

Charles Ives (1874-1954)
Complete Songs, Vol 4

The texts for tracks 1, 5, 6, 9, 12-15, 17, 22-25, 27-30 & 32 are not included for copyright reasons.

2 Maple Leaves

October turned my maples leaves to gold;
 The most are gone now; here and there one lingers:
 Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,
 Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.
 - Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907)

3 Marie (1)

Marie, am Fenster sitzest du,
 Du liebes, süßes Kind,
 Und siehst dem Spiel der Blüten zu,
 Verweht im Abendwind.

Der Wanderer, der vorüber geht,
 Er lüftet fromm den Hut:
 Du bist ja selbst wie ein Gebet,
 So fromm, so schön, so gut.

Die Blumenaugen seh'n empor
 Zu deiner Augenlicht!
 Die schönste Blum' im Fensterflor
 Ist doch dein Angesicht.

Ihr Abendglocken grüßet sie
 Mit süßser Melodie!
 O brech' der Sturm die Blume nie,
 Und nie dein Herz, Marie!
 - Rudolph Gottschall (1823-1909)

4 Marie (2)

Marie, I see thee fairest one,
 as in a garden fair.
 Before thee flowers and blossoms play
 tossed by soft evening air.

The pilgrim passing on his way,
 Bows low before thy shrine;
 Thou art, my child, like one sweet prayer,
 So good, so fair, so pure almost divine.

How sweetly now the flowrets raise
 their eyes to thy dear glance;
 The fairest flower on which I gaze
 is thy dear countenance.

The evening bells are greeting thee,
 With sweetest melody,
 O may no storm e'er crush thy flowers,
 Or break thy heart, Marie!
 - Rudolph Gottschall (1823-1909)
 - Translation by Elisabeth Rücker

7 Minnelied

Holder klingt der Vogelsang,
 Wann die Engelreine,
 Die mein Jünglingsherz bezwang,
 Wandelt durch die Haine.

Röther blühen Thal und Au,
 Grüner wird der Wasen,
 Wo die Finger meiner Frau
 Maienblumen lasen.

Ohne Sie ist alles todt,
 Welk sind Blüt' und Kräuter;
 Und kein Frühlingsabendroth
 Dünkt mir schön und heiter.

Traute, minnigliche Frau,
 Wollest nimmer fliehen
 Dass mein Herz, gleich dieser Au,
 Mög' in Wonne blühen.
 - Ludwig H.C. Hölty (1748-1776)

8 Mirage

The hope I dreamed of was a dream,
 Was but a dream; and now I wake
 Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
 For a dream's sake.
 My silent heart, lie still and break:
 Life, and the world, and my own self are changed
 For a dream's sake.
 - Christina Georgine Rossetti (1830-1894)

10 My Dear Old Mother

My dear old mother, poor thou art,
 And toilest day and toilest night,
 But ever warm remains thy heart,
 'Twas thou my courage didst impart,
 My arm of sturdy might.
 Thou'st wip'd away each childish tear,
 When I was sore distress,
 And kiss'd thy little laddie dear,
 And taught him songs that banish fear
 From ev'ry manly breast.

And more than all thou'st given me
 A humble, true and tender heart;
 So, dear old mother, I'll love thee
 Where e'er my foot may wander free,
 Till death our lives shall part.
 Mother, Mother, Mother.
 - Aasmund Olafsson Vinje (1818-1870)
 - Translation by Frederick Corder (1852-1932)

11 My Lou Jennine

Has she need of monarchs' swaying wand,
 Has she need of regents' diamond crown,

Proudest peers in all this land
Bow to that wee jewell'd hand,
For she's a queen,
My Lou Jennine,
She's a queen, my Lou Jennine.

Has she lack of leal allies,
ev'ry zealous minion flies
At the bidding of those eyes
Such, such a queen
Is my Lou Jennine.

Royal maiden, yours, yours alone
Is the sole sov'reignty I own.
Take my heart for a throne
Pleading in this plaintive tone,
To be my queen,
My Lou Jennine,
Be my queen, my Lou Jennine.
- *Unknown author*

16 Naught That Country Needeth

Naught that country needeth
Of these aisles of stone;
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none.
All the saints that
in these courts have stood
Are but babes, and feeding
on children's food.
On through darkness,
On through sign and token,
On through stars amidst the night,
On to light;
Forward into light!
- *Henry Alford (1810-1871)*

18 Night of Frost in May

There was the lyre of earth beheld,
Then heard by me: it holds me linked;
Across the years to dead-ebb shores
I stand on, my blood-thrill restores.
But would I conjure unto me
Those issue notes, I must review
What serious breath the woodland drew;
The low throb of expectancy;
And how the white mother-muteness pressed
On leaf and herb.
- *George Meredith (1828-1909)*

19 A Night Song

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, gleaming;
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,

While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear!
'Tis ne'er too late for delight,
And best of all the ways
To lengthen days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
- *Thomas Moore (1779-1852)*

20 A Night Thought

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly
To steal along the waste of night!
Thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure, with malice keen,
Some timid heart which only longs
To live and die unseen.
- *Thomas Moore (1779-1852)*

21 No More

They walked beside the summer sea
And watched the slowly dying sun;
And 'Oh,' she said, 'come back to me,
My love, my own, my only one!'
But, while he kissed her fears away,
The gentle waters kissed the shore,
And, sadly whisp'ring, seemed to say,
'He'll come no more! He'll come no more!'
Alone beside the autumn sea
She watched the somber death of day;
And, 'Oh,' she said, remember me,
And love me, darling, far away!'
A cold wind swept the wat'ry gloom,
And darkly whisp'ring on the shore,
Sighed out the secret of his doom,
'He'll come no more! He'll come no more!'
In peace beside the winter sea
A white grave glimmers to the moon;
And waves are fresh, and clouds are free,
Shrill winds pipe a careless tune.
One sleeps beneath the dark blue wave,
And one on the lonely shore;
But, joined in love, beyond the grave,
They part no more! They part no more!
- *William Winter (1836-1917)*

26 Omens and Oracles

Phantoms of the future, spectres of the past,
In the wakeful night came round me sighing
crying "Fool beware, Fool beware!"
Check the feeling o'er thee stealing, Let thy first love be
thy last,
Or if love again thou must at least this fatal love forbear,"
Amara! Amara! Amara!

Now the dark breaks, now the lark wakes;
Now the voices fleet away,
Now the breeze about the blossom;
Now the ripple in the reed;
Beams and buds and birds begin to sing
and say, "Love her for she loves thee."
And I know not which to heed.
O, cara amara amara.
- *Owen Meredith (1831-1891)*

31 The Only Son

The lark will make her hymn to God,
The partridge call her brood,
While I forget the heath I trod,
The fields wherein I stood.

'Tis dule to know not night from morn,
But greater dule to know;
I can but hear the hunter's horn
That once I used to blow.
- *Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)*