

## OBERUFER SHEPHERDS PLAY

And call for lodging, drink and meat.

*Joseph knocks three times with his staff on the ground. Another Innkeeper, Servilus, comes out.*

God bless you, friend, we would enquire  
Have you a room that we could hire?

SECOND INNKEEPER, SERVILUS

What's this? Bah! Beggars, on my life,  
What care I, fellow, for you and your wife?  
I take in folk with money in purse,  
And keep for tramps a kick and a curse.  
Pack up, the pair of you. Off from my door.  
Don't trouble us here with your din any more!

MARY:

Sure God's own heart in truth would melt  
To see such scorn to poor folk dealt.  
Needs must we die of frost and fear  
For certain no other lodging is near.

*Mary weeps. The third Innkeeper, Titus, comes with his lantern.*

THIRD INNKEEPER TITUS

What, lass? So full of tears and cries?  
Come: mean you to weep out your eyes?  
My house is full and it grieves me sore  
That I cannot open to you my door,  
But if you would lie in the stable here  
You are welcome and more to such poor cheer.

MARY

Ah, good mine host, we stand not in mind  
This night to lie soft on a goose feather bed.  
We ask but a wall to ward the wind  
And a roof to keep the snow from our head.

TITUS

Come, enter then—till it befall  
My house have room—within this stall.  
And God rest you all, both man and beast!

*The innkeeper leads Mary and Joseph to the crib. Mary sits.*