



# VICTORIAN WOMEN

## The Song of the Poppies

Elizabeth Stirling

(1819–1895)

♩. = 92\*

S *mf* "We lit - tle red - caps are a - mong — the corn, Mer - ri - ly

A *mf* "We lit - tle red - caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly

T *mf* "We lit - tle red - caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly

B *mf* "We lit - tle red - caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly

\* This is the tempo indicated in the original publication.

# The Song of the Poppies

4

S danc - ing at ear - ly morn, For we know that the farm - er hates — to

A danc - ing at ear - ly morn, For we know that the farm - er hates to

T danc - ing at ear - ly morn, For we know that the farm - er hates to

B danc - ing at ear - ly morn, For we know that the farm - er hates to

7

S see Our sau - cy red fac - es, but here are we! We pay no price for our sum - mer

A see Our sau - cy red fac - es, but here are we! We pay no price for our sum - mer

T see Our sau - cy red fac - es, but here are we! We pay no price for our sum - mer

B see Our sau - cy red fac - es, but here are we! We pay no price for our sum - mer

11

S coats, Like those slav - ish crea - tures, Bar - ley and Oats; We don't

A coats, Like those slav - ish crea - tures, Bar - ley and Oats; We don't

T coats, Like those slav - ish crea - tures, Bar - ley and Oats; We don't

B coats, Like those slav - ish crea - tures, Bar - ley and Oats; We don't

# The Song of the Poppies

3

14

S choose to be ground and eat, Like our hea - vy - head neigh - bour,

A choose to be ground and eat, Like our hea - vy - head neigh - bour,

T choose to be ground and eat, Like our hea - vy - head neigh - bour,

B choose to be ground and eat, Like our hea - vy - head neigh - bour,

18

S Gaf - fer Wheat." "We lit - tle red - caps, we lit - tle red -

A Gaf - fer Wheat." "We lit - tle red -

T Gaf - fer Wheat." "We lit - tle red - caps, we lit - tle red -

B Gaf - fer Wheat." "We lit - tle red -

22

S caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing at ear - ly

A caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing at ear - ly

T caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing at ear - ly

B caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing at ear - ly

# The Song of the Poppies

25

S *f* morn, For we know that the farm - er hates — to see Our sau - cy red

A *f* morn, For we know that the farm - er hates to see Our sau - cy red

T *f* morn, For we know that the farm - er hates to see Our sau - cy red

B *f* morn, For we know that the farm - er hates to see Our sau - cy red

28

S fac - es; but here are *f*

A *f* fac - es; but here are we, *cresc.*

T *f* fac - es; but here are we, *cresc.*

B fa - ces; but here are we, *f*

32

S *ff* we, here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!"

A *ff* — here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!"

T *ff* — here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!"

B *ff* — here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!"

# The Song of the Poppies

5

38

*mf*

S But blithe was the rich ros - y farm - er that morn, When he went with his

A But blithe was the rich ros - y farm - er that morn, When he went with his

T But blithe was the rich ros - y farm - er that morn, When he went with his

B But blithe was the rich ros - y farm - er that morn, When he went with his

41

S reap - ers a - mong the corn; He trot - ted a - long, and crack'd his

A reap - ers a - mong the corn; He trot - ted a - long, and crack'd his

T reap - ers a - mong the corn; He trot - ted a - long, and crack'd his

B reap - ers a - mong the corn; He trot - ted a - long, and crack'd his

44

*p*

S joke, And chat - ted and laugh'd with the har - vest folk. "We'll cut this Bar - ley to - day," quoth

A joke, And chat - ted and laugh'd with the har - vest folk. "We'll cut this Bar - ley to - day," quoth

T joke, And chat - ted and laugh'd with the har - vest folk. "We'll cut this Bar - ley to - day," quoth

B joke, And chat - ted and laugh'd with the har - vest folk. "We'll cut this Bar - ley to - day," quoth

