

# 47 ARISE, ARISE.

Collected and arranged by  
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

1. A - rise, a - rise, you — drow - sy maid - en; A -  
won't be gone; I — love no oth - er; You  
back, turn back, don't be call'd a ro - ver; Turn

PIANO

*p*

rise, a - rise, it is al - most day; O come un - to your bed - room win - dow And  
are the girl that I do a - dore; It's I, my dear, who loves you dear - ly; The  
back, turn back, and sit by my side. O wait un - til his pas - sion's o - ver, And

*cresc.* *mf*

hear what your true love do say. 2. Be - gone, be - gone, ' you'll a - wake my fa - ther; My  
pains of love have brought me here. 4. Now when the old man — heard them talk - ing, He  
I will sure - ly be your bride. 6. O daugh - ter, daugh - ter, I will con - fine you; And

*p* *molto sostenuto*

moth-er too, she will quick-ly hear. Go, tell your tales un-to some oth-er, And-  
nim-bly step-ped right out of bed And put his-head out of the win-dow- Poor-  
John-ny he- shall go to sea; And you may write your love a let-ter, And-

whis-per soft-ly in her ear. 3. I  
John-ny dear was quick-ly fled. 5. Turn  
he may read it in Bo-ta-ny Bay 7. O to my grave.

*Four times* *last time*

*più rall.* *a tempo* *p*

7.

O father, father, pay down my fortune-  
It's fifty thousand bright pounds, you know-  
And I will cross the briny ocean,  
Go where the stormy winds do blow.

8.

O daughter, you may ease your own mind,  
It's for your sweet sake that I say so;  
If you do cross the briny ocean,  
Without your fortune you must go.

9.

O daughter, daughter, I'll confine you;  
All in your private room alone;  
And you shall live on bread and water,  
Brought once a day and that at noon.

10.

I do not want your bread and water,  
Nor anything that you may have;  
If I can't have my heart's desire,  
Then single I'll go to my grave.