## PLAY FIFTEEN- The Offering of the Shepherds

## (The Chandelers)

**I PASTOR**     
\*Bredir in haste, take heed and hear (\*Brothers, brethren)  
What I will speak and specify;  
Since we walk thus, withouten \*were, (\*doubt)  
What \*mengis my mood now \*\*mevyd will I. (\*disturbs, confuses) (\*\*discuss)  
Our forefathers, faithful in \*fere, (\*fellowship)  
Both \*Osye and \*\*Isaye, (\*Hosea) (\*\*Isaiah)  
Proved that a prince withouten peer  
Should descend down in a lady  
And to make mankind clearly  
To \*leech them that are \*\*lorne; (\*i.e. heal) (\*\*lost)  
And in \*Bedlem hereby (\*Bethlehem)  
Shall that same bairn be born.  
  
**II PASTOR**     
Ere he be born in \*burgh hereby, (\*town)  
\*Balaham, brother, me have heard say, (\*Balaam)  
A star should shine and signify  
With lightful \*lemes like any day. (\*gleams)  
And as the text it tells clearly  
By witty learned men of our \*lay, (\*law)  
With his blessed blood he should us buy,  
He should take here all of a \*maye. (\*maid)  
I heard my sire say  
When he of her was born,  
She should be as clean \*maye (\*maid)  
As ever she was before.  
  
**III PASTOR**     
A, merciful maker, \*mickle is thy might (\*great)  
That thus will to thy servants see.  
Might we once look upon that light,  
Gladder brethren might no men be.  
I have heard say, by that same light  
The children of Israel should be made free,  
The force of the fiend to fell in fight,  
And all his power excluded should be.  
Wherefore, \*brether, I \*\*rede that we (\*brothers, brethren) (\*\*advise)  
Flit fast over these fells  
To \*frayste to find our fee (\*attempt, try) (\*\*livestock, herd)  
And talk of somewhat else.  
  
**I PASTOR**     
\*We, Hudde! (\*Greeting- along lines of Geordie “whey-aye!)   
  
**II PASTOR**                      We, how!  
  
**I PASTOR**                                         Harken to me!  
  
**II PASTOR**     
We, man, thou \*mads all out of might. (\*i.e. acts madly/badly)  
  
**I PASTOR**We, Colle!  
  
**III PASTOR**                  What care is come to thee?  
  
**I PASTOR**     
Step forth and stand by me right  
And tell me then  
If thou saw ever such a sight.  
  
**III PASTOR**     
I? Nay, \*certis, nor never no man. (\*certainly, surely)  
  
**II PASTOR**     
Say, fellows, what, find ye any feast,  
Me falls for to have party, \*pardé. (\*par Dei, i.e. by God)  
  
**I PASTOR**     
Whe, Hudde, behold into the east,  
A \*selcouthe sight then shall thou see (\*marvellous)  
Upon the sky.  
  
**II PASTOR**     
We, tell me, men, among us three,  
What gets you stare thus sturdily?  
  
**III PASTOR**     
As long as we have \*herdmen been (\*i.e. shepherds)  
And kept this cattle in this \*cloghe, (\*valley)  
So \*selcouth a sight was never none seen. (\*marvellous)  
  
**I PASTOR**     
We, now Colle, now comes it new enough  
That \*mon we find; (\*must)

[PAGE MISSING- It is likely the angel(s) appear at this point and sing]

**[III PASTOR]**     
It means some marvel us among,  
Full hardily I you \*behete. (\*behest, assure)  
  
**I PASTOR**     
What it should mean that wot not ye,  
For all that ye can gape and gurn.  
I can sing it as well as he,  
And on \*assay it shall be soon (\*test, try)  
Proved ere we pass.  
If ye will help, hold on; let see,  
For thus it was.  
  
*Et tunc cantant*. [And they sing]  
  
**II PASTOR**     
Ha, ha, this was a merry note;  
By the death that I shall die  
I have so cracked in my throat  
That my lips are near dry.  
  
**III PASTOR**     
I \*trowe thou \*\*royse, (\*believe) (\*\*talk nonsense)  
For what it was \*fayne \*\*wit would I (\*gladly) (\*\*know)  
That to us made this noble noise.  
  
**I PASTOR**     
An angel brought us tidings new  
A babe in Bedlem should be born,  
Of whom then spoke our prophecy true,  
And bade us meet him there this morn,  
That mild of mood.  
I would give him both hat and horn,  
\*And I might find that \*\*frely food. (\*if) (\*\*noble)  
  
**III PASTOR**    
Him for to find has we no dread;  
I shall you tell \*achesoune why: (\*reason? Each one?)  
Yon star to that Lord shall us lead.  
  
**II PASTOR**     
Ya, thou says \*sooth, go we \*\*forthy (\*truth) (\*\*therefore)  
Him to honour  
And make mirth and melody  
With song to seek our Saviour.  
  
*Et tunc cantant*. [And they sing]  
  
**I PASTOR**     
\*Breder, be all blithe and glad, (\*Brethren)  
Here is the \*burgh there we should be. (\*town)  
  
**II PASTOR**    
In that same \*steed now are we stood; (\*place, settlement)  
Therefore I will go seek and see.  
Such \*happe of \*heele never herdmen had. (\*happiness) (\*\*health)  
Lo, here is the house, and here is he.  
  
**III PASTOR**     
Ya, forsooth this is the same,  
Loo! where that Lord is laid  
Betwixt two beasts tame,  
Right as the angel said.  
  
**I PASTOR**     
The angel said that he should save   
This world and all that \*wonnes therein; (\*lives, dwells)  
Therefore if I should ought after crave  
To worship him I will begin.  
Since I am but a simple knave,  
Though all I come of courteous kin,   
Loo, here such \*harness as I have, (\*i.e. equipment)  
A barren brooch by a bell of tin  
At your bosom to be,  
And when ye shall wield all,  
\*Gud Son, forget not me (\*God’s? Good?)  
If any ordeal fall.  
  
**II PASTOR**     
Thou Son, that shall save both sea and sand,  
See to me since I have thee sought,  
I am over poor to make present  
As mine heart would, and I had ought.  
Two cob nuts upon a band,  
Loo, little babe, what I have brought,  
And when ye shall be Lord in land,  
Does good again, forget me not,  
For I have heard declared  
Of cunning clerks and clean  
That bounty asks reward,  
Now wot ye what I mean.  
  
**III PASTOR**     
Now look on me, my Lord dear;  
Though all I put me not in \*press, (\*i.e. I don’t push myself forward)  
Ye are a prince without peer,  
I have no present that you may please.  
But lo, an horn spoon, that have I here,  
And it will harbour forty peas;  
This will I give you with good cheer,  
Such novelty may not dis-ease.  
Farewell thou sweet swain,  
God grant us living long,  
And go we home again  
And make mirth as we going.