

For this story showeth you clear 440
 How to our full power here,
 We should keep God's commandments and murmur
 not.

Think ye, sirs, if God sent an angel,
 And commanded you your child to slay,
 By your truth, is there any of you 445
 That would either repine or rebel straightway?
 How think ye now, sirs? I think there be
 Three or four or more hereby —
 And these women that weep so sorrowfully
 When that their children from them die 450
 (As is law of kind).

It is but folly, ye well may trow,
 Against God to murmur or grief to show,
 For ye shall never see him mischiefed, well I know!
 By land or water, bear this in mind! 455

And murmur not against our Lord God,
 In wealch or woe, whatsoever he send,
 Though low ye be bowed beneath his rod,
 For when he so willeth, he may it amend,
 If his commandments with true hearts ye keep without
 fail, 460

As this story may serve you to show and forewarn,
 And him faithfully serve, while ye be sound and hale,
 That ye may please God both even and morn.
 Now Jesu, that wore the crown of thorn,
 Bring us all to heaven's bliss! 465

FINIS.

The Second Shepherds' Play

THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY

FROM THE TOWNELEY CYCLE

[THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY, justly famous for its intrinsic merit and historical importance (as already explained in the *Introduction*), derives its name from the fact that it is the second of two "Shepherds'" or Nativity plays in the Towneley, or Wakefield, cycle. It has been printed by William Marriott, 1838, the Surtees Society, 1836 (the name of the editor is not given); by England, with notes by Pollard, in the *Publications of the Early English Text Society*, 1897; separately in part by Pollard in his *English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes* (3d edition, 1898); with critical revision and with helpful emendations by Manly in his *Specimens of the Pre-Shakspearean Drama*, 1897; by Hemingway in *English Nativity Plays, Yale Studies in English*, 38, 1909; in "Everyman" with other Interludes including *Eight Miracle Plays*, "Everyman's Library" (no date given; general editor, Ernest Rhys; names of editors or translators of the individual plays not given). The best text for the student's use, presenting a critical interpretation of the standard text of England, is Manly's. Though Professor Manly's notes, to be included in the forthcoming third volume, are not yet published, his text itself clarifies, or at least aids the student by recording a definite opinion upon, various difficult passages. A number remain dubious, or unsolved, the solution of

which will be welcomed. Pollard's notes, while sometimes helpful, are few and only upon the special portions which he prints; Hemingway's notes are confined to literary and general comment. A word of warning is necessary in regard to the marginal glosses in the edition in "Everyman's Library," which are in many cases curiously in error.

References to England's edition are designated "*E. E. T. S.*;" those to Kölbing are to his articles in *Englische Studien*, vol. xvi, 278, vol. xxi, 162; those to Kittredge are to his emendations and suggestions in Manly's edition, as general editor of the series in which it appeared.

The source of the story of Mak was probably a folk-tale. Kölbing (see *E. E. T. S.* Appendix to *Introduction*, p. xxxi) pointed out features of similarity in a rimed narrative, *Archie Armstrang's Aith*, by the Reverend John Marriott, published in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Pollard in a foot-note suggests that John Marriott may have been a relation of William Marriott who printed the *Second Shepherds' Play* in 1838, and may therefore have known the play and plagiarized it, even though he said the story was traditional and at the time current in Eskdale. This, however, is improbable (the difference of thirty-six years between the two is worth noting). As Kölbing says regarding the possibility of forgery, "It is much more credible that this funny tale was preserved by oral traditions, possibly in a metrical form. The tale was first brought into the Christmas story by the author of the Towneley Play, and afterwards, in the seventeenth century, transferred to the famous thief and jester, Archie Armstrang." The similarities and

differences between the versions, it may be added, are of interest, but not of importance.]

[*The First Shepherd (Primus Pastor) enters.*]

Primus Pastor.

Lord, but this weather is cold, and I am ill wrapped!
Nigh dazed, were the truth told, so long have I napped;
My legs under me fold; my fingers are chapped —
With such like I don't hold, for I am all lapt

In sorrow.

In storms and tempest,

Now in the east, now in the west,

Woe is him has never rest

Middy nor morrow!

But we seely¹ shepherds that walk on the moor, 10
In faith we're nigh at hand to be put out of door.
No wonder, as it doth stand, if we be poor,
For the tilth of our land lies fallow as the floor,

As ye ken.

We're so burdened and banned, 15
Over-taxed and unmanned,
We're made tame to the hand

Of these gentry men.

Thus they rob us of our rest, our Lady them harry!
These men bound to their lords' behest, they make the
plough tarry, 20
What men say is for the best, we find the contrary, —
Thus are husbandmen oppressed, in point to miscarry,
In life,

Thus hold they us under

¹ Blameless and to be pitied; "poor."

And from comfort sunder, 25
 It were great wonder,
 If ever we should thrive.

For if a man may get an embroidered sleeve or a
 brooch now-a-days,
 Woe is him that may him grieve, or a word in answer
 says!

No blame may he receive, whatever pride he displays; 30
 And yet may no man believe one word that he says,
 Not a letter.

