

Sir Patrick Spens

A BALLAD-DIALOGUE IN TEN REAL PARTS

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 King sits in Dunfermline town, Drinking the blood-red wine. "O! where shall I get a captain bold To sail this new ship of mine?"

Then up and spake an eldern knight, Sat at the King's right knee: "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor That ever sail'd the sea."

The King has written a broad letter, And seal'd it with his hand, And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens, who was walking on the strand.

"To Noraway, to Noraway To Noraway o'er the foam. The Princess fair of Noraway, 'Tis thou must bring her home."

"O! who is it has done this deed, And told the King of me? To send us out at this time of the year, To sail upon the sea!"

They had not sail'd a league, a league, A league but barely three, When the sky grew dark, and the wind blew loud, And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors break, the top masts lap, 'Twas such a deadly storm.

And the waves come o'er the broken ship, Till all her sides were torn.

The ladies wrang their fingers, The maidens tore their hair; All for the sake of their true loves, For them they'll see no more.

O! forty miles from Aberdeen
'Tis fifty fathom deep,
And there lies brave Sir Patrick Spens,
With his comrades at his feet.

Sir Patrick Spens

Robert L. Pearsall





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