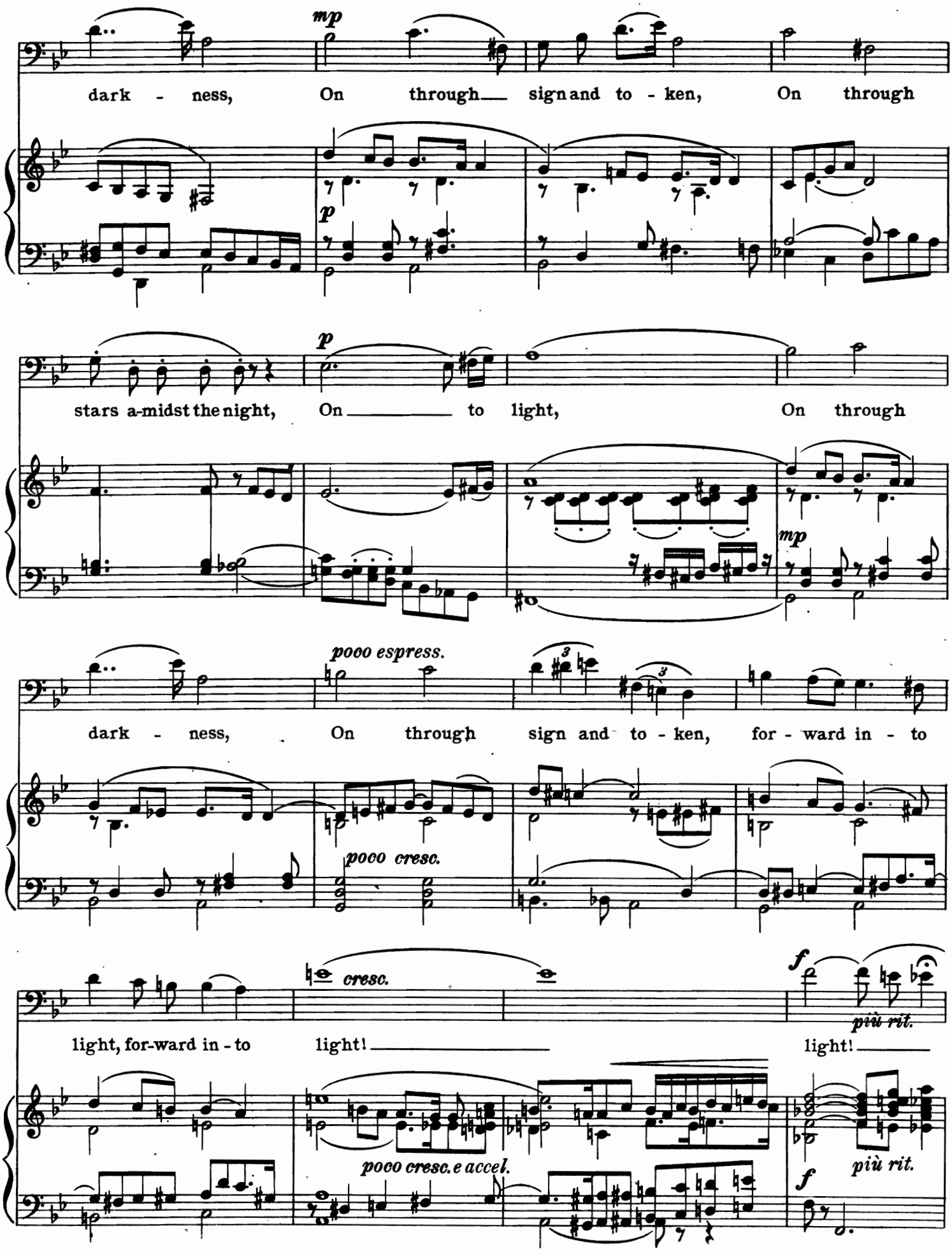
**Aria for Baritone** (from a Cantata, "The Celestial Country")

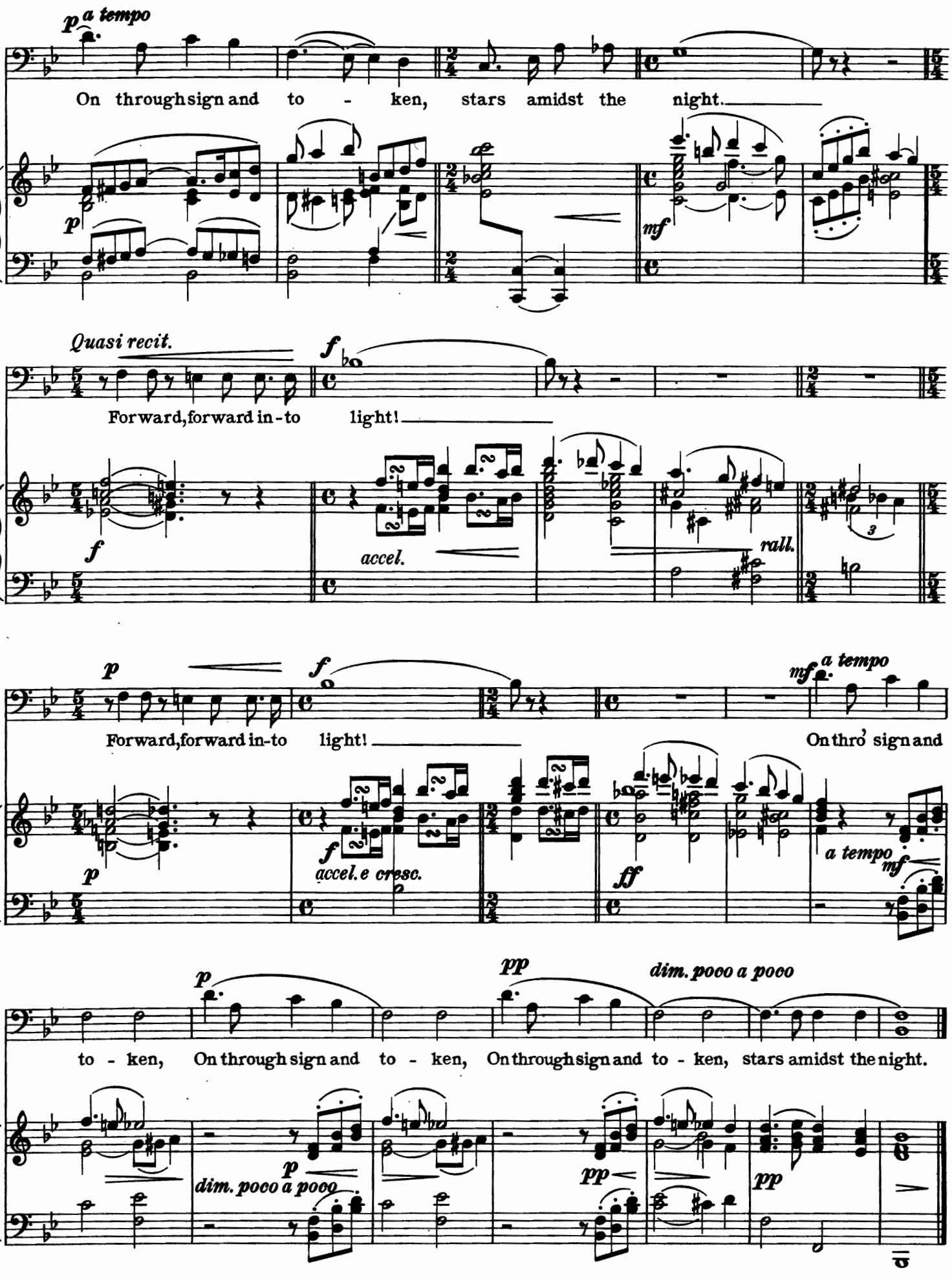
(1899)

Alford
from St. Bernard




Where the God - head dwell - eth, where the God - head dwell - eth,
tem - ple there is none. All saints that in these courts have stood,
All saints that in these courts have stood are but babes and
feed-ing on chil-drens food, babes and feed-ing on chil-drens food. On through


mp
dark - ness, On through sign and to - ken, On through
p
p
stars a-midst the night, On to light, On through
mp
pocco espress.
dark - ness, On through sign and to - ken, for - ward in - to
poco cresc.
cresc.
f
più rit.
light, for-ward in - to light! light!
poco cresc. e accel.
f
più rit.

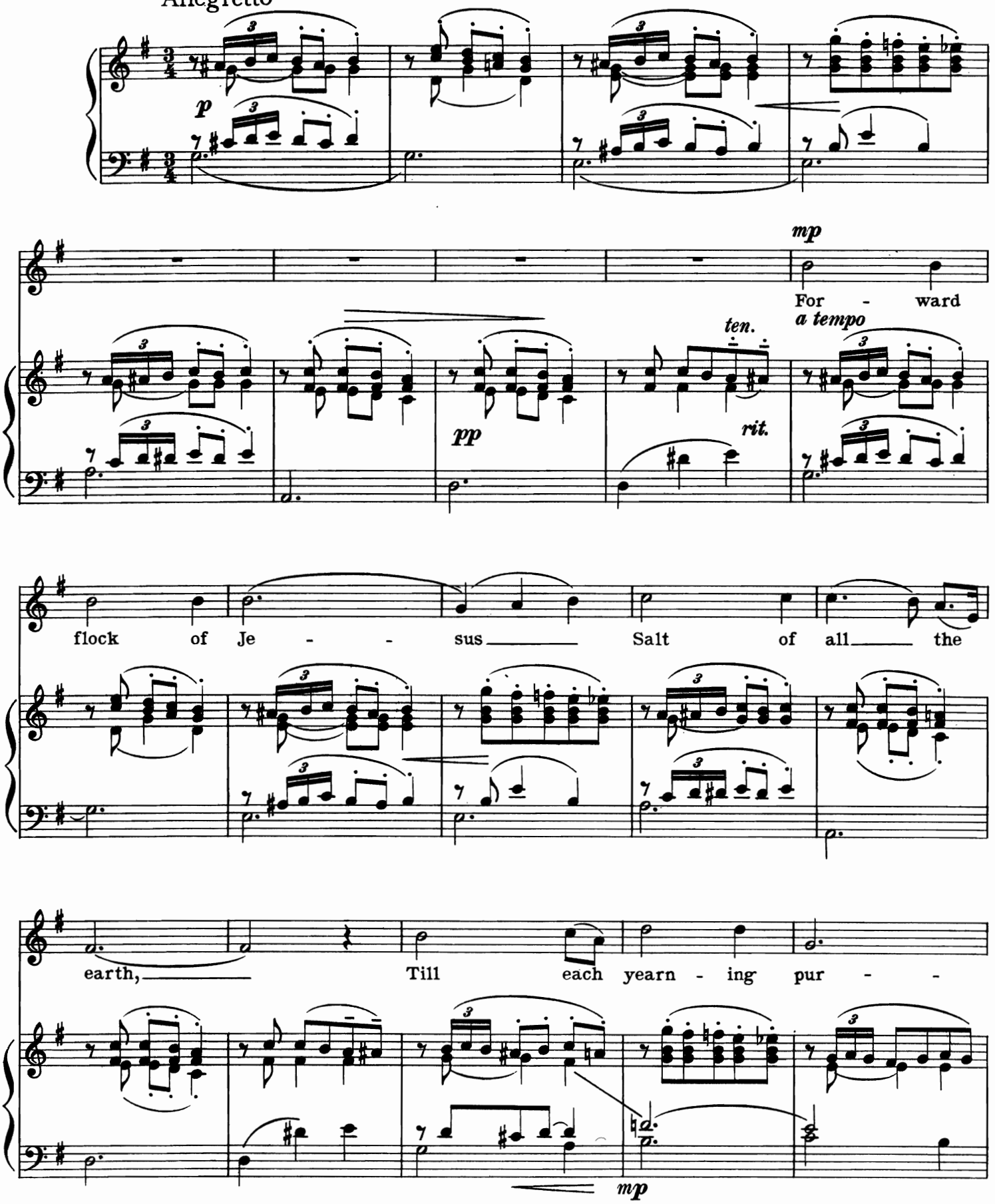

p a tempo
On through sign and to - ken, stars amidst the night.
mf
Quasi recit.
f
Forward, forward in-to light!
accel.
rall.
Forward, forward in-to light!
On thro' sign and
mf a tempo
accel. e cresc.
ff
a tempo
to - ken, On through sign and to - ken, On through sign and to - ken, stars amidst the night.
dim. poco a poco
pp

# 99
# Forward into Light

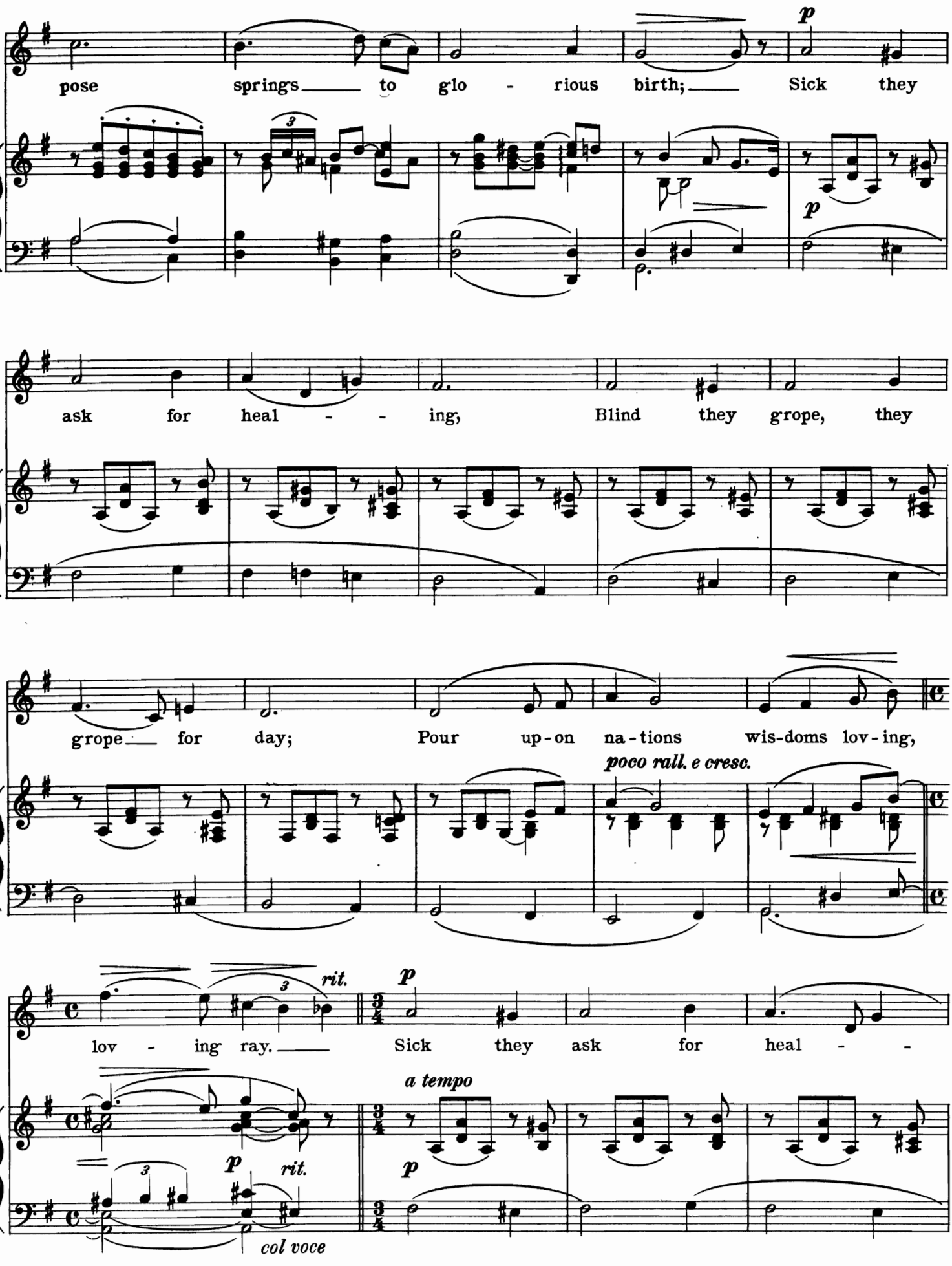
**Aria for Tenor (or Soprano)** (from a Cantata "The Celestial Country")

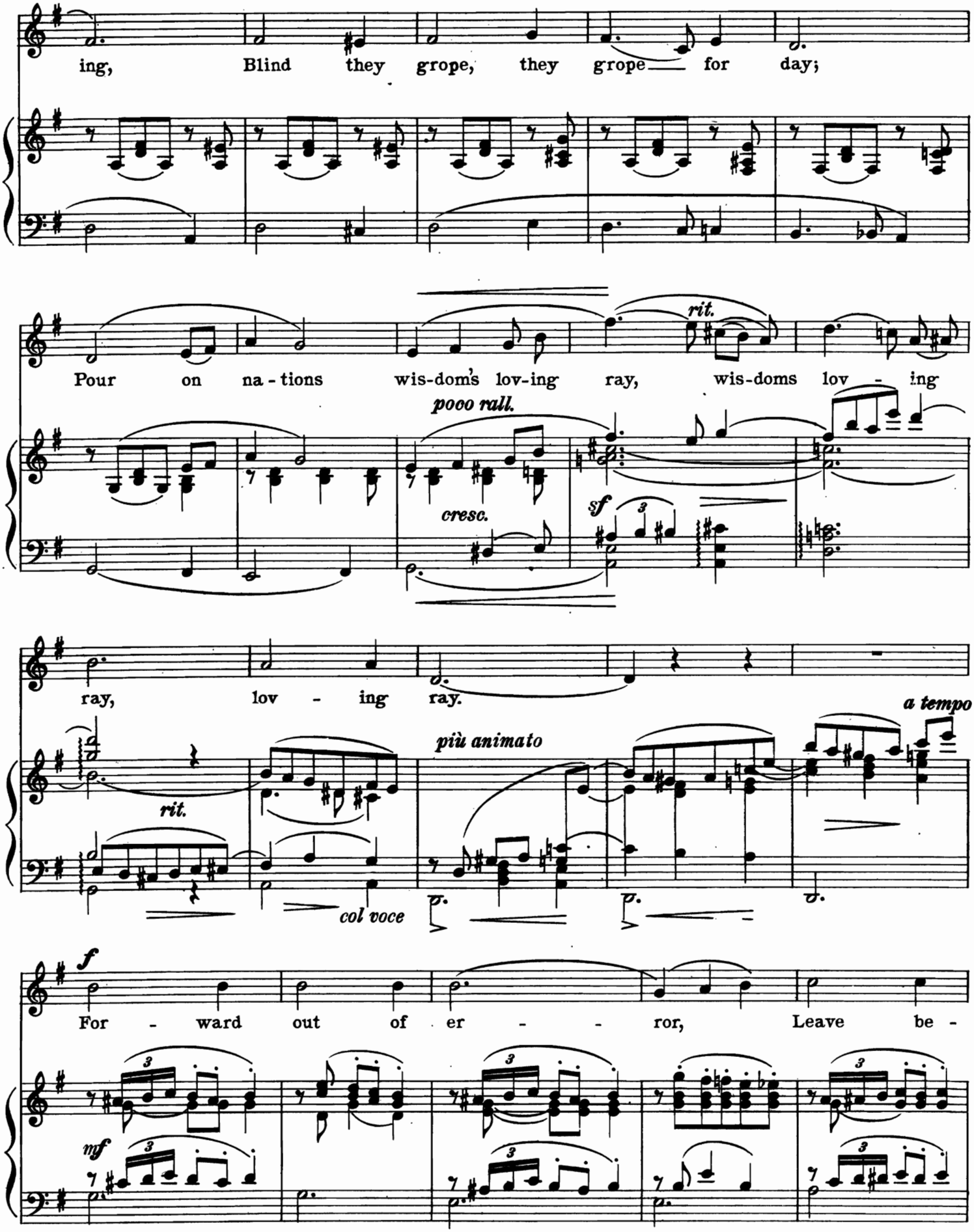
(1898)