His daily needs are gained
 By boasts and bragging feigned,
 And in all he's maintained 35
 By men that are greater.

Proud shall come a swain as a peacock may go,
 He must borrow my wain, my plough also,
 Then I am full fain to grant it ere he go.
 Thus live we in pain, anger, and woe 40
 By night and day!

He must have it, if he choose,
 Though I should it lose,
 I were better hanged than refuse,
 Or once say him nay! 45

It does me good as I walk thus alone
 Of this world for to talk and to make my moan.
 To my sheep will I stalk, and hearken anon,
 There wait on a balk,¹ or sit on a stone.
 Full soon, 50

For I trow, pardie,

¹ A ridge or hillock.

True men if they be,
 We shall have company,
 Ere it be noon.

[*The First Shepherd goes out (or to one side). The Second Shepherd enters.*]

Secundus Pastor.

Ben'cite¹ and Dominus! What may this mean? 55
 Why fares the world thus! The like often we've seen!
 Lord, but it is spiteful and grievous, this weather so
 keen!

And the frost so hideous—it waters mine een!
 That's no lie!

Now in dry, now in wet, 60
 Now in snow, now in sleet,
 When my shoes freeze to my feet,
 It's not all easy!

But so far as I ken, wherever I go,
 We seely wedded men suffer mickle woe, 65
 We have sorrow once and again, it befalls oft so.
 Seely Capel, our hen, both to and fro
 She cackles,

But if she begins to croak,
 To grumble or cluck, 70
 Then woe be to our cock,
 For he is in the shackles!²

These men that are wed have not all their will;
 When they're full hard bestead, they sigh mighty still;

¹ Shortened form of *benedicite*—"bless you!"—frequent in medieval use both as a salutation and exclamation (compare modern "bless us!").

² I. e. in a tight place, under constraint to take what he gets.

God knows the life they are led is full hard and full
ill, 75
Nor thereof in bower or bed may they speak their will,
This tide.

My share I have found,
Know my lesson all round,
Wo is him that is bound, 80
For he must it abide!

But now late in men's lives (such a marvel to me
That I think my heart rives such wonders to see,
How that destiny drives that it should so be!)
Some men will have two wives and some men three 85
In store.

Some are grieved that have any,
But I'll wager my penny
Woe is him that has many,
For he feels sore! 90

But young men as to wooing, for God's sake that you
bought,
Beware well of wedding, and hold well in thought,
"Had I known" is a thing that serves you nought.
Much silent sorrowing has a wedding home brought,
And grief gives, 95
With many a sharp shower —
For thou mayest catch in an hour
What shall taste thee full sour
As long as one lives!

For — if ever read I epistle! — I have one by my
fire,¹ 100

¹ See note.

As sharp as a thistle, as rough as a briar,
She has brows like a bristle and a sour face by her;
If she had once wet her whistle, she might sing clearer
and higher

Her pater-noster;
She is as big as a whale, 105
She has a gallon of gall, —
By him that died for us all,
I wish I had run till I had lost her!

Primus Pastor.
"God look over the row!" like a deaf man ye stand.

Secundus Pastor.
Yea, sluggard, the devil thy maw burn with his
brand! 110

Didst see aught of Daw?

Primus Pastor.
Yea, on the pasture-land
I heard him blow just before; he comes nigh at hand
Below there.

Stand still.

Secundus Pastor.
Why?

Primus Pastor.
For he comes, hope I. 115

Secundus Pastor.
He'll catch us both with some lie
Unless we beware.

[*The Third Shepherd enters, at first without seeing them.*]

Tertius Pastor.
Christ's cross me speed and St. Nicholas!
Thereof in sooth I had need, it is worse than it was.

Whoso hath knowledge, take heed, and let the world
pass, 120
You may never trust it, indeed, — it's as brittle as
glass,

As it rangeth.

Never before fared this world so,
With marvels that greater grow,
Now in weal, now in woe, 125
And everything changeth.

There was never since Noah's flood such floods seen,
Winds and rains so rude and storms so keen;
Some stammered, some stood in doubt, as I ween. —
Now God turn all to good, I say as I mean! 130

For ponder

How these floods all drown
Both in fields and in town,
And bear all down,
And that is a wonder! 135

We that walk of nights our cattle to keep,
[Catches sight of the others.]

We see startling sights when other men sleep.
Yet my heart grows more light — I see shrews¹ a-peep.
Ye are two tall wights — I will give my sheep
A turn, below. 140

But my mood is ill-sent;²
As I walk on this bent,³
I may lightly repent,
If I stub my toe.

¹ Rascals.

² See note.

³ Unenclosed pasture, heath; a Northern use.

Ah, Sir, God you save and my master sweet! 145
A drink I crave, and somewhat to eat.

Primus Pastor.

Christ's curse, my knave, thou'rt a lazy cheat!

Secundus Pastor.

Lo, the boy lists to rave! Wait till later for meat,
We have eat it.

Ill thrift on thy pate! 150
Though the rogue came late,
Yet is he in state
To eat, could he get it.

