

Nowel, el, el: Mary moder cum and se

Modern English version

Music: David Yardley
Lyrics: Anon XV century

Burden (chorus) - repeat after each verse

5

Alto
No - well, el, el, el, el, el,

Tenor
No - well, el, el, el, el,

Baritone
No - well, el, el, el, el,

10

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

15 Verses 1-2

20

1. Ma - ry mo - ther, come and see: Thy Son is nail - èd that
2. Thy sweet Son that thou hast born To save man - kind that

1. Ma - ry mo - ther, come and hast see: Thy Son is man - nail - èd that
2. Thy sweet Son that thou hast born To save man - kind that

El, el, el, el, el, el,

25

on a tree, } Hand and foot; he may not go; His bo - dy is
was for - lorn, His head is wreath - èd in a thorn; His bliss - ful

on a tree, } Hand and foot; he may not go; His bo - dy is
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el, el, el, el, el, el,

Verses 3-4

30 35

wound - ed all in woe. 3. When he this tale be - gan to
bo - dy is all torn. 4. My sweet Son, that art to me

wound - ed all in woe. 3. When he this tale be - gan to
bo - dy is all torn. 4. My sweet Son, that art to me

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

40

tell, Ma - ry would no long - er dwell, But hast - ened her fast
dear, Why have men hang - ed thee here? Thy head is wreath - ed

tell, Ma - ry would no long - er dwell, But hast - ened her fast
dear, Why have men hang - ed thee here? Thy head is wreath - ed

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

45

to that hill Where Je - sus his blood be - gan to spill.
in a briar; My love - ly Son, where is thy cheer?

to that hill Where Je - sus his blood be - gan to spill.
in a briar; My love - ly Son, where is thy cheer?

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

Verses 5-7

50

5. Thy sweet bo - dy that in me rest, Thy come - ly
6. Wo - man, to John I thee be - take; John, keep this
7. This game a - lone I must play; For sin - ful

5. Thy sweet bo - dy that in me rest, Thy come - ly
6. Wo - man, to John I thee be - take; John, keep this
7. This game a - lone I must play; For sin - ful

El, el, el, el, el,

55

mouth that I have kissed! Now on the cross is made thy
wo - man for my sake. For sin - ful souls my death I
souls I die to - day; There is no man that goes by the

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

65

nest; Dear child, what is for me best?!
take; On cross I hang for man - kind's sake.'
way Of my pain can well say!'

el, el, el, el, el!

ORIGINAL TEXT

BURDEN

Nowel, el, el, el, el, el, el,
el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el!

VERSES

Mary moder, cum and se:
Thi Sone is naylyd on a tre,
Hand and fot; he may not go;
His body is woundyn al in woo.

Thi swete Sone that thou hast born
To save mankynde, that was forlorn,
His hed is wrethin in a thorn;
His blysfyl body is all totorn.

Quan he this tale began to telle,
Mary wold non lenger dwelle,
But hyid here faste to that hylle
Ther Jhesu his blod began to spyll.

'Myn swete Sone, that art me dere,
Qwy han men hangyd the here?
Thi hed is wrethin in a brere;
Myn lovely Sone, qwer is thin chere?

'Thin swete body that in me rest,
Thin comely mowth that I have kest!
Now on rode is mad thi nest;
Leve chyld, quat is me best?'

'Womman, to Jon I the betake;
Jon, kyp this womman for myn sake.
For synful sowlys my deth I take;
On rode I hange for manys sake.'

'This game alone me muste play;
For synful sowle I deye today;
Ther is non wyght that goth be the way
Of myn peynys can wel say.'