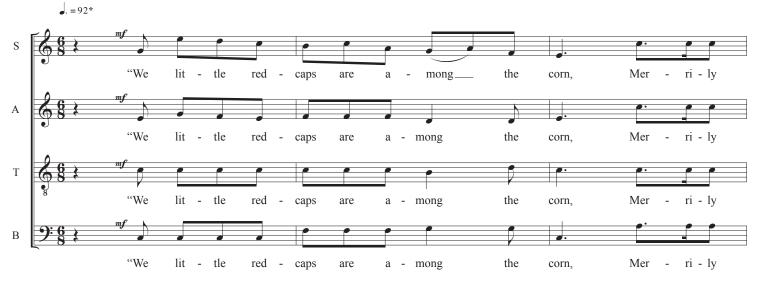


VICTORIAN WOMEN

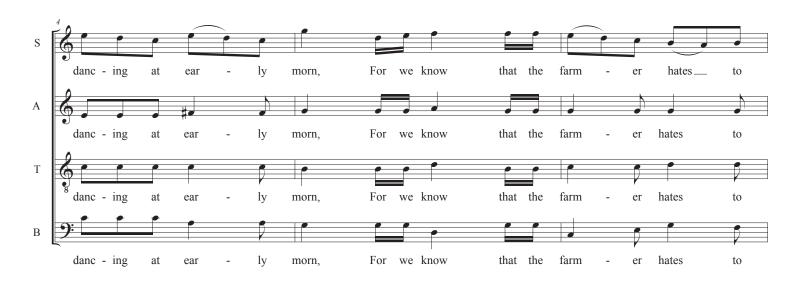
The Song of the Poppies

Elizabeth Stirling (1819–1895)

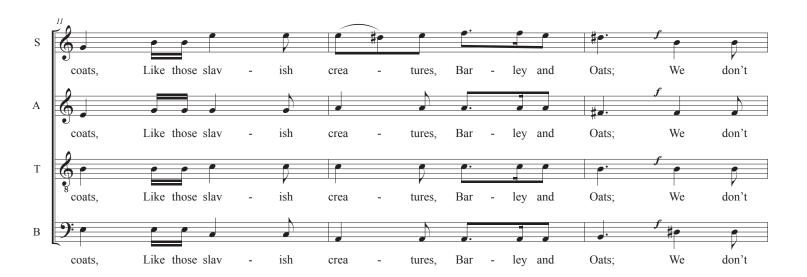


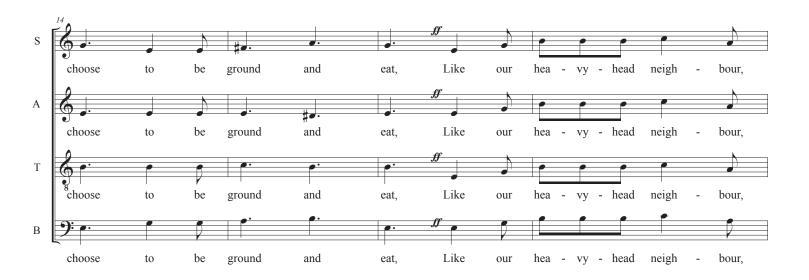
* This is the tempo indicated in the original publication.

