Ode to Music
(from: A Song for St. Cecilia’s Day)

Text by
John Dryden
(1631-1700)

Music by
James Mulholland

Commissioned by Wartburg College for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Iowa All-State Choir Dedicated to Dr. Paul Torkelson, Director

Moderately fast \( (\text{\textsc{f}} = 80) \)

What passion can not Music raise and quell?

Copyright © 1996 Colla Voce Music Inc.
4600 Sunset, #83 Indianapolis, IN 46208
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A All Rights Reserved
When Jubal struck the cored shell,

Faster

ff His listening brethren stood around
To worship that celestial sound.

What
For Perusal Only
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
With
Jubal struck the corded shell,

In the hollow of that shell That spoke so sweetly and so well. What

Slower

Tempo primo (\( \ell = 80 \))

passion cannot Music raise and quell!

Tempo primo

ff
Very slow \( (j = 48) \)

But, O! what art can teach,

What human voice can reach,
But O! what art can teach, What human voice can reach, The sacred organ's praise?

Notes inspiring holy love, Notes that wing their heavenly ways

To mend the choirs above. But O! what
What human voice can reach,
art can teach, What human voice can voice can reach,

The sacred organ’s praise?

Holy love, Notes inspiring holy love, To mend the

A tempo

ff

56 (no breath) mf

f

rall.

56

rall.

ff

52

52

52
More motion

(j = 72)

ff

choirs a-bove. f The sa - cred or - gan's praise?

Notes in - spir - ing ho - ly love,
Notes that wing their

heaven - ly ways
To mend the choirs a-b

above.

mf rit. Slower

mf rit. Slower
But O! what art can teach, What human voice can reach,

Tempo primo \( (\text{\textit{j} = 80}) \)

reach,
Marcato

\[ \text{ff What passion can-not Music raise and swell! When Jubal struck the} \]

\[ \text{corded shell, ff His listening brethren} \]
stood around, To worship that celestial sound.

The passion cannot Music raise and quell! As from the pow'r of sacred lays
spheres began to move, And sung the great Creator's praise To
Ah

A tempo
all the blest above:

So, when the last and dreadful hour this
Ah So, when the last and dreadful hour The
crumbling pageant shall devour, Ah The

rall...
trumpet shall be heard on high. The dead shall live, the living die. And

Music shall un-tune the sky. Music!

Music! Music! Music!
* Please use the high C in Soprano and A in Tenor only if comfortable for a few voices.