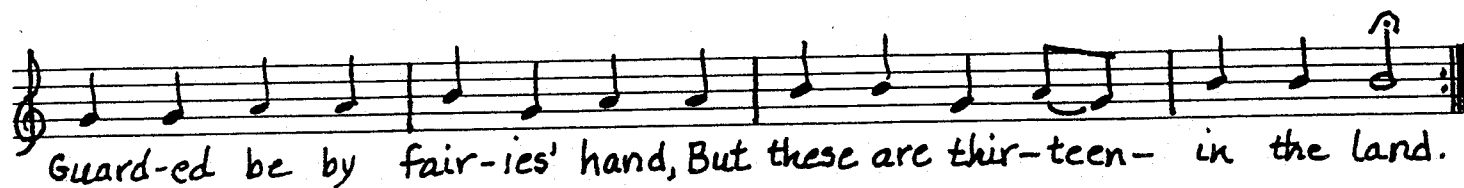
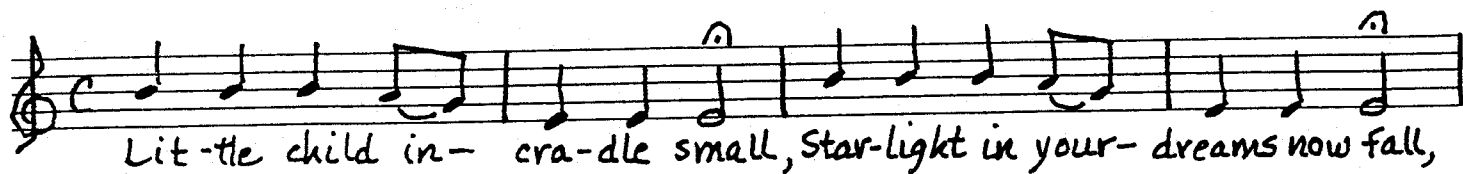
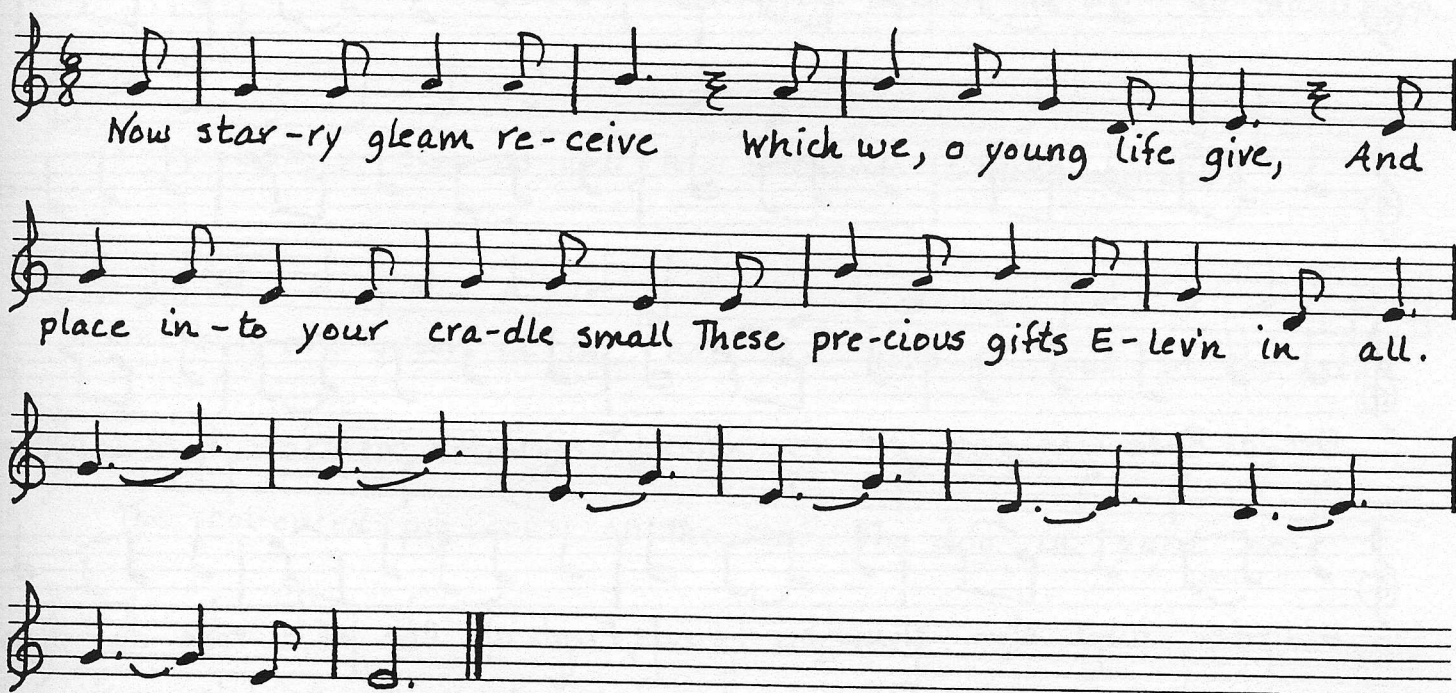


