

## Arise! Arise!

A - - rise, a - - rise, you slum - ber - ing sleep - er A - - rise, a -  
rise, \_\_\_ 'tis al - - most \_\_\_ day Go o - - pen your doors, your  
doors and win - dows And hear \_\_\_ what your \_\_\_ true love \_\_\_ doth say

Arise, arise, you slumbering sleeper  
Arise, arise, 'tis almost day  
Go open your doors, your doors and windows  
And hear what your true love doth say

Oh who is this that knocks at my window  
That speaks my name so familiarly?  
'Tis James, 'tis James, your own true lover  
That wants to speak one word to thee

Go away from my window, you'll waken my father  
He's lying now a-taking his rest  
And in his hand he holds a weapon  
To kill the one that my heart loves best

Go away from my window, you'll waken my mother  
Such tales of love she scorns to hear  
You'd better go court, go court some other  
She kindly whispered in my ear

I won't go court, go court some other  
By what I say I mean no harm  
I want to win you from your mother  
A rest you in a true love's arms

O down in yon valley there grows a green willow  
I wish it were across my breast  
It might cut off all grief and sorrow  
And set my troubled mind at rest