

The Flight into Egypt

Angel

Awake, Joseph, and take intent! 3.1
Thou rise, and sleep no more! 3.2
If thou will save thyself unshent 3.3
Fail not fast to fare. 3.4
I am an angel to thee sent, 3.5
That thou shall harm prevent, 3.6
And catch thee out of care. 3.7
If thou dost not to leave assent, 3.8
For loss thou shall'st lament, 3.9
And rue it wonder sore. 3.10

Joseph

Ah! Mighty God, 3.11
What can this voice have meant, 3.12
So sweet of tone? 3.13

Angel

Lo, Joseph, it is I, 3.14
An angel sent to thee. 3.15

Joseph

Wey! Lord, I pray thee why? 3.16
What is thy will with me? 3.17

Angel

Hence hastily thee hie, 3.18
And take with thee Mary, 3.19
Also her child so free; 3.20
For Herod does to die 3.21
All boy children, certainly, 3.22
Within two years that be 3.23
Of age. 3.24

Joseph

Alas, full woe is me! 3.25
Where may we find refuge?

3.26

Angel

To Egypt shall thou fare 3.27
With all the might thou may; 3.28
And, Joseph, hold thee there, 3.29
Till I will thee gainsay. 3.30

Joseph

This is a feeble fare, 3.31
A sick man and a sere 3.32
To hear of such a fray; 3.33
My bones are bruised and bare. 3.34
This to do, I wot it were 3.35
Comen my last day 3.36
On live. 3.37
I know not which is the way: 3.38
How shall we thrive? 3.39

Angel

Thereof have thou no dread; 3.40
Wend forth, and ease thy mind. 3.41
The way he shall you lead, 3.42
The King of all Mankind. 3.43

Joseph

May Heaven of us take heed, 3.44
For I had little need 3.45
Such bargains to begin. 3.46
No wonder my wits bleed: 3.47
I that can do no deed, 3.48
How should I this begin 3.49
So old? 3.50

I am full weak and thin,	3.51
My courage cold.	3.52
My force me fails to fare,	3.53
And sight that I should see.	3.54
Mary, my darling dear,	3.55
I am full woe for thee!	3.56

Mary

Ah, dear Joseph, what cheer?	3.57
Your sorrow on this gear	3.58
It does much marvel me.	3.59

Joseph

Misery is nigh and near	3.60
If we dwell longer here;	3.61
Therefore behoves us flee,	3.62
And flit.	3.63

Mary

Alas! how may this be?	3.64
Whatever means it?	3.65

Joseph

It means of sorrow enow.	3.66
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Mary

Ah, dear Joseph, how so?	3.67
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Joseph

As I lay in a swoond,	3.68
Asleep full fast and sound,	3.69
An angel near me drew,	3.70
As blossom bright on bough,	3.71
And told betwixt us two,	3.72
That Herod wrought great woe,	3.73
And all boy children slew	3.74
Wherever he might go,	3.75
That fiend!	3.76
And he thy son would slay	3.77
And shamefully shend.	3.78

Mary

My son? alas, for care!	3.79
Who may my dolours dull?	3.80
Woe worth false Herod are!	3.81
My son why should he kill?	3.82
Alas! I faint with fear!	3.83
To slay this bairn I bore,	3.84
What wight in world had will?	3.85
His heart should be full sore	3.86
To such a one ensnare,	3.87
That never yet did ill,	3.88
Nor thought.	3.89

Joseph

Now dear Mary, be still!	3.90
This helps us not;	3.91
It boots us not to greet,	3.92
Truly, I tell you plain.	3.93
It nought relieves our lot	3.94
But will more make our pain.	3.95

Mary

How should my cries abate?	3.96
My son that is so sweet	3.97
Is sought for to be slain;	3.98
Full fierce may I greet,	3.99
My foes if I them meet;	3.100
Your counsel, Joseph, plain,	3.101
I need.	3.102

Joseph

Swiftly swaddle us this swain,	3.103
And flee this deed.	3.104

Mary

His death would I not see,	3.105
For all this world to win.	3.106
Alas! full woe were me,	3.107
In two if we were torn;	3.108
My child, so fair and free,	
To slay him were pity,	3.110
And a full hideous sin.	3.109
Dear Joseph, what say ye?	3.111
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Joseph

To Egypt wend shall we;	3.113
Therefore let be thy din	3.114
And cry.	3.115

Mary

The way how shall we win?	3.116
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Joseph

Full well wot I	3.117
The best wise that we may	3.118
Haste us away from here.	3.119
There is nought else to say	3.120
But fast pack up our gear.	3.121
For fear of this affray,	3.122
Let us wend hence away,	3.123
Ere any find us here.	3.124

Mary

Great God, as he well may,	3.125
That made both night and day,	3.126
From woe may he us ware,	3.127
And shame;	3.128
My child, how should I bear	3.129
So far from home?	3.130
Alas! I am full woe!	3.131
Was never mother so mad!	3.132

Joseph

God wot I may say so,	3.133
My case is just as bad;	3.134
For I may scarcely go	3.135
To lead from land these two.	3.136
No marvel if I be mad,	3.137
Thus beset by many a foe.	3.138
Death, when will you me o'er throw?	3.139
My life I like ill	3.140
And sore;	3.141
He that all doles may dull,	3.142
May he cure my care!	3.143
So weary a wight as I	3.144
In world, was never man.	3.145
Household, and husbandry	3.146
Would that I never began:	3.147
That bargain dear I buy.	3.148
Young men, beware, say I:	3.149
Wedded life makes me all wan.	3.150
Hand me thy bridle, Mary;	3.151
Tend thou to that page gently	3.152
With all the skill thou can.	3.153
And may	3.154
He that this world began	3.155
Wish us the way!	3.156

Mary

Alas, full woe is me!	3.157
Is none so lost as I!	3.158
My heart would break in three,	3.159
My son to see him die.	3.160

Joseph

Wey! Dear Mary, let be,	3.161
And nothing dread thou thee:	3.162
In haste hence let us hie.	3.163
To save thy child so free,	3.164
Fast forth now let us flee,	3.165

Dear love.	3.166
To meet with his enemy,	3.167
It were a great mischief,	3.168
And that would I not were,	3.169
Away if we might wend.	3.170
My heart would be full sore,	3.171
Should he in two you rend.	3.172
To Egypt let us fare;	3.173
This pack, till I come there,	3.174
I shall not halt to haul.	3.175
Therefore have thou no care:	3.176
If I may help thee more,	3.177
Thou'll find me not to fail,	3.178
I say.	3.179
God bless you, great and small,	3.180
And have now all good day!	3.181