

## The Pageant of the Company of Shearmen and Taylors in Coventry

ISAYE.

THE Sofferent that seithe evere seycrette,  
He saue you all and make you *perfelt and* stronge,  
And gevenus *grace with* his marce forto mete.  
For now in grett mesere mankynd ys bownd,  
The sarpent hathe gevin vs soo mortall a wonde  
That no creature ys abull vs for to reyles  
Tyll thye right vncion of Jvda dothe seyse. 5

Then schall moche myrthe and jote increse,  
And the right rote in Isaraell spyng  
Thatt schall bryng forthe the greyne off whollenes;  
And owt of danger he schall vs bryng  
Into thatt reyegeon where he ys kyng  
Wyche abowe all othur far dothe abownde,  
And thatt cruell Sathan he schall confownde. 10

Wherefore I *cum* here apou this grownde  
To comforde eyuere creature off birthe,  
For I, Isaye the *profet*, hathe fownde  
Many swete matters whereof we ma make myrth  
On this same wyse,  
For thogh that Adam be demid to deythe  
*With* all his childur asse Abell *and* Seythe,  
Yett "*Ecce virgo* consepett,"  
Loo, where a reymede schall ryse. 15

Beholde, a mayde schall conseve a childe  
And gett vs more *grace* then eyuer men had, 25

And hir meydin<h>od nothing defyld.  
 Sche ys deputyd to beare the sun, almyghte God.  
 Loo, suffermtis, now ma you be glad,  
 For of this meydin all we ma be fayne;  
 For Adam pat now Iyis in sorrois full sade  
 Hir gloreose birth schall reydemme hym ageyn  
 From bondage and thrall. [fol. 1<sup>v</sup>]  
 Now be myrre, eyuere monz,  
 For this dede bryffly in Isaraell schal be done  
 And before the Fathur in trone  
 Thatt schall glade vs all. 35

More of this matter fayne wolde I meve,  
 But lengur tyme I haue not here for to dwell.  
 That Lorde pat ys marcefull his marce soo in vs ma preve  
 For to sawe owre sollis from the darknes of hell, 40  
 And to his blys he vs bryng asse he ys bothe Lord *and* Kyng  
 And schal be eyuerlastyng in secula seculorum. Amen.

GABERELL. Hayle, Mare, full of grace: owre Lord God ys with the;  
 Aboue all wemenn pat eyuer wasse,  
 Lade, blesside mote thou be. 45

MARE. Allmyght Fathur *and* Kyng of blys,  
 From all dysses pou saue me now,  
 For inwardely my spretis trubuld ys  
 Thatt I am amacid *and* kno nott how.

GABERELL. Dred the nothyng, meydin, of this.  
 From heyvin aboue hyddur am I sent  
 Of ambassage from that Kyng of blys,  
 Unto the, lade *and* virgin reyuerent,  
 Salutyng the here asse most exsellent  
 Whose vertu aboue all othur dothe abownde;  
 Wherefore in the grace schal be fownde,  
 For thou schalt conseyeve apou pis growynd  
 The Second Person of God in trone.  
 He wyl be borne of the alone; *withowt* sin pou schalt hym see.  
 Thy grace *and* thi goodnes wyl neyuer be gone  
 But eyuer to Iyve in virgenete. [fol. 2<sup>r</sup>]

MARE. I marvell soore how that ma be.  
 Manis cumpany knev I neyuer yett,  
 Nor neyuer to do kast I me,  
 Whyle thatt owre Lord sendih me my wyrt. 65

GABERELL. The Wholle Gost in the schall lyght  
 And schado thy soll soo *with* vertu  
 From the Fathur thatt ys on hyght.  
 These wordis, turtill, the be full tru.  
 This chyld that of the schal be borne  
 Ys the Second Person in Trenete.  
 He schall saue that wase forlome,  
 And the fyndis powar dystroie schall he.

These wordis, lade, full tru the bene,  
*And* furthur, lade, here in thy noone lenage  
 Beholde Eylesabeth thy cosyn clene,  
 The wyche wasse barren *and* past all age,  
 And now *with* chyld sche hath bene  
 Syx monethis and more asse schal be sene,  
 Wherefor discomforde be not, Mare,  
 For to God ompossibull nothyng ma be. 80

MARE. Now and yt be thatt Lordis wyll  
 Of my boddle to be borne *and* for to be,  
 Hys hy pleyzuris for to fullfyll  
 Asse his one handemayde I submyt me. 85

GABERELL. Now blessid be be tyme sett  
 Thatt pou wast borne in thy degre,  
 For now ys the knott surely knytt,  
 And God conseyvide in Trenete.  
 Now farewell, lade off myghtis most;  
 Vnto the Godhed I the beteyche. 90

MARE. Thatt Lorde the gyde in eyuere cost,  
 And looly he leyde me *and* be my leyche. [fol. 2<sup>v</sup>]

*Here the angell departyth, and Josefif cummyth in and seyth:*  
 JOSOFF. Mare, my wyff soo dere,

How doo ye, dame, and whatt chere  
Ys *with* you this tyde? 95

MARE: Truly, husebonde, I am here,  
Owre Lordis wyll for to abyde.

JOSOFF: Whatt, I troo thatt we be all schent.  
Sey, womon, who hath byn here sith I went  
To rage wyth thee? 100

MARE: Syr, here wase nothur manz nor mans eyvin  
But only the sond of owre Lorde God in heyvin.

JOSOFF: Sey not soo, womon, for schame ley be.  
Ye be *with* chyld soo wondurs grett,  
Ye nede no more perof to tret  
A gense all right. 105

For sothe this chyld, dame, ys not myne.  
Alas that eyuer *with* my nynee  
I suld see bis syght.  
Tell me, womon, whose ys this chyld?

