

**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.

# No. 1

# ENGLAND, ARISE!

EDWARD CARPENTER

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[*f*]

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,

*p possibile sempre*

hold the dawn ap - pear;                      Out of your e - vil dream of toil and sor - row—  
 sun the lark sings clear;                    Will you dream on,                    let shame - ful slum - ber thrall you?  
 pin you to the ground,                      La - bour is mocked,                    its just re - ward is sto - len,  
 po - ver - ty, and scorn!                      Migh - ty in faith                      of Free - dom your great Mo - ther,

*Ped.* \_\_\_\_\_

*Ped.* \_\_\_\_\_

*Ped.* \_\_\_\_\_

[ *p* ]

A - rise, O En - gland, for the day is here;  
 Will you dis - own your na - tive land so dear?  
 On its bent back sits i - dle - ness en - crowned.  
 Gi - ants re - freshed in Joy's new - ri - sing morn!

From your fields and hills,  
 Shall it die un - heard—  
 How long, while you sleep, Your  
 Come and swell the song,

Ped.

Ped.

(sec.)

[ *f* ]

Hark! the an - swer swells— A - rise, O En - gland, for the day is here!  
 That sweet plea - ding word? A - rise, O En - gland, for the day is here!  
 har - vest shall it reap? A - rise, O En - gland, for the day is here!  
 Si - lent now so long: En - gland is ri - sen!— and the day is here.

*Ped.* \_\_\_\_\_

*Ped.* \_\_\_\_\_

*Ped.* \_\_\_\_\_

*Ped.* \_\_\_\_\_

# No. 1. ENGLAND, ARISE!

EDWARD CARPENTER.

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1. Eng-land, a - rise! the long, long night is o - ver, Faint in the east be -  
 2. Peo - ple of Eng - land! all your val - leys call you, High in the ris - ing

hold the dawn ap - pear; Out of your e - vil dream of toil and sor - row -  
 can the lark sings clear; Will you dream on, let shame - ful slum - ber thrall you?

A - rise, O Eng-land, for the day is here; From your fields and hills,  
 Will you dis-own your na - tive land so dear? Shall it die un - heard -

Hark! the an - swer swells— A - rise, O Eng-land, for the day is here!  
 That sweet plead - ing word? A - rise, O Eng-land, for the day is here!

3.  
 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 Idleness encrowned.  
 How long, while you sleep,  
 Your harvest shall it reap?  
 Arise, O England, for the day is here!

4.  
 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.