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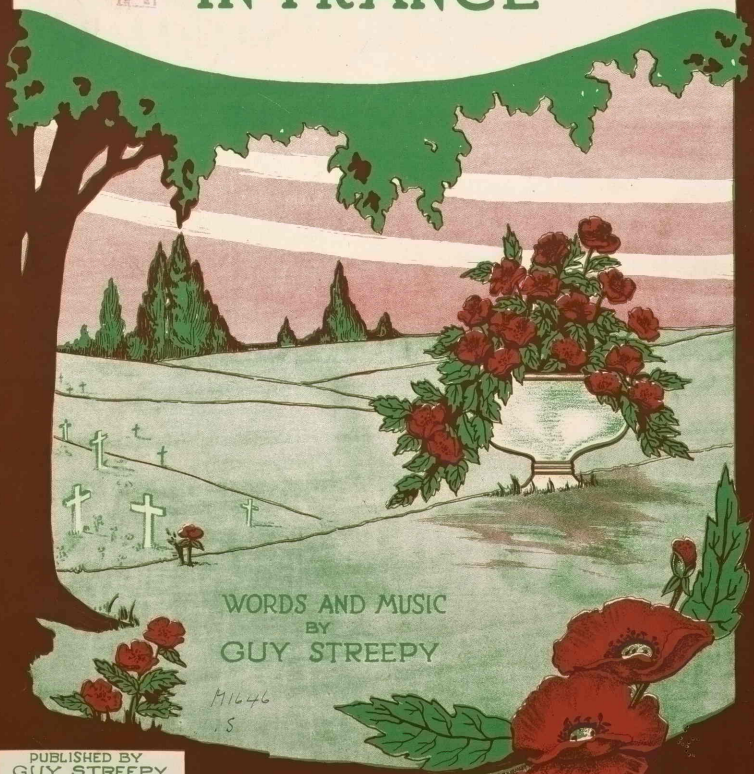
WHEN IT'S POPPY TIME IN FRANCE



WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
GUY STREEPY

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When It's Poppy Time In France

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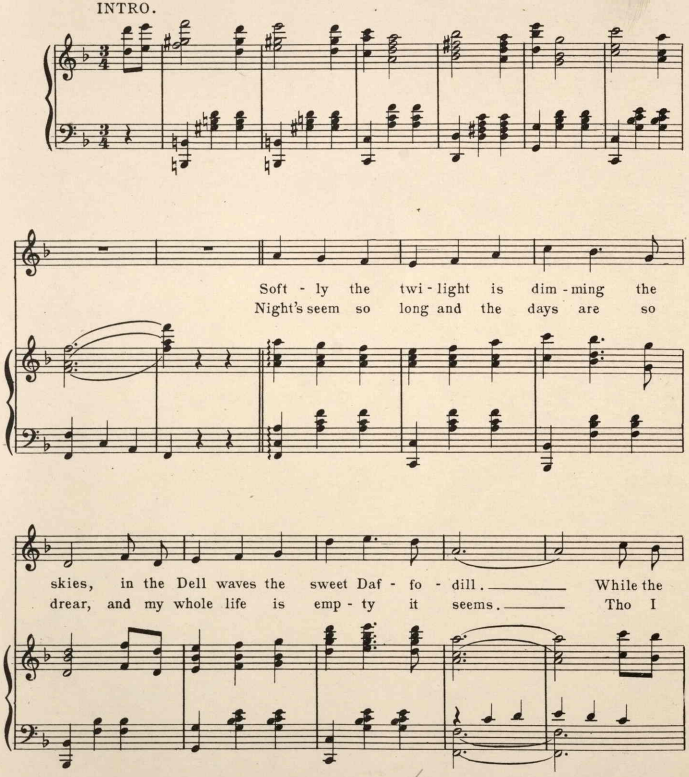
INTRO.