110

MARE: Non but youris, husebond soo myld,  
And thatt schal be seyne.

JOSOFF: But myne, allas, alas, why sey ye soo?  
Wele away, womon, now may I goo  
Begyld as many anothur ys. 115

MARE: Na, truly, sir, ye be not begyld,  
Nor yet *with* spott of syn I am not defyld.  
Trust yt well, husebonde.

JOSOFF: Husebond in feythe, *and* pat acold.  
A, weylle away, Josoff, as thou ar olde;  
Lyke a fole now ma I stand *and* truse.  
But, in feyth, Mare, pou art in syn.  
Soo moche ase I haue cheyrischyd be, dame, *and* all bi kyn,  
Behynd my bake to *serve* me thus. 125

120

All olde men insampull take be me;  
How I am begyld here may you see [fol. 3r  
To wed soo yong a chyld.

Now farewell, Mare, I leyve the here alone.  
<Wo> worthe the dam and thy warkis yche one,  
For I woll noo more begyld be for frynd nor foe.  
Now of this ded I am soo dull,  
And off my lyff I am soo full no farthur ma I goo. 130

ANGELL I. Aryse up, Josoff, *and* goo whom ageyne  
Vnto Mare thy wyff that ys soo fre.  
To comfort hir loke pat thou be fayne,  
For, Josoff, a cleyne meydin ys schee.  
Sche hath consevyd *with*owt any trayne  
The Seycond Person in Trenete.  
Jhesu schal be hys name sarten,  
And all thys world sawe schall he; — be not agast. 140

JOSOFF: Now, Lorde, I thanke the *with* hart full sad;  
For of these tythyngis I am soo glad  
Thatt all my care away ys cast,  
Wherefore to Mare I woll in hast. 145

A, Mare, Mare, I knele full loo;  
Forgeve me, swete wyff, here in bis lond.  
Mare, Mare, for now I kno  
Of youre good gouernance and how yt doth stond  
Thogh thatt I dyd the mysname,  
Mare, Mare, whyle I leve. 150  
Wyll I neyuer, swet wyff, the greve in emyst nor in game.

MARE: Now thatt Lord in heyvin, sir, he you forgyve,  
And I do forgeve yow in hys name foreuermore.

JOSOFF: Now truly, swete wyff, to you I sey the same. 155  
But now to Bedlem must I wynde  
And scho myself soo full of care.  
And I to leyve you this grett behynd.  
God wott the whyle, dame, how you schuld fare.

MARE. Na, hardely husebond, dred ye nothiŋg, [fol. 3<sup>v</sup>

For I woll walke *with* you on the wey.  
I trust in God, allmyghte Kyng,  
To spede right well in owre jurney.

JOSOFF. Now I thanke you, Mare, of youre goodnes

Thatt ye my wordis woll nott blame.  
And syth þat to Bedlem we schall vs dresse,  
Goo we togedur in Goddis wholle name. 165

Now to Bedlem haue we leygis three.

The day ys ny spent: yt drawyth toward nyght.  
Fayne at your es, dame, I wold þat ye schulde be,  
For you groue all werely, yt semyth, in my syght. 170

MARE. God haue marcy, Josoffe, my spowse soo dere.

All *profetis* herto dothe beyre wytnes:  
The were tyme now draith nere  
Thatt my chyld wol be borne wyche ys Kyng of blis.  
Vnto sunn place, Josoff, hyndly me leyde 175  
Thatt I moght rest me *with* grace in þis tyde.  
The lyght of the Fathur ouer hus both spreyste,  
And the grace of my sun *with* vs here abyde.

JOSOFF. Loo, blessid Mare, here schall ye lend, 180

Cheff chosyn of owre Lorde *and* cleynist in degre,  
And I for help to towne woll I wende.  
Ys nott this the best, dame, whatt sey ye?

MARE. God haue marce, Josoff, my husebond soo meke,  
*And* hartely I pra you, goo now fro me. 185

JOSOFF. Thatt schal be done in hast, Mare soo swete,

The comford of the Wholle Gost leyve I *with* the.  
Now to Bedlem streyght woll I wynd  
To gett som helpe for Mare soo free.  
Sunn helpe of wemenn God ma me send 190  
Thatt Mare, full off grace, pleyssid ma be.

PASTOR I. Now, God that art in Trenete, [fol. 4<sup>r</sup>

Thow sawe my fellois and me,  
For I kno nott wheyre my scheepe nor the be  
Thys nyght, yt ys soo colde. 195

Now ys yt nyght the myddis of the nyght.  
These wedurs ar darke and dym of lyght  
Thatt of them can hy haue noo syght,  
Standyng here on this wold.

But now to make there hartis lyght,  
Now wyll I full right stand upon this looe 200  
And to them cry *with* all my myght—  
Full well my voice the kno—  
*With* hoo, fellois, hoo, hoee, hoo!

PASTOR II. Hark, Sym, hark: I here owre brothur on the looe. 205

This ys hys wise right well, I knoo;  
Therefore toward hym lett vs goo  
And follo his wise aright.  
See, Sym, se where he doth stond.  
I am ryght glad we haue hym fond.  
Brothur, where hast thou byn soo long,  
And this nyght hit ys soo cold? 210

PASTOR I. E, fryndis, þer cam a pyrie of wynd *with* a myst suddently

Thatt forth off my weyis went I;  
And grett heyvenes made I,  
*And* wase full sore afrayde.  
Then for to goo wyst I nott whyddur,  
But trawellid on this loo hyddur *and* thyddur.  
I wasse so were of this cold weddur  
Thatt nere past wasse my might. 220

PASTOR III. Brethur, now we be past þat fryght, [fol. 4<sup>v</sup>

And hit ys far *within* the nyght;  
Full some woll spyng the day lyght,  
Hit drawith full nere the tyde.  
Here aw/hyle lett vs rest 225  
And repast owreself of the best.  
Tyll thatt the sun ryse in the est  
Let vs all here abyde.

