

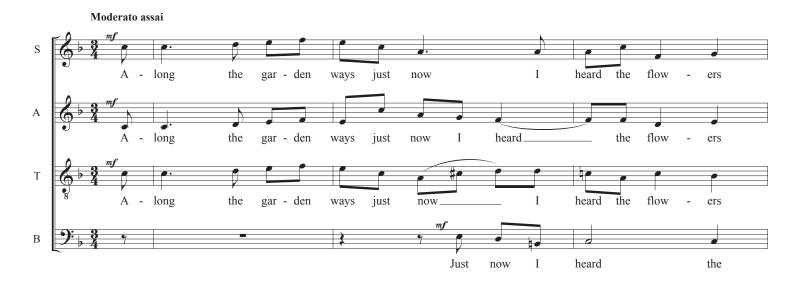


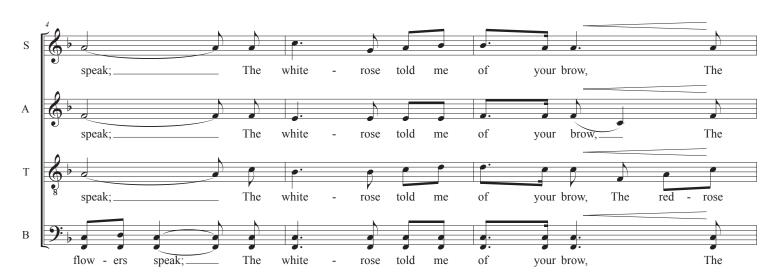
## A LOVE SYMPHONY

PERCY PITT (1870-1932)

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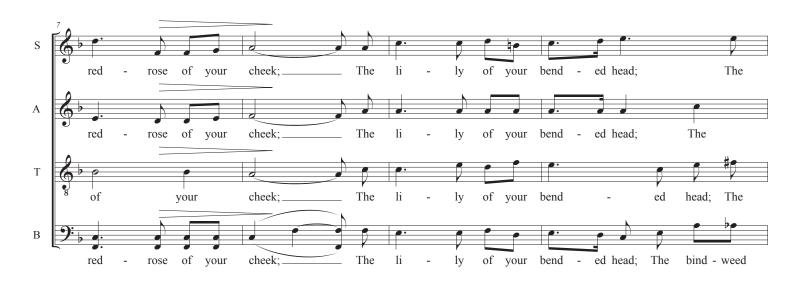
Percy Pitt

