

THE WHISPERING POPLAR

Lyric by
CHRISTOPHER HASSALL

Music by
MARK LUBBOCK

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

mf *p*

1 One Sun-day morning I set out,
2 On thatch and chimney shone the moon,

I set out, shone the moon, I set out, shone the moon, On thatch and chim-ney I set out in shone the moon, But

mus- lin for the mea - dow. still we sat con - tent - ed. When a scar - let ser-geant Oh - how my fa-ther

I did see, frowned on me, I did see, frowned on me, I did see, When a scar - let ser-geant Oh - how my fa-ther

I did see be - side the pop-lar's sha - dow. }
 frowned on me, But I have ne'er re - pent - ed. }

heard the church bells one, two, three. { I heard the farm-er call-ing me.
 My ser-geant nev-er married me.

Meno

Tempo I

But still we sat by the }
 But still I love the } pop-lar tree, the pop-lar tree, the

Slow Tempo I

pop-lar tree. Oh, The whispring pop-lar, Oh!

Fine 2nd time

L.H. R.H.