*There the sheppardis drawys furth there meyle and doth eyte  
and drynk: and asse the drynk the fynd the star, and sey thus:*

PASTOR III. Brethur, loke vp and behold

Whatt thyng ys yondur thatt schynith soo bryght;

Asse long ase eyuer I haue wachid my fold

Yett sawe I neyuer soche a syght in fylde.

A, ha, now ys cum the tyme pat old fathurs hath told

Thatt in the wynturs nyght soo cold

A chylde of meydynz borne be he wold

In whom all profeciys schal be fullfylde.

235

PASTOR I. Truth yt ys *without* naye,

Soo seyde the profett Isaye,

Thatt a chylde schuld be borne of a made soo bryght

In wentur ny the schortist dey

Or elis in the myddis of the nyght.

240

PASTOR II. Loovid be God, most off myght,

Thatt owre grace ys to see thatt syght.

Pray we to hym ase hit ys right,

Yff thatt his wyll yt be,

Thatt we ma haue knolegge of this syngnefocacion

And why hit aperith on this fassion,

And eyuer to hym lett vs geve lawdacion

In yerthe whyle thatt we be.

245

[fol. 5<sup>r</sup>

*There the angelis syng "Glorea in exselsis Deo."*

PASTOR III. Harke, the syng above in the clowdis clere.

Hard I neyuer of soo myrre a quere.

Now, gentyll brethur, draw we nere

To here there armony.

250

PASTOR I. Brothur, myrth and solas ys cumm hus among,

For be the swettnes of per songe

Goddis sun ys cumm whom we haue lokid for long,

Asse syngnefyith thys star pat we do see.

255

PASTOR II. "Glorea glorea in exselsis"—pat wase per songe;

How sey ye, fellois, seyde the not thus?

PASTOR I. Thatt ys wel seyde; now goo we hence

To worschipe thatt chylde of hy manyffecence

And thatt we ma syng in his presence

"Et in terra pax omnibus."

260

*There the sheppardis syngis "Ase I Owi Rodde," and Josoff  
seyth:*

JOSOFF. Now, Lorde, this noise pat I do here

With this grett solemnete,

Gretly amendid hath my chere.

I trust hy nevis schortly wol be.

265

*There the angelis syng "Gloria in exselsis" ageyne.*

MARE. A, Josoff, husebond, cumm heddur anon;

My chylde ys borne pat ys Kyng of blys.

JOSOFF. Now welcum to me, the Makar of mon;

With all the omage thatt I con

Thy swete mothe here wolle I kys.

270

MARE. A, Josoff, husebond, my chylde waxith cold,

And we haue noo fyre to warme hym with.

JOSOFF. Now in my narnmys I schall hym fold.

Kyng of all kyngis be fylde *and* be fryth,

He myght haue had bettur *and* hymselfe wold

Then the breythying of these bestis to warme hym with.

275

[fol. 5<sup>v</sup>

MARE. Now, Josoff, my husbond, fet heddur my chylde,  
The Maker off man and hy Kyng of blys.

280

JOSOFF. Thatt schal be done anon, Mare soo myld,  
For the breythying of these bestis hath warmyd well, I wys.

ANGELL I. Hyrd menn hynd, drede ye nothyng  
Off thys star thatt ye do see,

For thys same morne Godis sun ys borne  
In Bedlem of a meydin fre. 285

ANGELL II. Hy you thyddur in hast.  
Yt ys hys wyll ye schall hym see  
Lyinge in a crybbe of pore reypaste,  
Yett of Davithis lync cumon ys hee. 290

PASTOR I. Hayle, mayde, modur, *and* wyff soo myld.  
Asse the angell seyð soo haue we fonde.  
I haue nothyng to present *with* pi chylde  
But my pype—hold, hold, take yt in thy hond—  
Wherein moche pleyasure pat I haue fonde;  
And now to oonowre thy gloreose byrthe  
Thow schallt yt haue to make the myrthe. 295

PASTOR II. Now hayle be thow, chylde, *and* thy dame,  
For in a pore loggyn here art thou leyde;  
Soe the angell seyde *and* tolde vs thy name.  
Holde, take thou here my hat on thy hedde,  
And now off won thyng thou art well sped,  
For weddur thou hast noo nede to complayne,  
For wynde ne sun, hayle, snoo, and rayne. 300

PASTOR III. Hayle be thow, Lorde, ouer watur *and* landis,  
For thy cumyng all we ma make myrthe.  
Haue here my myttens to pyt on pi hondis;  
Othur treysure haue I non to present the *with*. 305

MARE. Now, herdmenñ hynd, for youre comyng  
To my chylde schall I prae, 310  
Asse he ys heyvin Kyng, to grant you his blessing [fol. 6<sup>r</sup>  
And to hys blys pat ye may wynd at your last day.

*There the shepparadis synyth ageyne and goth forthe of þe  
place; and the ij profetis cumyñ in, and seyñ thus:*

PROFETA I. Novellis, novellis of wondfull marvellis,  
Were hy *and* defuce vnto the heryng.  
Asse scripture tellis, these strange novellis to you I bryng. 315

PROFETA II. Now hartely, sir, I desyre to knoo  
Yff hyt wolde pleyse you for to schoo  
Of whatt maner a thyng.

PROFETA I. Were mystecall vnto youre heryng:  
Of the nateyete off a Kyng. 320

PROFETA II. Of a Kyng, whence schuld he cum?

PROFETA I. From that reygend ryall *and* mighty mancion,  
The sede seylesteall and heyvinyly vysedome,  
The Seycond Person *and* Godis one sun  
For owre sake now ys man becumm. 325

This godly spere descendid here  
Into a virgin clere, sche ondefyld,  
Be whose warke obskevre  
Owre frayle nature ys now begilde.

