

**ODE TO THE PASSIONS:  
SET TO MUSIC FOR  
CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**

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Ode to the passions: set to music for chorus and orchestra by Frederic H. Cowen

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**FREDERIC H. COWEN**

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H<sub>p</sub> 119

COMPOSED FOR THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1898.

# ODE TO THE PASSIONS

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM COLLINS

(1721—1759)

SET TO MUSIC FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

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AND

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## ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

---

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Thronged around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possess'd beyond the muse's painting :  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd ; his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings :  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair  
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delightful measure ?  
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail  
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;

And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still, through all the song  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every  
close,  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her  
golden hair.

And longer had she sung ; but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose :  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder,  
down ;  
And with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !  
And ever and anon, he beat  
The doubling drum, with furious heat ;  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-  
tween,  
Dejected Pity, at his side,  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
While each strain'd ball of sight seemed bursting  
from his head.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;  
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive  
soul ;  
And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure  
stole,

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond  
 delay,  
 Bound an holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew.  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket  
 rung,  
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!  
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed  
 Queen,  
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen,  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green:

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;  
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen  
 spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;  
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the  
 best;

They would have thought who heard the strain  
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing.

While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic  
 round:  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shock thousand odours from his dewy wings.

#### CHORUS.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
 Why, goddess! why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
 You learn'd an all commanding power,  
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,  
 Can well recall what then it heard;  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

WM. COLLINS.

# ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

*Andante con moto ma tranquillo. ♩ = 60.*

PIANO. *pp*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The upper staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with some triplet markings.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with a slur and an accent. The lower staff has a piano (*pp*) dynamic marking. The music flows smoothly between the two staves.

The third system shows the continuation of the melodic and harmonic lines. The upper staff has a slur and an accent. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

The fourth system features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The upper staff has a slur and an accent. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

The fifth system includes a *poco cres.* (poco crescendo) marking. The upper staff has a slur and an accent. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with triplet markings.

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*p*  
*dim.* *R.H.*

*Alzo.*

*Bass.*

When Mu- sic, heav'nly maid, was young,  
When Mu- sic, heav'nly maid, was young, *pp*

While yet in ear- ly Greece she sung, The  
While yet in ear- ly Greece she sung, The

*sempre p*

Passions oft, to hear her shell Thronged around her ma- gic cell,  
*sempre p*  
Passions oft, to hear her shell Thronged around her ma- gic cell,

SOPRANO. Ex - ult - ing, tremb - ling,

ALTO. Ex - ult - ing, tremb - ling,

TENOR. Ex - ult - ing, tremb - ling,

BASS. Ex - ult - ing, tremb - ling,

rag - ing, faint - ing, Pos - sess be - yond the

rag - ing, faint - ing, Pos - sess be - yond the

rag - ing, faint - ing,

Mu - se's paint - ing, By turns . . . they felt the glow - ing mind Dis -

They felt the glow - ing mind

Mu - se's paint - ing, By turns they felt . . . the mind . . . Dis -

*ped.* \* *ped.* \* *ped.* \*

*3* *dim.* *p*

turbed, . . de - light - ed, raised, . .  
 Dis - turbed, . . de - light - ed, raised, . . re - -  
 turbed, . . de - light - ed, raised, . . re - -  
 Dis - turbed, . . de - light - ed, raised, . . re - -

*dim.* *pp*

- fied ;  
 - fied ;  
 - fied ;

*pp* *Ped.*

*pp* *accol.* *Till*

*pp* *accol.* *Till*

*pp* *accol.*