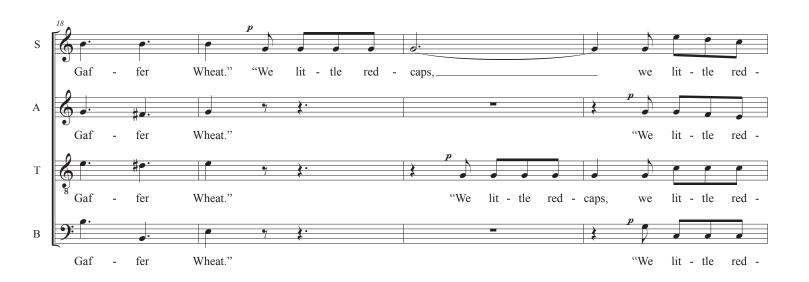


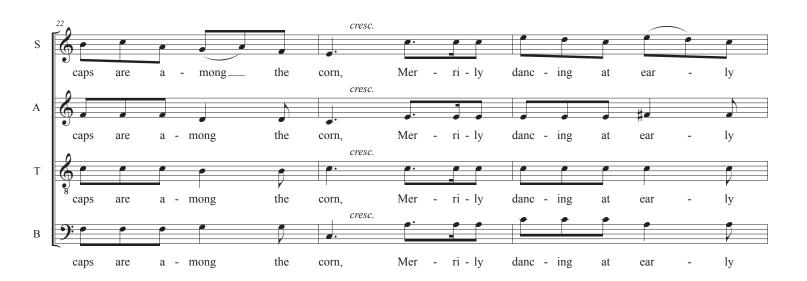


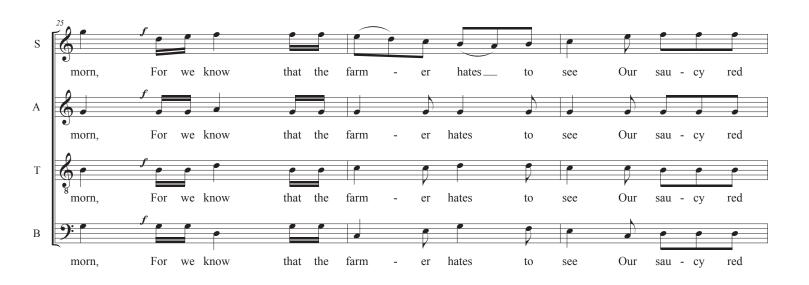


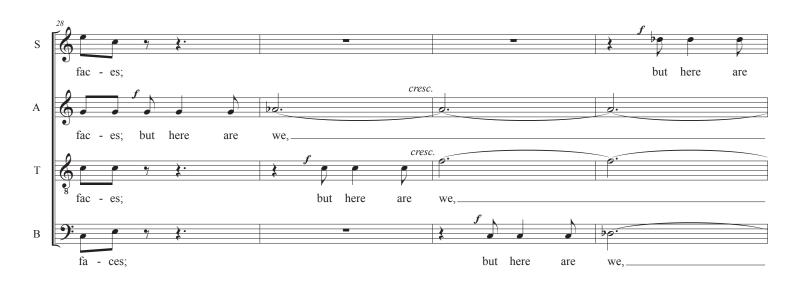




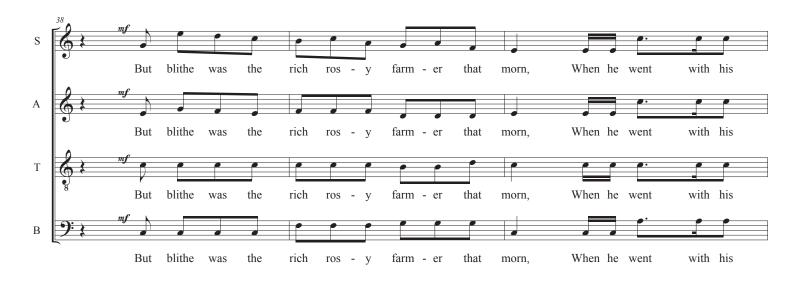


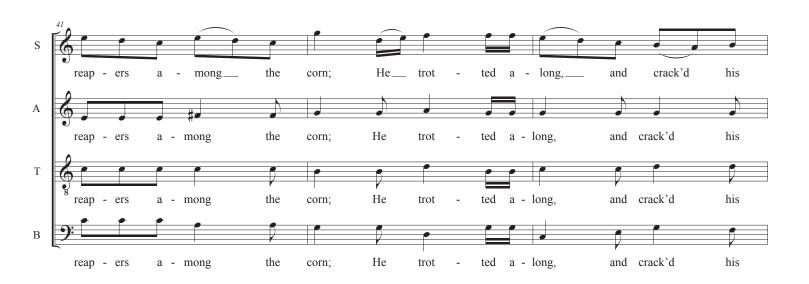


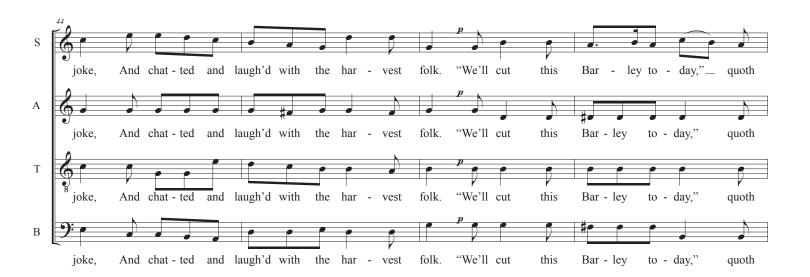


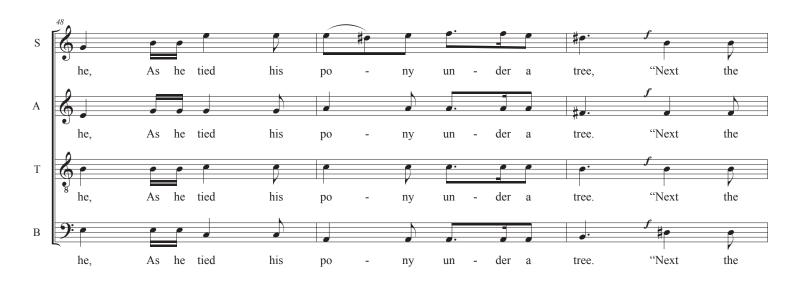


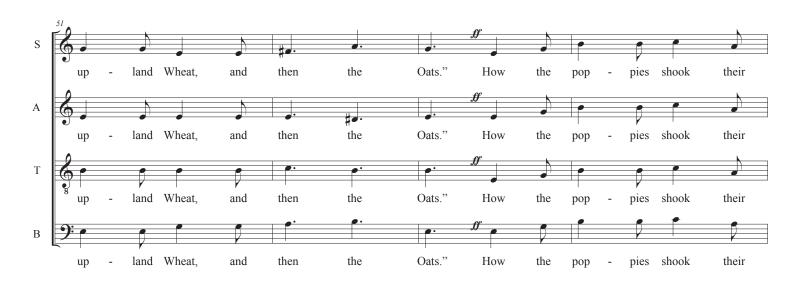


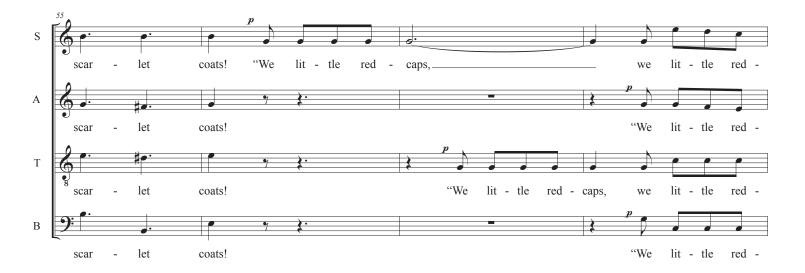


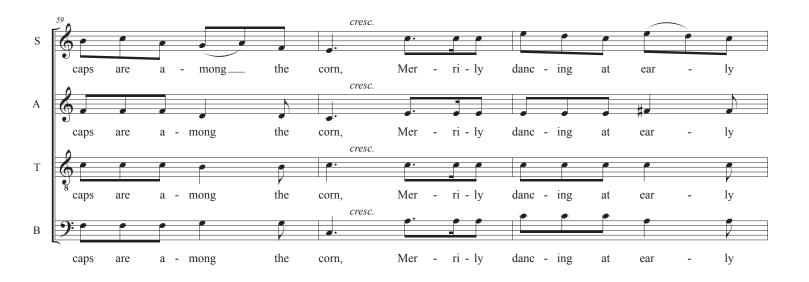


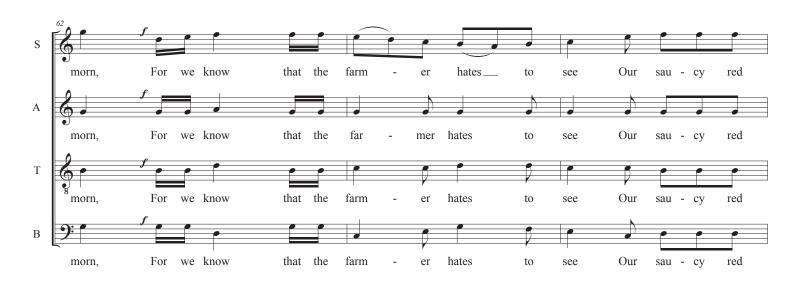


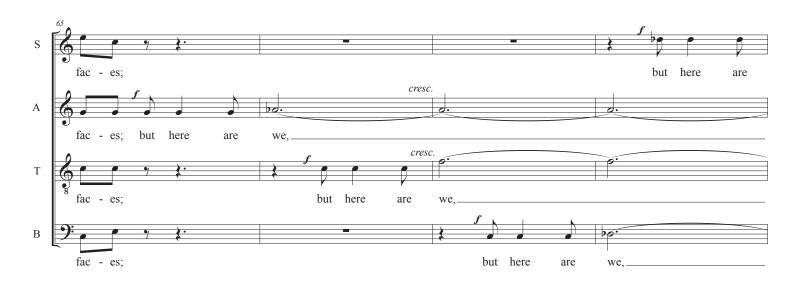






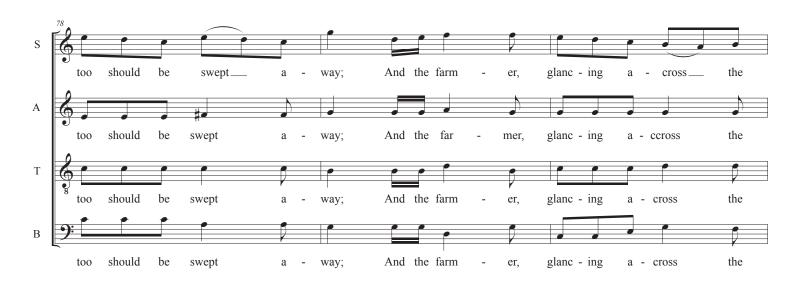


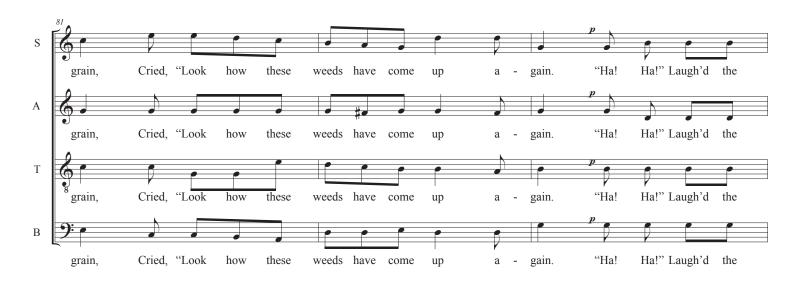


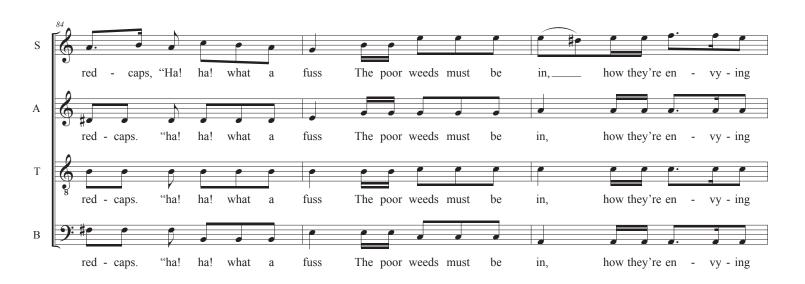


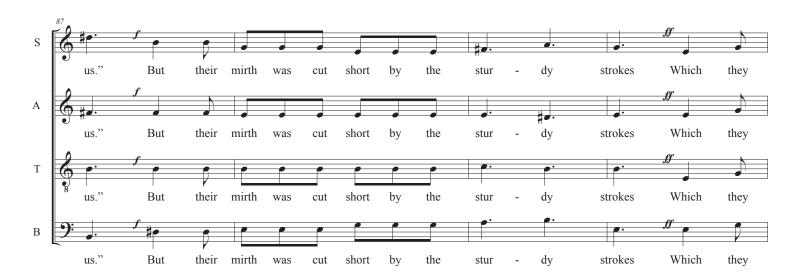


