



A lover's counsel

Frederic H. Cowen
(1852-1935)

A lover's counsel

Frederic H. Cowen

Andante ♩ = 54

S
A
T
B

Have you seen my la - dy's
Have you seen my la - dy's eyes, have you seen my la - dy's
Have you seen my la - dy's eyes _____

4

S
A
T
B

eyes Flash with laugh - ter kind and bright? Nev - er dew's from dawn - ing
eyes Flash with laugh - ter kind and bright? Nev - er dew's from dawn - ing
Flash with laugh - ter kind and bright? Nev - er dew's from dawn - ing
Flash with laugh - ter kind and bright? Nev - er dew's from

8

S
A
T
B

skies Drew so fair and fine a light. Should you see them
skies Drew so fair and fine a light. Should you see them
skies Drew so fair and fine a light. Should you see them
skies Drew so fine a light. Should you see them

A lover's counsel

12

S you were lost; _____ Shun them, shun them, count the cost. _____

A _____ Shun them, shun them, count the cost.

T you were lost; _____ Shun them, shun them, count the cost.

B you were lost; _____ Shun them, shun them, count the cost.

16

S *dim.* _____ *cresc.* If she do not smile on you, _____ *mf* *poco rall.*

A *mf* *cresc.* If she do not smile, smile _____ on you, If she do not smile on you, _____ *mf* *poco rall.*

T *mf* *cresc.* If she do not smile on you, If she do not smile on you, _____ *mf* *poco rall.*

B *mf* *cresc.* If she do not smile, smile _____ on you, If she do not smile on you, _____ *mf* *poco rall.*

20

S *espress.* Look not on her, look not on her, lest you rue. _____ *p*

A Look not on her, look not on her, lest you rue. _____ *p*

T Look not on her, look not on her, lest you rue. _____ *p*

B Look not, look not on her, lest you rue. _____ *p*

A lover's counsel

a tempo

S *pp* Have you seen my la - dy

A *pp a tempo* Have you seen my la - dy dream, Have you seen my la - dy

T *pp a tempo* Have you seen my la - dy dream_____

B *a tempo*

27

S *pp* dream In an hour of soft re - pose?_____ *poco cresc.* Like shut li - lies of the

A *pp* dream In an hour of soft re - pose?_____ *poco cresc.* Like shut li - lies of the

T *pp* In an hour of soft re - pose?_____ *poco cresc.* Like shut li - lies of the

B *pp* In an hour of soft re - pose?_____ *poco cresc.* Like li - lies of the

31

S stream_____ Are her eye - lids when they close._____ *p* Gaze not thi - ther,

A stream_____ Are her eye - lids when they close._____

T stream Are her eye - lids when they close._____ *p* Gaze not thi - ther,

B stream Are_____ her eye - lids when they close._____ *p* Gaze not thi - ther,

A lover's counsel

35

S if you're wise, She's too fair for mor-tal eyes.

A She's too fair for mor-tal eyes. If she do not dream,

T if you're wise, She's too fair for mor-tal eyes. If she do not

B if you're wise, She's too fair for mor-tal eyes. If she do not dream,

39

S If she do not dream of you, *cresc.* *mf* *poco rall.*

A dream of you, *cresc.* *mf* *poco rall.* If she do not dream of you, *cresc.* *mf* *poco rall.*

T dream of you, *cresc.* *mf* *poco rall.* If she do not dream of you, *cresc.* *mf* *poco rall.*

B dream of you, *cresc.* *mf* *poco rall.* If she do not dream of you, *cresc.* *mf* *poco rall.*

42

S *espress.* Look not on her, *p* look not on her, *pp* lest you rue.

A *p* Look not on her, *p* look not on her, *pp* lest you rue.

T *p* Look not on her, *p* look not on her, *pp* lest you rue.

B *p* Look not, *p* look not on her, *pp* lest you rue.

