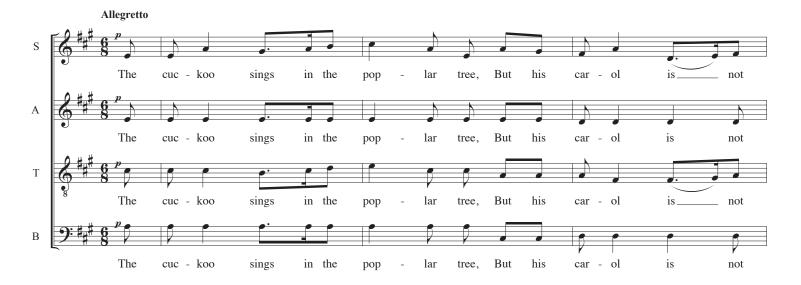


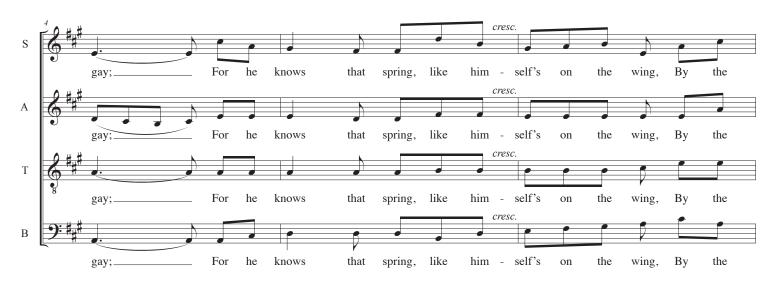
## The Quekoo sings in the poplar tree

George A. Macfarren (1813-1887)

