

# Arise, Get up my Dear

Thomas Morley (c.1557-1602)

Cantus (part 1 of 3)

*Canzonets or Little Short Songs to Three Voyces* (1593)

A - rise, get up, my dear, a - rise, my deere, make hast to be  
gone thee Lo where the bride, lo where the bride fair Daph - ne, bright, where the bride fair  
Daph - ne bright tar-ries on thee. Hark, o, hark you mer-ry mer-ry  
mai-dens squeal-ing: spice cake sops in wine are now deal - ing, spice cake sops in wine, sops in  
wine, sops in wyne are a deal-ing, spice cake sops in wine sops in wine are  
now a deal-ing, Run then run a pace, run a pace, run then run a pace then, so get a bride  
lace, and a gilt Rose-ma-ry branch the while yet there is catch-ing, and then hold fast for  
fear of old snatch-ing. A - las my dear why weep she, O fear not, fear not that, dear  
love dear love, the next day keep we, List hark you Min-strels, how fine they firk it? and  
how the maids jerk it, with Kate and Will, Tom and Gill, now a skip, then a trip, fine-ly set a loft, there a-  
gain as oft, o bless - ed hol - y - day, List hark you Min - strels, how

Arise, Get up my Dear (cantus)

2  
40

fine they firk it? and how the maids jerk it, with Kate and Will, Tom and Gill, now a skip

then a trip, fine-ly set a loft ther a-gain as oft, hey ho bless-ed hol - y, hol - y day.