PROFETA II. Why, hath sche a chylde? 330

PROFETA I. E, trust hyt well *and* neuer the las,  
Yet ys sche a mayde evin asse sche wasse,  
And hir sun the Kyng of Isaraell.

PROFETA II. A wondurfull marvell, how thatt ma be,  
And far dothe excell all owre capasete  
How thatt the Trenete of soo hy regallette  
Schuld be jonyd vnto owre mortallere. 335

PROFETA I. Of his one grett marce, as ye shall se þe exposysson,  
Throgh whose vmanyte all Adamis progene  
Reydemyd schal be owt of perdysson.  
Syth mann did offend, who schuld amend  
But the seyð monn and no nothur, [fol. 6<sup>v</sup>  
For the wyche cawse he incarnate wold be  
And lyve in mesere asse manis one brothur.

PROFETA II. Syr, vnto the deyte, I beleve perfette,  
Onpossibull to be there ys nothyng:  
How be yt this warke vnto me ys darke 345

In the opperacion or wyrtkyng?

PROFETA I. Whatt more reypriff ys vnto belyff themn to be dowtyng?

PROFETA II. Yet dowtis of tymis hathe derevacion. 350

PROFETA I. Thatt ys be be meynes of comenecacion  
Of trawthis to haue a dev probacion  
Be be same dowts reysoning.

PROFETA II. Then to you thys won thyng:  
Of what nobull *and* hy lenage ys schee  
Thatt myght bis verabull princis modur be? 355

PROFETA I. Ondowtid sche ys cum of hy parrage,  
Of the howse of Davith *and* Salamon the sage,  
And won off the same lync joynid to hir be mareage  
Of whose trybe we do subscriue this chy<|>dis lenage. 360

PROFETA II. And why in thatt wysse?

PROFETA I. For yt wasse the gysse  
To conte the parant on the manys lync  
And nott on the feymyne  
Amonst vs here in Isaraell. 365

PROFETA II. Yett can I nott aspy be noo wysse  
How thys chyldre borre schuld be withow<|>naturis prejudyse.

PROFETA I. Nay, no prejidyse vnto nature I dare well sey,  
For the Kyng of nature may haue all at his one wyll. 369  
Dyde not be powar of God make Aronis rod beyre frute in on day?

PROFETA II. Truth yt ys, indeed.

PROFETA I. Then loke you and rede.

PROFETA II. A, I perseve the sede where apou that you spake.  
Yt wasse for owre nede pat he frayle nature did take,  
And his blod he schuld schede amens for to make [fol. 7r

For owre transegression.  
Ase yt ys seyde in profete pat of the lync of Jude  
Schuld spryng a right Messe  
Be whom all wee schall haue reydemcion.

PROFETA I. Sir, now ys the tyme cum,  
*And* the date thereof runn  
Off his natevete. 380

PROFETA II. Yett, I beseke you hartele, pat ye wold schoo me how  
Thatt this strange nowelle were broght vnto you.

PROFETA I. This othur nyght soo cold  
Hereby apou a wolde,  
Scheppardis wachyng there fold  
In the nyght soo far  
To them aperid a star,  
*And* eyuer yt drev them nar,  
Wyche star the did behold  
Bryghter, be sey, M folde  
Then the sun so clere  
In his mydday spere;  
And the these tythyngis tolde. 395

PROFETA II. Whatt, seycethly?

PROFETA I. Na, na, hardely;  
The made thereof no conseil,  
For the song ase lowde  
Ase eyuer the cowde,  
Presyng the Kyng of Isaraell. 400

PROFETA II. Yett do I marvell  
In what pyle or castell  
These herdmenz dyde hym see.

PROFETA I. Nothur in hallis nor yett in bowris  
Borre wold he not be,  
Nothur in castellis nor yett in towris  
pat semly were to se,

But att hys Fathurs wyll  
 The profeci to fullfyll  
 Betwyxt an ox and an as  
 Ihesum pis Kyng borne he was.  
 Heyvin he bryng us tyll.

410

PROFETA II. Sir, a, but when these scheppardis had seyne hym there,  
 Into whatt place did the repeyre?

415

PROFETA I. Forthe the went and glad be were,  
 Going be did syng:  
 With myrthe *and* solas be made good chere  
 For joie of bat new tything,  
 And aftur, asse I hard the<m> tell,  
 He reywardid them full well:  
 He graunt them hevyn berin to dwell.  
 In ar the gon with joie and myrthe,  
 And there songe hit ys neowell.

420

[fol. 7<sup>v</sup>  
*There the profetis gothe furthe, and Erod cumyht in and be  
 messenger.*

NONCEOSE. Faytes pais, dnyvis, baronys de grande reynowme, 425  
 Payis, seneoris, schevaleris de nooble posance.  
 Payis, genis homos, companeonys petis egrance.  
 Je vos command dugard treytus sylance,  
 Payis, tanque vottur nooble Roie syre ese presance.  
 Que nollis persone ese non fawis perwynt dedfferance, 430  
 Nese harde de frappas; mayis gardus to to paceance:  
 Mayis gardus voter seneor to cor reyuerance,  
 Car elat vottur Roie to to puyssance.  
 Anonn de leo pase tos; je vose cummande;  
 E lay Roie Eroie la grandeaboly vos vimport. 435

ERODE. *Qui stais* in Jude et Rex Iseraell  
 And the myghtyst conquerowre bat eyuer walkid on grownd:  
 For I am evyn he thatt made bothe hevin *and* hell,  
 And of my myghte powar holdith vp bis world rownd.  
 Magog *and* Madroke bothe be did I confownde, 440  
 And with this bryght bronde there bonis I brak onsunndr

Thatt all the wyde worlde on those rappis did wondr.  
 I am the cawse of this grett lyght and thundr.  
 Ytt ys throggh my fure bat the soche noyse dotte make;  
 My feyrefull contenance be clowdis so doth incurbur  
 bat ofymis for drede berof the verre yerth doth quake.  
 Loke when I with males this bryght bronnd doth schake:  
 All the whole world from the north to be sowthe,  
 I ma them dystroie with won worde of my mowthe.