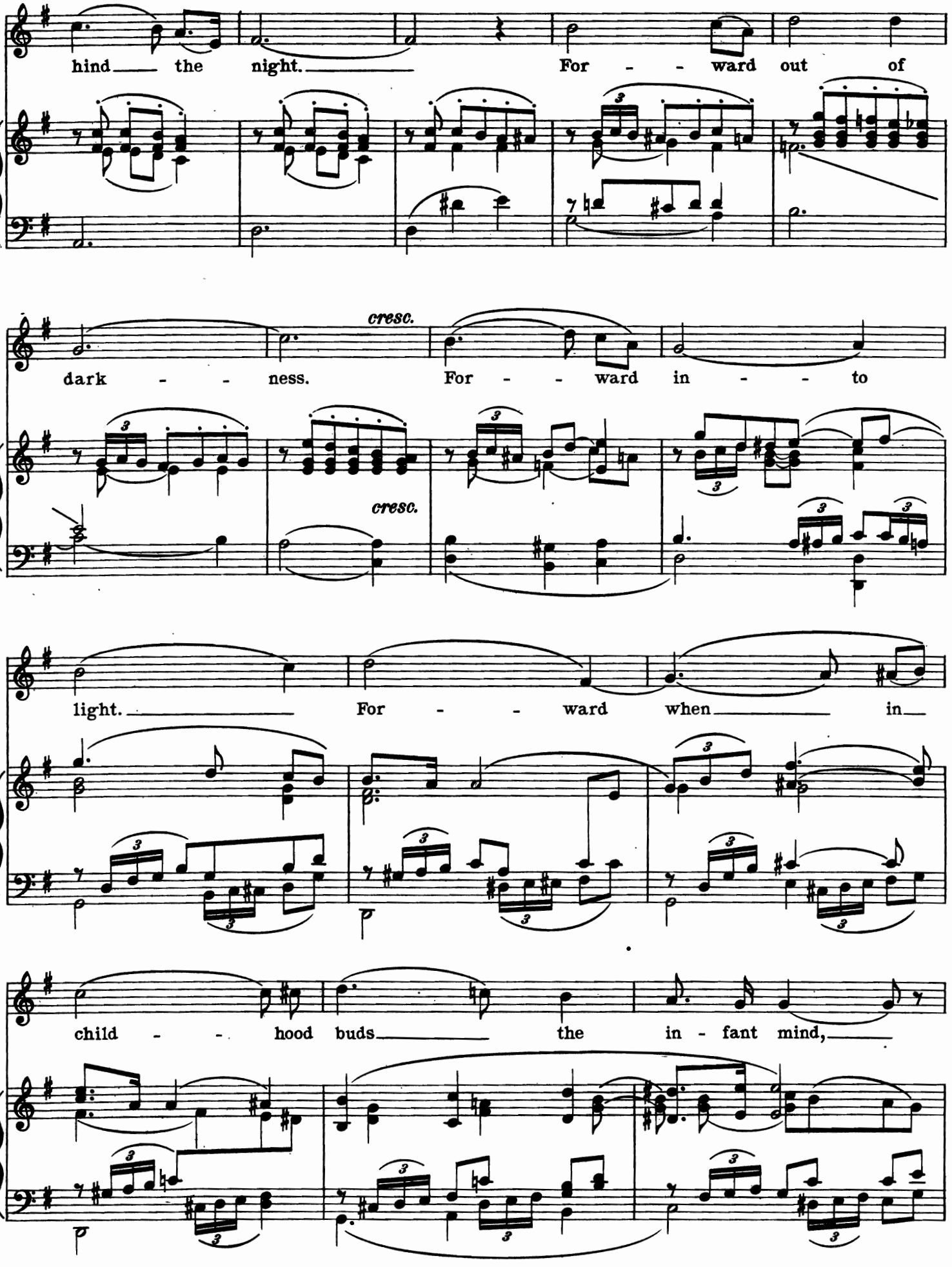
Alford
from St. Bernard

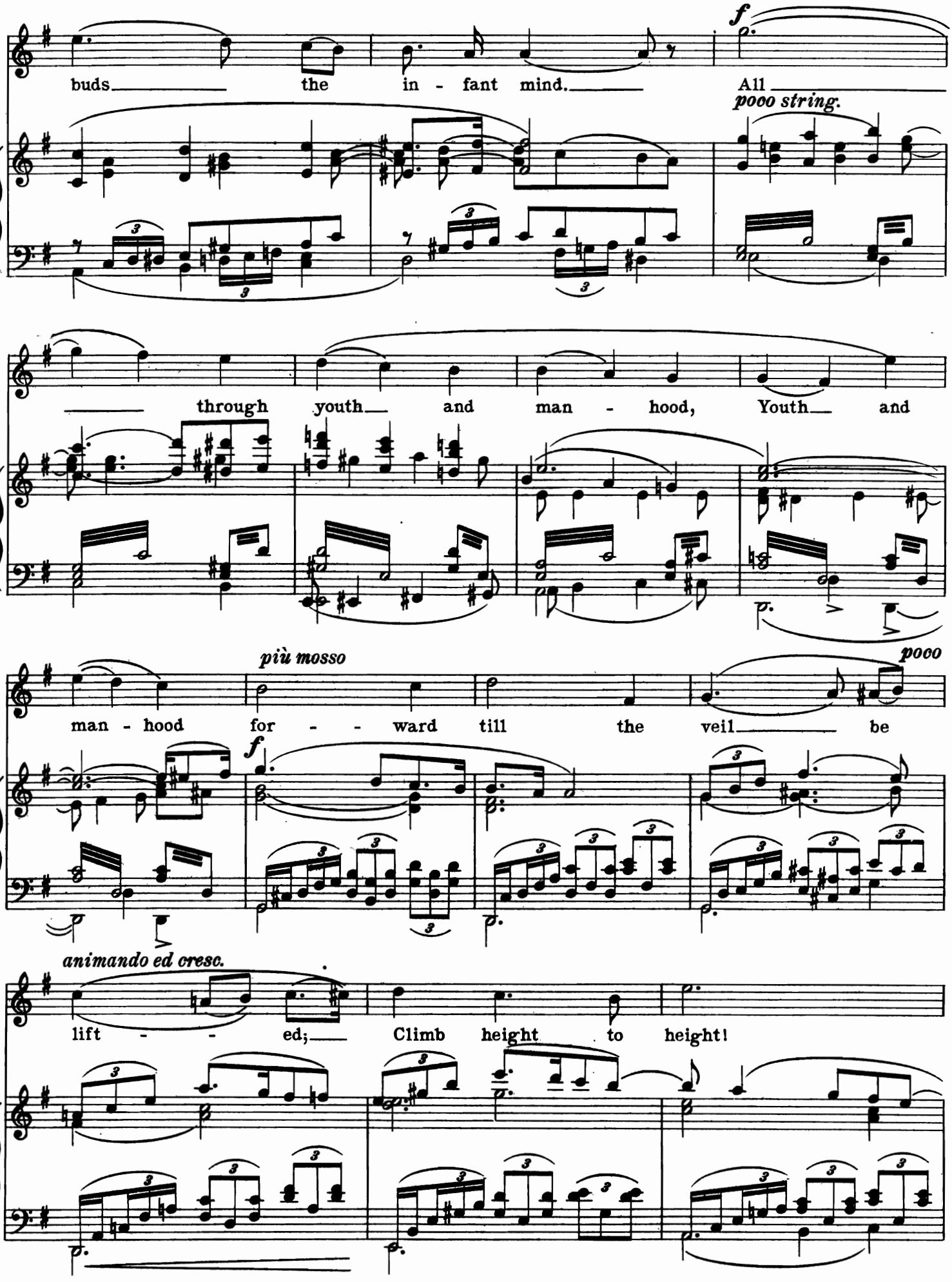


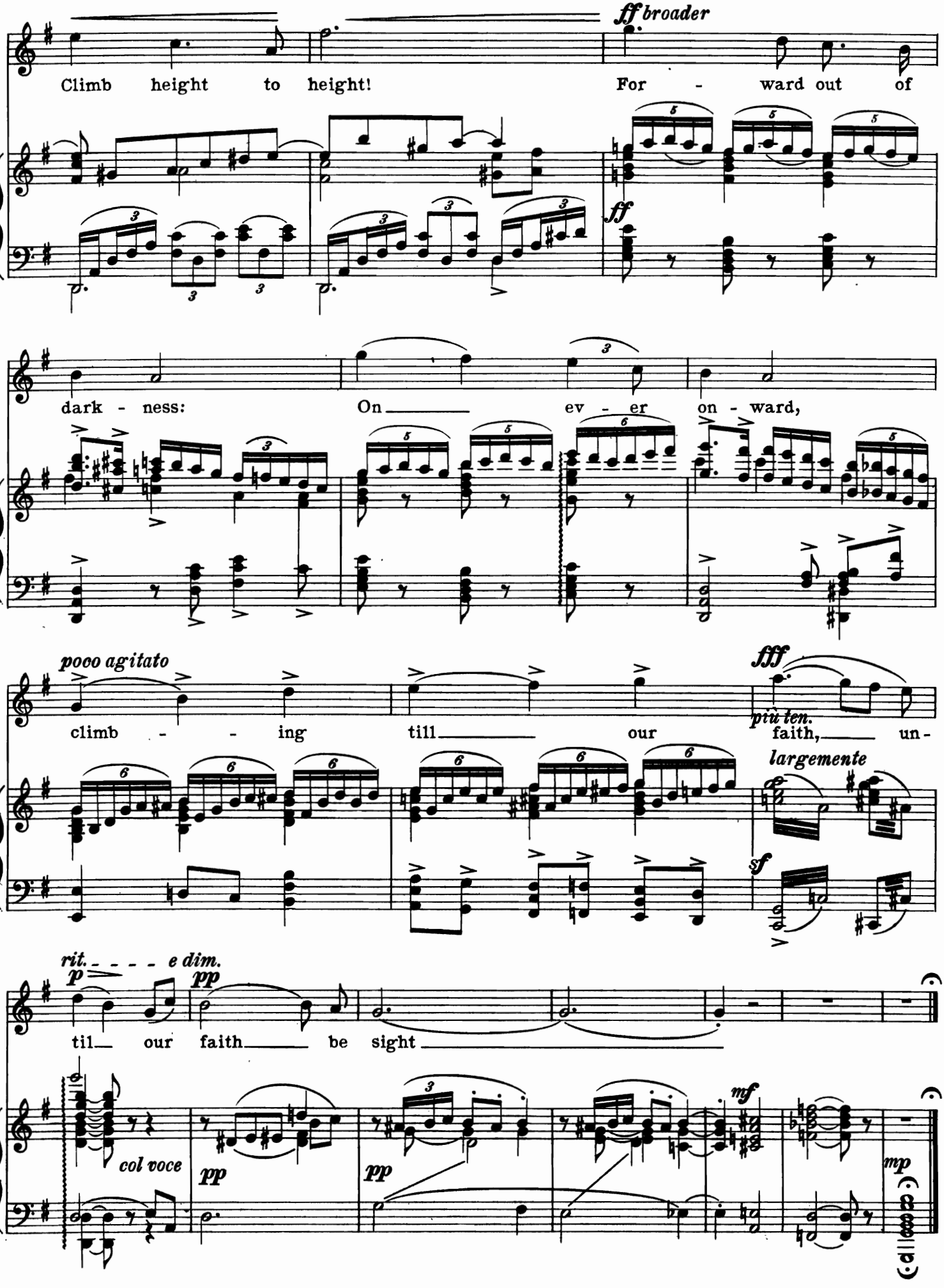

Nos. **98** and **99**, from a Cantata


pose springs to glo - rious birth; Sick they
p
ask for heal - - ing; Blind they grope, they
grope for day; Pour up-on na-tions wis-doms lov-ing,
poco rall. e cresc.
lov - ing ray.
rit.
Sick they ask for heal - -
a tempo
col voce

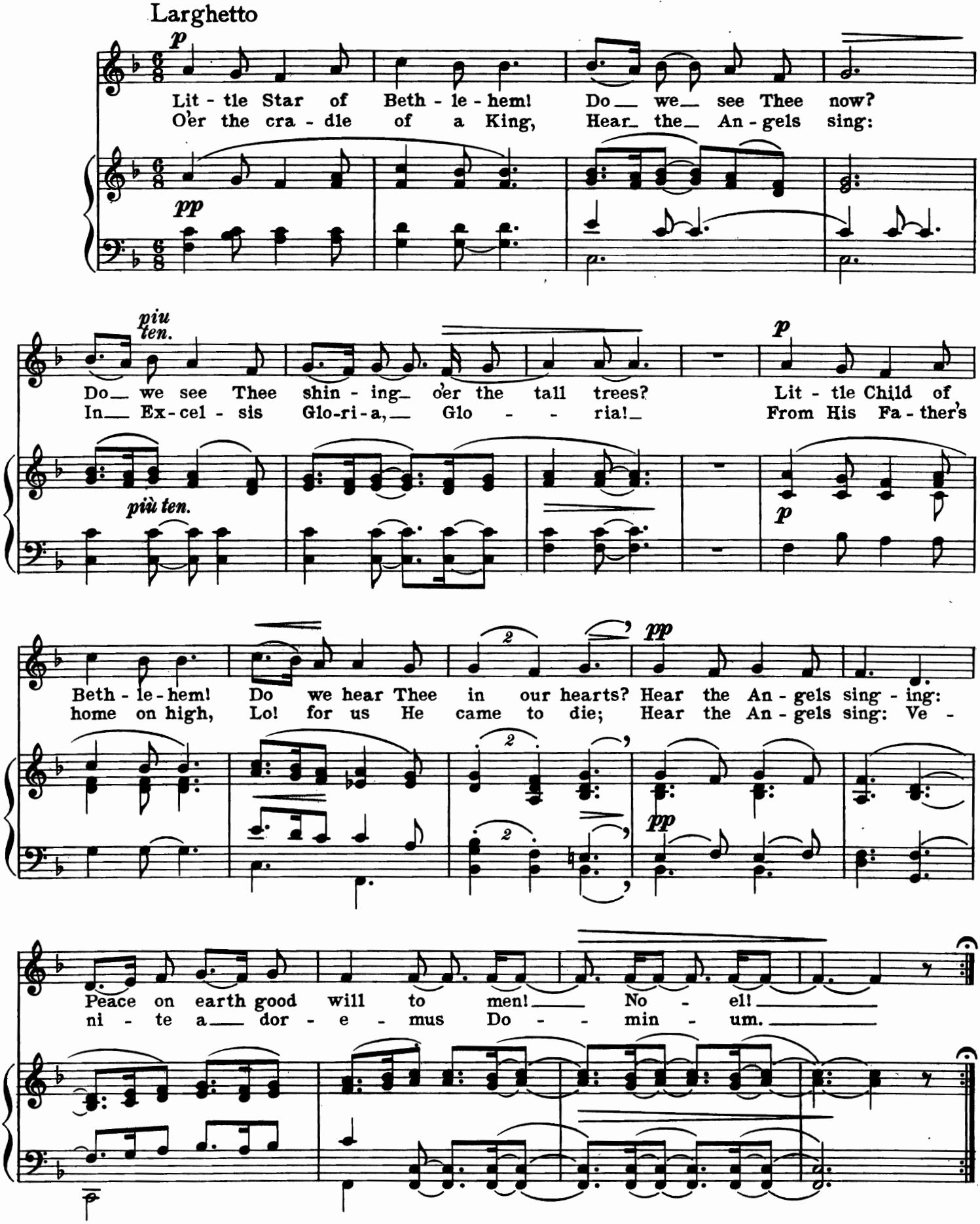

ing, Blind they grope, they grope for day;
Pour on na - tions wis-dom's lov-ing ray, wis-doms lov - ing
rit.
pooo rall.
cresc.
sf
ray, lov - ing ray.
a tempo
più animato
rit.
col voce
f
For - ward out of er - - ror, Leave be -
mf


hind the night. For - - ward out of
cresc.
dark - - ness. For - - ward in - - to
cresc.
light. For - - ward when in
child - - hood buds the in - fant mind,


buds the in - fant mind. All
pooo string.
through youth and man - hood, Youth and
più mosso
poco
man - hood for - - ward till the veil be
animando ed cresc.
lift - - ed; Climb height to height!


ff broader
Climb height to height! For - ward out of
ff
dark - ness: On ev - er on - ward,
pooco agitato
climb - - ing till our
fff
più ten.
faith, un -
largemente
sf
rit. - - - - e dim.
p
pp
til our faith be sight
col voce
pp
pp
mf
mp