Tertius Pastor.

That such servants as I, that sweat and swink,¹
Eat our bread full dry gives me reason to think. 155
Wet and weary we sigh while our masters wink,²
Yet full late we come by our dinner and drink —
But soon thereto

Our dame and sire,
When we've run in the mire, 160
Take a nip from our hire,
And pay slow as they care to.

But hear my oath, master, since you find fault this
way,
I shall do this hereafter — work to fit my pay;
I'll do just so much, sir, and now and then play, 165
For never yet supper in my stomach lay
In the fields.

But why dispute so?
Off with staff I can go.
"Easy bargain," men say, 170

"But a poor return yields."

¹ Toil.

² Sleep.

Primus Pastor.

Thou wert an ill lad for work to ride wooing
From a man that had but little for spending.

Secundus Pastor.

Peace, boy, I bade! No more jangling,
Or I'll make thee full sad, by the Heaven's King, 175

With thy gauds!¹

Where are our sheep, boy? Left lorn?²

Tertius Pastor.

Sir, this same day at morn,
I them left in the corn

When they rang Lauds.³ 180

They have pasture good, they cannot go wrong.

Primus Pastor.

That is right. By the Rood, these nights are long!
Ere we go now, I would someone gave us a song.

Secundus Pastor.

So I thought as I stood, to beguile us along.

Tertius Pastor.

I agree. 185

Primus Pastor.

The tenor I'll try.

Secundus Pastor.

And I the treble so high.

Tertius Pastor.

Then the mean shall be I.

How ye chant now, let's see!

[*They sing (the song is not given).*]

*Tunc entrat Mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.*⁴

¹ Pranks, tricks, jokes.

² Lost.

³ The first of the canonical hours of daily service.

⁴ Then enters Mak, who has put on a cloak above his ordinary dress.

Mak.

Now, Lord, by thy seven names' spell, that made both
moon and stars on high, 190

Full more than I can tell, by thy will for me, Lord,
lack I.

I am all at odds, nought goes well — that oft doth my
temper try.

Now would God I might in heaven dwell, for there no
children cry,

So still.

Primus Pastor.

Who is that pipes so poor? 195

Mak.

Would God ye knew what I endure!

[*Primus Pastor.*]

Lo, a man that walks on the moor,
And has not all his will!

Secundus Pastor.

Mak, whither dost speed? What news do you bring?

Tertius Pastor.

Is he come? Then take heed each one to his thing. 200

*Et accipit clamiden ab ipso.*¹

Mak.

What! I am a yeoman — since there's need I should
tell you — of the King,

That self-same, indeed, messenger from a great lording,
And the like thereby.

Fie on you! Go hence

Out of my presence! 205

I must have reverence,

And you ask "who am I!"

¹ And takes the cloak off him.

Primus Pastor.

Why dress ye it up so quaint? Mak, ye do ill!

Secundus Pastor.

But, Mak, listen, ye saint, I believe what ye will!

Tertius Pastor.

I trow the knave can feint, by the neck the devil him
kill! 210

Mak.

I shall make complaint, and you 'll all get your fill,
At a word from me—
And tell your doings, forsooth!

Primus Pastor.

But, Mak, is that truth?
Now take out that southern tooth 215
And stick in a flea!

Secundus Pastor.

Mak, the devil be in your eye, verily! to a blow I'd
fain treat you.

Tertius Pastor.

Mak, know you not me? By God, I could beat you!

Mak.

God keep you all three! Me thought I had seen you
— I greet you,
Ye are a fair company!

Primus Pastor.

Oh, now you remember, you cheat, you! 220

Secundus Pastor.

Shrew, jokes are cheap!

When thus late a man goes,
What will folk suppose? —
You've a bad name, God knows,
For stealing of sheep! 225

Mak.

And true as steel am I, all men know and say,
But a sickness I feel, verily, that grips me hard,
night and day.

My belly is all awry, it is out of play —

Tertius Pastor.

“Seldom doth the Devil lie dead by the way —”

Mak.

Therefore 230

Full sore am I and ill,
Though I stand stone still;
I've not eat a needle
This month and more.

Primus Pastor.

How fares thy wife, by my hood, how fares she,
ask I? 235

Mak.

Lies asprawl, by the Rood, lo, the fire close by,
And a house-full of home-brewed she drinks full
nigh —

Ill may speed any good thing that she will try

Else to do! —

Eats as fast as may be, 240
And each year there'll a day be
She brings forth a baby,
And some years two.

But were I now kinder, d'ye hear, and far richer in
purse,
Still were I eaten clear out of house and home, sirs.
And she's a foul-favored dear, see her close, by God's
curse! 246

No one knows or may hear, I trow, of a worse,
Not any!

Now will ye see what I proffer?—

To give all in my coffer, 250

To-morrow next to offer

Her head-mass penny.

Secundus Pastor.

Faith, so weary and worn is there none in this shire.

I must sleep, were I shorn of a part of my hire.

Tertius Pastor.

I'm naked, cold, and forlorn, and would fain have a
fire. 255

Primus Pastor.

