

## PLAY EIGHTEEN- The Flight to Egypt

### (The Marshalls)

**JOSEPH** Thou maker that is most of might,  
To thy mercy I make my moan;  
Lord, see unto thine simple \*wight (\*soul, person)  
That has none help but thee alone.  
For all this world I have forsaken  
And to thy service I have me taken  
With wit and will  
For to fulfil  
Thy commandment.  
Thereon mine heart is set;  
With grace thou has me lent,  
There shall no \*lead me let. (\*i.e. direction, command)

For all my trust, Lord, is in thee  
That made me, man, to thy likeness,  
Thou might-full maker, have mind on me  
And see unto my simpleness.  
I wax weak as any \*wand, (\*twig)  
For feeble me fails both foot and hand,  
Whatever it mean,  
Methink mine eye  
Heavy as lead.  
Therefore I hold it best  
A while here in this \*stead (\*place)  
To sleep and take my rest.

**MARIA** Thou lovely Lord that last shall \*ay, (\*ever, always)  
My God, my Lord, my Son so dear,  
To thy Godhead heartily I pray  
With all mine heart wholly entire;  
As thou me to thy mother chose,  
I beseech thee of thy grace  
For all mankind  
That has in mind  
To worship thee.  
Thou see thy souls to save,  
Jesu, my Son so free,  
This boon of thee I crave.

**ANGELUS** Waken, Joseph, and take intent.  
My \*saws shall cease thy sorrow sore; (\*sayings)  
Be not heavy, thy \*happe is \*\*hent, (\*happiness) (\*\*seized, held)

Therefore I bid thee sleep no more.

**JOSEPH** Ah, might-full Lord, whatever that meant?

So sweet a voice heard I never (bef)ore.

But what art thou with \*steven so \*\*shill

(\*shout, speech) (\*\*sweet)

Thus in my sleep that speaks me \*till?

(\*to)

To me appear

And let me hear

What that thou was.

**ANGELUS** Joseph, have thou no dread,

Thou shall \*wit ere I pass;

(\*know)

Therefore to me take heed.

For I am sent to thee,

Gabriel, God's angel bright,

Is come to bid thee flee

With Marie and her worthy \*wight,

(\*person, i.e. Jesus)

For Herod the king \*gars do to dead

(\*gets, intends)

All knave children in \*ilke a \*\*stead

(\*each) (\*\*place, town)

That he may ta(ke)

With years \*twa

(\*two)

That are of old.

'Til he be dead, away

In Egypt shall ye \*beelde

(\*shelter, hide)

'Til I \*wit thee for to say.

(\*make known, tell)

**JOSEPH** \*Ay-lasting Lord, loved \*\*mott thou be

(\*everlasting) (\*\*must, may)

That thy sweet sound would to me send.

But, Lord, what ails the king at me?

For unto him I never offend.

Alas, what ails him for to spill

Small young \*bairns that never did ill

(\*children)

In word nor deed

Unto no \*lede

(\*person, lad)

By night nor day.

And since he will us \*shend,

(\*destroy)

Dear Lord, I thee pray,

Thou would be our friend.

For be he never so \*wode or wroth,

(\*mad)

For all his force thou may us (de) fend.

I pray thee, Lord, keep us from \*scathe,

(\*harm)

Thy succour soon to us thou send;

For unto Egypt wend we will

Thy bidding \*baynely to fulfil,

(\*obediently)

As worthy is  
Thou king of bliss;  
Thy will be wrought.  
Marie, my daughter dear,  
On thee is all my thought.

**MARIA** Ah, \*leve Joseph, what cheer? (\*beloved)

**JOSEPH** The cheer of me is done for \*ay. (\*ever)

**MARIA** Alas, what tidings heard have ye?

**JOSEPH** Now \*certis, full ill to thee at say, (\*certainly, surely)  
There is nought else but us must flee  
Out of our \*kith where we are known, (\*friends, neighbourhood)  
Full \*wightely must us be withdrawn, (\*quickly, lively)  
Both thou and I.

**MARIA** \*Leve Joseph, why? (\*lovely, beloved)  
\*Layne it not, (\*Lie, i.e. don't lie)  
To dole who has us \*demed? (\*doomed, deemed)  
Or what wrong have we wrought  
Wherefore we should be \*flemed? (\*exiled, outlawed)

**JOSEPH** Wrought we harm, nay, nay, all wrong, (\*understand)  
\*Wit thou well it is not so; (\*boy, child) (\*\*must) (\*\*forgo)  
That young \*page life thou \*\*mon \*\*\*forgange (\*Unless)  
\*But if thou fast flee from his foe.

**MARIA** His foe, alas, what is your \*rede, (\*advice)  
What would my dear bairn do to dead?  
I \*durk, I dare, (\*i.e. I am in the dark)  
Who may my care  
Of \*bales \*\*blynne? (\*torments) (\*\*end, stop)  
To flee I would full \*fayne; (\*happily)  
For all this world to win  
Would I not see him slain.

