

Nowel, el, el: Mary moder cum and se

Middle English – Original
(Modern English version also available)

Music: David Yardley
Lyrics: Anon XV century

Burden (chorus) - repeat after each verse

5

Mean
(Counter-)Tenor
Tenor

No - wel, el, el, el, el, el

10

el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el

Verses 1-2

15 20

1. Ma - ry mo - der, cum and se: Thi So - ne is nay - lyd that
2. Thi swe - te So - ne that thou hast born To sa - ve man - kyn - de, that

25

on a tre, Hand and fot; he may not go; His bo - dy is
was for - lorn, His hed is wre - thin in a thorn; His blys - ful

Verses 3-4

30 35

woun - dyn al in woo. 3.Quan he this ta - le be - gan to
bo - dy is all to - torn. 4.'Myn swe - te So - ne, that art me

woun - dyn al in woo. 3.Quan he this tale be - gan to
bo - dy is all to - torn. 4.'Myn swe - te Sone, that art me

el, el, el! El, el, el,

40

telle, Ma - ry wold non leng - er dwelle, But hyid here fas - te
dere, Qwy han men hang yd the here? Thi hed is wre - thin

telle, Ma - ry wold men non leng - er dwelle, But hyid here fas - te
dere, Qwy han men hang yd the here? Thi hed is wre - thin

el, el, el, el, el, el, el,

45

to that hylle Ther Jhe - su his blod be - gan to spyll.
in a brere; Myn lo - ve - ly So - ne, qwer is thin chere?

to that hylle Ther Jhe - su his blod be - gan to spyll.
in a brere; Myn lo - ve - ly So - ne, qwer is thin chere?

el, el, el, el, el, el!

Verses 5-7

50

5.'Thin swe - te bo - dy that in me rest, Thin co - me - ly
6.'Wom - man, to Jon I the be - take; Jon, kyp this
7.'This game a - lo - ne me mus - te play; For syn - ful

5.'Thin swe - te bo - dy in me rest, Thin come - ly
6.'Wom - man, to Jon I the be - take; Jon, kyp this
7.'This game a - lone me mus - te play; For syn - ful

El, el, el, el, el,

55 60

mowth that I have kest! Now on ro - de is mad thi
wom - man for myn sake. For syn - ful sowl - ys my deth I
sow - le I deye to - day; Ther is non wyght that goth be the

el, el, el, el, el, el,

65

nest; Le - ve chyld, quat is me best?
take; On ro - de I han - ge for man - ys sake.
way Of myn peyn - - ys can wel say.

el, el, el, el, el!

TRANSLATION

CHORUS

*Nowell, el, el, el, el, el,
el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el!*

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.'