



AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

Evening (1921)

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Evening

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased....



AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

O loving heart (1863)

Louis Moreau Gottschalk (1829-1869)

O loving heart

There are thoughts which seem to come from heaven

To calm all pain and strife;

As dew falls on the parched flow'r

To nurture it, to nourish it, to life.

There came to me a happy thought,

One morn when hope seem'd gone;

It whisper'd low in accents sweet,

O loving heart, trust on, trust on,

One true heart beats for you alone.

That happy thought shed o'er my life...

A bright and joyful ray,

As sunlight gilds the night's dim clouds

Ere breaks the glorious day...

My soul is bathed in sunshine.

All gloomy dreams are gone;

For that happy thought still whispers,

O loving heart, trust on, trust on,

One true heart beats for you alone.

Original Poetry: Henry C. Watson (1831-1869)



AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

When stars are in the quiet skies (1891)

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

When stars are in the quiet skies

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes
As stars look on the sea.

For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels
Keep familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapp'd in sleep --
Sweet spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide;
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam:
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream;
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!



AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

Housatonic at Stockbridge (1921)

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Housatonic at Stockbridge

Contented river! In thy dreamy realm
The cloudy willow and the plummy elm:
 Thou beautiful!
 From ev'ry dreamy hill
what eye but wanders with thee at thy will,
 Contented river!
 And yet over-shy
To mask thy beauty from the eager eye;
Hast thou a thought to hide from field and town?
In some deep current of the sunlit brown
 Ah! there's a restive ripple,
 And the swift red leaves
September's firstlings faster drift;
Wouldst thou away, dear stream?
 Come, whisper near!
I also of much resting have a fear:
Let me tomorrow thy companion be,
By fall and shallow to the adventurous sea!



AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

Chanson d'amour (1893)

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

Chanson d'amour

L'aube naît, et ta porte est close!
Ma belle, pourquoi sommeiller?
À l'heure où s'éveille la rose
Ne vas-tu pas te réveiller?

Ô ma charmante,
Écoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure aussi!

Toute frappe à ta porte bénie.
L'aurore dit : Je suis le jour!
L'oiseau dit : Je suis l'harmonie!
Et mon cœur dit : Je suis l'amour!

Ô ma charmante,
Écoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure aussi!

Je t'adore, ange, et t'aime, femme.
Dieu qui pour toi m'a complété
A fait mon amour par ton âme,
Et mon regard pour ta beauté !

Ô ma charmante,
Écoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure aussi!

Love Song

The dawn is arriving, and your door is closed!
My darling, why slumber?
When the rose awakes
Will you not wake?

O charming one,
Listen here
To your lover who sings
And also weeps!

All knock at the consecrated door
The dawn says: I am the day!
The bird says: I am harmony!
And my heart says: I am love!

O charming one,
Listen here
To your lover who sings
And also weeps!

I adore you, angel, and love you, woman.
God who, for you, has made me whole,
Also made my love for your soul
And my regard for your beauty!

O charming one,
Listen here
To your lover who sings
And also weeps!



AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

Poème (1949)

William Grant Still (1895-1978)

Poème

Ce n'était pas l'aurore,
Mais je m'étais levé
En me frottant les yeux.
Tout dormait alentour.
Les bananiers sous ma fenêtre,
Frissonnaient dans le clair de lune
Calme.
Alors, j'ai pris me tête dans mes mains
Et j'ai pensé a vous.

Poem

It was not yet dawn,
but I had gotten up
rubbing my eyes.
Everything nearby was asleep.
The banana trees under my window
were shivering in the moonlight
Calm.
Therefore I took my head in my hands
and I thought of you.

Original Poetry: Philippe Thoby-Marcelin (1904-1975)

Till I Wake (1915)

Harry Burleigh (1866-1949)

Till I Wake

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly,
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop in the wind from the South,
So I may when I wake, if there be an Awakening,
Keep, what lulled me to sleep, the touch of your lips on my mouth.

Original Poetry: Adela Florence Nicolson, née Cory (1865-1904)