

## Mediaeval Baebes, The "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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