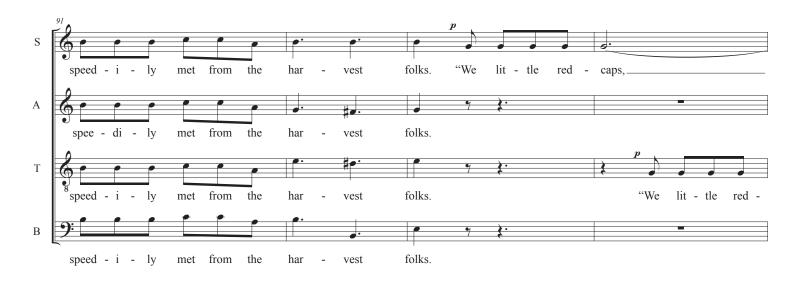


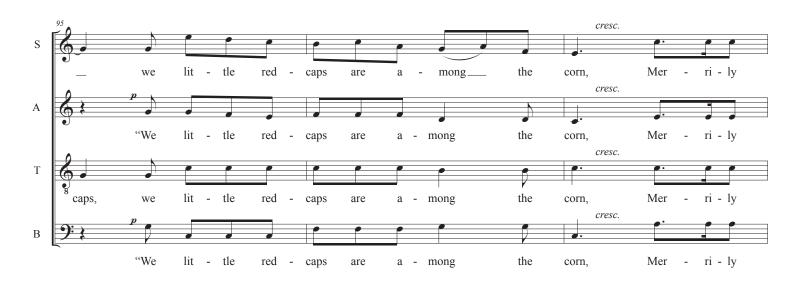




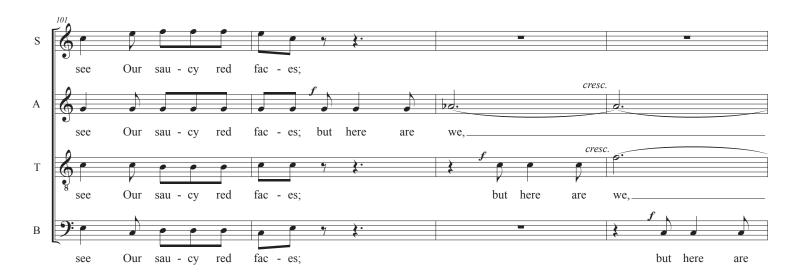














Novello and Co. (1862)

Elizabeth Stirling (1819–1895) was born in Greenwich, London, England, and studied music at the Royal Academy of Music with Edward Homes, W.B. Wilson, J.A. Hamilton and Sir George Macfarren. In 1837 she performed a recital at St. Katherine's Church, Regent's Park, receiving a review by *The Musical World*. In 1839 she took a position as organist at All Saints' Poplar Church. 1853, she passed the examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford but did not receive the degree, for the University had never before conferred the degree upon a woman. She is considered one of the finest of the English organists and published many organ works and over fifty part-songs. Her part-song *All Among the Barley* won a prize offered by Novello & Co. in 1849 and was one of the most popular English part-songs at that time.

"We little redcaps are among the corn, Merrily dancing at early morn, For we know that the farmer hates to see Our saucy red faces, but here are we!"

"We pay no price for our summer coats, Like those slavish creatures, Barley and Oats; We don't choose to be ground and eat, Like our heavy-head neighbour, Gaffer Wheat."

But blithe was the rich rosy farmer that morn, When he went with his reapers among the corn; He trotted along, and crack'd his joke, And chatted and laugh'd with the harvest folk.

"We'll cut this Barley today," quoth he, As he tied his pony under a tree, "Next the upland Wheat, and then the Oats." How the poppies shook their scarlet coats!

Aye, shook with laughter, not fear, for they Never dreamt that they too should be swept away; And the farmer, glancing across the grain, Cried, "Look how these weeds have come up again.

"Ha! Ha!" Laugh'd the redcaps. "ha! ha! what a fuss The poor weeds must be in, how they're envying us." But their mirth was cut short by the sturdy strokes Which they speedily met from the harvest folks.

Louisa Anne Twamley (1812–1895)

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