



Bring me a golden pen

Frederic H. Cowen
(1852-1935)

Bring me a golden pen

Frederic H. Cowen

Molto lento e sostenuto quasi Adagio ♩ = 44

S Bring me a gold - en pen, and let me lean On heap'd up flow'rs, in

A Bring me a gold - en pen, and let me lean On heap'd up flow'rs, in

T Bring me a gold - en pen, and let me lean On heap'd up flow'rs, in

B Bring me a gold - en pen, and let me lean On heap'd up flow'rs, in

5 S re - gions clear, and far; Bring me a *cresc.*

A re - gions clear, and far; Bring me a *cresc.*

T re - gions clear, and far; Bring me a tab - let, a *cresc.*

B re - gions clear, and far; Bring me a *cresc.*

Bring me a golden pen

8

S tab - let whit - er than a star, Or hand of hymn - ing an - gel,

A tab - let whit - er than a star, Or hand of hymn - ing an - gel,

T tab - let whit - er than a star, Or hand of hymn - ing an - gel,

B tab - let whit - er than a star, Or hand of hymn - ing an - gel,

11 *cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

S when 'tis seen_____ The sil - ver strings,_____ the strings of heav'n - ly harp a -

A when 'tis seen_____ The sil - ver strings, the sil - ver strings of heav'n - ly harp_____ a -

T when 'tis seen_____ The sil - ver strings, the sil - ver strings of heav'n - ly harp_____ a -

B when 'tis seen_____ The sil - ver strings,_____ the sil - ver strings of heav'n - ly harp a -

14

S tween: And let there glide by man - y a pear - ly car,_____

A tween: And let there glide by man - y a pear - ly car,_____

T tween: And let there glide,_____ glide by a pear - ly car,

B tween: And let there glide,_____ glide by a pear - ly car,

Bring me a golden pen

17

cresc.

S and let there glide by man - y a pear - ly car, Pink robes, and

cresc.

A and let there glide by man - y a pear - ly car, Pink robes, and

cresc.

T and let there glide, glide by a pear - ly car, Pink robes, and

cresc.

B and let there glide, glide by a pear - ly car, Pink robes, and

20

S wav - y hair, and dia - mond jar, And half dis - cov - er'd wings, and glanc - es

A wav - y hair, and dia - mond jar, And half dis - cov - er'd wings, glanc - es

T wav - y hair, and dia - mond jar, And half dis - cov - er'd wings, and glanc - es

B wav - y hair, and dia - mond jar, and glanc - es

23

S keen. The while let mu - sic wan - der round my ears, And

A Keen. The while let mu - sic wan - der round my ears, And

T keen. The while let mu - sic wan - der round my ears, And

B keen. Let mu - sic wan - der round my ears,

Bring me a golden pen

26 *mf espress.* *cresc.*

S as it reach - es each de - li - cious end - ing, Let me write down a

A as it reach - es each de - li - cious end - ing, Let me write down a

T as it reach - es each de - li - cious end - ing, Let me write down a

B — wan - - - der round my ears, Let me write down a

29 *mf* *dim.* *p* *rall.*

S line of glo - rious tone, And full of man - y won - ders of the spheres,

A line of tone, And full of won - ders of the spheres, of the

T line of glo - rious tone, And full of won - ders, pf won - ders of the

B line, of won - ders of the spheres,

32 *pp* *a tempo*

S Let me write down a line of glo - rious tone, For what a

A spheres, Let me write a line of glo - rious tone, For what a

T spheres, Let me write a line of glo - rious tone, For what a

B Let me write down a line of glo - rious tone, For what a

Bring me a golden pen

35 *f* *molto espress.* *sempre f*

S height my spir - it is con - tend - ing, — for what a height my spir - it is con -

A height my spir - it is con - tend - ing, — for what a height my spir - it is con -

T height my spir - it is con - tend - ing, — for what a height my spir - it is con -

B height my spir - it is con - tend - ing, — for what a height my spir - it is con -

38 *dim.* *p*

S tend - ing! — 'Tis not con - tent, 'tis not con - tent so

A tend - ing! — 'Tis not con - tent, 'tis not con - tent so

T tend - ing! 'Tis not con - tent, 'tis not con - tent so

B tend - ing! — 'Tis not con - tent, 'tis not con - tent so soon, so

41 *poco rall.* *a tempo* *p*

S soon to be a - lone, — 'tis not con - tent —

A soon to be a - lone, — 'tis not con - tent —

T soon to be a - lone, — 'tis not con - tent —

B soon to be a - lone, — 'tis

Bring me a golden pen

44

S
so soon, so soon to be a lone.

A
so soon, so soon to be a lone.

T
so soon, so soon to be a lone.

B
not con - tent so soon to be a lone.

pp *dim. e rall.*

Novello and Company
(1911)

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 were unwilling to give up control of him, as required by the scholarship. 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.

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS AT AN EARLY HOUR

Bring* me a golden pen, and let me lean
 On heap’d up flowers, in regions clear, and far;
 Bring me a tablet whiter than a star,
 Or hand of hymning angel, when ’tis seen
 The silver strings of heavenly harp atween:
 And let there glide by many a pearly car,
 Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar,
 And half discovered wings, and glances keen.
 The while let music wander round my ears,
 And as it reaches each delicious ending,
 Let me write down a line of glorious tone,
 And full of many wonders of the spheres:
 For what a height my spirit is contending!
 ’Tis not content so soon to be alone.

John Keats (1795-1821)

*Keats’ original text begins “Give me...”

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