No. 1
ENGLAND, ARISE!

for piano, voice and electronics

EDWARD CARPENTER / LUKE STONEHAM
No. 1 ENGLAND, ARISE!

The Edward Carpenter song should be recorded as found (for the première, I multi-tracked myself singing it). This recording should then be loaded onto an iPod or equivalent, and this, with its standard consumer-product headphones (plugged into the iPod and lying next to it), positioned on the piano beside its music stand (on the side closest to the audience).

A volume level for the recorded music should be established prior to the performance. It should be audible to the audience as spill from the headphones.

During the concert, then, the pianist switches the machine on, and accompanies the recording, verse by verse. This live component should be sufficiently soft so as not to mask the recorded 'choir': No. 1 England, arise! is a very quiet piece.
1. En - gland, a - rise! the long, long night is o - ver, Faint in the east be -
2. Peo - ple of En - gland! all your val - leys call you, High in the ri - sing
3. O - ver your face a web of lies is wo - ven, Laws that are false - hoods
4. Forth, then, ye he - roes, pa - tri - ots, and lo - vers! Com - rades of dan - ger,
hold the dawn appear; Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow—
sun the lark sings clear; Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrill you?
pin you to the ground, Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
poverty, and scorn! Migh ty in faith of Freedom your great Mother,
A rise, O England, for the day is here; From your fields and hills,
Will you disown your native land so dear? Shall it die unheard—
On its bent back sits idleness crowned. How long, while you sleep, Your
Gi ants refreshed in Joy's rising morn! Come and swell the song,
Hark! the answer swells—
That sweet pleading word?
Harvest shall it reap?
Silent now so long:

A - rise, O Eng - land, for the day is here!
A - rise, O Eng - land, for the day is here!
A - rise, O Eng - land, for the day is here!
En - gland is ri - sen!— and the day is here.

En - gland, for the day is here!
En - gland is ri - sen!— and the day is here.
En - gland is ri - sen!— and the day is here.
En - gland is ri - sen!— and the day is here.
1. England, arise! the long, long night is over, 
   Paint in the east be - hold the dawn appear: Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow -
   Sun the dark sings clear: Will you dream on, let shamef - ful slumber thrall you?

2. People of England! all your valleys call you, 
   High in the ris - ing sky the day is here: From your fields and hills,
   Will you disown your native land so dear? Shall it die un - heard -

3. Arise, O England, for the day is here; 
   Hark! the ans - wer swells - That sweet pleading word? Arise, O England, for the day is here!

4. Over your face a web of lies is woven, 
   Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,
   Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen, 
   On its bent back sits In - nence encrowned.

   How long, while you sleep, 
   Your harvest shall it reap? 
   Arise, O England, for the day is here!

   Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers! 
   Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn!
   Mighty in faith of Freedom your great Mother,
   Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn.

   Come and swell the song: 
   Silent now so long: 
   England is risen!—and the day is here.