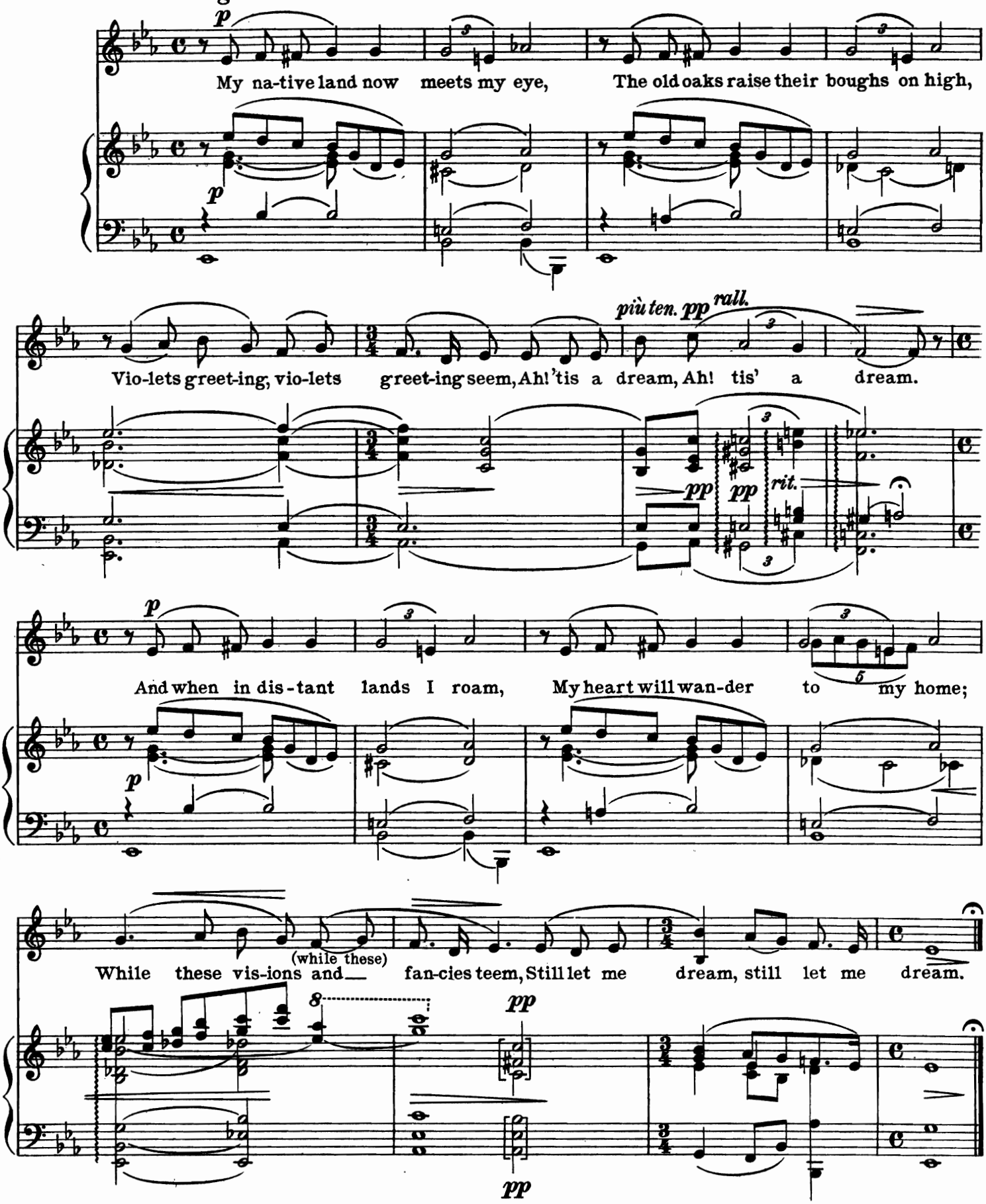
# 100
# A Christmas Carol



# 101
# My Native Land

(1897) (Traditional)

Adagio



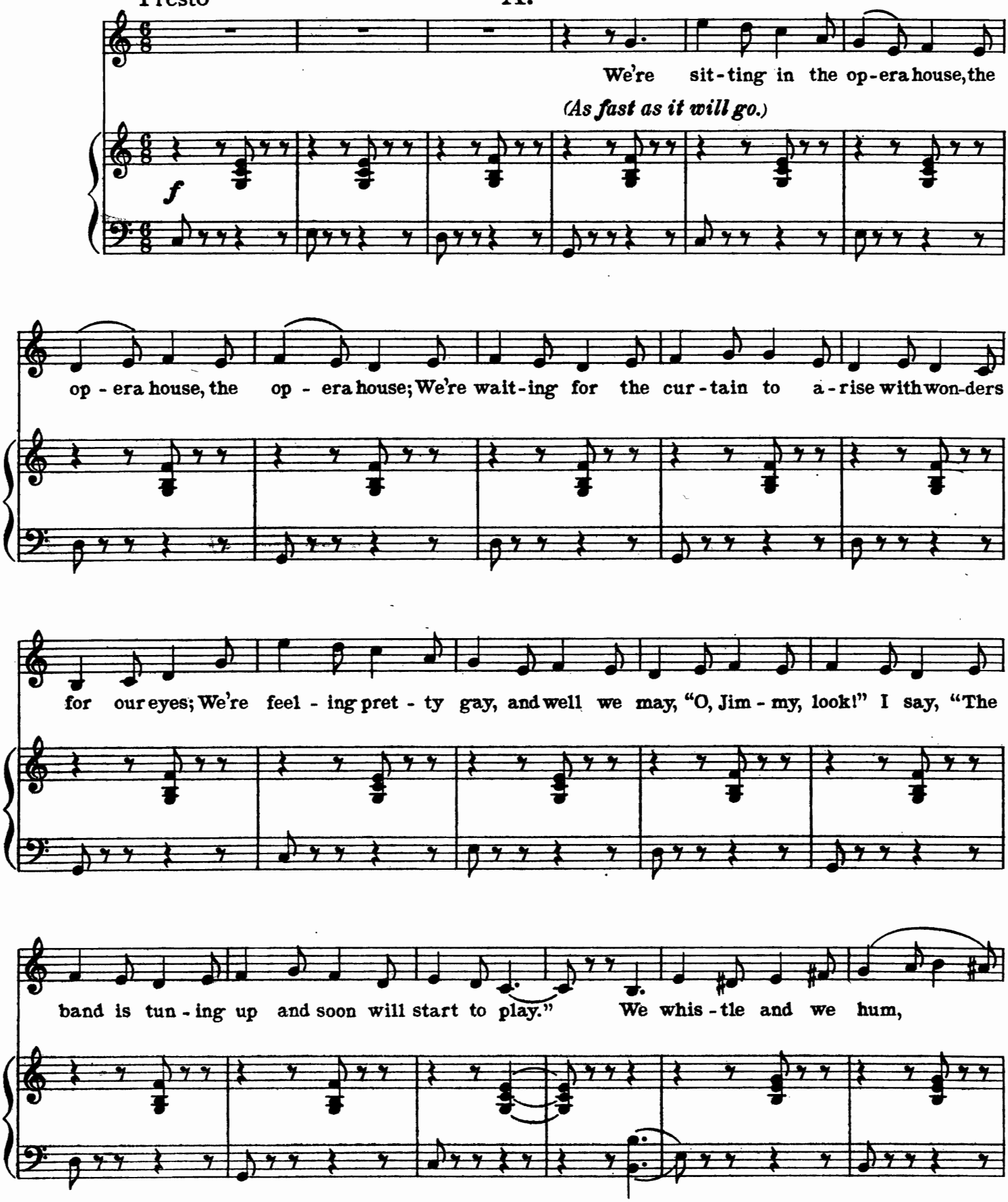
# 102

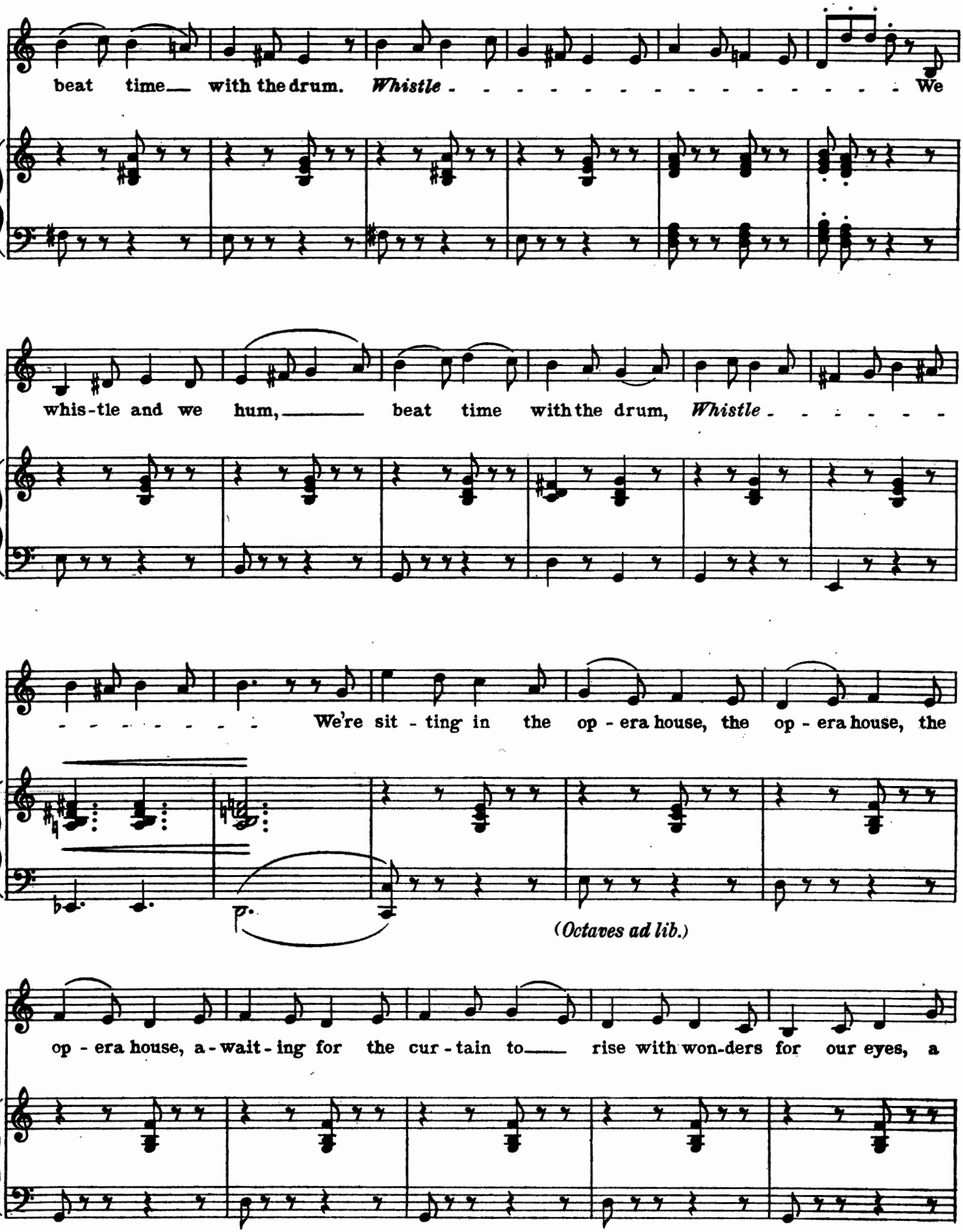
# Memories {A,-Very Pleasant / B,-Rather Sad

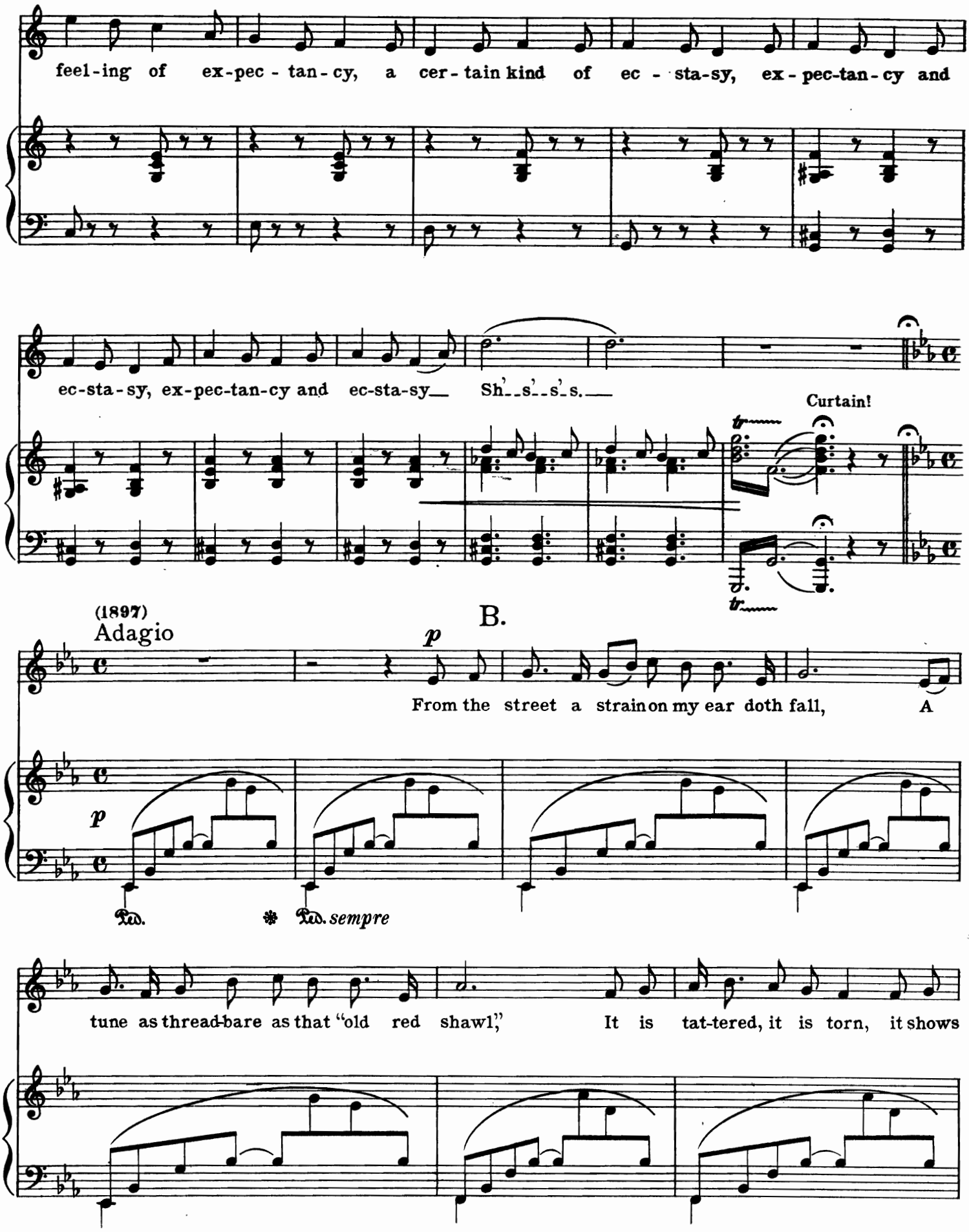
(1897)

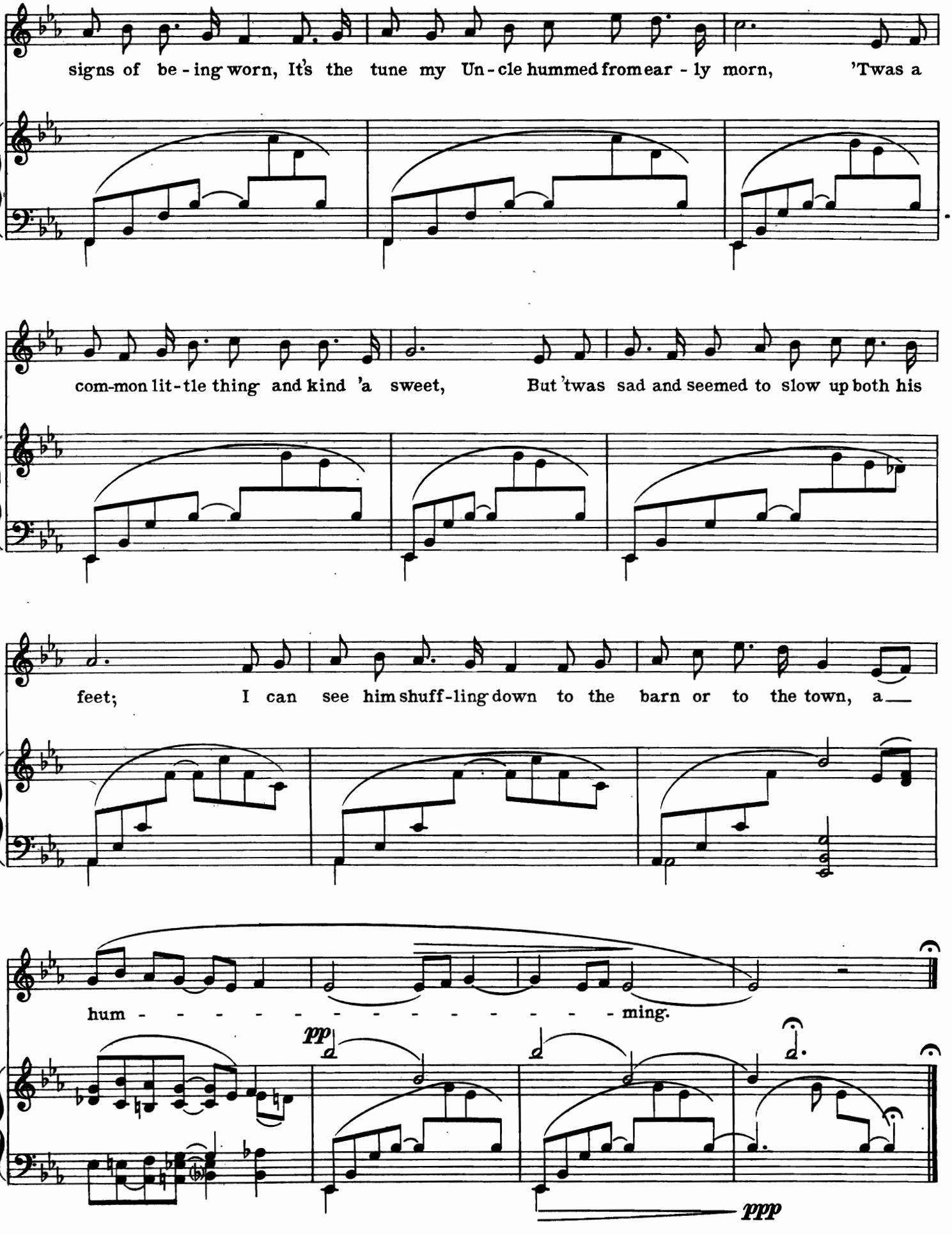
Presto

A.




beat time with the drum. Whistle - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - We
whis-tle and we hum, beat time with the drum, Whistle - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - We're sit - ting in the op - era house, the op - era house, the
(Octaves ad lib.)
op - era house, a - wait - ing for the cur - tain to rise with won-ders for our eyes, a


feel-ing of ex-pec - tan-cy, a cer-tain kind of ec - sta-sy, ex-pec-tan-cy and
ec-sta-sy, ex-pec-tan-cy and ec-sta-sy Sh's's's's.
Curtain!
(1897)
Adagio
B.
p
From the street a strain on my ear doth fall, A
p
Ped. * Ped. sempre
tune as thread-bare as that "old red shawl," It is tat-tered, it is torn, it shows


signs of be - ing worn, It's the tune my Un - cle hummed from ear - ly morn, 'Twas a
com-mon lit - tle thing and kind 'a sweet, But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both his
feet; I can see him shuff-ling down to the barn or to the town, a
hum - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ming.
pp
ppp