I'm clean spent, for, since morn, I've run in the
mire.

Watch thou, do!

Secundus Pastor.

Nay, I'll lie down hereby,

For I must sleep, truly.

Tertius Pastor.

As good a man's son was I, 260

As any of you!

[*They prepare to lie down.*]

But, Mak, come lie here in between, if you please.

Mak.

You'll be hindered, I fear, from talking at ease,

Indeed!

[*He yields and lies down.*]

From my top to my toe, 265

Manus tuas commendo.

Poncio Pilato,

Christ's cross me speed!

*Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit:*¹

Now 't were time a man knew, that lacks what he'd
fain hold,

To steal privily through then into a fold, 270

And then nimbly his work do— and be not too bold,

For his bargain he'd rue, if it were told

At the ending

Now 't were time their wrath to tell!—

But he needs good counsel 275

That fain would fare well,

And has but little for spending.

But about you a circle as round as a moon,

[*He draws the circle.*]

Till I have done what I will, till that it be noon,

That ye lie stone still, until I have done; 280

And I shall say thereto still, a few good words soon

Of might:

Over your heads my hand I lift.

Out go your eyes! Blind be your sight!²

But I must make still better shift, 285

If it's to be right.

Lord, how hard they sleep— that may ye all hear!

I never herded sheep, but I'll learn now, that's clear.

Though the flock be scared a heap, yet shall I slip

near.

[*He captures a sheep.*]

Hey— hitherward creep! Now that betters our cheer

From sorrow. 291

A fat sheep, I dare say!

A good fleece, swear I may!

¹ Then he rises, when the shepherds are asleep, and says:

² Assonance in original.

When I can, then I'll pay,
But this I will borrow! 295

[*Mak goes to his house, and knocks at the door.*]

Mak.

Ho, Gill, art thou in? Get us a light!

Uxor Eius.

Who makes such a din at this time of night?

I am set for to spin, I think not I might

Rise a penny to win! Curses loud on them light
Trouble cause! 300

A busy house-wife all day

To be called thus away!

No work's done, I say,

Because of such small chores!

Mak.

The door open, good Gill. See'st thou not what I
bring? 305

Uxor.

Draw the latch, an thou will. Ah, come in, my sweeting!

Mak.

Yea, thou need'st not care didst thou kill me with such
long standing!

Uxor.

By the naked neck still thou art likely to swing.

Mak.

Oh, get away!

I am worthy of my meat, 310

For at a pinch I can get

More than they that swink and sweat

All the long day.

Thus it fell to my lot, Gill! Such luck came my way!

Uxor.

It were a foul blot to be hanged for it some day. 315

Mak.

I have often escaped, Gillot, as risky a play.

Uxor.

But "though long goes the pot to the water," men say,

"At last

Comes it home broken."

Mak.

Well know I the token, 320

But let it never be spoken —

But come and help fast!

I would he were slain, I would like well to eat,

This twelvemonth was I not so fain to have some
sheep's meat.

Uxor.

Should they come ere he's slain and hear the sheep
bleat — 325

Mak.

Then might I be ta'en. That were a cold sweat!

The door —

Go close it!

Uxor.

Yes, Mak, —

For if they come at thy back —

Mak.

Then might I suffer from the whole pack 330

The devil, and more!

Uxor.

A good trick have I spied, since thou thinkest of none,

Here shall we him hide until they be gone —

In my cradle he'll bide — just you let me alone —

And I shall lie beside in childbed and groan. 335

Mak.

Well said!

And I shall say that this night
A boy child saw the light.

Uxor.

Now that day was bright
That saw me born and bred! 340

This is a good device and a far cast.¹
Ever a woman's advice gives help at the last!
I care not who spies! Now go thou back fast!

Mak.

Save I come ere they rise, there 'll blow a cold blast!

[*Mak goes back to the moor, and prepares to lie down.*]

I will go sleep. 345

Still sleeps all this company,
And I shall slip in privily
As it had never been I
That carried off their sheep.

Primus Pastor.

Resurrex a mortuis! Reach me a hand! 350
Judas carnas dominus! I can hardly stand!
My foot's asleep, by Jesus, and my mouth's dry as sand.
I thought we had laid us full night to England!

Secundus Pastor.

Yea, verily!

Lord, but I have slept well. 355
As fresh as an eel,
As light do I feel,
As leaf on the tree.

¹ Far-fetched (clever) trick.

Tertius Pastor.

Ben'cite be herein! So my body is quaking,
My heart is out of my skin with the to-do it's mak-
ing. 360

Who's making all this din, so my head's set to aching.
To the doer I'll win! Hark, you fellows, be waking!

Four we were —

See ye aught of Mak now?

Primus Pastor.

We were up ere thou. 365

Secundus Pastor.

Man, to God I vow,
Not once did he stir.

Tertius Pastor.

Methought he was lapt in a wolf's skin.

Primus Pastor.

So many are wrapped now — namely within.

Tertius Pastor.

When we had long napped, methought with a gin 370
A fat sheep he trapped, but he made no din.

Secundus Pastor.

Be still!

