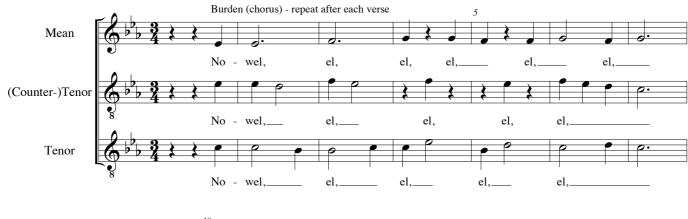
Nowel, el, el: Mary moder cum and se

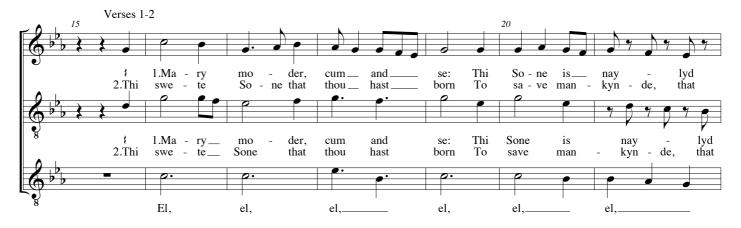
Middle English - Original

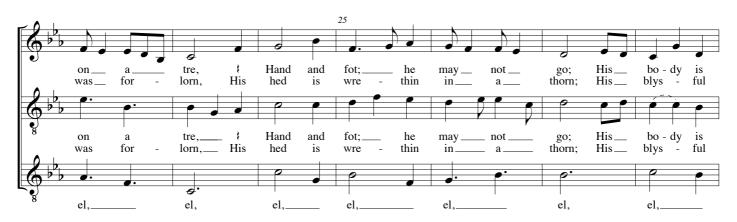
(Modern English version also available)

Music: David Yardley Lyrics: Anon XV century













TRANSLATION

CHORUS

VERSES

Mary mother, come and see: Thy Son is nailed on a tree, Hand and foot; he may not go; His body is wounded all in woe.

Thy sweet Son that thou hast born To save mankind, that was forlorn, His head is wreathed in a thorn; His blissful body is all torn

When he this tale began to tell, Mary would no longer dwell, But hastened her fast to that hill Where Jesus his blood began to spill. 'My sweet Son, that art to me dear, Why have men hanged thee here? Thy head is wreathed in a briar; My lovely Son, where is thy cheer?

'Thy sweet body that in me rest, Thy comely mouth that I have kissed! Now on the cross is made thy nest; Dear child, what is for me best?'

'Woman, to John I thee betake; John, keep this woman for my sake. For sinful souls my death I take; On the cross I hang for mankind's sake.'

'This game alone I must play; For sinful souls I die today; There is no man that goes by the way Of my pain can well say.'