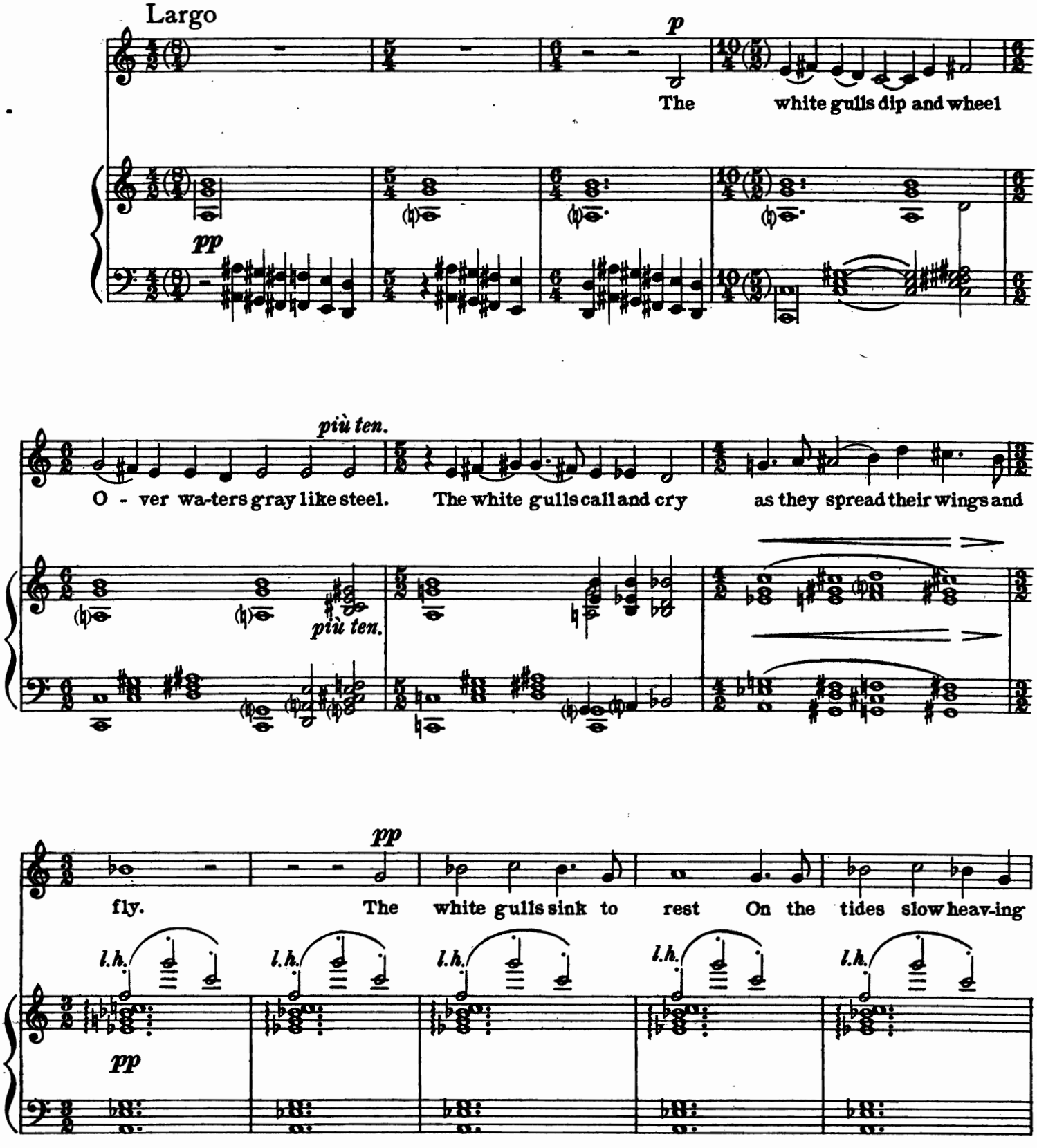
# 103

# The White Gulls

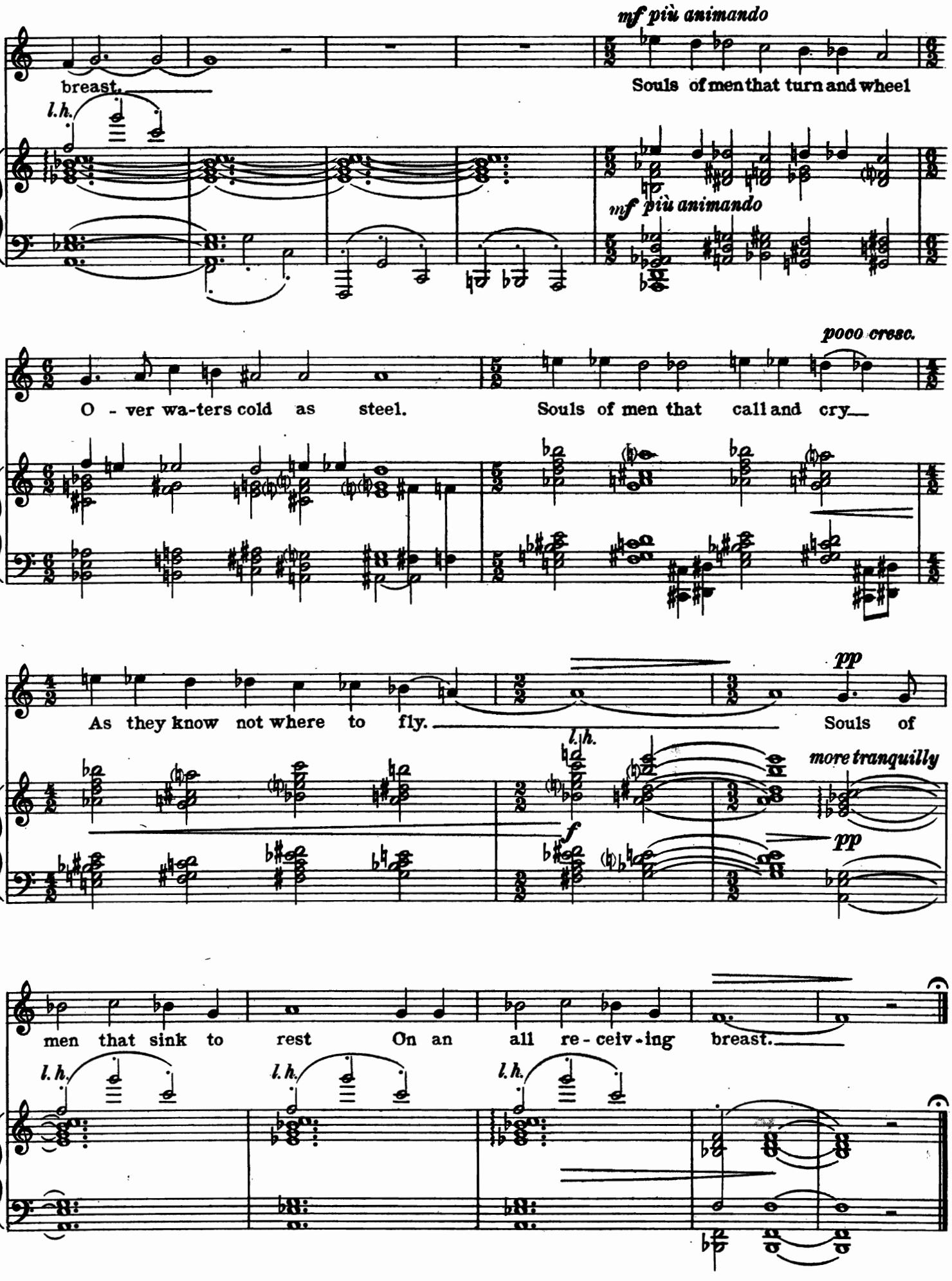
## (from the Russian)

(1921)

Maurice Morris

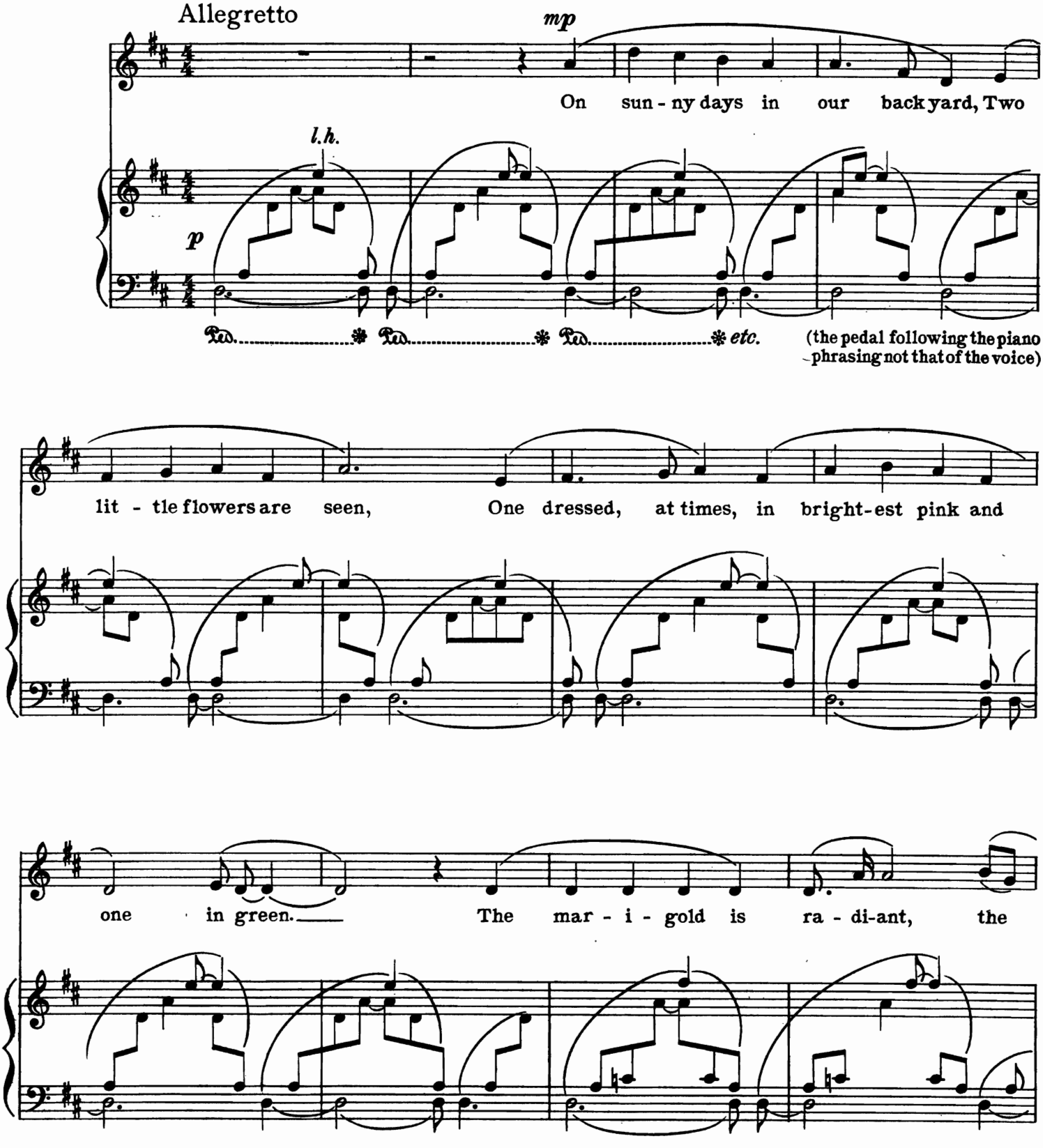


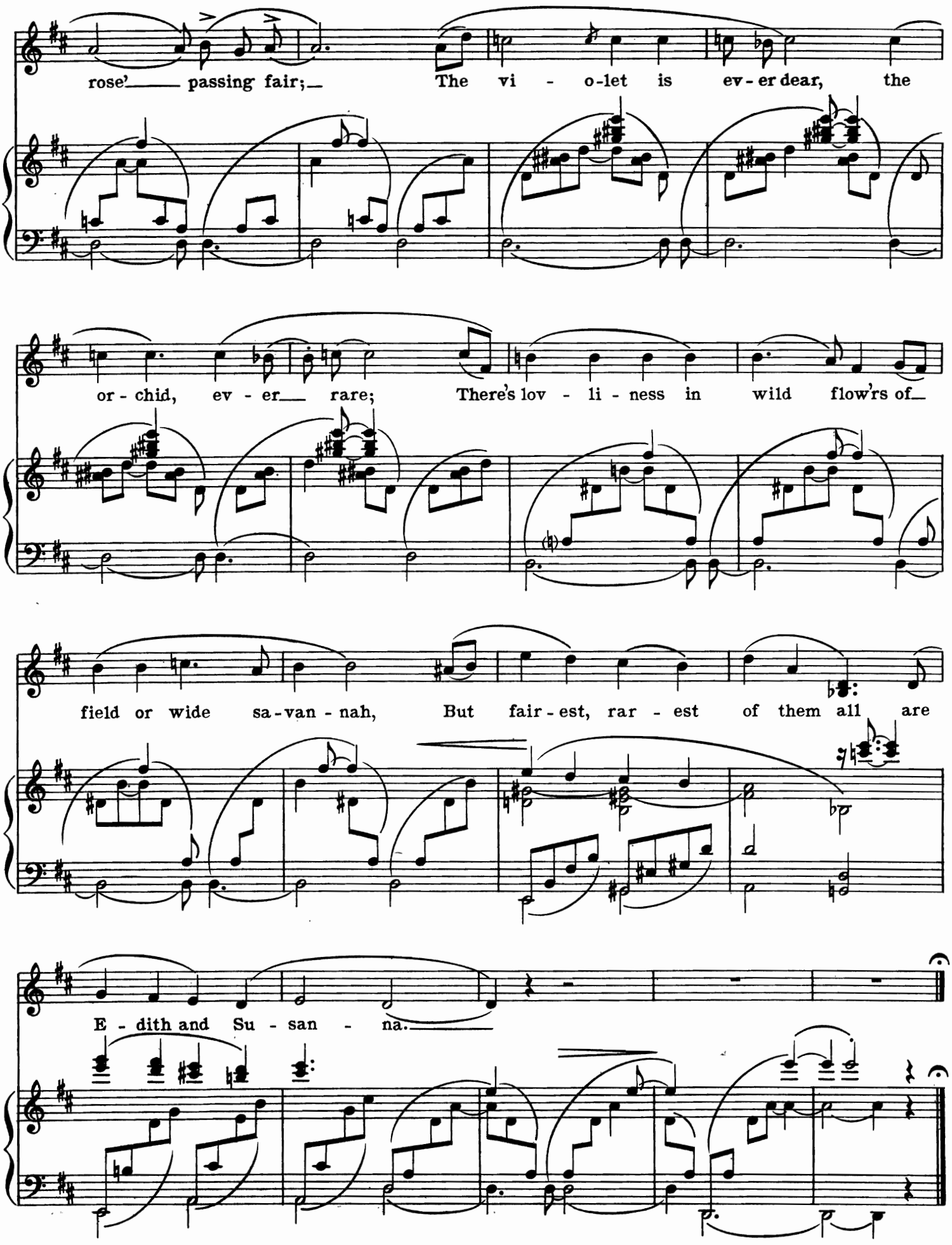

by permission of the author and the "Evening Sun," New York.


mf più animando
breast.
Souls of men that turn and wheel
l.h.
mf più animando
poco cresc.
O - ver wa-ters cold as steel.
Souls of men that call and cry
pp
As they know not where to fly.
Souls of
more tranquilly
f
pp
men that sink to rest On an all re - ceiv - ing breast.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.

# 104
# Two Little Flowers
## (and dedicated to them)

(1921)



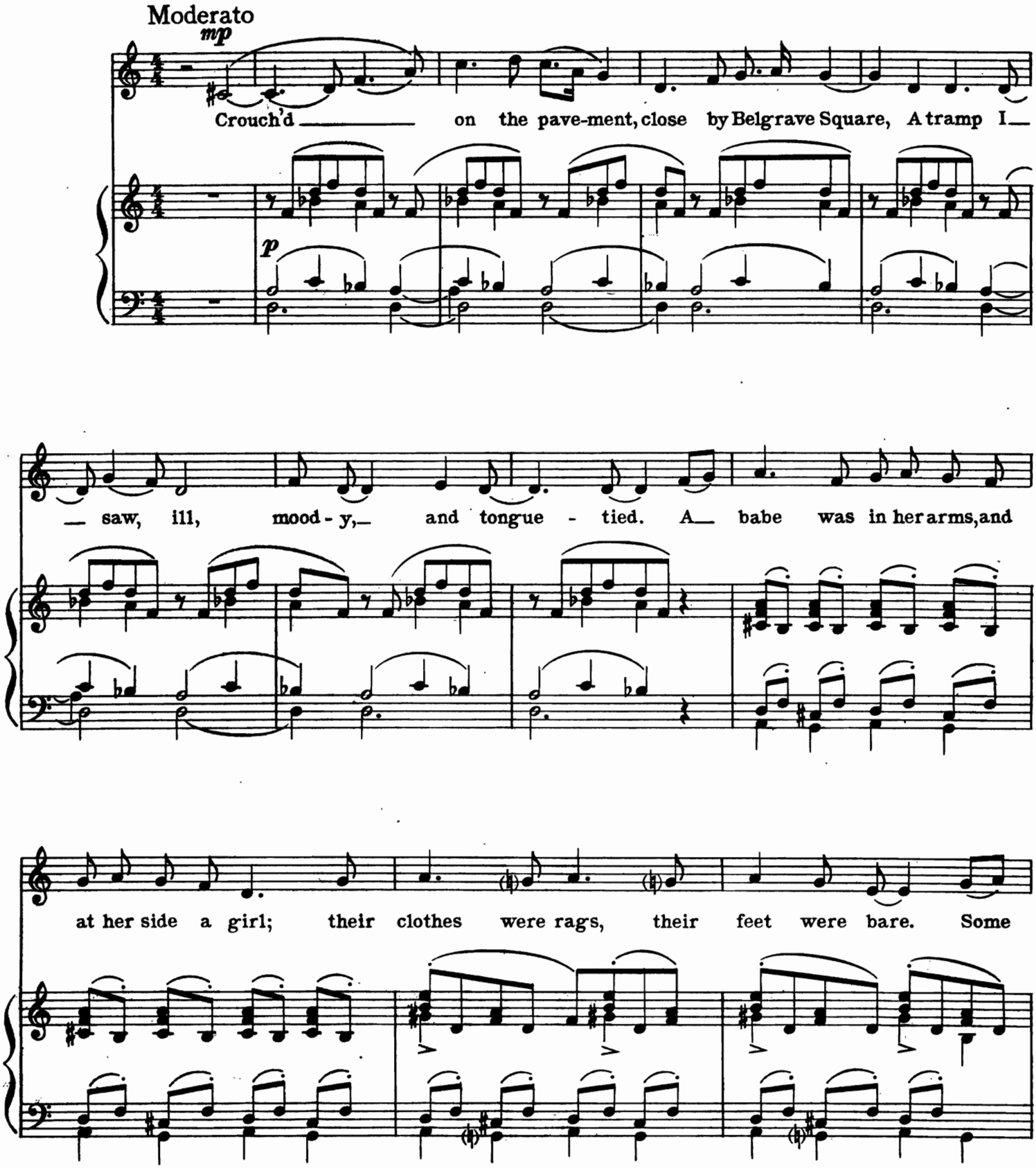

rose' passing fair; The vi - o-let is ev-er dear, the
or - chid, ev - er rare; There's lov - li - ness in wild flow'rs of
field or wide sa-van - nah, But fair-est, rar - est of them all are
E - dith and Su - san - na.