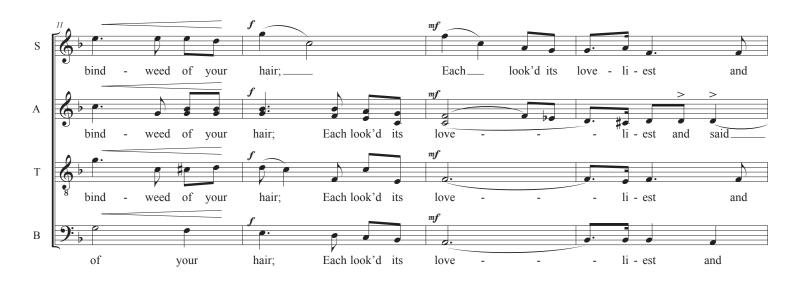


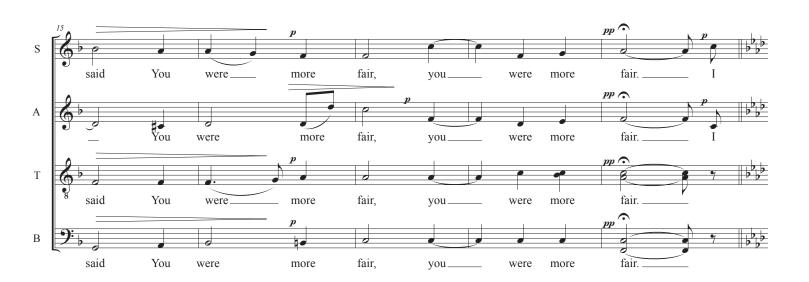


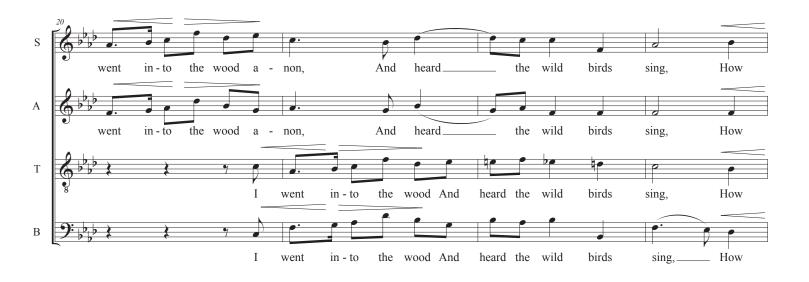


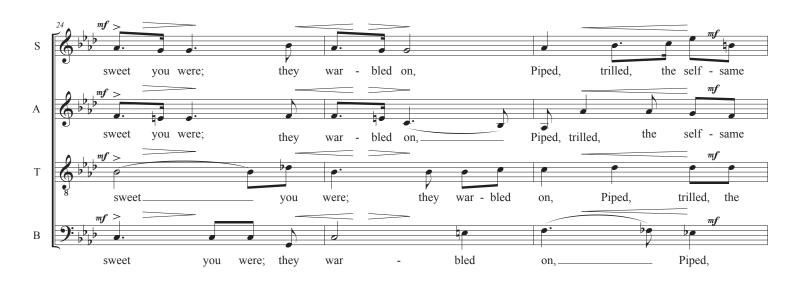
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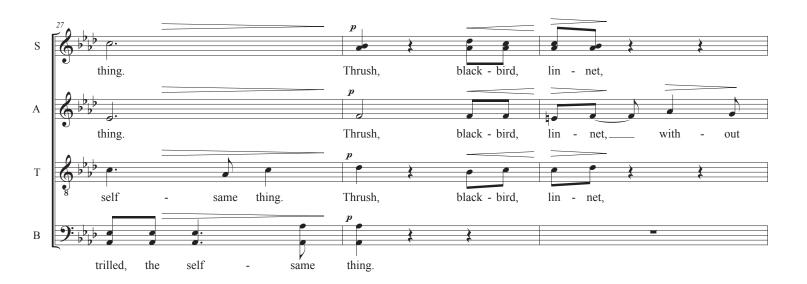