Briar Rose

Our thanks go to Nancy Foster from Acorn Hill Children's Center for transcribing the music and submitting it to us. We do not know the origins of the circle game and would be very grateful if someone could inform us of its background.



King: My twelve gold plates are shining bright,
So twelve wise women I'll invite.

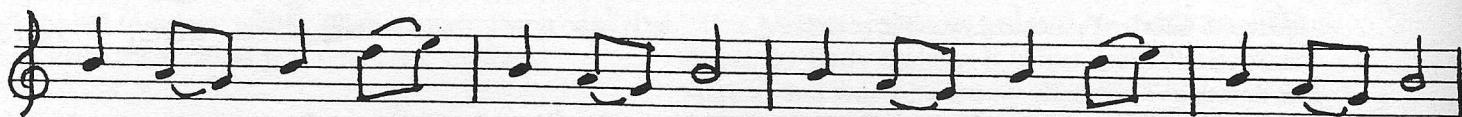


13th Wise Woman: When she is fifteen
The maiden shall die,
A pointed spindle
She'll prick her finger by.

12th Wise Woman: Not death - o daughter of a king,
But slumber as my gift I bring.
A hundred years you now must sleep
With roses red the watch to keep.

(Repeat the first song.)

King: All spindles in my realm must be
Burnt to ashes, instantly.



Bri-ar Rose wan-ders ev'-ry-where, Through the cas-tle - here and-there;



Hid-den well a- cham-ber-finds, Finds a- key of- rare de-sign.



Spin-dle turn, o whir a-way, Nev-er stop and nev-er stay.

Briar Rose: Who dwells behind this door here, who?
Why, little mother, what is it you do?



Spin-dle turn, o whirl a-way, Nev-er stop and nev-er stay, So



mer-ri-ly it seems to sing, Give to me the lit-tle thing.

She pricks her finger deep
And falls into an instant sleep.

The spin-dle pricks her sharp and deep, She falls in - to an - in - stant sleep.

Ev'-ry - bod - y else as well, How to change it none can tell.

The king and queen in the hall, The hors-es out in the stall.

The col-oured pig-cons on the roof, The dog in yard hear

hors-es' hoof. In the hearth the fire goes out, Cook and maid sleep

all a-bout. E-ven the leaves on the tree-top sleep, And

ev'-ry-thing lies in - slum-ber deep.

And year by year thorn-hedg-es grow un-til the

cas-tle is hid-den now. A hun-dred- years pass

slow-ly by. A king's son- comes the cas-tle nigh.



Prince: And if you thorns still thicker were,
I'd draw my sword, I have no fear.



See, the prince wan-ders



ev'-ry-where, Through the cas-tle- here and- there, Finds the- cham-ber-

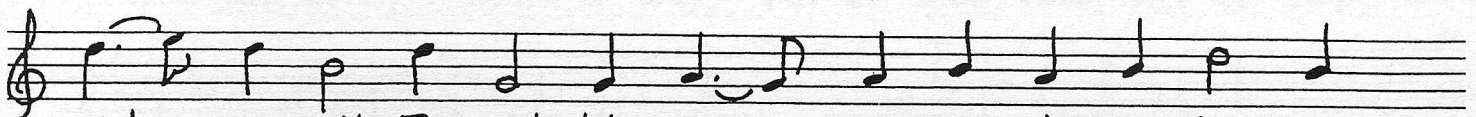


hid-den- well, where Bri-ar Rose a- sleep doth- dwell.

Prince: Awake, awake, Princess so fair,
For now has passed the hundred years.



The po-ny paws, the pig-eons coo, The dog he barks, the



watch-man calls, The cook his spoon- so mer-ri-ly swings, And



ev'-ry- bod- y wakes- and sings.