445

To reycownt vnto you myn innevmerabull substance,  
 Thatt were to moche for any tong to tell,  
 For all the whole Orent ys vndr myn obbeydance  
 And prynce am I of purgatorre *and* cheff capten of hell.  
 And those tyraneos trayturs be force ma I commpell  
 Myne enemyis to vanquese *and* evyn to dust them dryve,  
 And with a twynke of myn iee not won to be laffe alyve.

455

Behold my contenance and my colur,  
 Bryghtur then the sun in the meddis of be dey.  
 Where can you have a more grettur succur  
 Then to behold my person that ys soo gaye?  
 My fawcun *and* my fassion with my gorgis araye:  
 He thatt had the grace allwey peron to thynke,  
 Lyve the myght allwey withowt othur meye or drynke.

460

And thys my tryomfande fame most hylist dotte abownde  
 Throghowt this world in all reyegeons abrod,  
 Resemelyng the fauer of that most myght Mahownd,  
 From Jubytior be desent *and* cosygn to the grett God  
 And nanyd the most reydowndid Kyng Eyrodde,  
 Wyche thatt all pryncis hath vnder subjeccion  
 And all there whole powar vndur my proteccion. 470

470

And therefore my hareode here, callid Calcas,  
 Warne thow eyuer porte thatt noo schyppis arye,  
 Nor also alsoend stranger throg my realme pas  
 But the for there truage do pay markis fyve.  
 Now spede the forth hastele,  
 For the thatt wyll the contrare 475

475



Apon a galowse hangid schal be,  
*And*, be Mahownde, of me the gett noo grace.

NONCIOS. Now lord and mastur, in all the hast,  
 Thy worethe wyll yt schall be wrought,  
*And* thy ryall cuntrevis schal be past  
 In asse schoht tyme ase can be thoght. 480

ERODE. Now schall owre regeons throghowt be soght  
 In eyuer place bothe est *and* west.  
 Yff any karyffis to me be broght,  
 Yt schal be nothyng for there best.  
 And the why/le thatt I do resst,  
 Trompettis, viallis, and othur armonne  
 Schall bles the wakyng of my maieste. 485

*Here Erod goth away, and the iij kyngis speykth in þe strete.*

REX I. Now blessid be God of his swet sonde,  
 For yondur a feyre bryght star I do see.  
 Now ys he common vs amonge  
 Asse the profetis seyde thatt yt schuld be,  
 A seyde there schuld a babe be borne,  
 Comyng of the rote of Jesse [fol. 8<sup>v</sup>  
 To sawe mankynd that wasse forlorne, 495  
 And truly comen now ys he.

Reyuerence and worschip to hym woll I do  
 Asse God and man thatt all made of noght.  
 All the profetis acordid and seyde evyn soo  
 That *with* hys pressesos blod mankynd schuld be boght;  
 He grant me grace be yonder star þat I see,  
 And into thatt place bryng me  
 Thatt I ma hym worschipe *with* umellete  
 And se hys gloreose face. 505

REX II. Owt off my wey I deme thatt I am,  
 For tooocuns of thys cuntrey can I non see.  
 Now God thatt on yorth madist man,  
 Send me *sum* knoleyge where thatt I be.

Yondur methynke a feyre bryght star I see,  
 The wyche betocunyth the byrth of a chyld  
 Thatt hedur ys cum to make man fre,  
 He borre of a mayde *and* sche nothyng defyld. 510

To worschip thatt chyld ys myn intent;  
 Forth now wyll I take my wey.  
 I trust *sum* cumpany God hathe me sent,  
 For yonder I se a kyng labur on the wey.  
 Towarde hym now woll I ryde.  
 Harke, *cumly* kyng, I you pray:  
 Into whatt cost wyll ye thys ryde,  
 Or weddur lvis youre jurney. 515

REX I. To seke a chyld ys myne intent  
 Of whom the profetis hathe ment.  
 The tyme ys cum: now ys he sent;  
 Be yondur star here ma <you> see. 520

REX II. Sir, I prey you *with* your lysence  
 To ryde *with* you vnto his presence.  
 To hym wyll I offur frankinsence,  
 For the hed of all Whole Churche schall he be. [fol. 9<sup>r</sup>

REX III. I ryde wanderyng in veyis wyde  
 Quer montens and dalis; I wot not where I am.  
 Now Kyng off all kyngis, send me soche gyde  
 Thatt I myght haue knoleyge of thys cuntreys name.  
 A, yondur I se a syght besemyng all afar  
 The wyche betocuns *sum* nevis, ase I troo,  
 Asse methynke a chyld peryng in a stare:  
 I trust he be cum þat schall defend vs from woo.  
 To kyngis yondur I see and to them woll I ryde,  
 For to haue there *cumpane* I trust þe wyll me abyde. 530

Hayle, *cumly* kyngis augent,  
 Good surs, I pray you whedder ar ye ment? 540

REX I. To seke a chyld ys owre intent,  
 Wyche betocuns yonder star, asse ye ma see.

REX II. To hym I purpose thys present.

REX III. Surs, I pray you and thatt ryght vmblee  
*With* you thatt I ma ryde in cumpane.  
 To Allmyghte God now prey we  
 Thatt hys pressiose persone we ma se.