A lover's counsel

a tempo *mf*

S Lift - ing up her pret - ty

A *a tempo* *mf* Have you heard my la - dy sing, Lift - ing up her pret - ty

T *a tempo* *mf* Have you heard my la - dy sing, Lift - ing up her pret - ty

B *a tempo* *mf* Lift - ing up her pret - ty

⁴⁹ *mf* *espress.*

S throat? Nev - er wood - land bird of Spring, Shook night's heart with such a

A *mf* throat? Nev - er wood - land bird of Spring, Shook night's heart with such a

T *mf* throat? Nev - er bird of Spring, Shook heart with such a

B *mf* throat? Nev - er bird of Spring, Shook heart with such a

⁵³ *p*

S note, with such a note.

A note, with such a note.

T *p* note, with such a note.

B *p* note, such a note. Come not near;

A lover's counsel

57

S Come not near; 'Tis too sweet for mor - tal ear.

A List not to her, come not near; 'Tis too sweet for mor - tal ear.

T List not to her, come not near; 'Tis too sweet for mor - tal ear.

B 'Tis too sweet for mor - tal ear.

61

S *dim.* If she do not sing, *cresc.* if she do not sing for

A If she do not sing, *3 dim.* sing for you, *cresc.* If she do not sing, if she do not sing for

T If she do not sing for you, *dim.* If she do not sing, *cresc.* if she do not sing for

B If she do not sing, *3 dim.* sing for you, *cresc.* if she do not sing, if she do not sing for

63

S *f* *espress. rall. al fine* you, Do not hear - en, *poco dim.* do not hear - en, *f* lest you rue.

A *f* *rall. al fine* you, Do not hear - en, *poco dim.* do not hear - en, *f* lest you rue.

T *f* *rall. al fine* you, Do not hear - en, *poco dim.* do not hear - en, *f* lest you rue.

B *f* *rall. al fine* you, Do nor hear - en, *poco dim.* do not hear - en, *f* lest you rue.

Sir Frederic Hymen Cowen (1852-1935) was born Hymen Frederick Cohen in Kingston, Jamaica. His father became treasurer to “Her Majesty’s Opera” and the family moved to England when Frederic was age four. At age six, his composition *Minna-waltz* was published and, at age eight, an operetta, *Garibaldi*. His first public piano recital was when he was eleven. In 1865, he won the Mendelssohn Scholarship at the Leipzig Conservatorium. However, he did not accept the award and attended the institution as an independent student, since his parents unwilling to give up control of him, as required by the prize. After returning to England, he became successful as a composer. His *Symphony No. 3 in C minor* (1880) became the most regularly and widely performed British symphony until Elgar’s First. From 1888-1892 he was conductor of Philharmonic Society of London after the resignation of Sir Arthur Sullivan (reappointed in 1899). In 1896, Cowen was appointed conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society and of the Hallé Orchestra. He also conducted the Bradford Festival Choral Society, the Bradford Permanent Orchestra, and the Scottish Orchestra (Royal Scottish National Orchestra). Cowen received honorary doctorates from Cambridge and Edinburgh, and was knighted in 1911.

Have you seen my lady’s eyes
Flash with laughter kind and bright?
Never dews from dawning skies
Drew so fair and fine a light.
Should you see them you were lost;
Shun them, shun them, count the cost.
If she do not smile on you,
Look not on her, lest you rue.

Have you seen my lady dream
In an hour of soft repose?
Like shut lilies of the stream
Are her eyelids when they close.
Gaze not thither, if you’re wise,
She’s too fair for mortal eyes.
If she do not dream of you,
Look not on her, lest you rue.

Have you hear my lady sing,
Lifting up her pretty throat?
Never woodland bird of Spring,
Shook night’s heart with such a note.
List not to her, come not near;
'Tis too sweet for mortal ear.
If she do not sing for you,
Do nor hearken, lest you rue.

Frederick Wyville Home (1851-1931)

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