



The Winter Song

Robert Lucas Pearsall
(1795-1856)

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.

The Winter Song

Moderato

R. L. Pearsall

S *mf*
All clean, all smooth, the field — so white Re - flects the

A *mf*
All clean, all smooth, the field so white Re - flects the

T *mf*
All clean, all smooth, the field so white Re - flects the

B *mf*
All clean, all smooth, the field so white Re - flects the

S ⁶ *f*
ge - nial sun - beam bright; Blue e - ther's sharp and

A *f*
ge - nial sun - beam — bright; Blue e - ther's sharp and

T *f*
ge - nial sun - beam bright; Blue e - ther's sharp and

B *f*
ge - nial sun - beam bright; Blue e - ther's sharp and



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10

S stil - ly. And clear as glass, Gleams, where _____ we

A stil - ly. And clear as glass, Gleams, where we

T stil - ly. And clear as glass, Gleams, where we

B stil - ly. And clear as glass, Gleams, where we

15

S pass, The mead - - - ow's sur - face ___ chil - ly.

A pass, The mead - ow's sur - face chil - ly.

T pass, _____ The mead - ow's sur - face chil - ly.

B pass, The mead - ow's sur - face chil - ly.

mf

S The dus - ky pine - bough bends _ down low, And threat - ens,

A *mf* The dus - ky pine - bough bends down low, And threat - ens,

T *mf* The dus - ky pine - bough bends down low, And threat - ens,

B *mf* The dus - ky pine - bough bends down low, And threat - ens,

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25

S with its weight of snow, The wan - der - er to

A with its weight of snow, The wan - der - er to

T with its weight of snow, The wan - der - er to

B with its weight of snow, The wan - der - er to

29

S cov - er. Crisp to his tread, A dia - - - mond

A cov - er. Crisp to his tread, A dia - mond

T cov - er. Crisp to his tread, A dia - mond

B cov - er. Crisp to his tread, A dia - mond

34

S bed, With pain, he trav - els o - - ver.

A bed, With pain, he trav - els o - - ver.

T bed, With pain, he trav - els o - - ver.

B bed, With pain, he trav - els o - - ver.

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39

S *f* Good speed! up - on the sol - id rime, The

A *f* Good speed! up - on the sol - id rime,

T *f* Good speed! up - on the sol - id rime,

B *f* Good speed! up - on the sol - id rime,

44

S snow - clad hill I swift - ly climb; Look joy - ous - ly a -

A The snow - clad hill I swift - ly climb; Look joy - ous - ly a -

T The snow - clad hill I swift - ly climb; Look joy - ous - ly a -

B The snow - clad hill I swift - ly climb; Look joy - ous - ly a -

49

S round me, And praise his might Who makes _____ so

A round me, And praise his might Who makes so

T round me, And praise his might Who makes so

B round me, And praise his might Who makes so

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54

S
bright The sil - - - ver plains which bound _____ me.

A
bright The sil - - - ver plains which bound _____ me.

T
bright _____ The sil - - - ver plains which bound _____ me.

B
bright The sil - - - ver plains which bound _____ me.

Novello, Ewer and Co.
(1860-1885)

All clean, all smooth, the field so white
Reflects the genial sunbeam bright;
Blue ether's sharp and stilly.
And clear as glass,
Gleams, where we pass,
The meadow's surface chilly.

The dusky pine-bough bends down low,
And threatens, with its weight of snow,
The wanderer to cover.
Crisp to his tread,
A diamond bed,
With pain, he travels over.

Good speed! upon the solid rime,
The snow-clad hill I swiftly climb;
Look joyously around me,
And praise his might
Who makes so bright
The silver plains which bound me.

R. L. Pearsall

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