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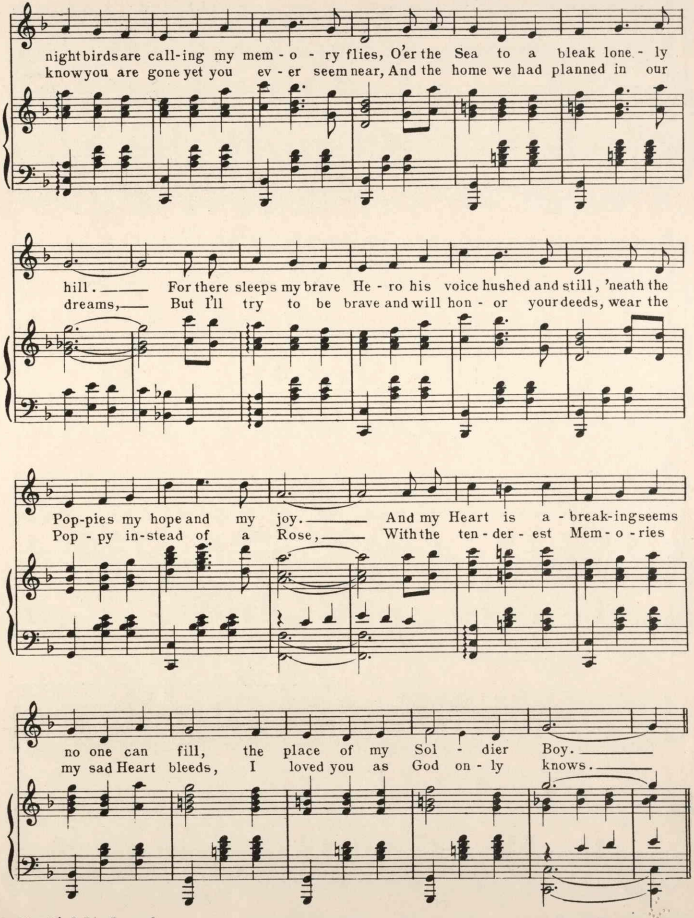
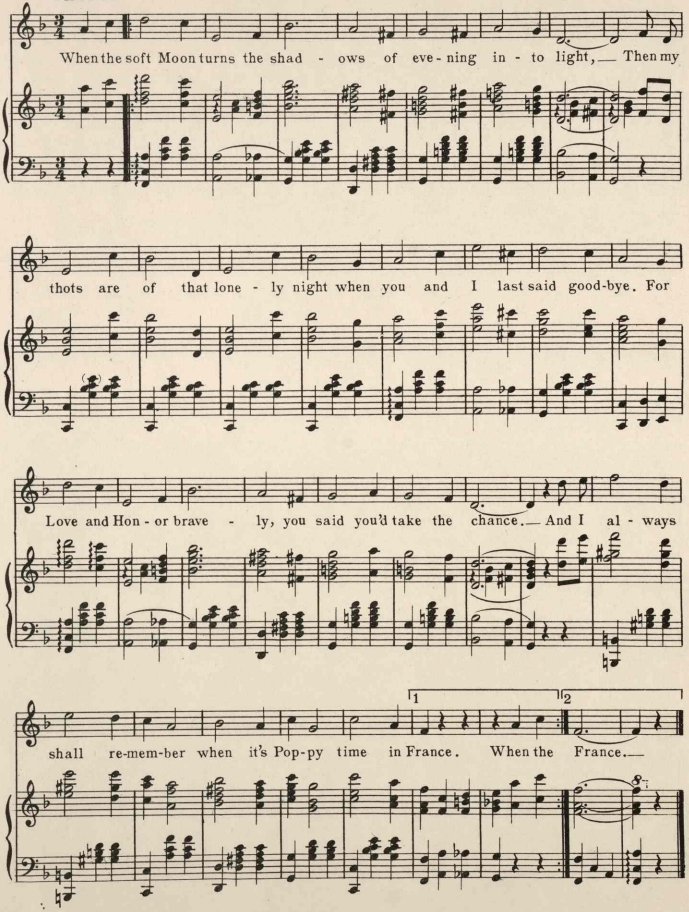

night birds are call-ing my mem - o - ry flies, O'er the Sea to a bleak lone - ly
know you are gone yet you ev - er seem near, And the home we had planned in our
hill. For there sleeps my brave He - ro his voice hushed and still, 'neath the
dreams, But I'll try to be brave and will hon - or your deeds, wear the
Pop-pies my hope and my joy. And my Heart is a - break-ing seems
Pop - py in-stead of a Rose, With the ten - der - est Mem - o - ries
no one can fill, the place of my Sol - dier Boy.
my sad Heart bleeds, I loved you as God on - ly knows.