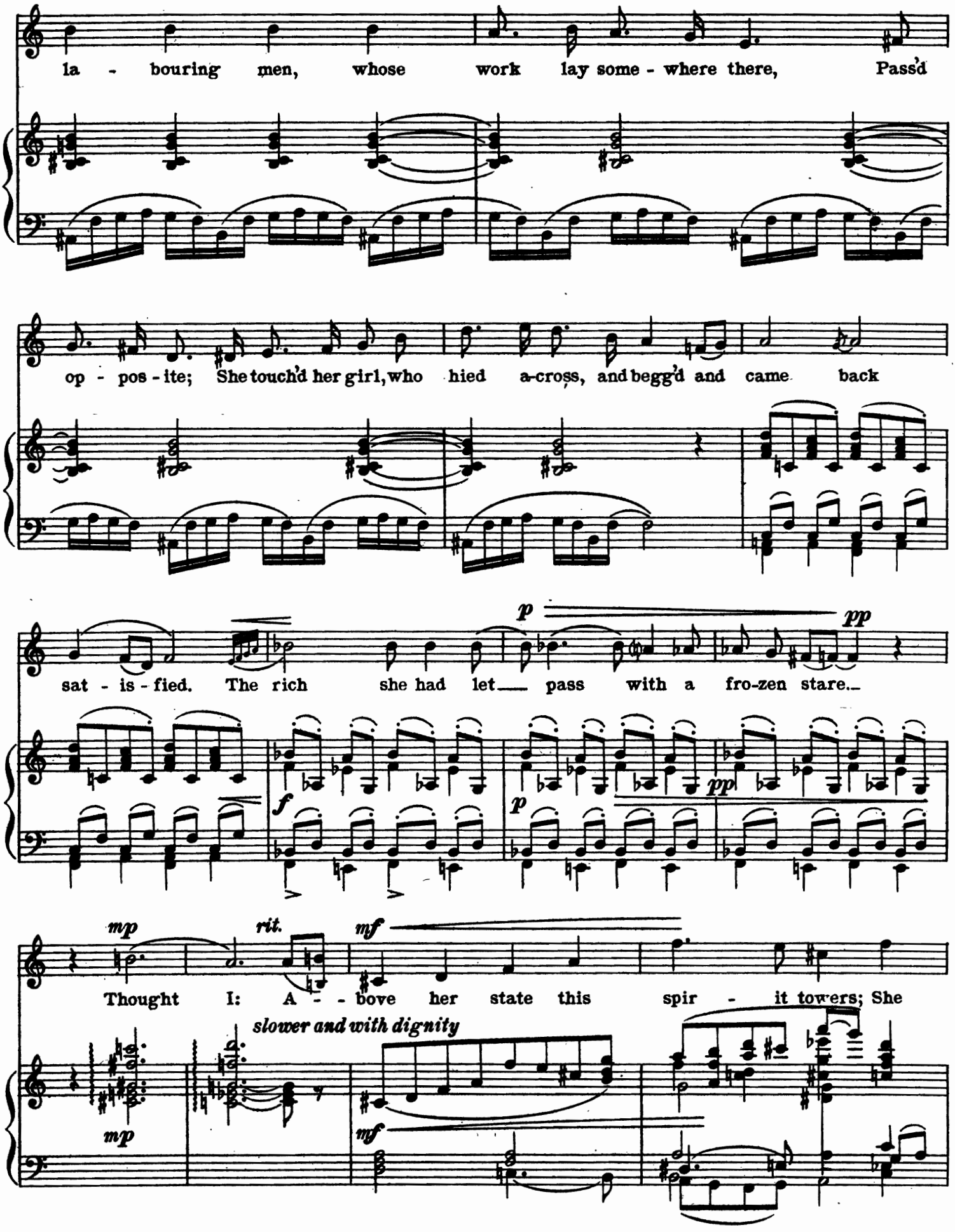
# 105

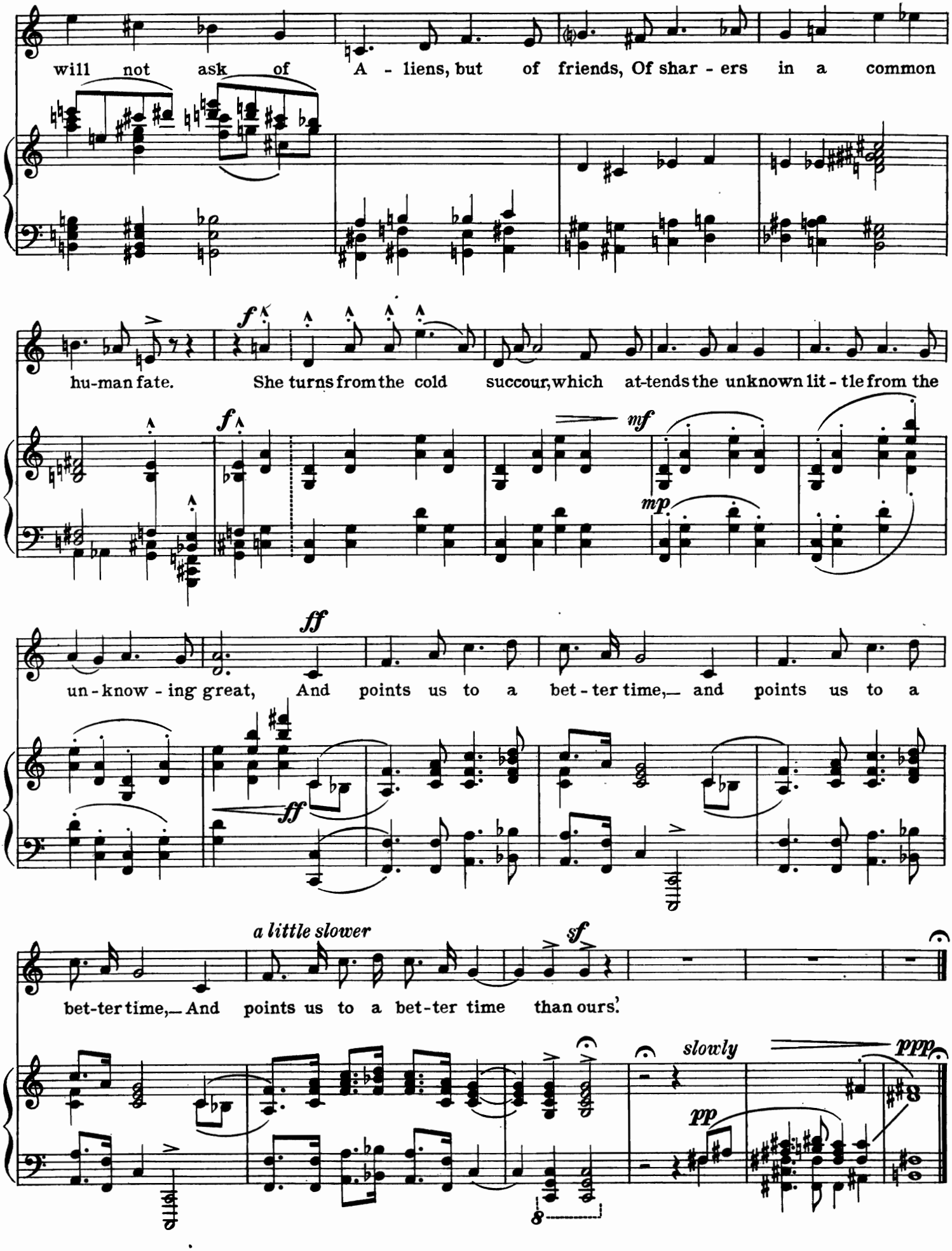
# West London

## (A Sonnet)

(1921) Matthew Arnold




la - bouring men, whose work lay some - where there, Pass'd
op - pos - ite; She touch'd her girl, who hied a-cross, and begg'd and came back
p
pp
sat - is - fied. The rich she had let pass with a fro-zen stare.
f
p
pp
mp
rit.
mf
Thought I: A - bove her state this spir - it towers; She
slower and with dignity
mp
mf


will not ask of A - liens, but of friends, Of shar - ers in a common
hu-man fate. She turns from the cold succour, which at-tends the unknown lit - tle from the
un - know - ing great, And points us to a bet - ter time,— and points us to a
a little slower
bet-ter time,— And points us to a bet-ter time than ours.'
slowly

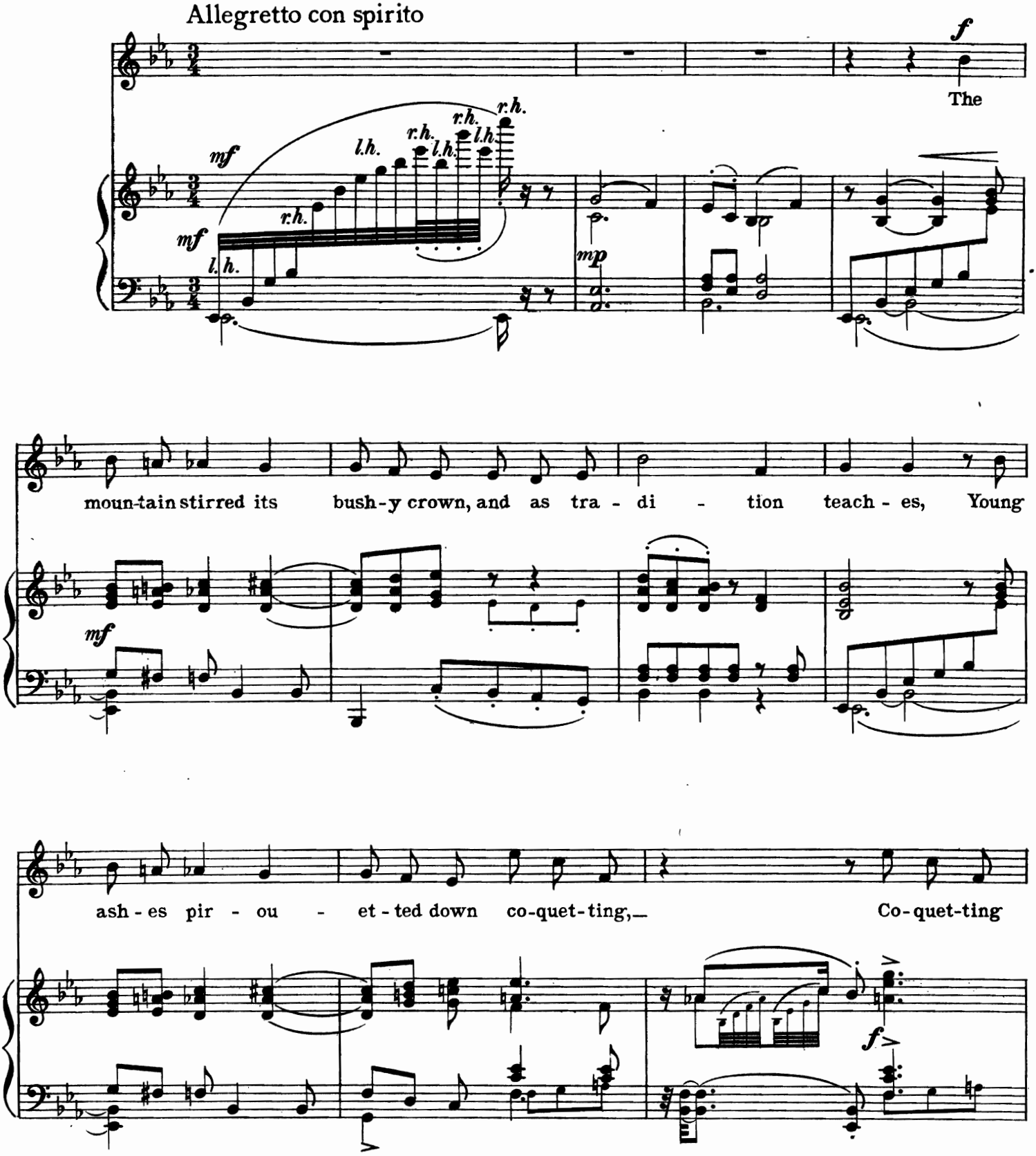
# 106

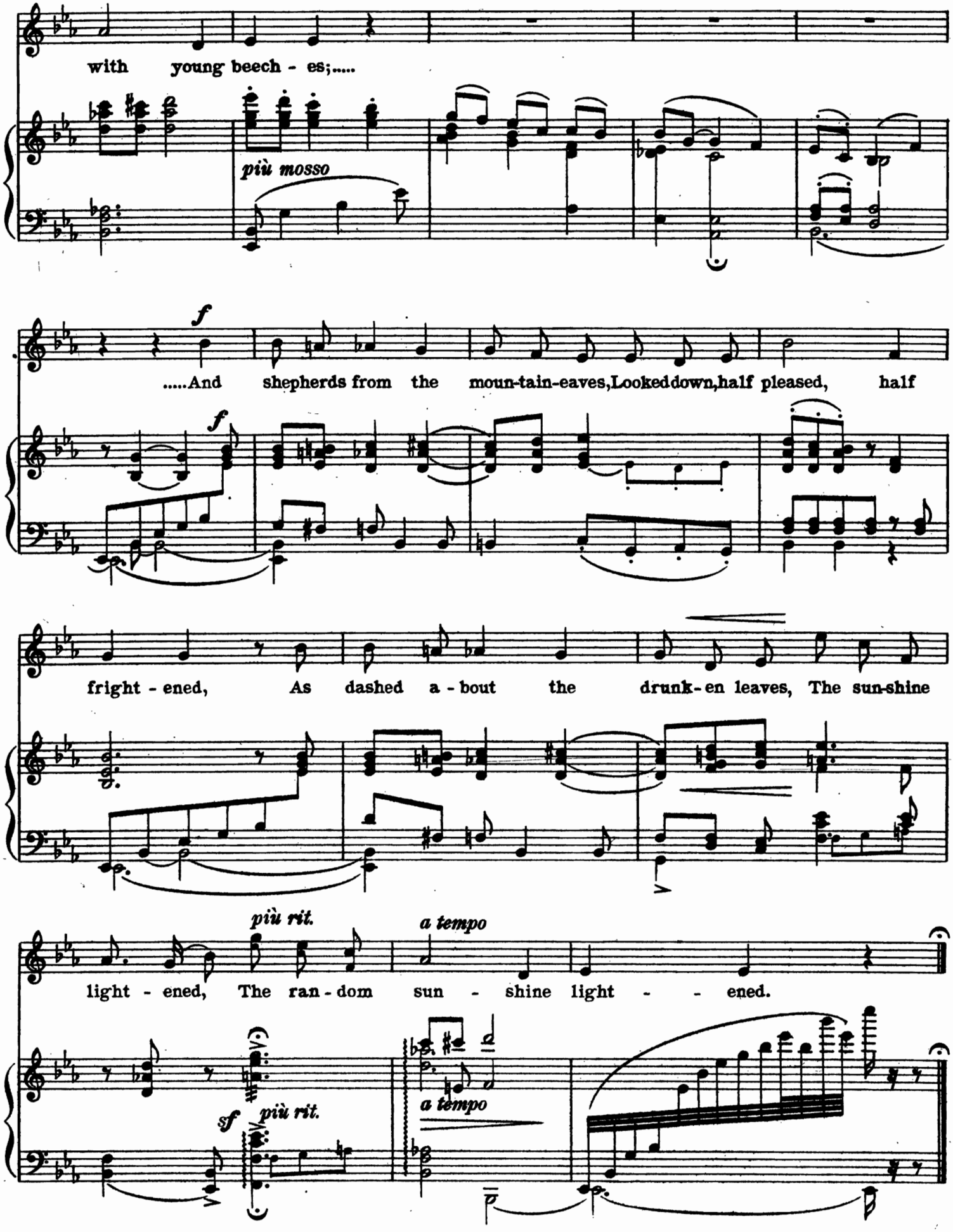
## from "Amphion"

(1896)