Thy dream makes thee mad,
It's a nightmare you've had.

Primus Pastor.

God bring good out of bad, 375
If it be his will!

Secundus Pastor.

Rise, Mak, for shame! Right long dost thou lie.

Mak.

Now Christ's Holy Name be with us for aye!
What's this, by Saint James, I can't move when I try.

I suppose I'm the same. Oo-o, my neck's lain awry 380

Enough, perdie —

Many thanks! — since yester even.

Now, by Saint Stephen,

I was plagued by a sweven,¹

Knocked the heart of me. 385

I thought Gill begun to croak and travail full sad,

Well-nigh at the first cock, with a young lad

To add to our flock. Of that I am never glad,

I have "tow on my rock more than ever I had."

Oh, my head! 390

A house full of young banes —

The devil knock out their brains!

Wo is him many gains,

And thereto little bread.

I must go home, by your leave, to Gill, as I

thought. 395

Prithee look in my sleeve that I steal naught.

I am loath you to grieve, or from you take aught.

Tertius Pastor.

Go forth — ill may'st thou thrive! [*Mak goes.*

Now I would that we sought

This morn,

That we had all our store. 400

Primus Pastor.

But I will go before.

Let us meet.

Secundus Pastor.

Where, Daw?

Tertius Pastor.

At the crooked thorn.

¹ Dream.

[*They go out. Mak enters and knocks at his door.*]

Mak.

Undo the door, see who's here! How long must I stand?

Uxor Eius.

Who's making such gear? Now "walk in the wenyand."¹ 405

Mak.

Ah, Gill, what cheer? It is I, Mak, your husband.

Uxor.

Then may we "see here the devil in a band,"

Sir Guile!

Lo, he comes with a note

As he were held by the throat. 410

And I cannot devote

To my work any while.

Mak.

Will ye hear the pother she makes to get her a gloze² —

Naught but pleasure she takes, and curls up her toes.

Uxor.

Why, who runs, who wakes,³ who comes, who goes, 415

Who brews, who bakes, what makes me hoarse, d'ye

suppose!

And also,

It is ruth to behold,

Now in hot, now in cold,

Full woeful is the household 420

That no woman doth know!

But what end hast thou made with the shepherds, Mak?

¹ See note.

² Excuse.

³ Watches.

Mak.

The last word that they said when I turned my back
Was they'd see that they had of their sheep all the
pack.

They'll not be pleased, I'm afraid, when they their
sheep lack, 425

Perdie.

But how so the game go,
They'll suspect me, whether or no,
And raise a great bellow,
And cry out upon me. 430

But thou must use thy sleight.

Uxor.

Yea, I think it not ill.
I shall swaddle him aright in my cradle with skill.
Were it yet a worse plight, yet a way I'd find still.

[*Gill meanwhile swaddles the sheep and places him in the
cradle.*]

I will lie down forthright. Come tuck me up.

Mak.

That I will.

Uxor.

Behind! 435

[*Mak tucks her in at the back.*]

If Coll come and his marrow,¹
They will nip us full narrow.

Mak.

But I may cry out "Haro,"²
The sheep if they find.

¹ Company.² Woe 's me! Help!*Uxor.*

Hearken close till they call — they will come anon. 440
Come and make ready all, and sing thou alone —
Sing lullaby, thou shalt, for I must groan
And cry out by the wall on Mary and John
Full sore.

Sing lullaby on fast, 445
When thou hear'st them at last,
And, save I play a shrewd cast,
Trust me no more.

[*The Shepherds enter on the moor and meet.*]*Tertius Pastor.*

Ah, Coll, good morn! Why sleepest thou not?

Primus Pastor.

Alas, that ever I was born! We have a foul blot. 450
A fat wether have we lorn.

Tertius Pastor.

Marry, God forbid, say it not!

Secundus Pastor.

Who should do us that scorn? ¹ That were a foul spot.

Primus Pastor.

Some shrew.

I have sought with my dogs
All Horbury Shrogs,² 455
And of fifteen hogs ³
Found I all but one ewe.

Tertius Pastor.

Now trust me, if you will, by Saint Thomas of Kent,
Either Mak or Gill their aid thereto lent!

¹ Evil trick.² Thickets.³ Young sheep.

Primus Pastor.

Peace, man, be still! I saw when he went. 460
 Thou dost slander him ill. Thou shouldest repent
 At once, indeed!

Secundus Pastor.

So may I thrive, perdie,
 Should I die here where I be,
 I would say it was he 465
 That did that same deed!

Tertius Pastor.

Go we thither, quick sped, and run on our feet,
 I shall never eat bread till I know all complete!

Primus Pastor.

Nor drink in my head till with him I meet.

Secundus Pastor.

In no place will I bed until I him greet, 470
 My brother!

One vow I will plight,
 Till I see him in sight,
 I will ne'er sleep one night
 Where I do another! 475

[*They go to Mak's house. Mak, hearing them coming, begins to sing lullaby at the top of his voice, while Gill groans in concert.*]

Tertius Pastor.

Hark the row they make! List our sire there croon!

