

Six Songs by Charles Ives



*arranged by David Heuser
for voice & orchestra*

2014

Duration approximately 12 minutes

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Instrumentation

piccolo	4 horns
2 flutes	3 trumpets
2 oboes	2 tenor trombones
2 clarinets in Bb	bass trombone
2 bassoons	tuba

timpani (4 drums)
2 percussion*

harp

strings

* Percussion required:

Percussion 1:

5 temple blocks
slapstick
ratchet
bell tree
tambourine
suspended cymbal
crash cymbals
snare drum (may be shared with percussion 2)
chimes
glockenspiel
xylophone (may be shared with percussion 2)

Percussion 2:

snare drum (may be shared with percussion 1)
bass drum
triangle
vibraphone
xylophone (may be shared with percussion 1)

Song Texts

by Charles E. Ives unless noted otherwise

I. Charlie Rutlage

Another good cow puncher has gone to meet his fate,
I hope he'll find a resting place, within the golden gate.
Another place is vacant on the ranch of the XIT,
'Twill be hard to find another that's like as well as he.

The first that died was Kid White, a man both tough and brave,
While Charlie Rutlage makes the third to be sent to his grave,
Caused by a cow-horse falling while running after stock;
'Twas on the spring round up, a place where death men mock,

He went forward one morning on a circle through the hills,
He was gay and full of glee, and free from earthly ills;
But when it came to finish up the work on which he went,
Nothing came back from him; his time on earth was spent.

'Twas as he rode the round up a XIT turned back to the herd,
Poor Charlie shoved him in a gain, his cutting horse he spurred;
Another turned; at that moment his horse the creature spied
And turned and fell with him, beneath poor Charlie died.

His relations in Texas his face never more will see,
But I hope he'll meet his loved ones beyond in eternity.
I hope he'll meet his parents, will meet them face to face,
And that they'll grasp him by the right hand at the shining
throne of grace.

from *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*, collected by John A. Lomax

II. Two Little Flowers

On sunny days in our backyard,
Two little flow'rs are seen,
One dressed, at times, in brightest pink,
And one in green.

The marigold is radiant,
The rose passing fair;
The violet is every dear,
The orchid, ever rare;

There's loveliness in wild flow'rs
Of field or wide savannah,
But fairest, rarest of them all
Are Edith and Susanna.

III. The Things Our Fathers Loved (and the greatest of these was Liberty)

I think there must be a place in the soul
All made of tunes, of tunes of long ago;
I hear the organ on the Main Street corner,
Aunt Sarah humming Gospels;

Summer evenings, the village cornet band,
Playing in the square.
The town's Red, White and Blue,
All Red, White and Blue.

Now! Hear the songs!
I know not what are the words.
But they sing in my soul
Of the things our Fathers loved.

IV. The Cage

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?"

V. Thoreau

His meditations are interrupted only by the faint sound of
the Concord bell, "A melody, as it were, imparted 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*)

He grew in those seasons like corn in the night,
Rapt in revery, on the Walden shore,
Amidst the sumach, pines and hickories,
In undisturbed solitude.

VI. The Circus Band

All summer long,
We boys dreamed 'bout big circus joys!
Down Main Street, comes the band,
Oh! "Ain't it a grand and glorious noise!"

Horses are prancing, Knights advancing;
Helmets gleaming, Pennants streaming,
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.

Six Songs by Charles Ives

I. Charlie Rutlage

Charles E. Ives

arr. David Heuser

2014

Laid Back

♩ = ca. 90

Piccolo

Flute 1, 2

Oboe 1, 2

B♭ Clarinet 1, 2

Bassoon 1, 2

Horn 1, 2

Horn 3, 4

B♭ Trumpet 1, 2, 3

Trombone 1, 2

Bass Trombone

Tuba

Timpani

Percussion 1

Percussion 2

Harp

mp An - oth - er good cow-punch - er has gone to meet his fate, I hope _____ he'll find a rest - ing

Laid Back

♩ = ca. 90

pizz.
non-div.

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

Picc.

Fl. 1, 2

Ob. 1, 2

B♭ Cl. 1, 2

Bsn. 1, 2

Hn. 1, 2

Hn. 3, 4

B♭ Tpt. 1, 2, 3

Tbn. 1, 2

B. Tbn.

Tuba

Timp.

Perc. 1

Perc. 2

Harp

Voice

place, with - in the gold - en gate, the gold - en gate. An - oth - er place is va - cant on the ranch of the X I T, 'Twill be

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

11

A

Picc.

Fl. 1, 2

Ob. 1, 2

B♭ Cl. 1, 2

Bsn. 1, 2

Hn. 1, 2

Hn. 3, 4

B♭ Tpt. 1, 2, 3

Tbn. 1, 2

B. Tbn.

Tuba

Timp.

Perc. 1

Perc. 2

Harp

Voice

hard to find an-oth-er that's liked as well as he. The first that died was — Kid White, a man both tough and brave, — While Char-lie

11

A

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

B *Faster*

17

rit. -----

♩ = ca. 96

Picc.

Fl. 1, 2

Ob. 1, 2

B♭ Cl. 1, 2

Bsn. 1, 2

Hn. 1, 2

Hn. 3, 4

B♭ Tpt. 1,2,3

Tbn. 1, 2

B. Tbn.

Tuba

Timp.

Perc. 1

Perc. 2

Harp

Voice

mf half spoken

Rut-lage makes the third to be sent to his grave, Caused by a cow-horse fall-ing, While run-ning af-ter stock; 'Twas

B *Faster*

17

rit. -----

♩ = ca. 96

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.