Tennyson

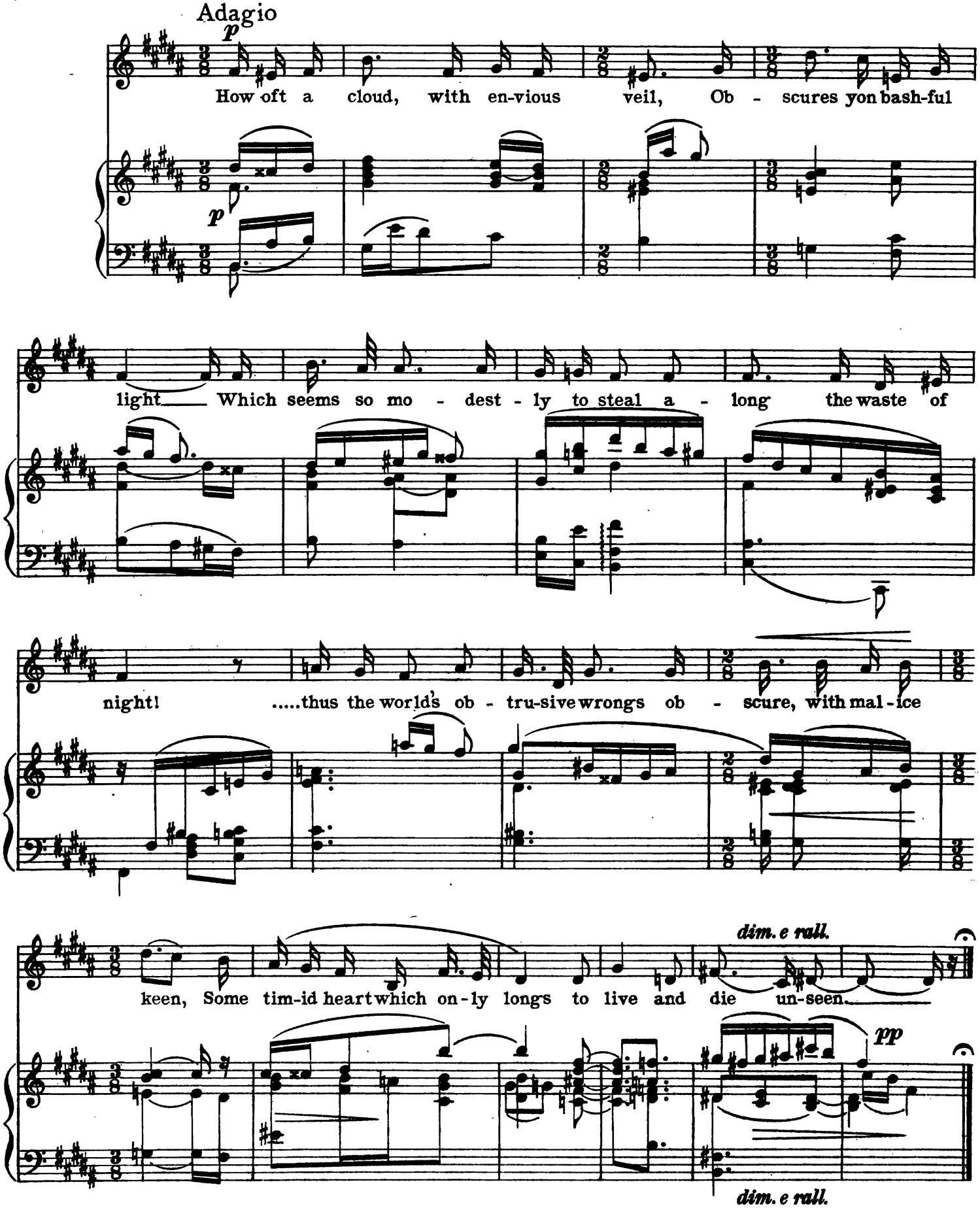
Allegretto con spirito




with young beech - es;.....
più mosso
f
.....And shepherds from the moun-tain-eaves, Looked down, half pleased, half
f
fright - ened, As dashed a - bout the drunk - en leaves, The sun-shine
più rit.
a tempo
light - ened, The ran - dom sun - shine light - - ened.
sf più rit.
a tempo

# 107
# A Night Thought

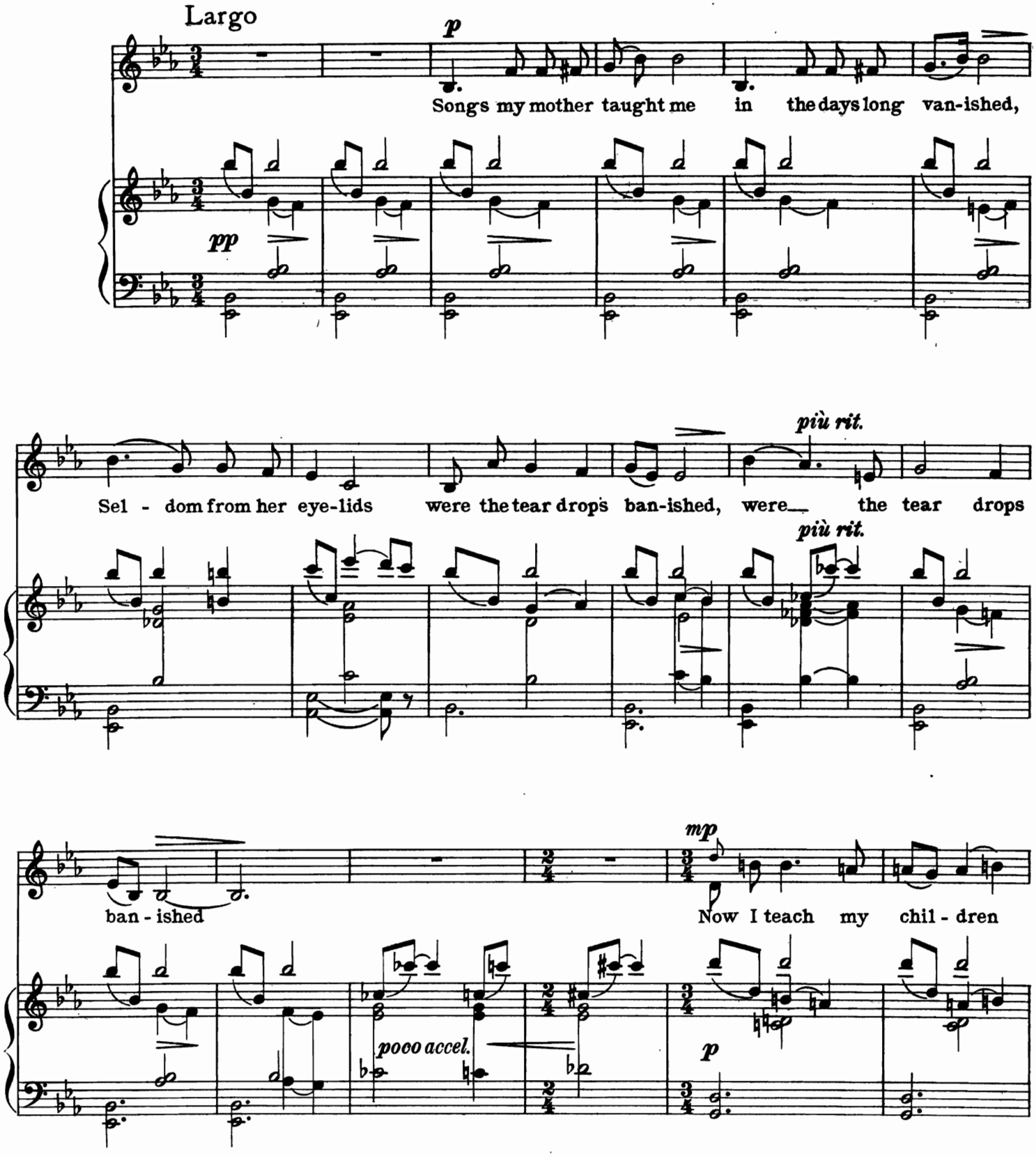
(1895) Moore

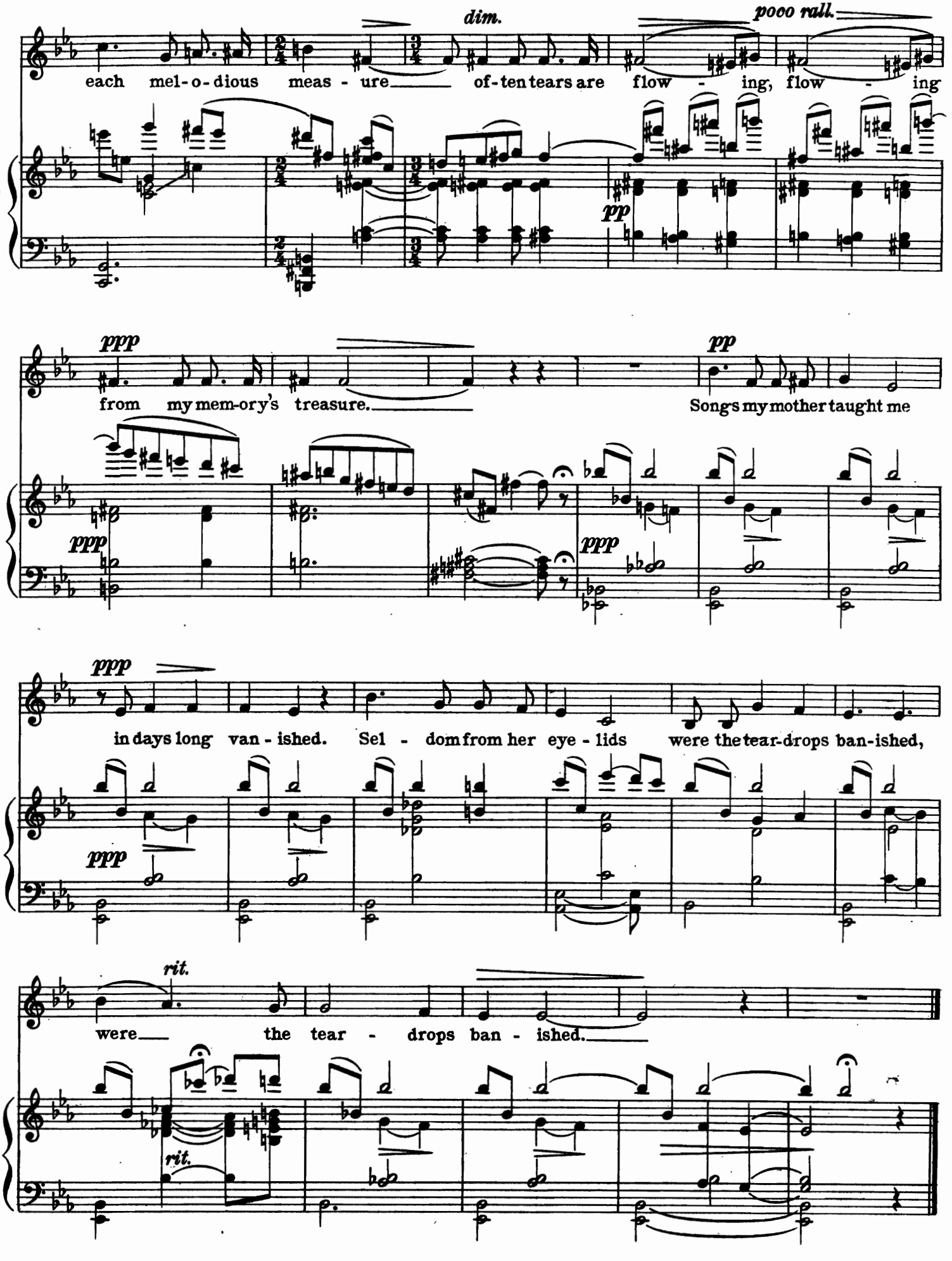


# 108
# Songs my Mother taught me

(1895)

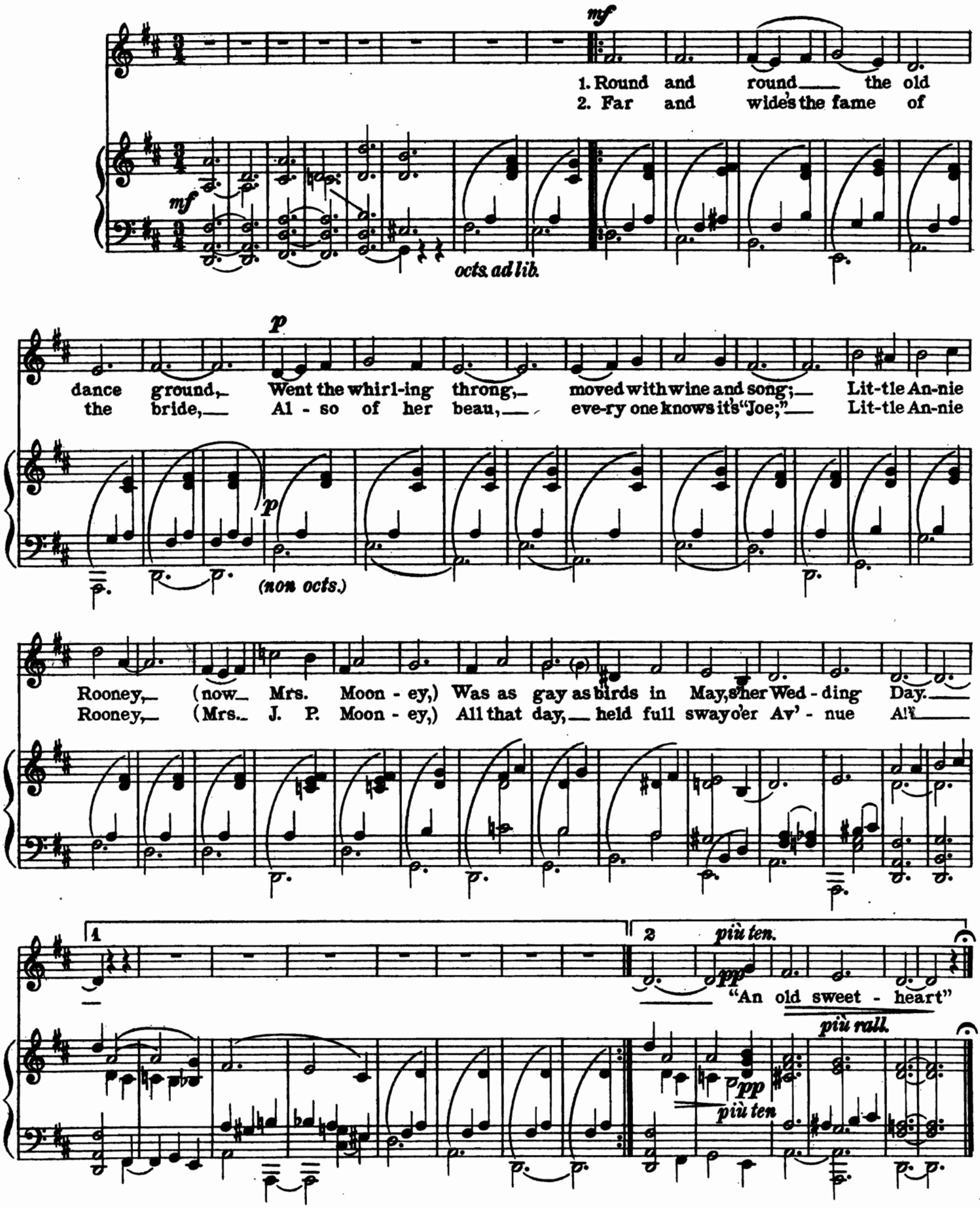
Heyduk
translation adapted




dim.
poco rall.
each mel-o-dious meas - ure of-ten tears are flow - ing, flow - ing
pp
ppp
from my mem-ory's treasure.
pp
Songs my mother taught me
ppp
ppp
ppp
in days long van - ished. Sel - dom from her eye - lids were the tear-drops ban-ished,
ppp
rit.
were the tear - drops ban - ished.
rit.

# 109
# Waltz

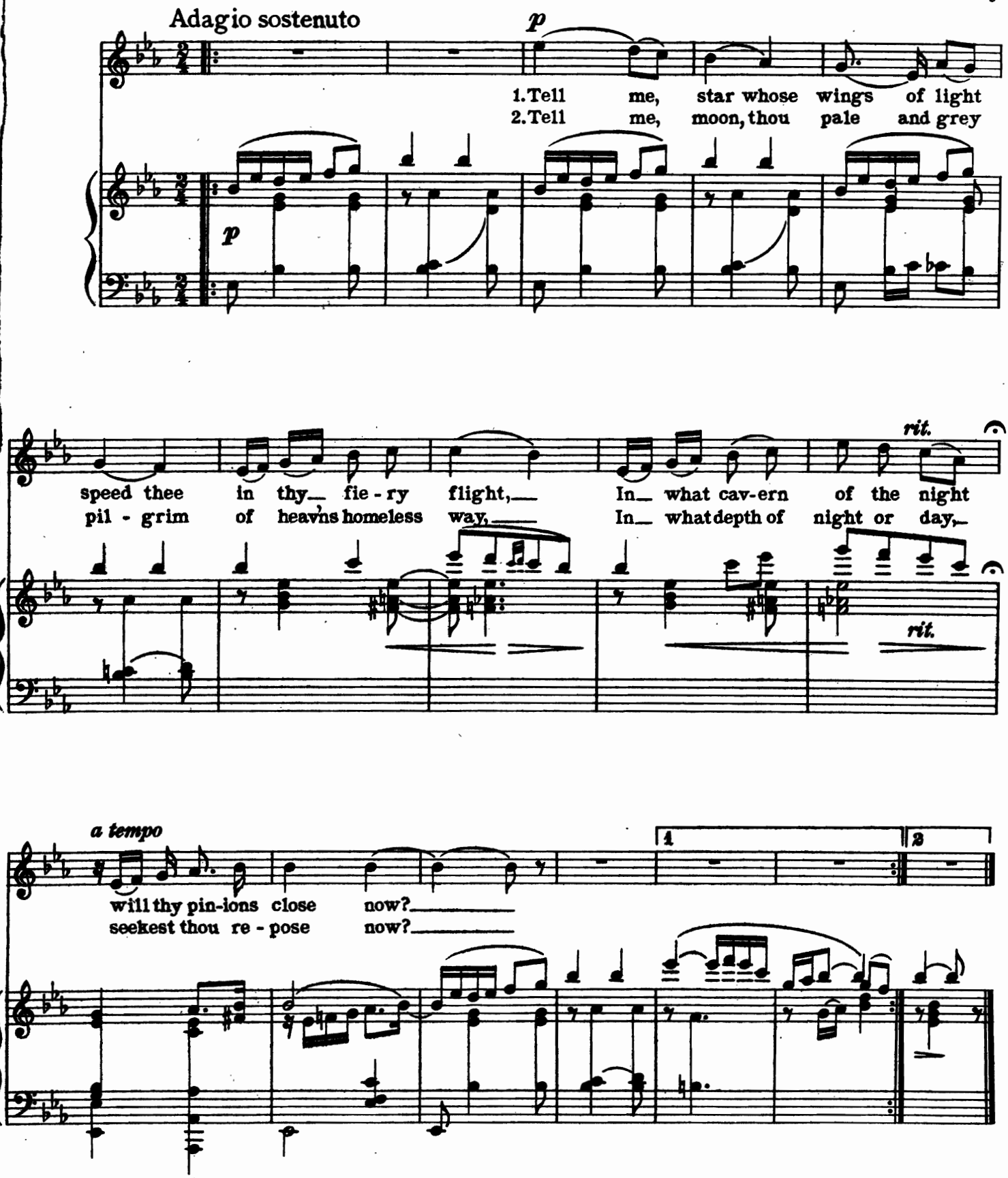
(1895)



# 110
# The World's Wanderers

(1895)

