

## Media Lab

### "Swete Sone"

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Swete sone, reu on me  
And breste out of thy bondes  
For me thinket that I see  
Thoru Bothen thin bondes  
Nailes driven into the tree  
So reufuliche thu honges  
Now is betre that I flee  
And lett alle these londes

Swete sone, thy faire face  
Droppet all on blode  
And thy body downward  
Is bounded to the rode  
How may thy modress hert  
Tholen so swete fode  
That blessed was of alle born  
And best of alle gode

How may thy modress hert  
Tholen so swete fode  
That blessed was of alle born  
And best of alle gode

Swete sone, reu on me  
And bring me out of this live  
For me thinket that I see  
Thy deth, it neyhet swithe  
Thy feet nailed to the tree  
Now may I no more thrive  
For this werld withouten thee  
Ne shall me maken blithe

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