



From the opera
"She Stoops to Conquer"

The Cuckoo sings in the poplar tree

George A. Macfarren
(1813-1887)

The Cuckoo sings in the poplar tree

G. A. Macfarren

Allegretto

S *p* The cuc - koo sings in the pop - lar tree, But his car - ol is _____ not

A *p* The cuc - koo sings in the pop - lar tree, But his car - ol is not

T *p* The cuc - koo sings in the pop - lar tree, But his car - ol is _____ not

B *p* The cuc - koo sings in the pop - lar tree, But his car - ol is not

4
S *cresc.* gay; _____ For he knows that spring, like him - self's on the wing, By the

A *cresc.* gay; _____ For he knows that spring, like him - self's on the wing, By the

T *cresc.* gay; _____ For he knows that spring, like him - self's on the wing, By the

B *cresc.* gay; _____ For he knows that spring, like him - self's on the wing, By the

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7

S *f* rick - ing of the hay. *pp* Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note,

A *f* rick - ing of the hay. *pp* Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note,

T *f* rick - ing of the hay. *fpp* Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note, High

B *f* rick - ing of the hay. *pp* Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note,

11

S High on the pop - lar spray; While in the new - mown mead - ows sweet, In

A High on the pop - lar spray; While in the mead,

T on the pop - lar spray; While in the new - mown mead, In

B High on the pop - lar spray; While in the mead,

15

S sun - shine, in sun - shine, in sun - shine we make

A In sun - shine, in sun - shine, in sun - shine we make

T sun - shine, in sun - shine, in sun - shine we make

B In sun - shine, in sun - shine, in sun - shine we make

The Cuckoo sings in the poplar tree

20

S hay, In sun - shine we make hay. *p* cuc-koo! cuc-koo! cuc-koo!

A hay, In sun - shine we make hay. *f* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

T hay, In sun - shine we make hay. *f* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

B hay, In sun - shine we make hay. *f* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

25

S cuc - koo! cuc - koo! *f* cuc - koo!

A Ha! Ha! Ha! *p* Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note, While in sun - shine

T Ha! Ha! Ha! *p* Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note, While in sun - shine

B Ha! Ha! Ha! *p* Lit - tle we heed his pen - sive note, While in sun - shine

29

S cuc-koo! *f* cuc-koo! *dim.* *p* cuc-koo! *p* Old

A we make hay. *p* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! poor cuc - koo! Old

T we make hay. *p* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! poor cuc - koo! Old

B we make hay. *p* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! poor cuc - koo! Old

The Cuckoo sings in the poplar tree

34

S
wom - en, tell us, in mourn - ful tone, That our mer - ry days _____ will

A
wom - en, tell us, in mourn - ful tone, That our mer - ry days will

T
wom - en, tell us, in mourn - ful tone, That our mer - ry days _____ will

B
wom - en, tell us, in mourn - ful tone, That our mer - ry days will

37

S
pass; _____ And that death will soon come and mow _____ us down, Like the *cresc.*

A
pass; _____ And that death will soon come and mow us down, Like the *cresc.*

T
pass; _____ And that death will soon come and mow us down, Like the *cresc.*

B
pass; _____ And that death will soon come and mow _____ us down, Like the *cresc.*

40

S
flow - ers in _____ the grass. *f* But if so swift _____ the mo - ments fly, *pp*

A
flow - ers in the grass. *f* But if so swift _____ the mo - ments fly, *pp*

T
flow - ers in _____ the grass. *f* But _____ if so swift the mo - ments fly, _____ Let _____ *fp*

B
flow - ers in the grass. *f* But if so swift the mo - ments fly, *pp*

The Cuckoo sings in the poplar tree

44

S Let us drive care a - way; Bet - ter it is to laugh than cry, In

A Let us drive care a - way; Bet - ter to laugh,

T us drive care a - way; Bet - ter it is to laugh, In

B Let us drive care a - way; Bet - ter to laugh,

48

S sun - shine, in sun - shine, in sun - shine, then, make

A In sun - shine, in sun - shine, in sun - shine then, make

T sun - shine, in sun - shine, in sun - shine then, make

B In sun - shine, in sun - shine, in sun - shine then, make

53

S hay, in sun - shine, then, make hay. cuc-koo! cuc-koo! cuc-koo!

A hay, In sun - shine, then, make hay. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

T hay, In sun - shine, then, make hay. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

B hay, In sun - shine, then, make hay. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

The Cuckoo sings in the poplar tree

58

S
cuc - koo! cuc - koo! cuc - koo!

A
Ha! Ha! Ha! *p* Bet - ter it is to laugh than cry, In sun - shine,

T
Ha! Ha! Ha! *p* Bet - ter it is to laugh than cry, In sun - shine,

B
Ha! Ha! Ha! *p* Bet - ter it is to laugh than cry, In sun - shine,

62

S
cuc - koo! *dim.* cuc - koo! *p* cuc - koo!

A
then, make hay. *p* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! poor cuc - koo!

T
then, make hay. *p* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! poor cuc - koo!

B
then, make hay. *p* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! poor cuc - koo!

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! cuckoo!

Edward Fitzball (1792-1873)

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