

ODE TO
THE PASSIONS



WRITTEN BY
William Collins

SET TO MUSIC FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA BY
Frederic H. Cowen
Composed for the Leeds Musical Festival, 1898

TRUMPET 1

COVER IMAGE

Euterpe, Érato et Uranie

by

Pierre Mignard

[1612 - 1695]

between 1600 and 1700

Louvre Museum, Paris



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The “renaissance” in English music is generally agreed to have started in the late Victorian period, beginning roughly in 1880. Public demand for major works in support of the annual choral festivals held throughout England at that time was considerable which led to the creation of many large scale works for orchestra with soloists and chorus.

Although a number of those works were engraved, printed and are regularly performed today, performance scores for a considerable number of compositions, both large-scale and more intimate works, are not available. These works were either never engraved or were engraved and printed but are no longer available in the publishers’ catalogues. While the existence of these works is documented in biographies of the composers, the ability to study and, most importantly, to perform these compositions is not possible.

Changes in the International copyright laws, coupled with changing musical tastes, played a pivotal role in creating this void. As a result, music publishers lost the ability to generate revenue from the sale/rental of such music. In 1964, holograph and copyist scores from both Novello and from publishers it represented were offered to the British Library and the Royal College of Music Library (see The RCM Novello Library – The Musical Times, Feb. 1983 by Jeremy Dibble).

These autograph full score manuscripts along with copies of engraved vocal scores, widely available through various online library sources, are now the only resources available for studying and performing these works.

The English Heritage Music Series has been created to ensure that these compositions are preserved, are accessible for scholarly research and, most importantly, are available for performance by future generations. Its mission is to:

- Source non-engraved/out-of-print English composer compositions that are in the U.S. public domain
- Preserve these compositions through the preparation of performance scores using notation software
- Provide open Internet access to the scores to facilitate study, performance and sharing of performance material (program notes, audio, reviews, etc.)

In preparing the English Heritage Music Series editions, every effort has been made to adhere strictly to the notation contained in the manuscripts. Because of the passage of time and its effect on the condition of the manuscript, the absence of clear information often times by the composer in notating divided instruments, and with emendations in the composer and other hands resulting from use of the manuscript in performance, there were numerous circumstances which required interpretation and decisions for notes, accidentals, dynamics, articulations and tempi. Should questions arise in the use of these editions, the composers’ autograph manuscripts and the Novello vocal scores should be consulted for clarification.

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Novello, Ewer & Co. no. 8290 © 1898

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Reference Material and Software

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Document Software: Affinity Layout *Music Notation Reference:* Behind Bars by Elaine Gould, Faber Music © 2011

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 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,
Round 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 address ;
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,
Shook 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.

The Musical Times and Singing Class Circular,
November 1, 1898, Vol. 39, no. 669, p. 731-732

There can be little doubt that Mr. Cowen's setting of Collins' poem, "The Passions," is as a whole the strongest choral work he has yet given us. The various pictures which the poet conjures up in rapid succession afford an opportunity for varied and suggestive descriptive music that is in Mr. Cowen's very happiest vein. His success, too, is by no means partial. One would expect him to be at home with "Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue," and so indeed he is; but he is at least equally happy in his treatment of Revenge, which shows genuine power. The four-part writing marks in many places an advance, one instance being the passage in which "Pale Melancholy" appears on the scene, while the well wrought peroration that begins with the apostrophe "O Music, sphere-descended maid," brings the work to a grandiose conclusion. Mr. Cowen's graceful and appropriate use of the orchestra need not be insisted on, for it is nothing new; but it must be said that it adds greatly to the suggestiveness and charm of the work. The Ode, which is for chorus only, and takes twenty-five minutes in performance, was sung and played with really admirable spirit, and, like Stanford's Te Deum, showed what could be got out of band and chorus by a practised and energetic conductor.

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Trumpet (C) 1 & Trumpet (E) 1

ODE TO THE PASSIONS

William Collins

Frederic H. Cowen

Tpt in C Andante con moto ma tranquillo (♩ = 60)

9 9 29

1-9 11-19 21-49

50 Hp 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 9 54-62 Hn 3

64 accelerando...Più mosso. ♩ = 92 f 1

72 A poco accelerando 4 1 mf 74-77 f

82 f 3 f

89 Molto moderato. ♩ = 66 6 90-95 Hn 1

102 f mf

107 **B**

f marcato

114

ff

119 $\text{♩} = 76$

To Tpt in E **19** **C** **25**

121-139 140-164

165 Andante molto tranquillo. $\text{♩} = 60$ poco rall. a tempo

1 **1** **1** **16** **D** **10**

169-184 185-194

Pochissimo più lento. ($\text{♩} = 100$) Come I^{ma} $\text{♩} = 60$

2 **1** **1** **1** **2** **1** **2**

195-196 200-201 203-204

Hn 3

Allegro deciso. $\text{♩} = 92$

Tpt in E

sf *f*

4

212-215

216 marcato

f *f*

3

222-224

225 **E**

f *ff*

5 **4** **2**

228-232 233-236 239-240

[illegible]

375

1 **5** **17**

J

377-381 382-398

Hn 1

402

2

K

404-405

f

410

7

413-419

f

422

3 **4**

L

427-429 430-433

f

434

8 **2**

436-443 446-447

f

L'istesso tempo

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

448

f *mf* *cresc.*

453

f *f*

457 M

p *cresc.*

461

f *f* *mf*

466

sf 470-476

N

477-479 *mf* *f*

483

ff

487

ff

492

3

493-495

f

500

2

502-503

p

f

O

13

P

508-520

Hn 1

p cresc.

f

3

527

3

1

f

1

V.S.

533

f *ff* *dim.* *mf* *dim.* *mf* *mf* *mf*

541 Q

p *p* *p* *p* *p* *f*

547

mf *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff*

553 R

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*

557

poco rall..... a tempo

p *p* *p* *f* *f*

562

molto rit.

ff *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff*

567

a tempo

p *p* *p* *p* *ff*



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