Shelley

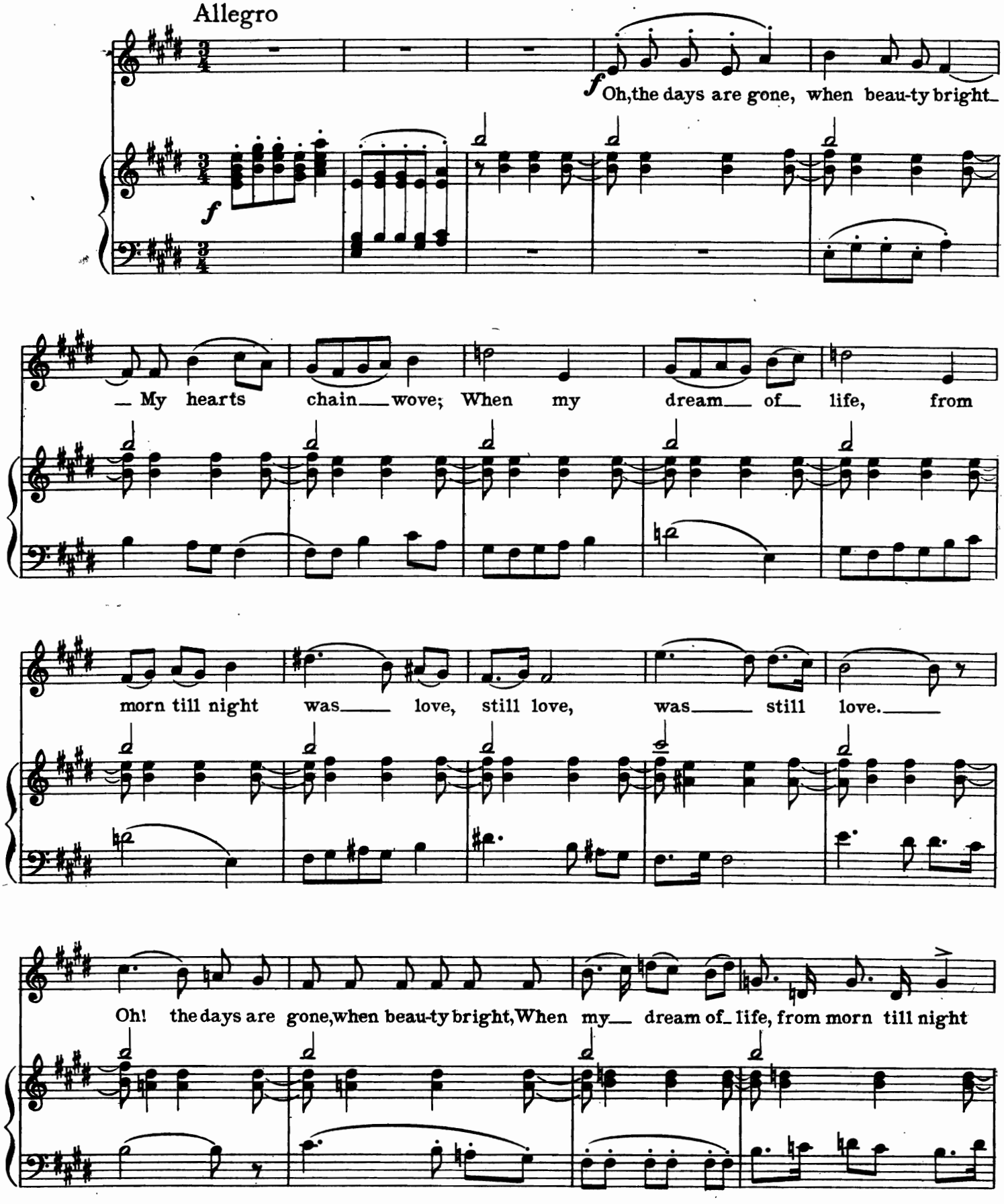


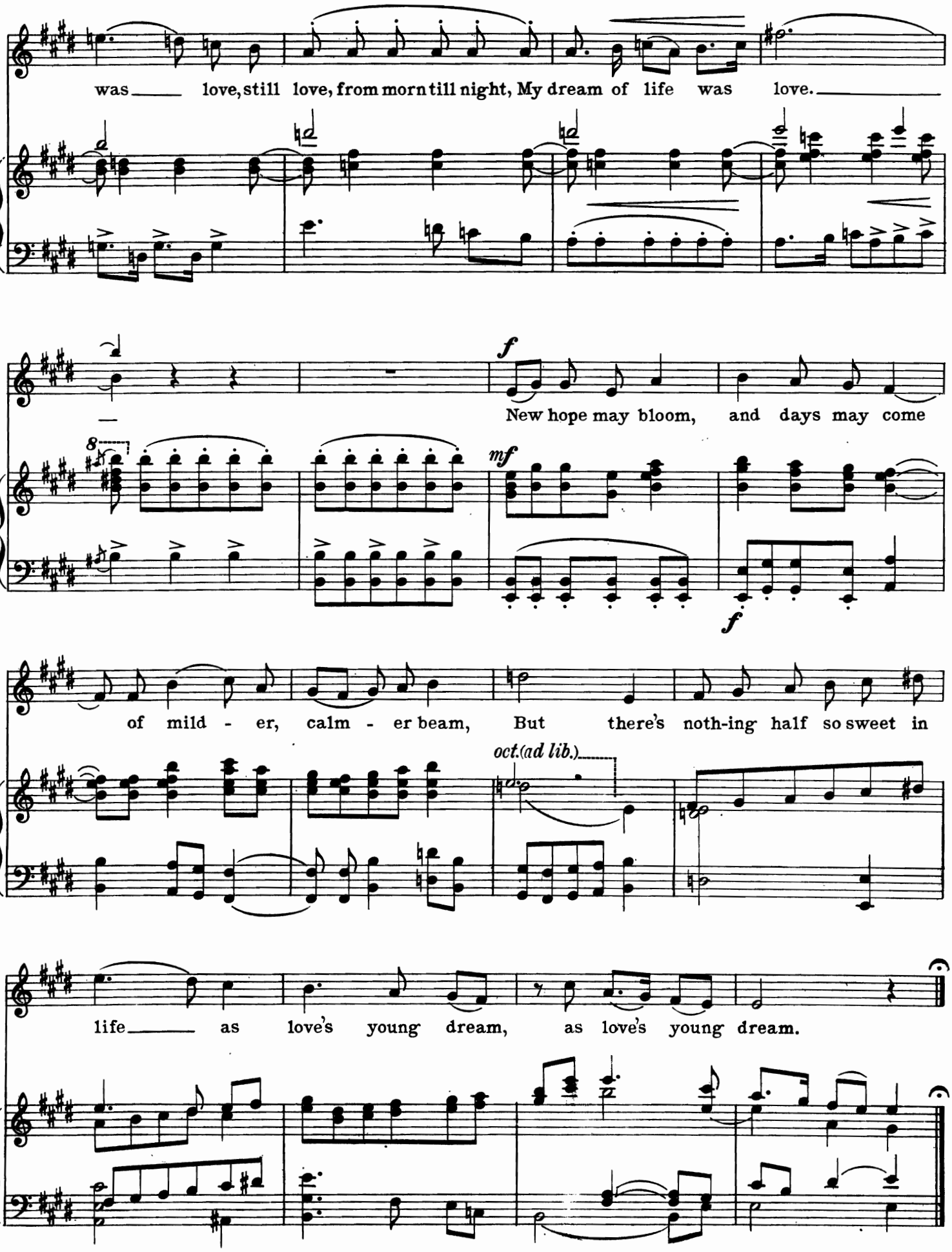
# 111
# Canon

(1894)

Moore

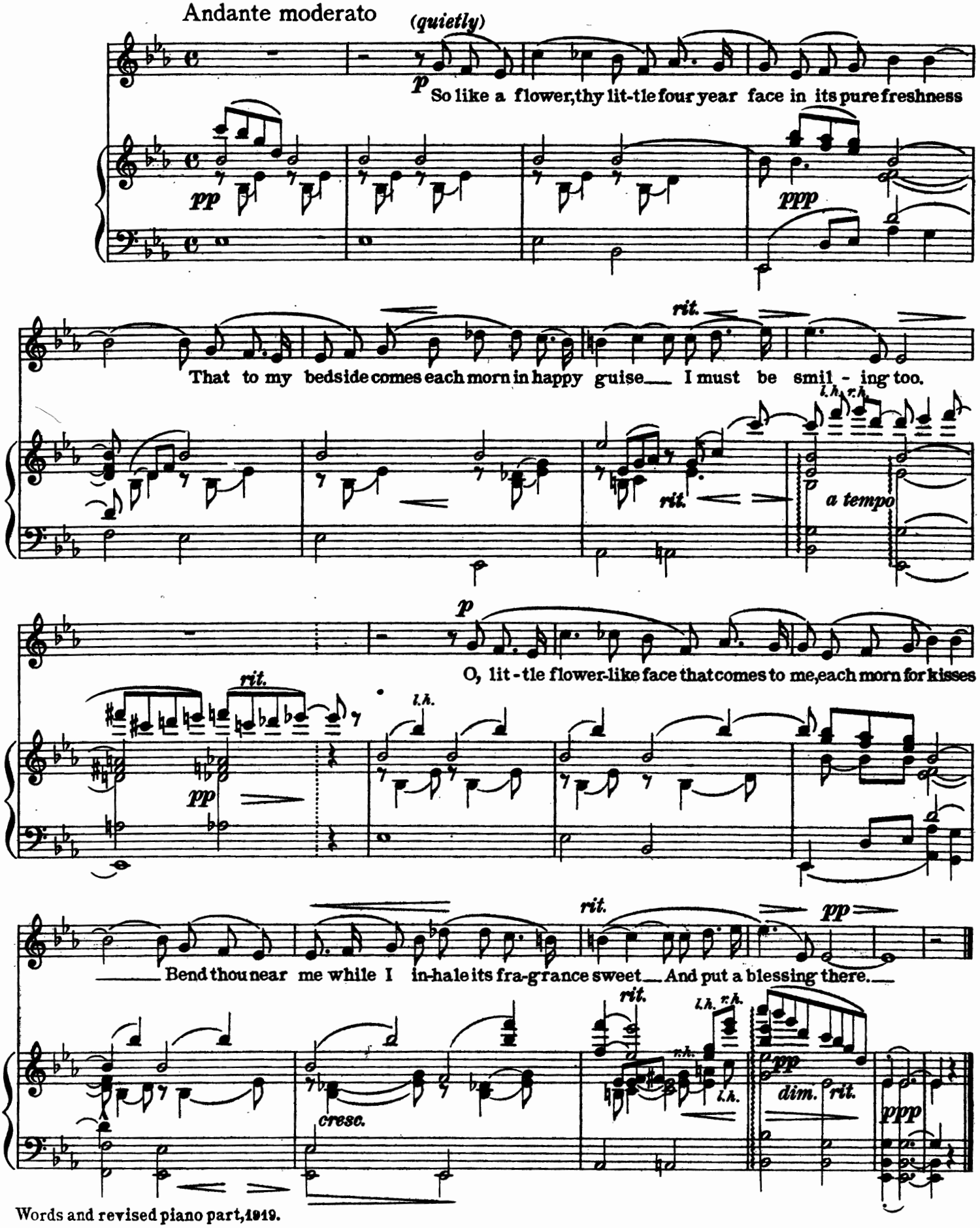
Allegro




was love, still love, from morn till night, My dream of life was love.
f
New hope may bloom, and days may come
mf
f
of mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's noth-ing half so sweet in
oct.(ad lib.)
life as love's young dream, as love's young dream.

# 112
# To Edith

(1892)

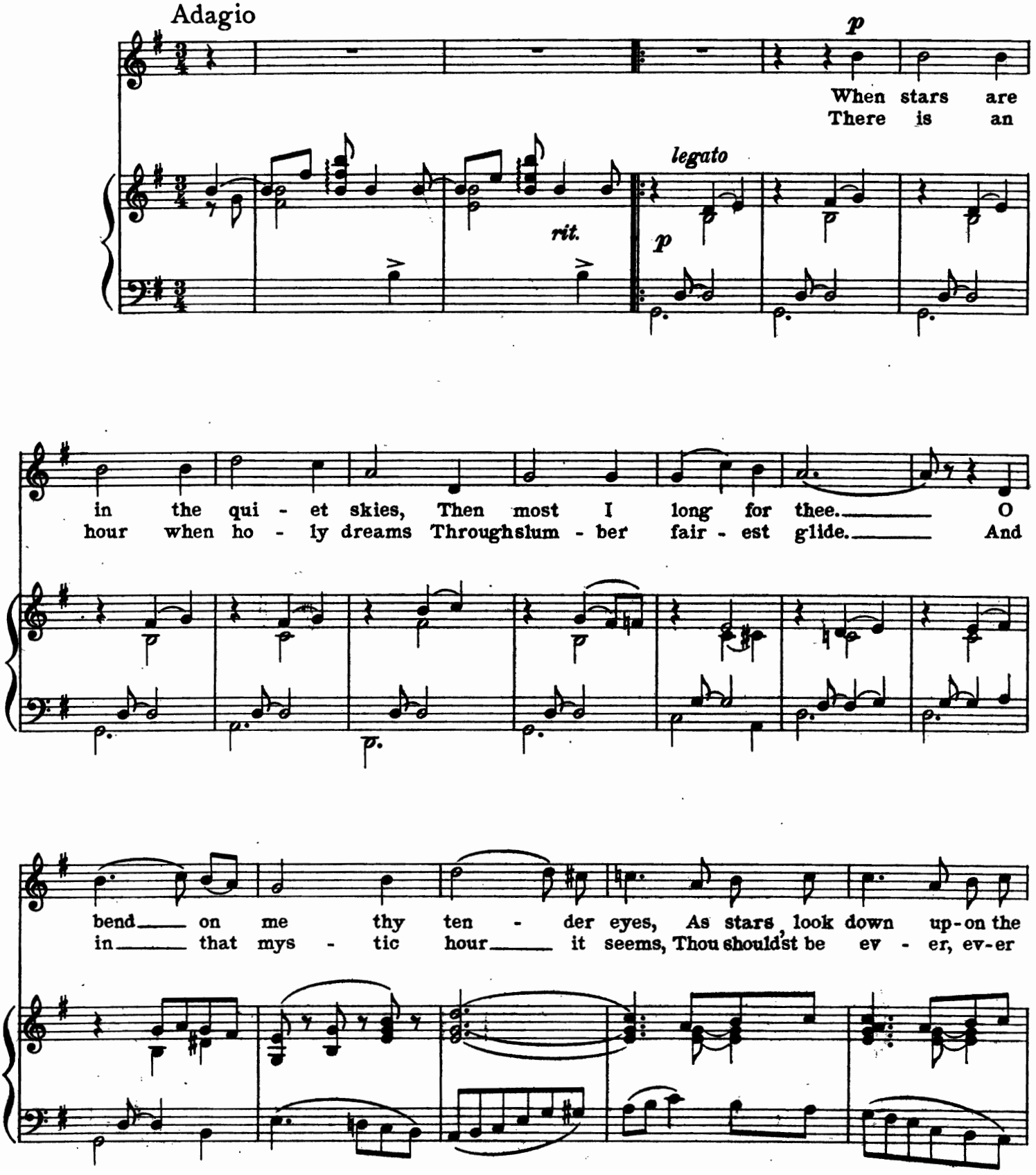


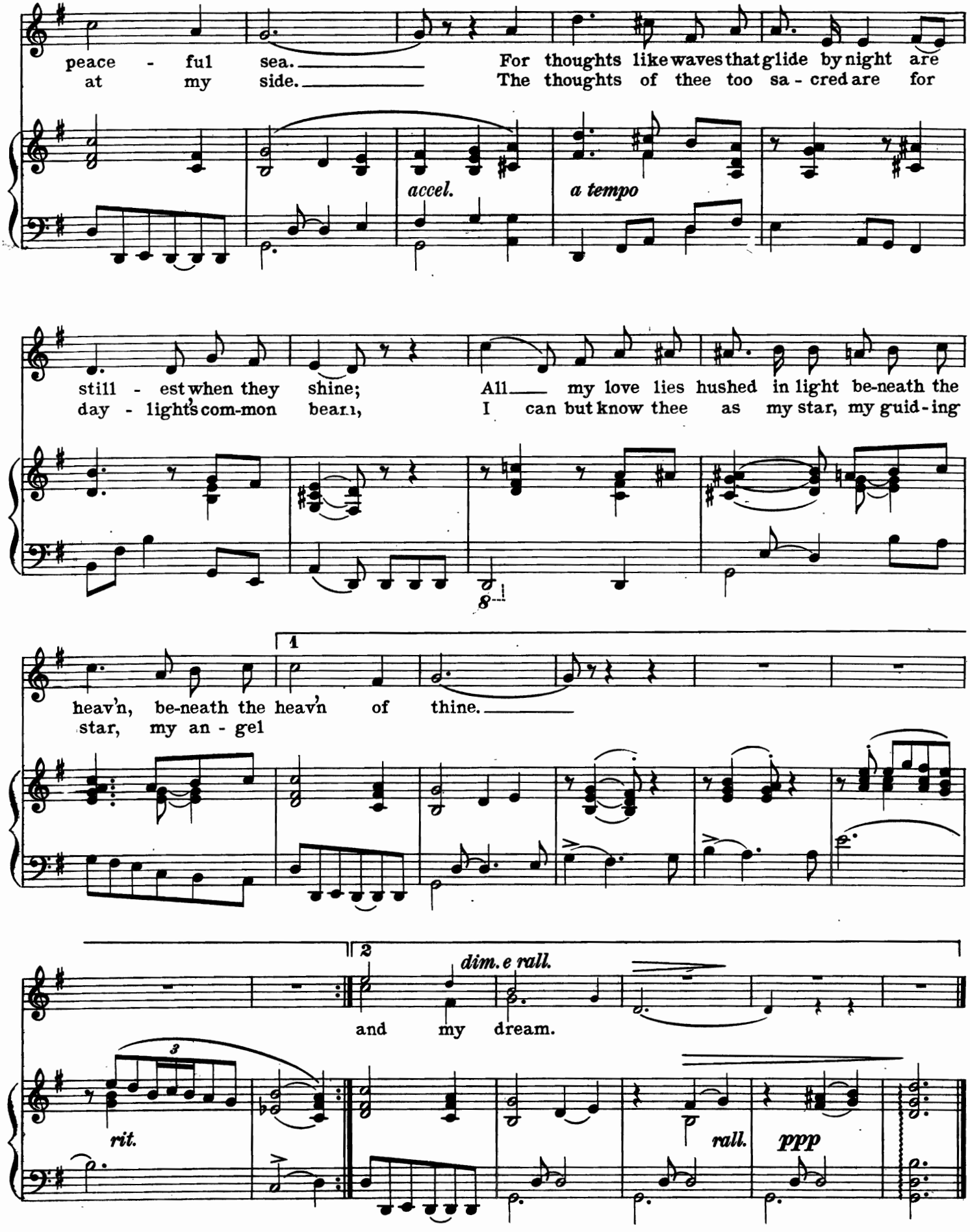

Words and revised piano part, 1919.

