

# The Garden of Sleep

Choir Song  
words by Clement Scott

**Slow Waltz**

Piano & Voices

*mf* *mp* O! Sleep!

Unison or Solo

6

Sleep! From Cliff to Deep! O! Sleep! my Pop-py-

12

Land. O! Sleep! From Cliff to Deep! O!

18

Sleep! From Cliff to Deep! my Pop-py-Land.

23 , SATB

On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep, God plant-ed a

Ped. \*

30

gar-den: a gar-den of sleep! 'Neath the blue of [the] sky, in the green of the

36

corn, It is there that the re-gal red pop-pies are born!

42

47 Unison or Solo

O! Sleep! Sleep! From Cliff to Deep! O!

53

Sleep! my Pop-py-Land

59  $\text{♩} = 92$ , SATB

Brief days of de - sire, long - dreams of de - light, They're mine - when

Ped. \*

65

Pop-py-Land com-eth in sight. In mus - ic of - dist-ance, with eyes that are

71

wet, It is there I re - mem - ber, and there I for - get!

77

82 Unison or Solo

O! Sleep! Sleep! From Cliff to

87

Deep! O! Sleep! my Pop-py-Land

93 , SATB

In my gar-den of sleep, where red pop-pies are spread, I

Ped. \*

99

wait for the liv-ing, a-lone with the dead! For a tow-er in-

104

ru-ins stands guard o'er the deep, At whose feet are green graves of-dear

109

wo - men a - sleep,

114

Unison or Solo

O!

119

Sleep! Sleep! From Cliff to Deep! O! Sleep!

125

SATB

my Pop-py- Land Did they love as I

Ped.

131

love, when they lived by the sea? Or wait as I wait, For the days that may

\*

137 *cresc....*

be? Was it hope or ful - fill - ing that en - ter'd each breast, Ere\_ death gave re -

143

lease, — and the pop - pies gave rest?

148

O! — Sleep! — Sleep! — From Cliff to Deep! O! —

153 *Unison or Solo*

O! — Sleep! — Sleep! — From Cliff to Deep! O! —

158

Sleep! — my Pop - py - Land

164 **meno**, SATB *cresc.* *dim....*

*espress.* O! heart of my heart! where the pop - pies — are born, I'm

*Ped.* \*

169 *cresc.*

wait - ing for thee, in the hush of the — corn. O! — life of my

174 *p* *f*

life! on the cliffs by the sea, — By the graves in the grass, I'm

179 **molto allargando** **Tempo primo**

wait - ing for thee! — I'm wait - ing for thee! *mf*

185 **Unison or Solo**

*mp* O! — Sleep! — Sleep! — From Cliff to Deep! O! — Sleep! —

191

my Poppy - Land. O! Sleep!

197

**rall.**

From Cliff to Deep! O! Sleep! From Cliff to Deep! my Pop-py- Land.

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When the travel writer and journalist Clement Scott arrived at Cromer in August 1883 to review the town, he could find no suitable accommodation, and set out on foot for the nearby village of Overstrand; making his way along the cliffs and down country lanes fringed by blossom filled hedgerows and corn fields speckled red with poppies. There he sought lodging at the house by the mill. He knocked, and the door was opened by the miller's nineteen year old daughter, Marie Louisa Jermy. In that moment Poppyland was born; it would transform the lives of Clement Scott and 'Louie' Jermy as well as the fortunes of an entire region of Norfolk.