Primus Pastor.

Never heard I voice break so clear out of tune.
 Call to him.

Secundus Pastor.

Mak, wake there! Undo your door soon!

Mak.

Who is that spake as if it were noon?
 Aloft? 480

Who is that, I say?

Tertius Pastor.

Good fellows, if it were day — [Mocking Mak.

Mak.

As far as ye may,
 Kindly, speak soft;

O'er a sick woman's head in such grievous throes! 485
 I were liefer dead than she should suffer such woes.

Uxor.

Go elsewhere, well sped. Oh, how my pain grows —
 Each footfall ye tread goes straight through my nose
 So loud, woe's me!

Primus Pastor.

Tell us, Mak, if ye may, 490
 How fare ye, I say?

Mak.

But are ye in this town to-day —
 Now how fare ye?

Ye have run in the mire and are wet still a bit,
 I will make you a fire, if ye will sit. 495
 A nurse I would hire — can you help me in it?
 Well quit is my hire — my dream the truth hit —
 In season.

I have bairns, if ye knew,
 Plenty more than will do, 500
 But we must drink as we brew,
 And that is but reason.

I would ye would eat ere ye go. Methinks that ye sweat.

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Secundus Pastor.

Nay, no help could we know in what 's drunken or eat.

Mak.

Why, sir, ails you aught but good, though?

Tertius Pastor.

Yea, our sheep that we get 505
Are stolen as they go; our loss is great.

Mak.

Sirs, drink!

Had I been there,
Some one had bought it sore, I swear.

Primus Pastor.

Marry, some men trow that ye were, 510
And that makes us think!

Secundus Pastor.

Mak, one and another trows it should be ye.

Tertius Pastor.

Either ye or your spouse, so say we.

Mak.

Now if aught suspicion throws on Gill or me,
Come and search our house, and then may ye see 515
Who had her —

If I any sheep got,
Or cow or stot;¹

And Gill, my wife, rose not,

Here since we laid her. 520

As I am true and leal, to God, here I pray
That this is the first meal that I shall eat this day.

Primus Pastor.

Mak, as may I have weal, advise thee, I say —
“He learned timely to steal that could not say nay.”

¹ Bullock.*Uxor.*

Me, my death you 've dealt! 525
Out, ye thieves, nor come again,
Ye 've come just to rob us, that 's plain.

Mak.

Hear ye not how she groans amain —
Your hearts should melt!

Uxor.

From my child, thieves, begone. Go nigh him not, —
there 's the door! 530

Mak.

If ye knew all she 's borne, your hearts would be sore.
Ye do wrong, I you warn, thus to come in before
A woman that has borne — but I say no more.

Uxor.

Oh, my middle — I die! 535
I vow to God so mild,
If ever I you beguiled,
That I will eat this child
That doth in this cradle lie!

Mak.

Peace, woman, by God's pain, and cry not so.
Thou dost hurt thy brain and fill me with woe. 540

Secundus Pastor.

I trow our sheep is slain. What find ye two, though?
Our work 's all in vain. We may as well go.
Save clothes and such matters

I can find no flesh
Hard or nesh, 545
Salt nor fresh,
Except two empty platters.

Of any "cattle"¹ but this, tame or wild, that we see,
None, as may I have bliss, smelled as loud as he.

Uxor.

No, so God joy and bliss of my child may give me!

Primus Pastor.

We have aimed amiss; deceived, I trow, were we. 551

Secundus Pastor.

Sir, wholly each, one.

Sir, Our Lady him save!

Is your child a knave?

Mak.

Any lord might him have, 555

This child, for his son.

When he wakes, so he grips, it's a pleasure to see.

Tertius Pastor.

Good luck to his hips,² and blessing, say we!

But who were his gossips,³ now tell who they be?

Mak.

Blest be their lips — [*Hesitates, at a loss.*

Primus Pastor.

Hark a lie now, trust me! [*Aside.* 560

Mak.

So may God them thank,

Parkin and Gibbon Waller, I say,

And gentle John Horn, in good fey —⁴

He made all the fun and play —

With the great shank.⁵ 565

Secundus Pastor.

Mak, friends will we be, for we are at one.

¹ See note.

² See note.

³ Sponsors.

⁴ Faith.

⁵ Long legs.

Mak.

We! — nay, count not on me, for amends get I none.
Farewell, all three! Glad 't will be when ye're gone!

[*The Shepherds go.*

Tertius Pastor.

"Fair words there may be, but love there is none

This year." 570

Primus Pastor.

Gave ye the child anything?

Secundus Pastor.

I trow, not one farthing.

Tertius Pastor.

Fast back I will fling.

Await ye me here.

[*Daw goes back. The other Shepherds turn and follow
him slowly, entering while he is talking with Mak.*]

[*Tertius Pastor.*]

Mak, I trust thou'lt not grieve, if I go to thy
child. 575

Mak.

Nay, great hurt I receive, — thou hast acted full wild.

Tertius Pastor.

Thy bairn 't will not grieve, little day-star so mild.

Mak, by your leave, let me give your child

But six-pence.

