

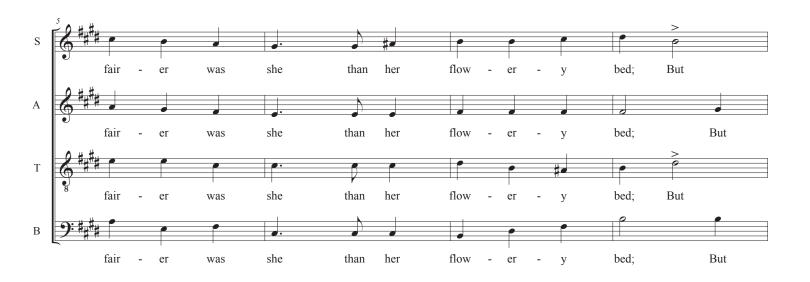
A FOUR-PART MADRIGAL

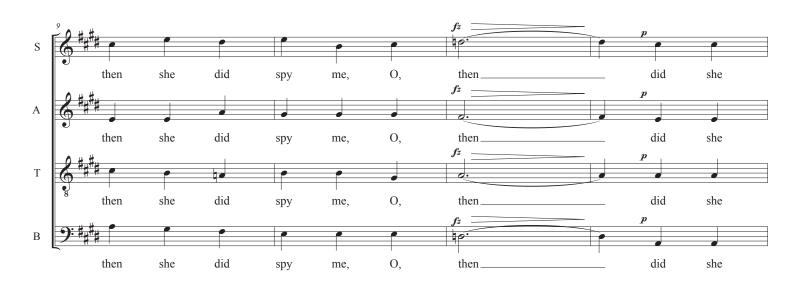
Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795-1856)

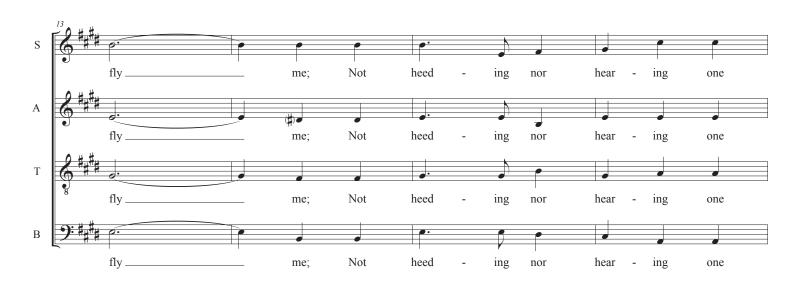




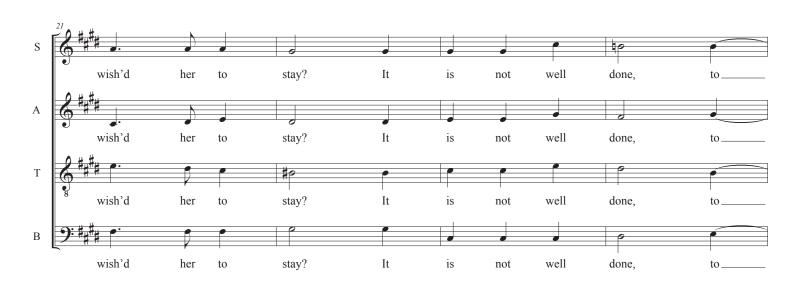
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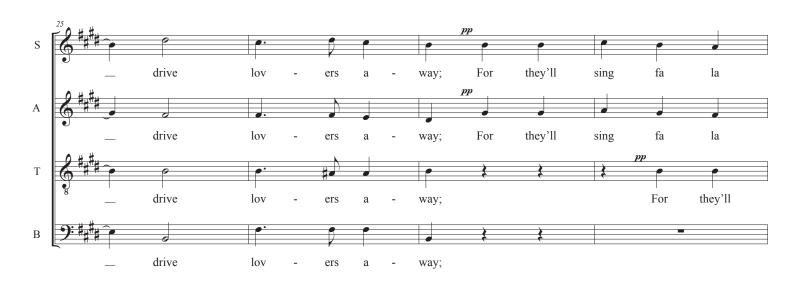