## The Cuckoo sings in the poplar tree

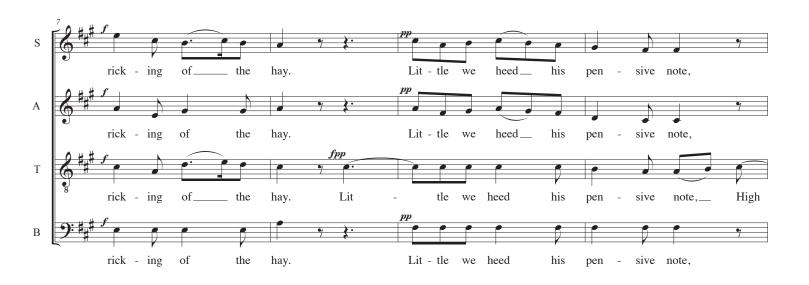
G. A. Macfarren

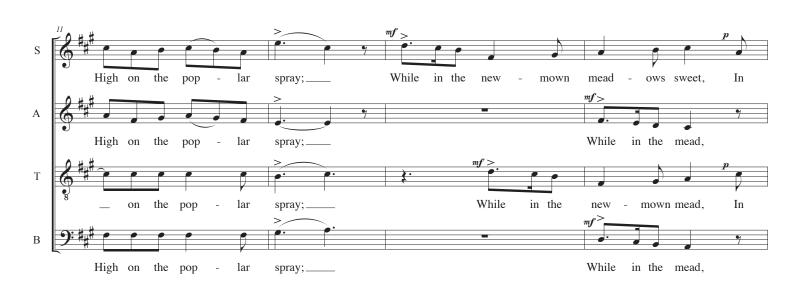


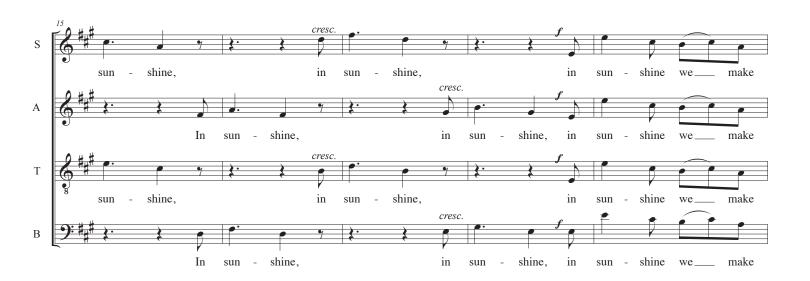


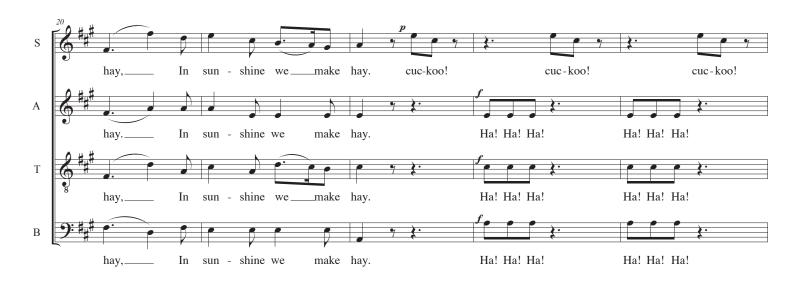


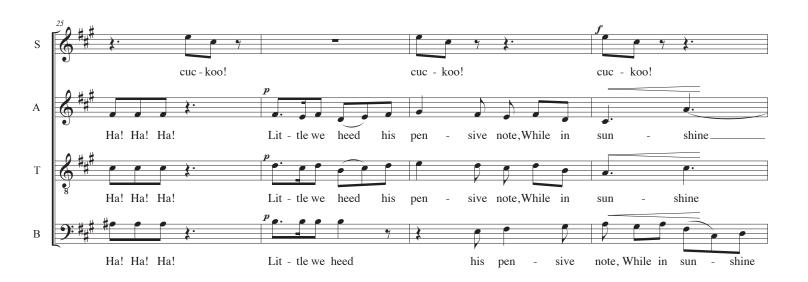
Edition and "engraving" © 2019 SHORCHOR $^{TM}$ . May be freely distributed, duplicated, performed and recorded under the TERMS OF USE described elsewhere in this publication. This edition is not a source for a secondary edition.

