The Circus Band and Other Delights

text by Charles Ives

for high voice and piano



2006

Gary Bachlund

The Circus Band and Other Delights

poems of Charles Edward Ives (1874-1954) Music by Gary Bachlund

i. The Circus Band

All summer long, we boys

dreamed 'bout big circus joys!

Down Main street, comes the band,

page 1

who keeps the hotel?" is the tune that accomp'nies the trotting-track bell; An old horse unsound. turns the merry-go-round, making poor Mister Riley look a bit like a Russian dance,

as they do of Riley!

v. Waltz

Horses are prancing, knights advancing; Helmets gleaming, pennants streaming,

Oh! "Aint it a grand and glorious noise!"

Cleopatra's on her throne! That golden hair is all her own.

Where is the lady all in pink? Last year she waved to me I think, Can she have died? Can! that! rot! She is passing but she sees me not.

ii. The see'r page 4

An old man with a straw in his mouth sat all day long before the village grocery store; he liked to watch the funny things a going, going, going by!

iii. The Cage page 5

A leopard went around his cage from one side back to the other side; he stopped only when the keeper came around with meat; A boy who had been there three hours began to wonder, "Is life anything like that?"

iv. The Side Show page 7

"Is that Mister Riley,

some speak of so highly,

(Based on a text in English by P. Rooney)

page 8

Round and round the old dance ground,

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

Far and wide's the fame of the bride,

Also of her beau,

Every one knows it's "Joe;" Little Annie Rooney, (now J. P. Mooney,) All that day, held full sway

o'er Av'nue A! "An old sweetheart!"

vi. 1, 2, 3 page 12

Why doesn't one, two, three seem to appeal to a Yankee as much as one, two!

from "Proem" - Memo by Ives on notepaper of the St. James's Palace Hotel, London, June 1924

his lifes, his deaths, his hope, his everything -an inner something, a spiritual storm, a something else that stirs man in all of his parts [and] consciousness, and "all at once" -we roughly call these parts (as a kind of entity) "soul" -it acts thro or vibrates or couples up to human sensations in ways (or mediums) man may hear and know: that is, he knows he hears them and says (or thinks or feels) he knows them. -further than this, what this inner something is which begets all this is something no one knows -especially those who define it and use it, primarily, to make a living. -all this means almost nothing to those who will think about it -music -- that no one knows what it is -and the less he knows he knows what it is the nearer it is to music -- probably.

Music is one of the many ways God has of beating in on man --

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Waltz

"Redding, Connecticut," definitely not Viennese