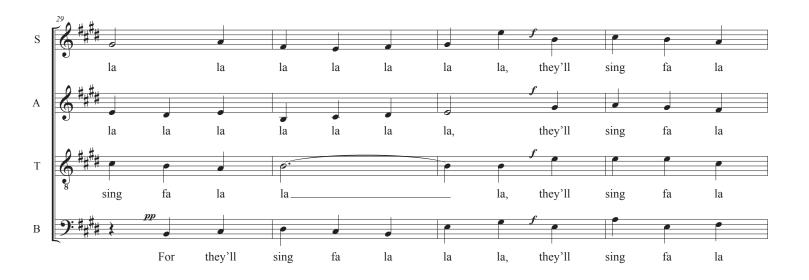


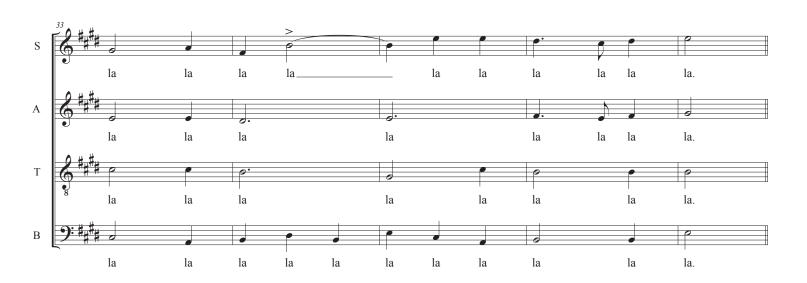


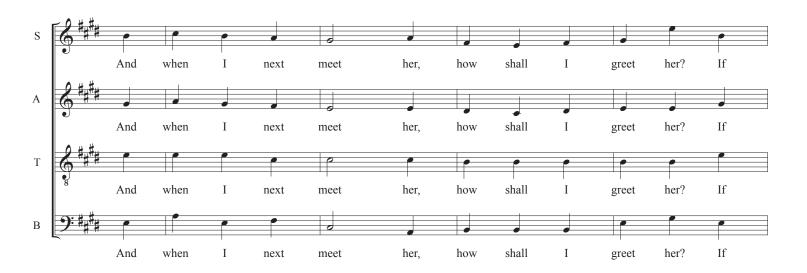


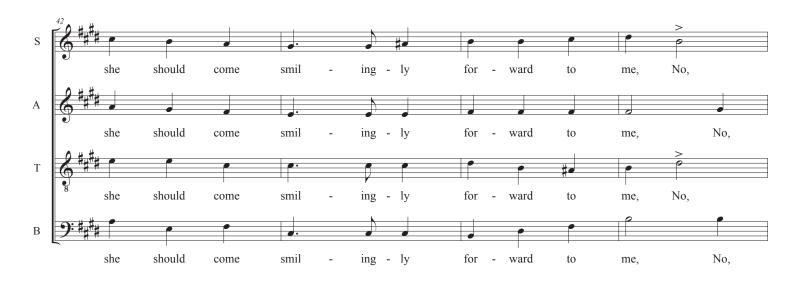


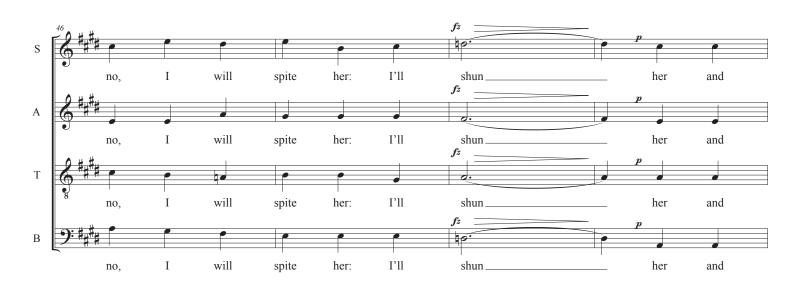


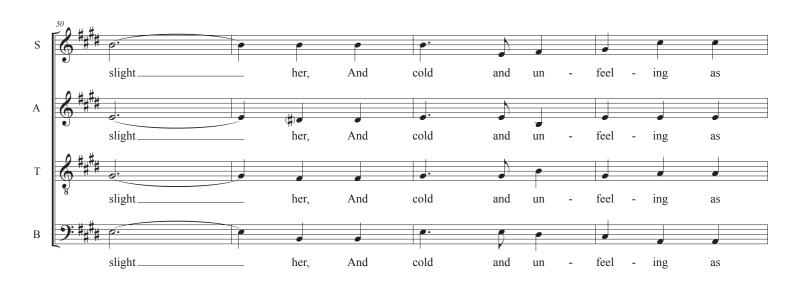




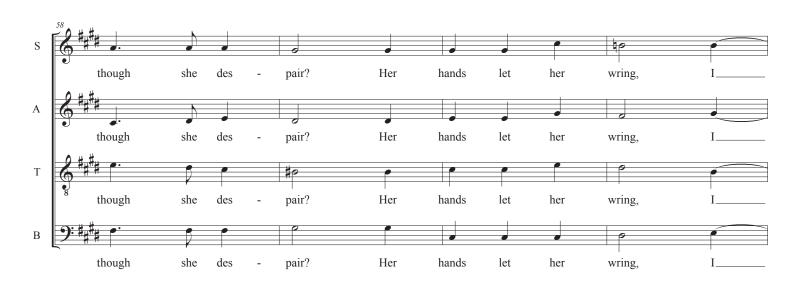


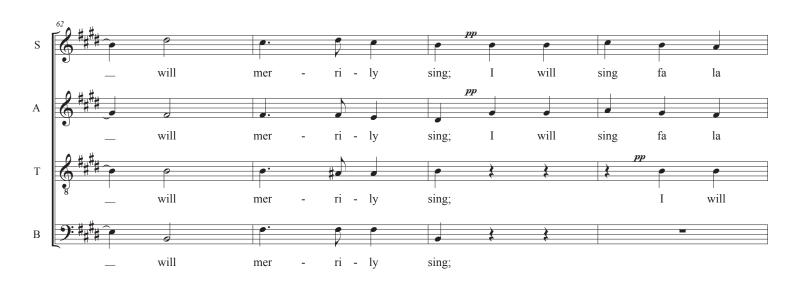


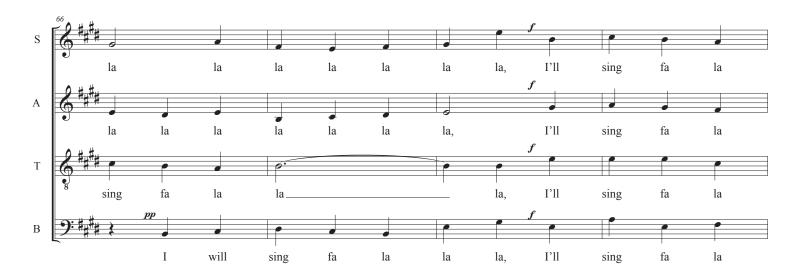


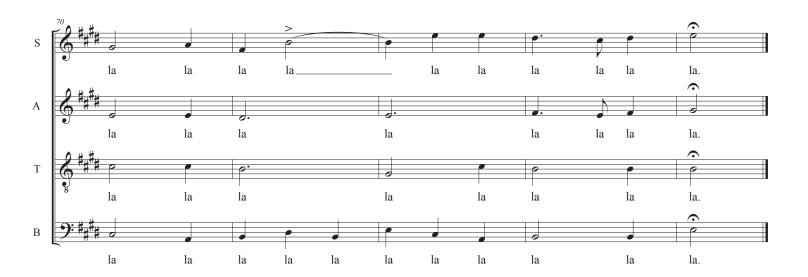












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795-1856) was born at Clifton Hill, Bristol, into a wealthy Quaker family. His father was an army officer and amateur musician. He was privately educated and practiced as a barrister in Bristol. In 1825, after suffering a stroke, he took his family to live abroad. He sold the family estate in Willsbridge and, in 1842, bought the Schloss Wartensee, a ruined medieval keep near Rorschach in Switzerland and spent several years restoring it. He remained there until his death. Pearsall was an amateur composer and many of his compositions were not published until after his death. He is best remembered for his part-songs and madrigals but also wrote orchestral works, anthems, services, musical treatises, and edited a Catholic hymnal. He kept in touch with his home city of Bristol and wrote many pieces for the Bristol Madrigal Society. He also composed poetry, some of which he used for his madrigals, such as 'Why Do the Roses' and 'Why should the cuckoo's tuneful note'. The particle "de" often spelled in his name is a feature added after his death by his daughter Philippa.

I saw lovely Phillis lying on lilies,
And fairer was she than her flowery bed;
But then she did spy me, O, then did she fly me;
Not heeding nor hearing one word that I said.
Why did she fly, when I wished her to stay?
It is not well done, to drive lovers away;
For they'll sing fa la la la la la la la.

And when I next meet her, how shall I greet her? If she should come smilingly forward to me, No, no, I will spite her: I'll shun her and slight her, And cold and unfeeling as marble I'll be. What do I care, e'en though she despair? Her hands let her wring, I will merrily sing; I will sing fa la la la la la la la.

Anon.

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