

The Mediæval Bæbes

"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

Translation:

Sweet son, have pity on me
And break out of your bonds
For I think I see
Through both your hands
Nails have been driven into the tree
So painfully you hang there
It would be better if I fled now
And abandoned all these lands

Sweet son, your beautiful face
Is dripping with blood
And your body beneath
Is bound to the cross
How will your mother's heart
Endure such a sweet child
That was born most blessed of all
And was the most goodly of all

How will your mother's heart
Endure such a sweet child
That was born most blessed of all
And was the most goodly of all

Sweet son, have pity on me
And deliver me from this life
For I think I see
Your death approaches quickly
Your feet have been nailed to the tree
Now I may never prosper
For without you, all of this world
Can never make me happy

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