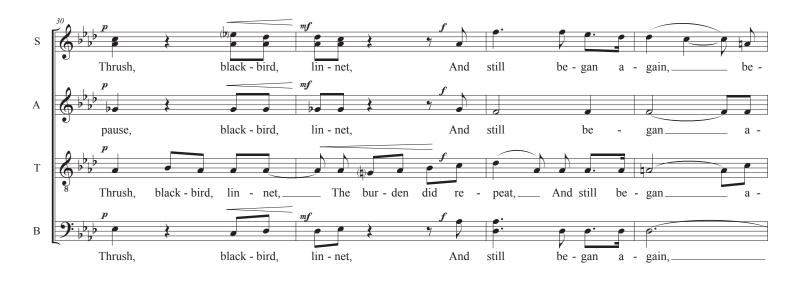


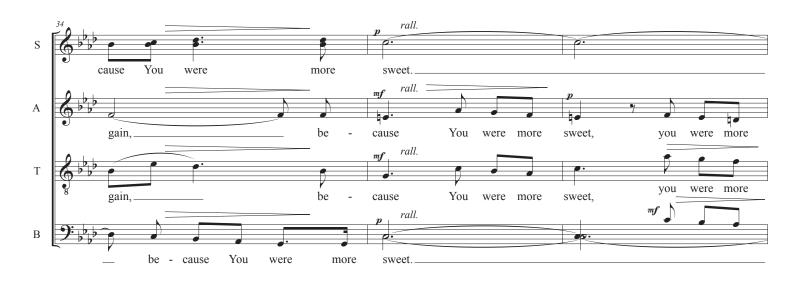


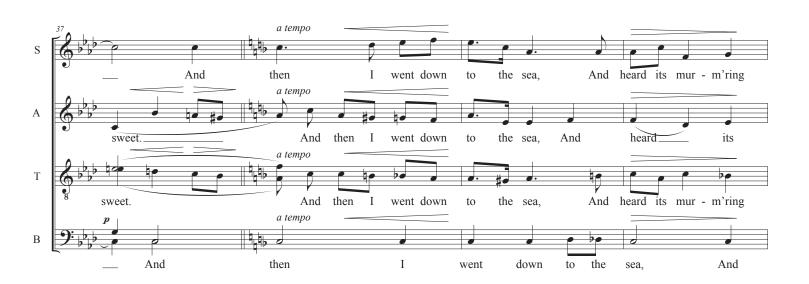


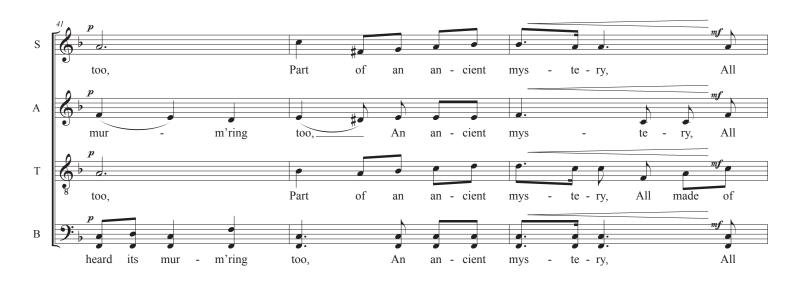


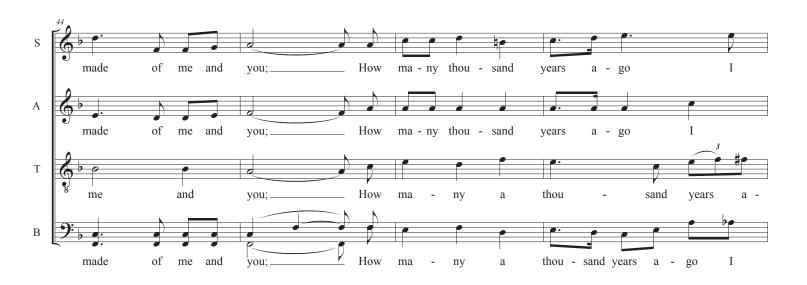


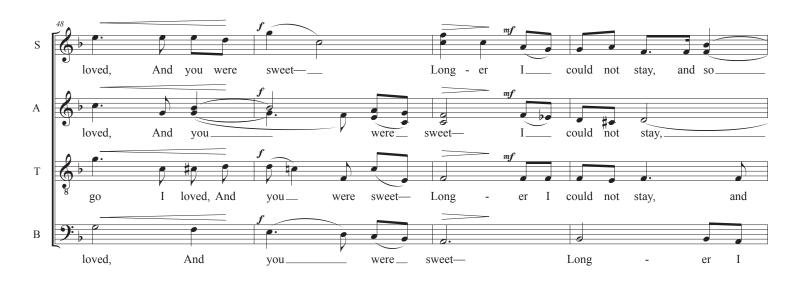




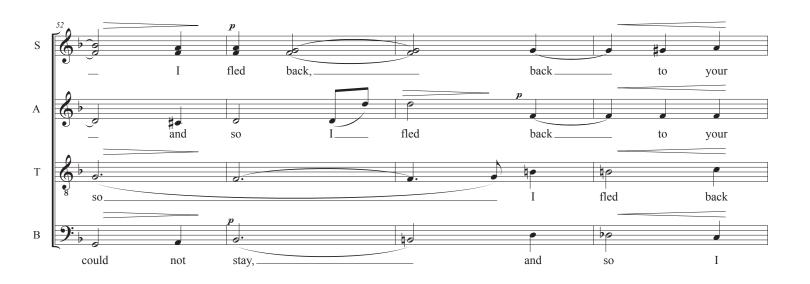


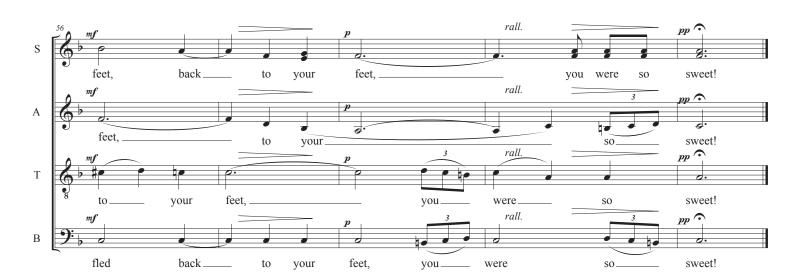






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Percy Pitt (1870-1932) was born in London and received his general education in France. He studied music at the conservatory in Leipzig, lived in Paris studying with Reinecke and Jadassohn, then with Josef Rheinberger in Munich. He held various organist and choirmaster positions before being appointed Chorus Master for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden in 1906. There, he quickly became an assistant conductor and then the Principal Conductor. In 1908, he was instrumental in bringing Hans Richter to London for the famed Covent Garden Ring Cycles; Pitt sharing the conducting with Richter. In 1915, he became conductor of the Beecham Opera Company and, in 1920, the director of the British National Opera Company. In 1926 he became the first General Musical Director of the fledgling BBC. He made numerous records with the BBC Wireless Symphony Orchestra, including many "Operatic selections" on Columbia and Regal labels. His compositions were well-respected, mainly light orchestral music.

Along the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak;
The white-rose told me of your brow,
The red-rose of your cheek;
The lily of your bended head;
The bindweed of your hair;
Each looked its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing,
How sweet you were; they warbled on,
Piped, trilled, the selfsame thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,
The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard its murmuring too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
All made of me and you;
How many a thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet—
Longer I could not stay, and so
I fled back to your feet.

Arthur William Edgar O'Shaughnessy (1844-1881)

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