Rise! sleep no more!

Julius Benedict
(1804-1885)

Allegro con spirito

S: Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a no - ble morn: The

A: Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a no - ble morn: The

T: Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a no - ble morn: The

B: Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a no - ble morn: The

ShorChor

Rise! sleep no more!

Lyrics by voice part:

S, A, T, B (m.5): dews hang thick on the fring'd thorn: And the frost shrinks back, like a beat-en hound,

S, A, T, B (m.9): Un-der the steam-ing, the steam-ing ground.

S, A, T (m.13): hold, where the bil-low-y clouds flow by, the clouds flow by, And

B (m.13): Be-hold, where the bil-low-y clouds flow by,

Measures 17–20:

S: leave us a - long in the clear gray sky, the clear gray_____ sky!_____ Our

A: leave us a - long in the clear gray sky, the clear gray sky!_____ Our

T: leave us a - long in the clear gray sky, the clear gray sky!_____ Our

B: And leave us a - long in the clear gray sky!

Measures 21–24:

S: hors - es are read - y and stead - y So, ho! Our hors - es are read - y and stead - y So, ho! I'm

A: hors - es are read - y and stead - y So, ho! Our hors - es are read - y and stead - y So, ho! I'm

T: hors - es are read - y and stead - y So, ho! Our hors - es are read - y and stead - y So, ho! I'm

B: Our hors - es are read - y and stead - y So, ho! Our hors - es are read - y and stead - y So,

Measures 25–28:

S: gone, like a dart from the Tar - tar's bow,_____ I'm gone, like a dart from the

A: gone, like a dart from the Tar - tar's bow, I'm gone, like a dart from the

T: gone, like a dart from the Tar - tar's bow, I'm gone, like a dart from the

B: ho! I'm gone, like a dart from the Tar - tar's bow, like a dart from the

Rise! sleep no more!

Tar - tar's bow.   Who

Tar - tar's bow.   Who

Tar - tar's bow.   Hark, hark!   Hark, hark!   Tal - ly -

Tar - tar's bow.   Tal - ly - ho!   Tal - ly - ho!

call - eth the maid - en Morn   From her sleep in the woods and the stub - ble corn? From her

call - eth the maid - en Morn   From her sleep in the woods and the stub - ble corn? From her

ho!   Tal - ly-ho!   Tal - ly - ho!   Tal - ly - ho!   Tal - ly -

Tal - ly - ho!   Tal - ly - ho!

sleep in the stub - ble corn?   The horn,_____ the horn,—_____ the

sleep in the stub - ble corn?   The horn,_____ the horn,—_____ the

ho!   Tal - ly - ho!   The horn,_____ the horn,—_____ the

Tal - ly - ho!   The horn,_____ the horn,—_____ the

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Lyrics by voice part:

S (m. 41): horn! The mer - ry sweet ring of the hun - ter's

A (m. 41): horn! The mer - ry sweet ring of the hun - ter's

T (m. 41): horn! The mer - ry sweet ring of the hun - ter's

B (m. 41): horn! The mer - ry sweet ring of the hun - ter's

S (m. 46): horn, The mer - ry sweet ring of the hun - ter's horn. Tal-ly-

A (m. 46): horn, The mer - ry sweet ring of the hun - ter's horn. Tal-ly - ho!

T (m. 46): horn, The mer - ry sweet ring of the hun - ter's horn. Tal-ly - ho!

B (m. 46): horn, The mer - ry sweet ring of the hun - ter's horn. Tal-ly-

S (m. 51): ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Hark a -

A (m. 51): Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Hark a -

T (m. 51): Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Hark a -

B (m. 51): ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Hark a -

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way! Tal-ly-ho! Hark a - way! Tal-ly-ho! Like a dart from the

way! Tal-ly-ho! Hark a - way! Tal-ly-ho! I am gone, like a dart,

way! Tal-ly-ho! Hark a - way! Tal-ly-ho! Like a dart from the

way! Tal-ly-ho! Hark a - way! Tal-ly-ho! I am gone, like a dart,

Tar - tar's bow. Tal-ly - ho! _____ Hark a - way! _____

Tal-ly - ho! _____ Hark a - way! _____

Tar - tar's bow. Tal-ly - ho! _____ Hark a - way! _____

Tal-ly - ho! _____ Hark a - way! _____

Now,— thro' ___ the copse, where the fox is found, _____ And

Now,— thro' ___ the copse, where the fox is found, _____ And

Now,— thro' ___ the copse, where the fox is found, _____ And

Now,— thro' ___ the copse, where ___ the fox is found, _____ And

o'er the brook, at a might - y bound, And o'er the high lands, and o'er the low, O'er

fur - rows, o'er mead - ows the hun - ters go! A -

way!— as a hawk flies at its prey, flies full at its prey, So

A - way!— as a hawk flies at its prey,

Rise! sleep no more!