*Here Erode cummyth in ageyne, and the messengere seyth:*

NUNCIOS. Hayle, lorde most off myght,  
 Thy commandement ys right;  
 Into thy land ys comyn bis nyght  
 ij kyngis and *with* them a grett cumpany.

EROD. Whatt make those kyngis in this cuntrey?

NONCIOS. To seke a kyng and a chyld, the sey.

ERODE. Of whatt age schuld he bee? 555

NONCIOS. Skant twelwe deys old fulle.

EROD. And wasse he soo late borne?

NONCIOS. E, syr, soo the schode me thys same dey in the morne.

EROD. Now in payne of deyth bryng them me before,  
 And therefore, harrode, now hy the in hast [fol. 9<sup>v</sup>  
 In all spede thatt thou were dyght,  
 Or thatt those kyngis the cuntrey be past.  
 Loke thouw bryng them all ij before my syght,  
 And in Jerusalen inquire more of that chyld.  
 But I warne the thatt thy wordis be mylde, 565  
 For there mast thou hede and crafte wey<|de>  
 How to fordo his powere, and those ij kyngis shal be begild.

NONCIOS. Lorde, I am redde att youre byddyng  
 To sarve the ase my lord and kyng.  
 For joye thereof, loo, how I spyryng 570  
*With* lyght hart *and* fresche gamboldyng

Alofte here on this molde.

ERODE. Then sped the forthle hastely,  
 And loke pat thouw beyre the eyviny.  
 And also I pray the hartely thatt how doo 575  
 Comand me bothe to yong and olde.

NONCIOS. Hayle, syr kyngis, in youre degre.  
 Erood, kyng of these cuntreys wyde,  
 Desyryth to speyke *with* you all thre,  
 And for youre comyng he dothe abyde. 580

REX I. Syr, att his wyll we be ryght bayne.  
 Hy us, brethur, unto thatt lordis place;  
 To speyke *with* hym we wold be fayne,  
 Thatt chyld thatt we seke he grant us of his grace.

NONCIOS. Hayle, lorde *with*owt pere,  
 These ij kyngis here have we broght. 585

ERODE. Now welcum, syr kyngis, all in fere,  
 But of my bryght ble, surs, basseche ye noght.  
 Sir kyngis, ase I vndurstand,  
 A star hath the gyddid you into my land  
 Wherein grett harie ye have fonde  
 Be reysun of hir beymis bryght,  
 Wherefore I pray you hartely  
 The vere trutte thatt ye wold seriefy:  
 How long yt ys surely  
 Syn of thatt star you had furst syght? [fol. 10<sup>r</sup>  
 595

REX I. Sir kyng, the vere trutte to sey,  
 And for to schoo you ase hit ys best,  
 This same ys evin the xij<sup>th</sup> dey  
 Syth yt aperid to vs be west. 600

ERODE. Brethur, then ys there no more to sey  
 But *with* hart and wyll kepe ye your jurney,  
 And cum whom by me this same wey,  
 Of your nevris thatt I myght knoo.

You schall tryomfe in this cuntre,  
 And *with* grett conquorde bankett *with* me;  
 And that chyld myself then woll I see  
 And honor hym also.

605

REX II. Sir, youre commandement we woll fullfyll  
 And humbly abaye owreself there tyll.  
 He hatt weldith all thyng at wyll  
 The redde way hus teyche,  
 Sir kyng, thatt we ma passe your land in pes.

610

ERODE. Yes, and walke softly eyvin at your one es,  
 Youre paseporte for a C deys  
 Here schall you haue of clere cummand;  
 Owre reme to labour any weyis  
 Here schall you haue be spessschall grante.

615

REX III. Now farewell, kyng of hy degre;  
 Humbly of you owre leyve we take.

620

ERODE. Then adev, sir kyngis, all thre,  
 And whyle I lve be bold of me;  
 There ys nothyng in this cuntre  
 But for youre one ye schall yt take.

Now these ij kyngis ar gon on per wey,  
 Onwysely *and* onwyteley haue the all wroghte.  
 When the cum ageyne the schall dy pat same dey: [fol. 10<sup>v</sup>  
 And thus these vyle wreychis to deyth be schal be broght.

625

Soche ys my lykkyng:  
 He that agens my lawis wyll hold,  
 Be he kyng or keysar neyuier soo bold,  
 I schall them cast into caris cold  
 And to deyth I schall them bryng.

630

*There Erode goth his weyis, and the ij kyngis cum in ageyne.*

REX I. O blessid God, moche ys thy myght,  
 Where ys this star thatt gawe vs lyght?

635

REX II. Now knele we downe here in this presence,  
 Besekyng that Lord of hy mangnefecens  
 Thatt we ma see his hy exsellence  
 Yff thatt his swet wyl be.

REX III. Yondur, brothur, I see the star  
 Whereby I kno he ys nott far;  
 Therefore, lordis, goo we nar  
 Into his pore place.

640

*There the ij kyngis gois into the jesen to Mare and hir child.*

REX I. Hayle, Lorde, thatt all this worlde hath wroght.  
 Hale, God and man togedur in fere,  
 For thou hast made all thyng of noght,  
 Albeyt thatt thou lyst porely here.  
 A cupe full <of> golde here I haue the broght  
 In toconyng thou art withoutt pere.

645

REX II. Hayle be thou, Lorde of hy maugnyffecens,  
 In toconyng of preste<th>od *and* dyngnete of offece  
 To the I offur a cupe full off insence,  
 For yt behovith the to haue soche sacrefyce.

650

REX III. Hayle be thou, Lorde longe lokid fore,  
 I haue broght the myre for mortalete  
 In toconyng thou schalt mankynd restore  
 To lyst be thy deyth apounn a tre.

