

Awake, awake (Silver Dagger)

ed. RV



A - wake a - wake you drow - sy slee - per
 Oh Mol - ly dear go ask your fa - ther
 Oh no I can - not ask my fa - ther
 Oh Mol - ly dear go ask your mo - ther
 Oh no I can - not ask my mo - ther
 I wish I were in some lone val - ley



How could you lie and slum - ber so?
 If you my bride my bride can be
 Such tales of love he will not hear
 If you my bride my bride can be
 She's ly - ing on her bed of rest
 Where no - one would e - ver hear



When your true love is go - ing to leave you
 And then re - turn and quick - ly tell me
 He's ly - ing on his bed of slum - ber
 And then re - turn and quick - ly tell me
 And in her hand a sil - ver dag - ger
 My food would be the grief and sor - row



Ne - ver to re - turn a - ny - more.
 And I'll no more trou - ble thee.
 I must not trou - ble fa - ther dear.
 And I'll no more trou - ble thee.
 To pierce the one I love the best.
 My drink would be the bri - ny tear.