# The Song of the Poppies

48

S he, As he tied his po - ny un - der a tree, "Next the

A he, As he tied his po - ny un - der a tree. "Next the

T he, As he tied his po - ny un - der a tree. "Next the

B he, As he tied his po - ny un - der a tree. "Next the

51

S up - land Wheat, and then the Oats." How the pop - pies shook their

A up - land Wheat, and then the Oats." How the pop - pies shook their

T up - land Wheat, and then the Oats." How the pop - pies shook their

B up - land Wheat, and then the Oats." How the pop - pies shook their

55

S scar - let coats! "We lit - tle red - caps, we lit - tle red -

A scar - let coats! "We lit - tle red -

T scar - let coats! "We lit - tle red - caps, we lit - tle red -

B scar - let coats! "We lit - tle red -

# The Song of the Poppies

7

59

S caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing at ear - ly

A caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing at ear - ly

T caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing at ear - ly

B caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing at ear - ly

*cresc.*

62

S morn, For we know that the farm - er hates to see Our sau - cy red

A morn, For we know that the far - mer hates to see Our sau - cy red

T morn, For we know that the farm - er hates to see Our sau - cy red

B morn, For we know that the farm - er hates to see Our sau - cy red

*f*

63

S fac - es; but here are

A fac - es; but here are we,

T fac - es; but here are we,

B fac - es; but here are we,

*f*

*cresc.*

# The Song of the Poppies

69

S we, here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!"

A — here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!"

T — here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!"

B — here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!"

75

S Aye, shook — with laugh - ter, not fear, — for they Nev - er dreamt that they

A Aye, shook — with laugh - ter, not fear, for they Ne - ver dreamt that they

T Aye, shook with laugh - ter, not fear, for they Nev - er dreamt that they

B Aye, shook with laugh - ter, not fear, for they Nev - er dreamt that they

78

S too should be swept — a - way; And the farm - er, glanc - ing a - cross — the

A too should be swept a - way; And the far - mer, glanc - ing a - ccross the

T too should be swept a - way; And the farm - er, glanc - ing a - cross the

B too should be swept a - way; And the farm - er, glanc - ing a - cross the



# The Song of the Poppies

9

81

S grain, Cried, "Look how these weeds have come up a - gain. *p* "Ha! Ha!" Laugh'd the

A grain, Cried, "Look how these weeds have come up a - gain. *p* "Ha! Ha!" Laugh'd the

T grain, Cried, "Look how these weeds have come up a - gain. *p* "Ha! Ha!" Laugh'd the

B grain, Cried, "Look how these weeds have come up a - gain. *p* "Ha! Ha!" Laugh'd the

84

S red - caps, "Ha! ha! what a fuss The poor weeds must be in, — how they're en - vy - ing

A red - caps. "ha! ha! what a fuss The poor weeds must be in, how they're en - vy - ing

T red - caps. "ha! ha! what a fuss The poor weeds must be in, how they're en - vy - ing

B red - caps. "ha! ha! what a fuss The poor weeds must be in, how they're en - vy - ing

87

S us." But their mirth was cut short by the stur - dy strokes Which they

A us." But their mirth was cut short by the stur - dy strokes Which they

T us." But their mirth was cut short by the stur - dy strokes Which they

B us." But their mirth was cut short by the stur - dy strokes Which they

# The Song of the Poppies

91

S speed - i - ly met from the har - vest folks. *p* "We lit - tle red - caps, \_\_\_\_\_

A spee - di - ly met from the har - vest folks.

T speed - i - ly met from the har - vest folks. *p* "We lit - tle red -

B speed - i - ly met from the har - vest folks.

95

S \_\_\_\_\_ we lit - tle red - caps are a - mong \_\_\_\_\_ the corn, Mer - ri - ly *cresc.*

A *p* "We lit - tle red - caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly *cresc.*

T caps, we lit - tle red - caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly *cresc.*

B *p* "We lit - tle red - caps are a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly *cresc.*

98

S danc - ing at ear - ly morn, *f* For we know that the farm - er hates \_\_\_\_\_ to

A danc - ing at ear - ly morn, *f* For we know that the far - mer hates to

T danc - ing at ear - ly morn, *f* For we know that the farm - er hates to

B danc - ing at ear - ly morn, *f* For we know that the farm - er hates to

# The Song of the Poppies

11

101

S see Our sau - cy red fac - es;

A see Our sau - cy red fac - es; but here are we, *cresc.*

T see Our sau - cy red fac - es; but here are we, *cresc.*

B see Our sau - cy red fac - es; but here are

105

S but here are we, here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!" *ff*

A here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!" *ff*

T here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!" *ff*

B we, here are we, here are we, yes, here are we!" *ff*

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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