

# Arise, Get up my Dear

Thomas Morley (c.1557-1602)

Bassus (part 3 of 3)

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

A - rise, get up, my dear, get up, my dear love, rise make haste be gone thee,  
 Lo where the bride, Lo where the bride fair Daph - ne bright, where the bride fair Daph - ne  
 bright still stays on thee. Hark, o hark you mer-y mer-y wan-ton maid - ens squeal-ing: spice  
 cake sops in wine, spice cakes are a deal - ing; spice cake sops in wine, sops in wine are a deal-ing,  
 are a deal-ing, Run then run a pace, run a pace then, run then run a pace, a pace and 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 love, my love, why weep ye? O fear not, fear not that, 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; hey ho brave; now a skip, there a trip, fine-ly set a loft,  
 on a fine wed - ding wed - ding day. List hark you Min - strels, how fine they  
 firk it? and how the maids jerk it? with Kate and Will, Tom and Gill, hey ho brave, now a

Arise, Get up my Dear (bassus)

8 skip, there a trip, fine-ly set a loft, all for fair Daph-ne's, Daph-ne's, wed - ding, wed - ding day.