# 113

# When Stars are in the Quiet Skies

(1891) Bulwer-Lytton

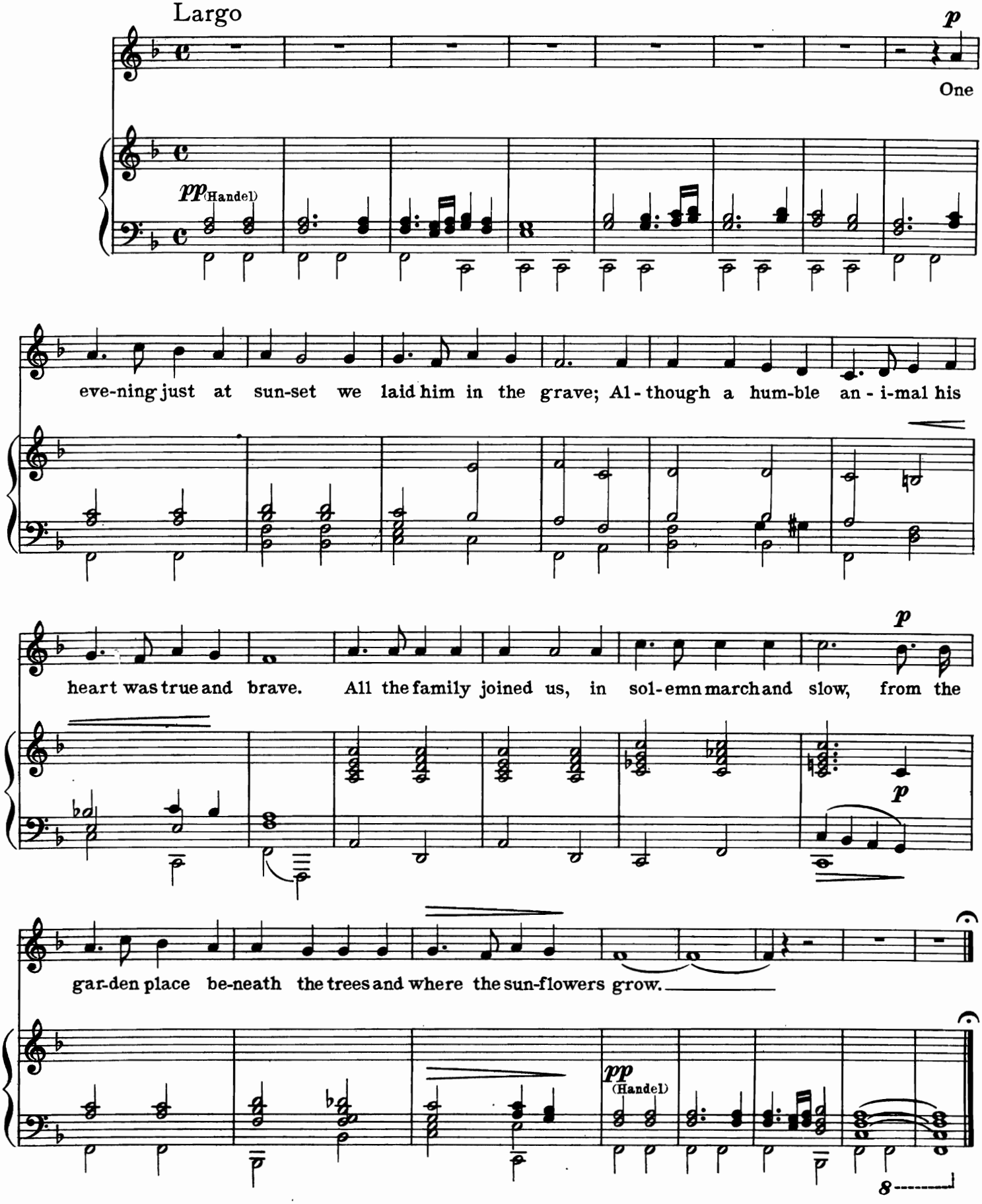



peace - ful sea.
at my side.
For thoughts like waves that glide by night are
The thoughts of thee too sa - cred are for
accel.
a tempo
still - est when they shine;
day - light's com-mon beam,
All my love lies hushed in light be-neath the
I can but know thee as my star, my guid-ing
heav'n, be-neath the heav'n of thine.
star, my an - gel
1
2
dim. e rall.
and my dream.
rit.
rall.
ppp

# 114
# Slow March

Inscribed to the Children's Faithful Friend

(1888)



Greek philosophers, ward-politicians, unmasked laymen, and others, have a saying that bad-habits and bad-gardens grow to the "unintendedables"; whether these are a kind of "daucus carota," "men," "jails" or "mechanistic theories of life" is not known,—but the statement is probably or probably not true. The printing of this collection was undertaken primarily, in order to have a few clear copies that could be sent to friends who, from time to time, have been interested enough to ask for copies of some of the songs; but the job has grown into something different,—it contains plenty of songs which have not been and will not be asked for. It stands now, if it stands for anything, as a kind of "buffer state,"—an opportunity for evading a question, somewhat embarrassing to answer,—"Why do you write so much ———, which no one ever sees?" There are several good reasons, none of which are worth recording.

Another, but unconvincing, reason for not asking publishers to risk their capital or singers their reputation, may be charged to a theory,—(perhaps it is little more than a notion, for many do not agree with it,—to be more exact, a man did agree with it once; he had something to sell,—a book, as I remember, called, "The Truth about Something," or "How to write Music while Shaving!") Be that as it may,—our theory has a name—it is, "The balance of values," or "The circle of sources"; (in these days, of chameleon efficiency, every whim must be classified under a scientific sounding name, to save it from investigation). It stands something like this: That an interest in any art-activity, from poetry to baseball is better, broadly speaking, if held as a part of life, or of a life, than if it sets itself up as a whole,—a condition verging, perhaps, towards a monopoly or possibly a kind of atrophy of the other important values, and hence reacting unfavorably upon itself. In the former condition, this interest, this instinctive impulse, this desire to pass from "minor to major," this artistic-intuition, or whatever you call it, may have a better chance to be more natural, more comprehensive, perhaps, freer and so more tolerant,—it may develop more muscle in the hind legs and so find a broader vantage ground for jumping to the top of a fence, and more interest in looking around,—if it happens to get there.

Now all this may not be so; the writer certainly cannot and does not try to prove it so by his own experience, but he likes to think the theory works out somewhat in this way. To illustrate further (and to become more involved): if this interest, and everyone has it, is a component of the ordinary life,—if it is free primarily to play the part of the, or a, reflex, subconscious-expression, or something of that sort, in relation to some fundamental share in the common work of the world, as things go, is it nearer to what nature intended it should be, than if, as suggested above, it sets itself up as a whole,—not a dominant value only, but a complete one? If a fiddler or poet does nothing all day long but enjoy the luxury and drudgery of fiddling or dreaming, with or without meals, does he or does he not, for this reason, have anything valuable to express?—or is whatever he thinks he has to express less valuable than he thinks?

This is a question which each man must answer for himself. It depends to a great extent, on what a man nails up on his dashboard as "valuable." Does not the sinking back into the soft state of mind (or possibly a non-state of mind) that may accept "art for art's sake," tend to shrink rather than toughen up the hitting muscles,—and incidentally those of the umpire or the grand stand, if there be one? To quote from a book that is not read:—"Is not beauty in music too often confused with something which lets the ears lie back in an easy-chair? Many sounds that we are used to, do not bother us, and for that reason are we not too easily inclined to call them beautiful? . . . . Possibly the fondness for personal expression,—the kind in which self-indulgence dresses up and miscalls freedom,—may throw out a skin-deep arrangement, which is readily accepted at first as beautiful—formulæ that weaken rather than toughen the musical-muscles. If a composer's conception of his art, its functions and ideals, even if sincere, coincide to such an extent with these groove-colored permutations of tried out progressions in expediency, so that he can arrange them over and over again to his delight—has he or has he not been drugged with an overdose of habit-forming sounds? And as a result do not the muscles of his clientele become flabbier and flabbier until they give way altogether and find refuge only in exciting platitudes,—even the sensual outbursts of an emasculated rubber-stamp,—a 'Zaza,' a 'Salome' or some other money-getting costume of effeminate manhood? In many cases probably not,—but there is this tendency."

If the interest, under discussion, is the whole and the owner is willing to let it rest as the whole, will it not produce something less vital than the ideal which underlies, or which did underlie it? And is the resultant work from this interest as free as it should be from a certain influence of reaction which is brought on or, at least, is closely related to the artist's over-anxiety about its effect upon others?

And to this, also, no general answer must be given,—each man will answer it for himself,—if he feels like answering questions. The whole matter is but one of the personal conviction. For as Mr. Sedgwick says in his helpful and inspiring little book about Dante, "in judging human conduct,"—and the manner in which an interest in art is used has to do with human conduct,—"we are dealing with subtle mysteries of motives, impulses, feelings, thoughts that shift, meet, combine and separate like clouds."

Every normal man,—that is, every uncivilized or civilized human being not of defective mentality, moral sense, etc., has, in some degree, creative insight (an unpopular statement) and an interest, desire and ability to express it (another unpopular statement). There are many, too many, who think they have none of it, and stop with the thought or before the thought. There are a few who think (and encourage others to think) that they and they only have this insight, interest, etc. . . . and that (as a kind of collateral security) they and they only know how to give true expression to it, etc. But in every human soul there is a ray of celestial beauty (Plotinus admits that), and a spark of genius (nobody admits that).

If this is so, and if one of the greatest sources of strength,—one of the greatest joys, and deepest pleasures of men, is giving rein to it in some way, why should not every one instead of a few, be encouraged, and feel justified in encouraging everyone including himself to make this a part of every one's life and his life,—a value that will supplement the other values and help round out the substance of the soul?

Condorcet, in his attitude towards history,—Dryden, perhaps when he sings, "—from heavenly harmony, This universal frame began . . . . . The diapason closing full in man,"—more certainly Emerson in the "Over-soul" and "common-heart" seem to lend strength to the thought that this germ-plasm of creative-art, interest and work is universal, and that its selection-theory is based on any condition that has to do with universal encouragement. Encouragement here is taken in the broad sense of something akin to unprejudiced and intelligent examination, to sympathy and unconscious influence,—a thing felt rather than seen. The problem of direct encouragement is more complex and exciting but not as fundamental or important. It seems to the writer that the attempts to stimulate interest by elaborate systems of contests, prizes, etc., are a little overdone nowadays. Something of real benefit to art may be accomplished in this way,—but perhaps the prizes may do the donors more good than the donatees. Possibly the pleasure and satisfaction of the former in having done what they consider a good deed, may be far greater than the improvement in the quality of the latter's work. In fact, the process may have an enervating effect upon the latter,—it may produce more Roderick Hudsons than Beethovens. Perhaps something of greater value could be caught without this kind of bait. Perhaps the chief value of the plan to establish a "course at Rome" to raise the standard of American music (or the standard of American composers—which is it?) may be in finding a man strong enough to survive it. To see the sunrise a man has but to get up early, and he can always have Bach in his pocket. For the amount of a month's wages, a grocery-clerk can receive "personal instruction" from Beethoven, and other *living* "conservatories." Possibly, the more our composer accepts from his patrons, "et al.," the less he will accept from himself. It may be possible that a month in a "Kansas wheat field" will do more for him than three years in Rome. It may be, that many men—perhaps some of genius— (if you won't admit that all are geniuses) have been started on the downward path of subsidy by trying to write a thousand dollar prize poem or a ten thousand dollar prize opera. How many master-pieces have been prevented from blossoming in this way? A cocktail will make a man eat more, but will not give him a healthy, normal appetite (if he had not that already). If a bishop should offer a "prize living" to the curate who will love God the hardest for fifteen days, whoever gets the prize would love God the least,—probably. Such stimulants, it strikes us, tend to industrialize art, rather than develop a spiritual sturdiness—a sturdiness which Mr. Sedgwick says shows itself in a close union between spiritual life and the ordinary business of life, against spiritual feebleness which shows itself in the separation of the two. And for the most of us, we believe, this sturdiness would be encouraged by anything that will keep or help us keep a normal balance between the spiritual life and the ordinary life. If for every thousand dollar prize a potato field be substituted, so that these candidates of "Clio" can dig a little in real life, perchance dig up a natural inspiration, art's-air might be a little clearer—a little freer from certain traditional delusions,—for instance, that free thought and free love always go to the same café—that atmosphere and diligence are synonymous. To quote Thoreau incorrectly: "When half-Gods talk, the Gods walk!" Everyone should have the opportunity of not being over-influenced. But these unpopular convictions should stop,—"On ne donne rien si liberalement que ses conseils."

A necessary *part* of this *part* of progressive evolution (for they tell us now that evolution is not always progressive) is that every one should be as free as possible to encourage every one, including himself, to work, and to be willing to work where this interest directs,—"to stand and be willing to stand, unprotected, from all the showers of the absolute which may beat upon him,—to use or learn to use or, at least, to be unafraid of trying to use, whatever he can, of any and all lessons of the infinite which humanity has received and thrown to him—that nature has exposed and sacrificed for him,—that life and death have translated for him," *until* the products of his labor shall beat around and through his ordinary work,—shall strengthen, widen and deepen all his senses, aspirations, or whatever the innate power and impulses may be called, which God has given man.

Everything from a mule to an oak, which nature has given life has a right to that life, and a right to throw into that life all the values it can. Whether they be approved by a human mind or seen with a human eye, is no concern of that right. The right of a tree, wherever it stands, is to grow as strong and as beautiful as it can whether seen or unseen,—whether made immortal by a Turner,—translated into a part of Seraphic architecture or a kitchen table. The instinctive and progressive interest of every man in art, we are willing to affirm with no qualification, will go on and on, ever fulfilling hopes, ever building new ones, ever opening new horizons, until the day will come when every man while digging his potatoes will breathe his own Epics, his own Symphonies (operas if he likes it); and as he sits of an evening in his back-yard and shirt sleeves smoking his pipe and watching his brave children in *their* fun of building *their* themes, for *their* sonatas of *their* life, he will look up over the mountains and see his visions, in their reality,—will hear the transcendental strains of the day's symphony, resounding in their many choirs, and in all their perfection, through the west wind and the tree tops!

It was not Mark Twain but the "Danbury News Man" who became convinced that a man never knows his vices and virtues until that great and solemn event, that first sunny day in spring when he wants to go fishing, but stays home and *helps* his wife clean house. As he lies on his back under the bed,—under all the beds,—with nothing beneath him but tacks and his past life,—with his soul (to say nothing of his vision), full of that glorious dust of mortals and carpets,—with his finger-tips rosy with the caresses of his mother-in-law's hammer (her annual argument),—as he lies there taking orders from the hired girl, a sudden and tremendous vocabulary comes to him. Its power is omnipotent, it consumes everything,—but the rubbish heap. Before it his virtues quail, hesitate and crawl carefully out of the cellar window; his vices,—even they go back on him,—even they can't stand this,—he sees them march with stately grace (and others) out of the front door. At this moment there comes a whisper,—the still small voice of a "parent on his father's side"—Vices and Virtues! Vices and Virtues! they ain't no sech things,—but ther'e a tarnal lot of 'em." Wedged in between the sewing machine and the future he examines himself, as every man in his position should do;—"What has brought me to this?—Where am I? Why do I do this?"—"these are natural inquiries. They have assailed thousands before our day; they will afflict thousands in years to come and probably there is no form of interrogation so loaded with subtle torture,—unless it is to be asked for a light in a strange depot by a man you've just selected out of seventeen thousand as the one man the most likely to have a match. Various authors have various reasons for bringing out a book, and this reason may or may not be the reason they give to the world; I know not and care not. It is not for me to judge the world unless I am elected. It is a matter which lies between the composer and his own conscience, and I know of no place where it is less likely to be crowded. . . . . Some have written a book for money: I have not. Some for fame; I have not. Some for love; I have not. Some for kindlings; I have not. I have not written a book for any of these reasons or for all of them together. In fact, gentle borrower, I have not written a book at all"—I have merely cleaned house. All that is left is out on the clothes line,—but it's good for a man's vanity to have the neighbors see him—on the clothes line.

For some such or different reason; through some such or different process this volume,—this package of paper, uncollectible notes, marks of respect and expression, is now thrown, so to speak, at the music fraternity, who for this reason will feel free to dodge it on its way—perhaps to the waste basket. It is submitted as much or more in the chance that some points for the better education of the composer may be thrown back at him, than that any of the points the music may contain may be valuable to the recipient.

Some of the songs in this book, particularly among the later ones, cannot be sung,—and if they could perhaps might prefer, if they had a say, to remain as they are,—that is, "in the leaf,"—and that they will remain in this peaceful state is more than presumable. An excuse (if none of the above are good enough) for their existence, which suggests itself at this point, is that a song has a *few* rights the same as other ordinary citizens. If it feels like walking along the left hand side of the street—passing the door of physiology or sitting on the curb, why not let it? If it feels like kicking over an ash can, a poet's castle, or the prosodic law, will you stop it? Must it always be a polite triad, a "breve gaudium," a ribbon to match the voice? Should it not be free at times from the dominion of the thorax, the diaphragm, the ear and other points of interest? If it wants to beat around in the valley, to throw stones up the pyramids, or to sleep in the park, should it not have some immunity from a Nemesis, a Rameses, or a policeman? Should it not have a chance to sing to itself, if it can sing?—to enjoy itself, without making a bow, if it can't make a bow?—to swim around in any ocean, if it can swim, without having to swallow "hook and bait" or being sunk by an operatic greyhound? If it happens to feel like trying to fly where humans cannot fly,—to sing what cannot be sung—to walk in a cave, on all fours,—or to tighten up its girth in blind hope and faith, and try to scale mountains that are not—Who shall stop it!

— In short, must a song
always be a song!

C. E. I.

881-18
22-79

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The texts to Nos. 16, 20, 59 are from Books or Essays indicated, which do not give the source of the quotations.

The authors of the words to Nos. 76, 86, 91, are unknown to the composer; but as the book is not being put to any commercial use it is thought that no particular harm will be done, if they are included.

Where no author is indicated the words are by Harmony Twichell Ives or her husband.

Nos. 5, 7, 8, 9a, 16, 20, 30, 40, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 62, 66, 94, 98, 99, 100, 105, 107, may be found suitable for some religious services.

Nos. 28, 53, 85, 86, 87, 89, 90, 96, have little or no musical value—(a statement which does not mean to imply that the others have any too much of it). These are inserted principally because in the writer's opinion they are good illustrations of types of songs, the fewer of which are composed, published, sold or sung, the better it is for the progress of music generally. It is asked—(probably a superfluous request)—that they be not sung, at least in public, or given to students except as examples of what not to sing.

Nos. 15, 47, 59, 69, are adapted from orchestral scores.

Nos. 54, 56, are brass-band marches.

Nos. 44, 45, 46, are from violin sonatas.