655

MARK. God haue marce, kyngis, of yowre goodnes.  
 Be the gydyng of the Godhed hider ar ye sent;  
 The provysson off my swete sun your weyis whomm reydres,  
 And gostely reywarde you for youre present.

659

REX I. Syr kyngis, afur owre promes  
 Whome be Erode I mvst nedis goo. [fol. 11<sup>r</sup>

REX II. Now truly, berthur, we can noo las,  
 But I am soo farwachid I wott nott wat to do.

665

REX III. Ryght soo am I; wherefore I you pray,  
Lett all vs rest vs awhyle upon pis grownd.

REX I. Brethur, your seying ys right well vnto my pay;  
The grace of thatt swet chylde saue vs all sownde.

ANGELL US. Kyng of Tawrus, Sir Jasparr;  
Kyng of Arraby, Sir Balthasar;  
Melchor, kyng of Aginare;  
To you now am I sent:

For drede of Eyrode goo you west whom  
Into those parties when ye cum downe;  
Ye schal be byrrid *with* gret reynowe.  
The Wholle Gost thus knolegye hath sent.

REX I. Awake, sir kyngis, I you praye,  
For the voise of an angell I hard in my dreyme.

REX II. Thatt ys full tru thatt ye do sey,  
For he reyherssid owre names playne.

REX III. He bad thatt we schuld goo downe be west  
For drede of Eyrodis fawls betraye.

REX I. Soo for to do yt ys the best;  
The child thatt we haue soght gyde vs the wey.

Now farewell, the feyrist of schapp soo swete,  
And thankid be Jhesum of his sonde  
Thatt we ij togeder soo suddenly schuld mete  
Thatt dwell soo wyde *and* in straunge lond,  
And here make owre presentacion  
Vnto this kyngis son clenssid so cleyne,  
And to his moder for owre saluacion.  
Of moche myrth now ma we meyne  
Thatt we soo well hath done this obblacion.

REX II. Now farewell, Sir Jasparr, brothur, to yoeu,  
Kyng of Tawrus, the most worthe;  
Sir Balthasar, also to you I bow,  
And I thanke you bothe of youre good cumpany

[fol. 11<sup>v</sup>]

Thatt we togeddur haue had.  
He thatt made vs to mete on hyll,  
I thanke hym now and eyuer I wyll,  
For now may we goo *withowt* yll  
And off owre offeryngge be full fayne.

REX III. Now syth thatt we myst nedly goo  
For drede of Erode thatt ys soo wrothe,  
Now farewell brothur, *and* brothur also;  
I take my leve here at you bothe

This dey on fote.  
Now he thatt made vs to mete on playne  
And offurde to Mare in hir jeseyne,  
He geve vs grace in heyvin agayne  
All togedder to mete.

NUNCIOS. Hayle, kyngge, most worthist in wede.  
Hayle, mantear of curtese throgh all pis world wyde.  
Hayle, the most myghtyist thatt eyuer bestrod a stede.  
Ha<y>ll, most monfullist monn in armor man to abyde.  
Hayle, in thyne honowre:

Thesse ij kyngis pat forthe were sent  
And schuld haue cum ageyne before pe here present,  
Anothur wey, lorde, whom the went,  
Contrare to thyn honowre.

ERODE. Anothur wey—owt! owt! owt!  
Hath those fawls trayturs done me pis ded?  
I stampe! I stare! I loke all abowt!  
Myght I them take, I schuld them bren at a gleden!  
I rent, I rawe, *and* now run I wode!  
A, thatt these velen trayturs hath mard pis my mode!  
The schal be hangid yf I ma cum them to!

*Here Erode ragis in pe pagond and in the strete also.*

E, and thatt kerne of Bedlem he schal be ded,  
And thus schall I fordo his profece.  
How sey you, sir knyghtis, ys not this the best red  
Thatt all yong chyldur for this schuld be dede,

730

[fol. 12<sup>r</sup>]

Wyth sworde to be slayne?  
Then schall I, Erode, lyve in lede,  
And all folke me dowt and drede  
And offur to me bothe gold, rychesse, *and mede*.  
Thereto wyll the be full fayne. 735

MYLES I. My lorde, Kyng Erode be name,  
Thy wordis agent my wyll schal be.  
To see soo many yong childer dy ys schame;  
Therefore consell perto gettis pou non of me. 740

MYLES II. Well seyde, fello, my trawth I plyght.  
Sir kyng, perseve right well you may,  
Soo grett a morder to see of yong frute  
Wyll make a rysyng in pi noone cuntrey. 745

ERODE. A rysyng! ow! ow! ow!  
*There Erode ragis ageyne, and then seyth thus:*

Owt, velen wrychis, har apou you I cry!  
My wyll vitturly loke pat yt be wroght,  
Or apou a gallowse bothe you schall dy,  
Be Mahownde most myghtyste pat me dere hath boght. 750

MYLES I. Now, cruell Erode, syth we schall do this dede,  
Your wyll nedefully in this realme mvste be wroght:  
All the chylder of pat age dy the mvst nede.  
Now *with* all my myght the schall be vpsoght.

MYLES II. And I woll sweyre here apou your bryght sworde: 755  
All the chylder thatt I fynd sclayne pe schal be,  
Thatt make many a moder to wepe  
And be full sore aferde  
In owre armor bryght when the hus see.

ERODE. Now you have sworne, forth pat ye goo, [fol. 12<sup>v</sup>  
And my wyll thatt ye wyrke bothe be dey *and* myght.  
And then wyll I for fayne trypp lyke a doo,  
But whan the be ded I warne you bryng ham before my syght.