[*Daw goes to cradle, and starts to draw away the
covering.*]

Mak.

Nay, stop it — he sleeps!

580

Tertius Pastor.

Methinks he pèeps —

Mak.

When he wakens, he weeps ;
I pray you go hence !
[*The other Shepherds return.*]

Tertius Pastor.

Give me leave him to kiss, and lift up the clout.¹
What the devil is this ? — he has a long snout ! 585

Primus Pastor.

He's birth-marked amiss. We waste time hereabout.

Secundus Pastor.

"A weft that ill-spun is comes ever foul out."
[*He sees the sheep.*]

Aye — so !

He is like to our sheep !

Tertius Pastor.

Ho, Gib, may I peep ? 590

Primus Pastor.

I trow "Nature will creep
Where it may not go."

Secundus Pastor.

This was a quaint gaud² and a far cast.
It was a high fraud.

Tertius Pastor.

Yea, sirs, that was 't.

Let's burn this bawd, and bind her fast. 595
"A false scold," by the Lord, "will hang at the last !"
So shalt thou !

Will ye see how they swaddle
His four feet in the middle !
Saw I never in the cradle 600
A horned lad ere now !

¹ Cloth.² Shrewd trick.*Mak.*

Peace, I say ! Tell ye what, this to-do ye can spare !
[*Pretending anger.*]

It was I him begot and yon woman him bare.

Primus Pastor.

What the devil for name has he got ? Mak ? —
Lo, God, Mak's heir !

Secundus Pastor.

Come, joke with him not. Now, may God give him care,
I say ! 606

Uxor.

A pretty child is he
As sits on a woman's knee,
A dilly-down,¹ perdie,
To make a man gay. 610

Tertius Pastor.

I know him by the ear-mark — that is a good token.

Mak.

I tell you, sirs, hark, his nose was broken —
Then there told me a clerk he 'd been mis-spoken.²

Primus Pastor.

Ye deal falsely and dark ; I would fain be wroken.³
Get a weapon, — go ! 615

Uxor.

He was taken by an elf,
I saw it myself.
When the clock struck twelve,
Was he mis-shapen so.

Secundus Pastor.

Ye two are at one, that's plain, in all ye've done and
said. 620

¹ Darling.² Bewitched.³ Revenged.

Primus Pastor.

Since their theft they maintain, let us leave them
dead!

Mak.

If I trespass again, strike off my head!
At your will I remain.

Tertius Pastor.

Sirs, take my counsel instead.

For this trespass

We'll neither curse nor wrangle in spite, 625
Chide nor fight,
But have done forthright,
And toss him in canvas.

[*They toss Mak in one of Gill's canvas sheets till they are
tired. He disappears groaning into his house. The
Shepherds pass over to the moor on the other side of
the stage.*]

Primus Pastor.

Lord, lo! but I am sore, like to burst, in back and
breast.

In faith, I may no more, therefore will I rest. 630

Secundus Pastor.

Like a sheep of seven score he weighed in my fist.
To sleep anywhere, therefore seemeth now best.

Tertius Pastor.

Now I you pray,

On this green let us lie.

Primus Pastor.

O'er those thieves yet chafe I. 635

Tertius Pastor.

Let your anger go by, —

Come do as I say.

[*As they are about to lie down the Angel appears.*]

*Angelus cantat "Gloria in excelsis." Postea dicat:*¹

Angelus.

Rise, herdsmen gentle, attend ye, for now is he born
From the fiend that shall rend what Adam had lorn,
That warlock to shend,² this night is he born, 640
God is made your friend now on this morn.

Lo! thus doth he command —

Go to Bethlehem, see
Where he lieth so free,³
In a manger full lowly 645
'Twixt where twain beasts stand.
[*The Angel goes.*]

Primus Pastor.

This was a fine voice, even as ever I heard.
It is a marvel, by St. Stephen, thus with dread to be
stirred.

Secundus Pastor.

'Twas of God's Son from heaven he these tidings
averred.
All the wood with a levin,⁴ methought at his word 650
Shone fair.

Tertius Pastor.

Of a Child did he tell,
In Bethlehem, mark ye well.

Primus Pastor.

That this star yonder doth spell —
Let us seek him there. 655

Secundus Pastor.

Say, what was his song — how it went, did ye hear?
Three breves to a long —

¹ The Angel sings the "Gloria in Excelsis." Then let him say:

² Spoil, overthrow.

³ Noble.

⁴ Lightning.

Tertius Pastor.

Marry, yes, to my ear
There was no crotchet wrong, naught it lacked and full
clear!

Primus Pastor.

To sing it here, us among, as he nicked it, full near,
I know how — 660

Secundus Pastor.

Let's see how you croon!
Can you bark at the moon?

Tertius Pastor.

Hold your tongues, have done!
Hark after me now! [They sing.

Secundus Pastor.

To Bethlehem he bade that we should go. 665
I am sore adrad¹ that we tarry too slow.

Tertius Pastor.

Be merry, and not sad — our song's of mirth not of
woe,

To be forever glad as our meed may we know,

Without noise.