S: fli - eth the hun - ter a - way,— a - way! he fli - eth a - way! From the

A: fli - eth the hun - ter a - way,— a - way! he fli - eth a - way! From the

T: fli - eth the hun - ter a - way,— a - way! he fli - eth a - way! From the

B: So fli - eth the hun - ter a - way,— a - way!

S: burst at the cov - er till set of the sun, From the burst at the cov - er till set of the sun, When the

A: burst at the cov - er till set of the sun, From the burst at the cov - er till set of the sun, When the

T: burst at the cov - er till set of the sun, From the burst at the cov - er till set of the sun, When the

B: From the burst at the cov - er till set of the sun, From the burst at the cov - er till set of the

S: red___ fox dies— and the day___ is done! he dies, and the day,_____ the

A: red fox dies— and the day is done! he dies, and the day,_____ the

T: red___ fox dies— and the day is done! he dies, and the day,_____ the

B: sun, When the red___ fox dies— and the day___ is done! and the day,_____ the

Rise! sleep no more!

S: day is done! What

A: day is done! What

T: day is done! Hark, hark! Hark, hark! Tal - ly -

B: day is done! Tal - ly - ho! Tal - ly - ho!

S: sound on the wind is borne? 'Tis the con - quer - ing voice of the hunt - er's horn, 'Tis the

A: sound on the wind is borne? 'Tis the con - quer - ing voice of the hunt - er's horn, 'Tis the

T: ho! Tal-ly-ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly -

B: Tal-ly-ho! Tal-ly-ho!

S: voice of the hunt - er's horn. The horn, the horn,— the

A: voice of the hunt - er's horn. The horn, the horn,— the

T: ho! Tal - ly - ho! The horn, the horn,— the

B: Tal - ly - ho! The horn, the horn,— the

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Lyrics (measures 104–119):

S: horn! The mer - ry bold voice of the hun - ter's
A: horn! The mer - ry bold voice of the hun - ter's
T: horn! The mer - ry bold voice of the hun - ter's
B: horn! The mer - ry bold voice of the hun - ter's

S: horn, The mer - ry bold voice of the hun - ter's horn. Tal-ly-
A: horn, The mer - ry bold voice of the hun - ter's horn. Tal-ly - ho!
T: horn, The mer - ry bold voice of the hun - ter's horn. Tal-ly - ho!
B: horn, The mer - ry bold voice of the hun - ter's horn. Tal-ly -

S: ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Hark a -
A: Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Hark a -
T: Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Hark a -
B: ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly - ho! Hark a -

Rise! sleep no more!

S. Brainard's Sons
(1880)

Sir Julius (Jules) Benedict (1804-1885) was born in Stuttgart, Germany, and studied composition with Johann Nepomuk Hummel and Carl Maria von Weber. He was appointed Kapellmeister of the Kärnthnerthor theatre at Vienna, and in 1825, he became Kapellmeister of the San Carlo theatre at Naples. In 1834 he went to Paris and, a year later, to London, where he spent the remainder of his life. In London, he was conductor of the Lyceum Theatre and Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. In 1848 he conducted the first appearance of Jenny Lind in an oratorio- Felix Mendelssohn's Elijah at Exeter Hall. In 1850 he went to America as her tour accompanist. Returning to England in 1852, he became musical conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre and conductor of the Harmonic Union. Benedict conducted every Norwich Festival from 1845 to 1878, and the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's concerts from late 1875 to 1880. He was the regular accompanist or conductor at the Monday Popular Concerts in London. He was knighted in 1871; and, among other distinctions, was decorated by the emperor of Austria in 1874 and made knight commander of the Order of Frederick by the king of Württemberg.   His compositions include a symphony, numerous concerti, an oratorio, a number of operas and a notable number of part-songs.

Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn:
   The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn:
   And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
   Under the steaming steaming ground.
   Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
   And leave us along in the clear gray sky!
   Our horses are ready and steady So, ho!
   I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.
      Hark, hark! Who calleth the maiden Morn
      From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
         The horn,—the horn!
      The merry sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

   Now,— through the copse, where the fox is found,
   And o'er the brook, at a mighty bound,
   And o'er the high lands, and o'er the low,
   O'er furrows, o'er meadows the hunters go!
   Away!—as a hawk flies full at its prey,
   So flieth the hunter away,—away!
   From the burst at the cover till set of the sun,
   When the red fox dies and —the day is done!
      Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?
      'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn.
         The horn,—the horn!
      The merry bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Bryan Waller Procter (pseud. Barry Cornwall) (1787-1874)