**JOSEPH** I warn thee he is \*thrally threat (\*violently, boldly)  
With Herod king, hard harms to have;  
With that meeting if that we be met  
There is no salve that him may save.  
I warn thee well, he slays all  
Knave children, great and small,  
In town and field  
Within the \*eld (\*age)

Of two year  
And for thy Son's sake;  
He will \*fordo that dear, (\*undo, destroy)  
May that traitor him take.

**MARIA** \*Leve Joseph, who told you this? (\*beloved)  
How had ye wittering of this deed?

**JOSEPH** An angel bright that come from bliss  
This tidings told withouten dread,  
And wakened me out of my sleep  
That \*comely child from cares to keep, (\*noble)  
And bade me flee  
With him and thee  
Onto Egypt.  
And \*sertis I dread me sore (\*certainly, surely)  
To make any small trip,  
Or time that I come there.

**MARIA** What ails they at my bairn  
\*Slike harms him for to \*\*hete? (\*such) (\*\*name, command)  
Alas, why should I \*tharne (\*lack, be deprived of)  
My Son his life so sweet.  
His heart ought to be full sore  
On \*slike a food him to \*\*forfare (\*such) (\*\*eat)  
That never did ill  
Him for to \*spill, (\*kill, destroy)  
And he nay \*wot why. (\*know)  
I were full will of \*wane (\*despair)  
My Son and he should die,  
And I have but him alone.

**JOSEPH** Wey, \*leve Marie, do way, let be, (\*beloved)  
I pray thee, leave off thy din  
And \*fand thee forth fast for to flee (\*find)  
Away with him for to win  
That no mischief on him betide,  
Nor none \*unhappe in no kin side, (\*unhappiness)  
By way nor street,  
That we none meet  
To slay him.

**MARIA** Alas, Joseph, for care.  
Why should I forgo him,  
My dear bairn that I bare?

**JOSEPH** That sweet swain if thou save,  
Do \*tyte, pack same our gear (\*quickly)  
And such small harness as we have.

**MARIA** Ah, \*leve Joseph, I may not bear. (\*beloved)

**JOSEPH** Bear (h)arm? No, I \*trowe but small, (\*trust, believe)  
But God it \*wot I must care for all, (\*know)  
For bed and back,  
And all the pack  
That needs unto us.  
It furthers to \*fene me, (\*make happy, please)  
This \*packald bear me \*bus, (\*package) (\*\*must)  
Of all I pledge and (com)plain me.

But God grant grace I not forget  
No tools that we should with us take.

**MARIA** Alas, Joseph, for grievance great,  
When shall my sorrow slake,  
For I \*wot not whither to fare. (\*know)

**JOSEPH** To Egypt told I thee long ere.

**MARIA** Where standeth it?  
\*Fayne would I \*\*wit. (\*Happily) (\*\*know)

**JOSEPH** What \*wot I? (\*know)  
I wot not where it stands.

**MARIA** Joseph, I ask mercy;  
Help me out of this land.

**JOSEPH** Now \*certis, Marie, I would full \*\*fayne, (\*certainly, surely) (\*\*happily)  
Help thee all that I may  
And at my power me pain  
To win with him and thee away.

**MARIA** Alas, what ails that fiend  
Thus wilsom ways make us to wend?  
He does great sin,  
From \*kith and kin (\*neighbours, friends)  
He gets us flee.

**JOSEPH** \*Leve, Marie, \*\*leve thy \*\*\*grete. (\*love, \*\*leave) (\*\*complaining)

**MARIA** Joseph, full woe is me,  
For my dear Son so sweet.

**JOSEPH** I pray thee, Marie, \*happe him warm (\*wrap, hold)  
And set him soft that he not \*syle, (\*slip)  
And if thou will ought ease thine arm,  
Give me him, let me bear him awhile.

**MARIA** I thank you of your great good deed;  
Now good Joseph to him take heed,  
That food so free  
Tille him ye see  
Now in this tide.

**JOSEPH** Let me and him alone,  
And if thou can ill ride  
Have and hold thee fast by the mane.

**MARIA** Alas, Joseph, for woe,  
Was never \*wight in word so will. (\*soul, person)

**JOSEPH** Do way, Marie, and say not so,  
For thou shall have no cause theretill.  
For \*wit thou well, God is our friend; (\*know)  
He will be with us whereso we \*lende; (\*live)  
In all our need  
He will us speed,  
This wot I well;  
I love my Lord of all,  
Such force methink I feel,  
I may go where I shall.

Ere was I (a)wake, now am I \*wight, (\*lively)  
My limbs to wield \*ay at my will; (\*every, always)  
I love my maker most of might  
That such grace has grant me \*til. (\*to)  
Now shall no \*hatyll do us harm, (\*person)  
I have our help here in mine arm.  
He will us (de)fend  
Whereso we \*lende (\*live)  
From \*tene and \*\*tray. (\*pain) (\*\*betrayal)  
Let us go with good cheer,  
Farewell and have good day.  
God bliss us all in \*fere. (\*fellowship)

**MARIA** Amen as he best may.