Primus Pastor.

Hie we thither, then, speedily, 670

Though we be wet and weary,

To that Child and that Lady! —

We must not lose those joys!

Secundus Pastor.

We find by the prophecy — let be your din! —
David and Isaiah, and more that I mind me
therein, 675

¹ Adread.

They prophesied by clergy, that in a virgin,
Should he alight and lie, to assuage our sin,
And slake it,

Our nature, from woe,
For it was Isaiah said so,

680

"*Ecce virgo*

Concipiet" a child that is naked.

Tertius Pastor.

Full glad may we be and await that day
That lovesome one to see, that all might's doth sway.
Lord, well it were with me, now and for aye, 685
Might I kneel on my knee some word for to say
To that child.

But the angel said

In a crib was he laid,

He was poorly arrayed,

690

Both gracious and mild.

Primus Pastor.

Patriarchs that have been and prophets beforne,¹
They desired to have seen this child that is born.
They are gone full clean, — that have they lorn.

We shall see him, I ween, ere it be morn, 695

For token.

When I see him and feel,

I shall know full well,

It is true as steel,

What prophets have spoken, 700

To so poor as we are that he would appear,
First find and declare by his messenger.

¹ Before.

Secundus Pastor.

Go we now, let us fare, the place is us near.

Tertius Pastor.

I am ready and eager to be there; let us together with
cheer

To that bright one go. 705

Lord, if thy will it be,

Untaught are we all three,

Some kind of joy grant us, that we

Thy creatures, comfort may know!

[*They enter the stable and adore the infant Saviour.*]

Primus Pastor.

Hail, thou comely and clean one! Hail, young Child! 710

Hail, Maker, as I mean, from a maiden so mild!

Thou hast harried, I ween, the warlock so wild, —

The false beguiler with his teen now goes beguiled.

Lo, he merries,

Lo, he laughs, my sweeting! 715

A happy meeting!

Here 's my promised greeting, —

Have a bob of cherries!

Secundus Pastor.

Hail, sovereign Saviour, for thou hast us sought!

Hail, noble nursling and flower, that all things hast
wrought! 720

Hail, thou, full of gracious power, that made all from
nought!

Hail, I kneel and I cower! A bird have I brought

To my bairn from far.

Hail, little tiny mop!¹

¹ See note.

Of our creed thou art the crop,¹

725

I fain would drink in thy cup,

Little day-star!

Tertius Pastor.

Hail, darling dear one, full of Godhead indeed!

I pray thee be near, when I have need.

Hail, sweet is thy cheer! My heart would bleed 730

To see thee sit here in so poor a weed,²

With no pennies.

Hail, put forth thy dall,³

I bring thee but a ball,

Keep it, and play with it withal, 735

And go to the tennis.

Maria.

The Father of Heaven this night, God omnipotent,

That setteth all things aright, his Son hath he sent.

My name he named and did light on me ere that he

went.

I conceived him forthright through his might as he

meant, 740

And now he is born.

May he keep you from woe!

I shall pray him do so.

Tell it, forth as ye go,

And remember this morn. 745

Primus Pastor.

Farewell, Lady, so fair to behold

With thy child on thy knee!

¹ Head, topmost part.

² Dress, covering.

³ Fist.

Secundus Pastor.

But he lies full cold!

Lord, 't is well with me! Now we go, behold!

Tertius Pastor.

Forsooth, already it seems to be told

Full oft!

750

Primus Pastor.

What grace we have found!

Secundus Pastor.

Now are we won safe and sound.

Tertius Pastor.

Come forth, to sing are we bound.

Make it ring then aloft!

[*They depart singing.*]*Explicit pagina Pastorum.*¹¹ Here endeth the play of the Shepherds.

EVERYMAN

[THE text of *Everyman* is preserved in four early editions, two of which were printed by Pynson (1493–1530), and two by Skot (1521–1537). Their precise date is not known (see Logeman). The play was included in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*, 1773, in Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old English Plays*, 1874 (and 1902), and has since been reprinted frequently in scholarly and popular editions as follows: Shakespeare Society, *Papers*, vol. iii, 1849; by Pollard (in part), *English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes* (3d edition), 1898; H. Logeman, *Elckerlijck*, 1892 (the Dutch version with a reprint of one of Skot's editions, collated with his other edition and those of Pynson), also, 1902 (with an introduction by F. Sidgwick); S. M. 1903 (with reproductions of photographs of Mr. Greet's production); W. W. Greg, 1904 (edition of Skot at Britwell Court); also 1909 (edition of Skot in possession of A. H. Huth), with musical setting by H. Walford Davies, 1904; J. S. Farmer, *Six Anonymous Plays*, 1905, also in the *Museum Dramatists*, 1906 (with critical apparatus), illustrated by Ambrose Dudley, 1906; *Broadway Booklets*, 1906; "*Everyman*" with other *Interludes*, "Everyman's Library" (no date; individual editor not indicated, under general editorship of Ernest Rhys), etc. The editions of value are those of Pollard (though parts only are given), Logeman, and Greg.