CHORUS


When the soft Moon turns the shad - ows of eve - ning in - to light,— Then my
thots are of that lone - ly night when you and I last said good-bye. For
Love and Hon - or brave - ly, you said you'd take the chance.— And I al - ways
1
2
shall re-mem-ber when it's Pop-py time in France. When the France.—

MOLLY

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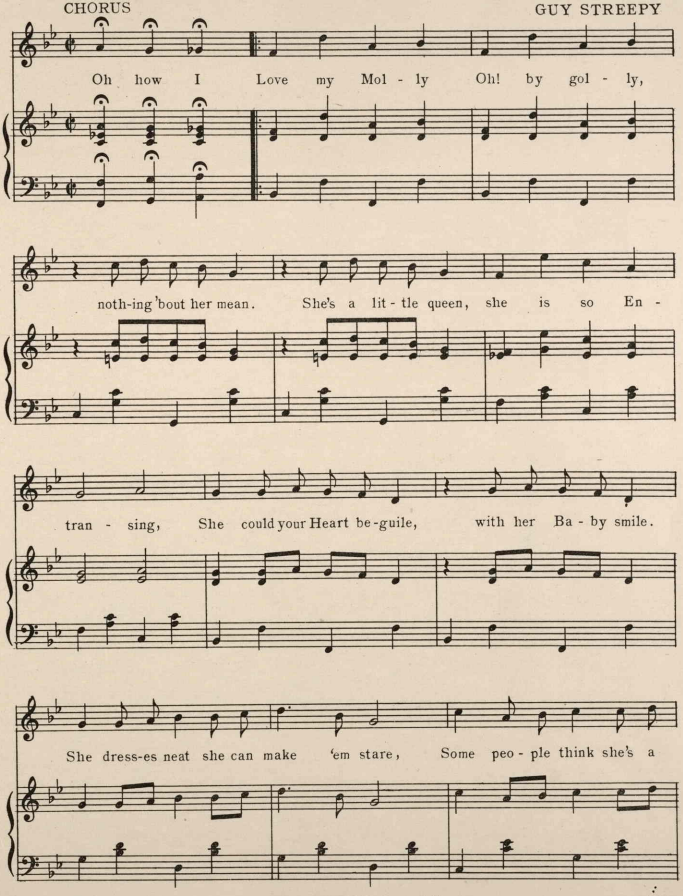

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When The Blue Birds Shall Nest Again

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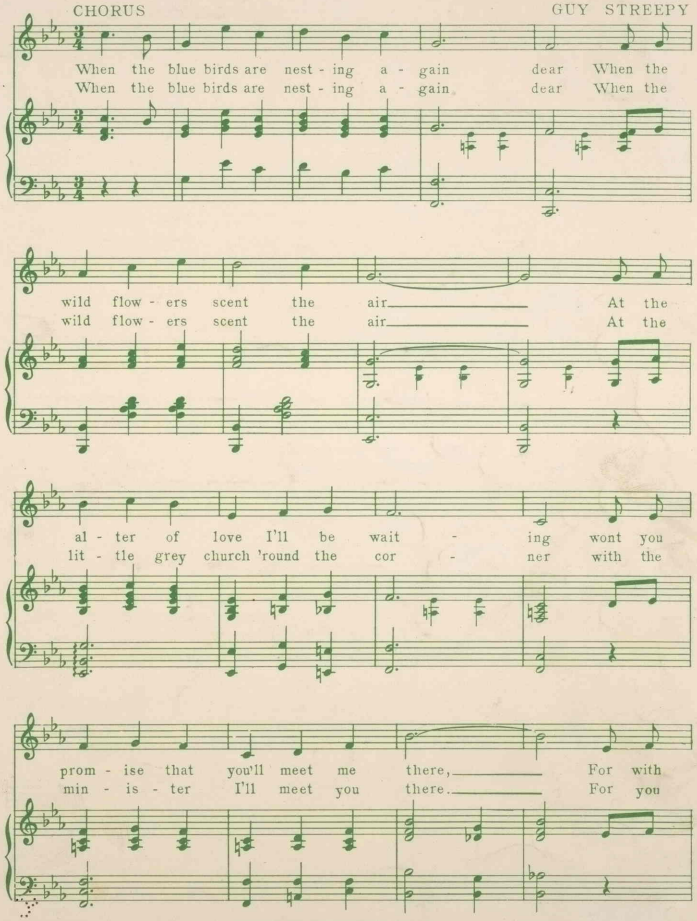

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