ANGELLUS. Mare and Josoff, to you I sey,  
Swete word from the Fathur I bryng you full ryght:  
Owt of Bedlem into Eygypte forth goo ye be wey,  
And *with* you take the Kyng full of myght  
For drede of Eroddis rede. 765

JOSOFF. Aryse up, Mare, hastily and sone.  
Owre Lordis wyll nedys mvst be done  
Lyke ase the angell vs bad. 770

MARE. Mekely, Josoff, my none spowse,  
Towarde that cuntrey let vs reypeyre.  
Att Eygyp sum toucun off howse;  
God grant hus grace saff to cum there. 775

*Here the women cum in wythe there chyldur syngyng them, and  
Mare and Josoff goth away cleyne.*

WOMON I. I lolle my chyldre wondrously swete,  
And in my narmis I do hyt kepe  
Beacause thatt yt schuld not crye.

WOMAN II. Thatt babe thatt ys borne in Bedlem so meke,  
He saue my chyld and me from velany. 780

WOMAN III. Be styll, be styll, my lyttull chyldre,  
That Lorde of lordis saue bothe the *and* me,  
For Erode hath sworne *with* wordis wyld  
Thatt all yong chyldur sclayne pe schal be.

MYLES I. Sey, ye wyddurde wyvis, whydder ar ye away? [fol. 13<sup>r</sup>  
What beyre you in youre armis nedis mvst we se.  
Yff the be mann chyldur, dy the mvst bis dey,  
For at Eroddis wyll all thyng mvst be.

MYLES II. And I in handis wonyng themm hent  
Them for to slei nocht woll I spare. 790  
We mvst fullyll Erodis commandement,  
Eliis be we asse trayturs *and* cast all in care.

WOMAN I. Sir knyghtis of youre curtessee,  
Thys dey schame not youre chevaldre,  
But on my child haue pytte  
For my sake in this styde;  
For a sympull slaghtur yt were to sloo,  
Or to wyrke soche a chylid woo  
bat can noder speyke nor goo  
Nor neuer harme did. 800

WOMON II. He thatt sleyis my chylid in syght,  
Yff thatt my strokis on hym ma lyght,  
Be he skwyar or knyght  
I hold hym but lost.  
Se, thow fawls losyngere,  
A stroke schalt thow beyre me here  
And spare for no cost. 805

WOMAN III. Sytt he neyuer soo hy in saddull  
But I schall make his braynis addull,  
And here with my pott ladull  
With hym woll I fyght.  
I schall ley on hym a<s> thog I wode were  
With thys same womanly geyre.  
There schall noo man steyre  
Wheddur thatt he be kyng or knyght. 815

MYLES I. Who hard eyuer soche a cry  
Of women thatt there chylidur haue lost  
And grettly reybukyng chewaldry  
Throghout this reme in eyuer cost,  
Wyche many a mans lyffys lyke to cost.  
For thys grett wreyche bat here ys done,  
I feyre moche wengance heroff woll cumm. 820

MYLES II. E, brothur, soche talis may we not tell,  
Wherefore to the kyng lett vs goo,  
For he ys lyke to beyre the perrell  
Wyche wasse the cawser that we did soo.  
Yett must the all be broght hym to  
With waynis and waggyns fully fryght. 825

I tro there wol be a carefull syght.  
MYLES I. Loo, Eyrode kyng, here mast thow see  
How many M<sup>r</sup> thatt we haue slayne. 830

MYLES II. And nedis thy wyll fullfyllid must be,  
There ma no mon sey there ageyne.

NUNCIOS. Eyrode kyng, I schall the tell,  
All thy dedis ys cumm to noght.  
This chylid ys gone into Egypte to dwell.  
Loo, Sir, in thy none land what wondurs byn wrought. 835

EROD. Into Egypte, alas, for woo  
Lengur in lande here I canot abyde.  
Saddull my palfrey, for in hast wyll I goo;  
Aftur yondur trayturs now wyll I ryde  
Them for to sloo.  
Now all men hy fast  
Into Egypte in hast;  
All thatt cuntrey woll I fast  
Tyll I ma cumm them to. 845

Fynes lude de taylars and scharmen.  
T<h>ys matter  
nevely correcte be Robart Croo  
the xiiij<sup>th</sup> dey of Marche  
fenysschid in the yere of owre Lorde God  
MCCCC & xxxiiij<sup>e</sup>  
then beyng mayre mastur Palmar  
also mastris of the seyde fellyschipp Hev Corbett  
Randull Pyrkard and  
John Bageley.

Theise Songes  
Belonge to

THE TAYLORS AND SHEAREMENS PAGANT

THE FIRST AND THE LASTE THE SHEPHERDS SINGE  
AND THE SECOND OR MIDDLEMOST THE WOMEN SINGE

Thomas Mawdycke

die decimo tertio Maij anno *domini* millessimo quingentesimo  
nonagesimo primo. Praetor fuit ciuitatis Couentriae D. Mathaens  
Richardson, tunc Consules Johanes Whitehead et Thomas Graener.

SONG I

As I out rode this enderes night,  
Of thre ioli sheppardes I saw a sight,  
And all abowte there fold a star shone bright;  
They sange "terly terlow";  
So mereli the sheppards ther pipes can blow. 5

SONG II

Lully lulla, bow littell tine child,  
By by, lully lullay, pow littell tyne child,  
By by, lully lullay.  
O sisters too, how may we do  
For to preserve bis day—  
This pore yongling for whom we do singe,  
By by, lully lullay? 5

Herod, the king, in his raging,  
Chargid he hath this day  
His men of might in his owne sight 10

All yonge children to slay.

That wo is me, pore child, for thee,  
And ever morne and say  
For thi parting nether say nor singe  
By by, lully lullay. 15

SONG III

Doune from heaue[n], from heaue[n] so hie,  
Of angesles per came a great companie  
With mirthe and ioy and great solemnitye;  
The sange "terly terlow";  
So mereli the sheppards per pipes can blow. 5