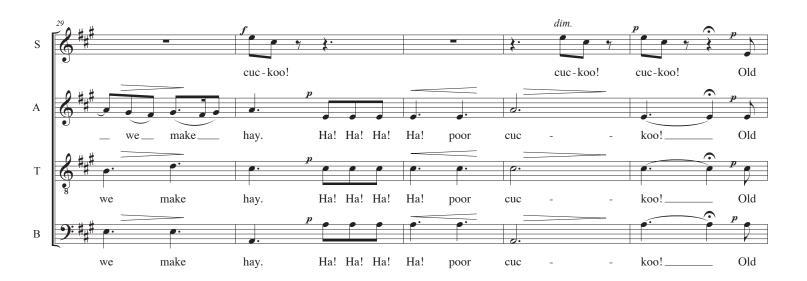


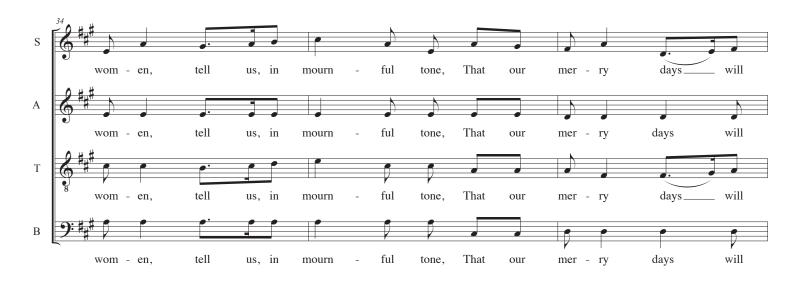


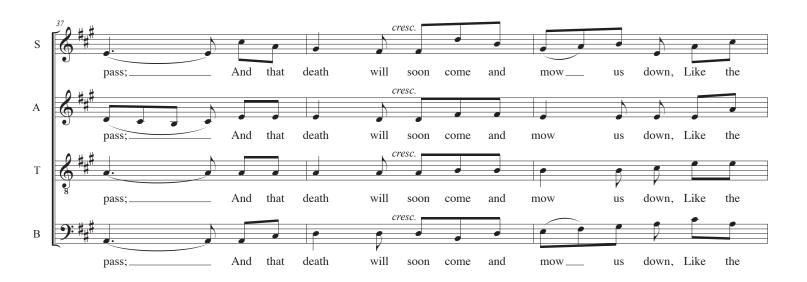


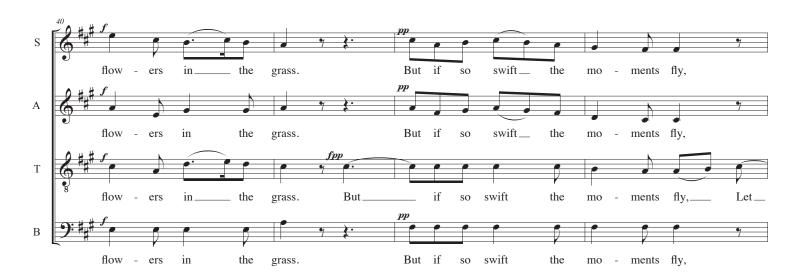




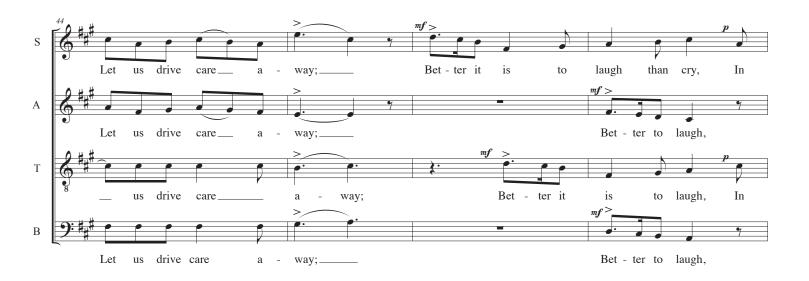


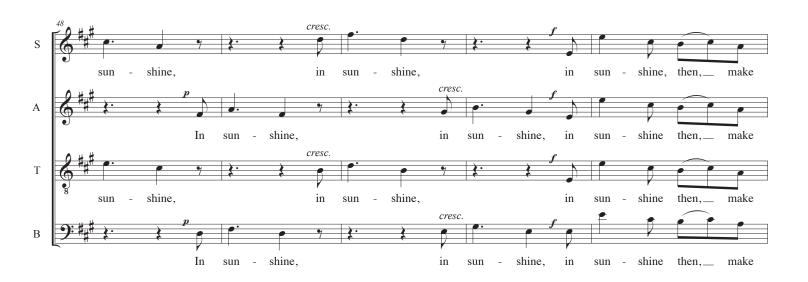


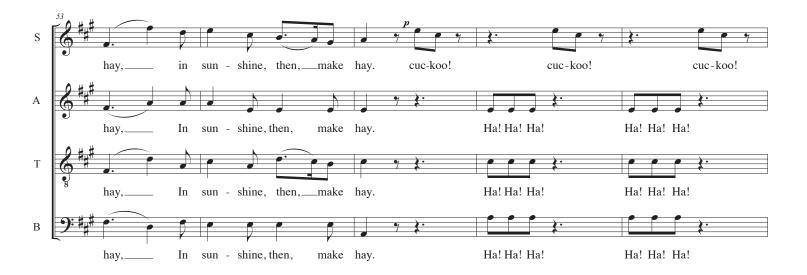


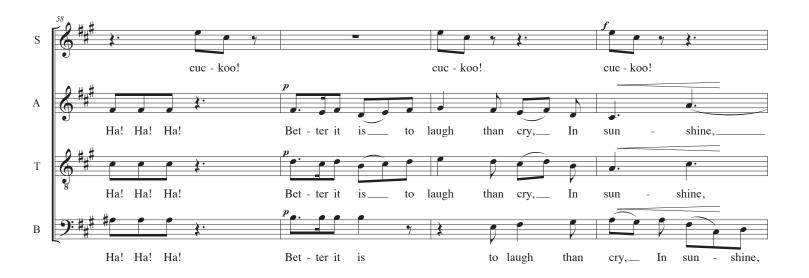


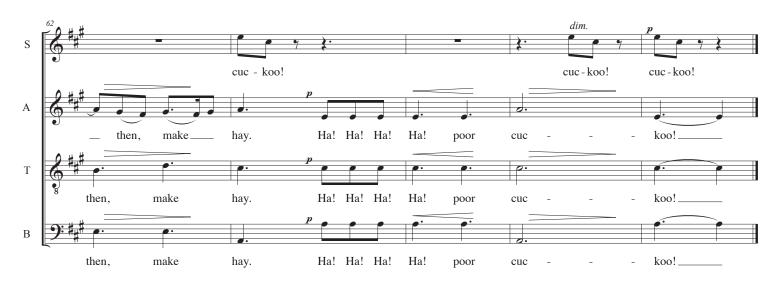
## The Cuckoo sings in the poplar tree











Novello, Ewer and Co. (1872)

Sir George Alexander Macfarren (1813-1887) was born in London. From early youth, he suffered from poor health and weak eyesight. His eyesight continually deteriorated until he became totally blind in 1860. However, his blindness had little effect on his productivity. Macfarren began to study music when he was fourteen and, at sixteen, entered the Royal Academy of Music. Because of his eyesight, he abandoned performance and concentrated on composition. He later taught at the Academy, eventually becoming a principal. He was also appointed professor of music at Cambridge University in 1875. He was conductor at Covent Garden, London; founder the Handel Society; program note writer for the Philharmonic Society; and edited the works of Handel and Purcell. He wrote 18 operas, 13 oratorios and cantatas, 9 symphonies, and 162 songs. He was active as writer of part-songs, literature for the many amateur choirs appearing throughout the country. He was knighted in 1883 on the same day as Arthur Sullivan and George Grove. His brother Walter Macfarren (1826-1905) was a pianist, composer and professor of the Royal Academy.

The cuckoo sings in the poplar tree,
But his carol is not gay;
For he knows that spring, like himself's on the wing,
By the ricking of the hay.
Little we heed his pensive note,
High on the poplar spray;
While in the new-mown meadows sweet,
In sunshine we make hay.
Ha! Ha! poor cuckoo! cuckoo!

Old women, tell us, in mournful tone,
That our merry days will pass;
And that death will soon come and mow us down,
Like flowers in the grass.
But if so swift the moments fly,
Let us drive care away;
Better it is to laugh than cry,
In sunshine, then, make hay.
Ha! ha! poor cuckoo!

Edward Fitzball (1792–1873)

## **TERMS OF USE**

These editions are available as a service to the choral community, offering inexpensive access to public domain literature. Choir resources can purchase other literature still under copyright, especially to support those creating and publishing new compositions and arrangements. These editions have been created using public domain sources under U. S. copyright law. Out of respect to the research, time and effort invested:

please print and issue an edition in its entirety, retaining notices, attributions, and logos. please do not consider this edition a source for creating another edition.

If recorded, notification and attribution would be appropriate professional courtesies.

For a full description of these requests and more scores, visit: www.shorchor.net

