

The Bromsgrove Mummers Play

Source – Bob Bailes (GMM)

Walk on to stand in line facing audience while singing:

Song: Pleasant and Delightful
with music - audience in chorus

Little Johnny Jack:

In comes I little Johnny Jack
With my family on my back
Though my family be but small
I can scarce find bread and cheese for them all.
Roast beef, plum pudding and mince pie
who likes these any better than I?
Christmas fare makes us dance and sing
Money in the purse is a capital thing
Ladies and gentlemen give us what you please
Old Father Christmas will welcomely receive.

Father Christmas:

In comes I, Old Father Christmas
Welcome or welcome not
I hope Old Father Christmas will never be forgot
Christmas comes but once a year
But when it comes it brings good cheer
Although they call me Father Christmas, I have but short time to stay
I've come to bring you pleasure and goodwill before I go away
I have been far; I have been near
And now I have come to take a pot of your Christmas beer
If it be a pot of Best
Then I hope your soul in Heaven may rest.

Little Johnny Jack:

Room, room, Ladies and Gentlemen
Room, I pray
I am the man that leads the Noble Captain and all his me/n this way.

Captain:

In comes I, the Noble Captain
Just lately come from France
With my broad sword in hand I'll make King George to dance
And if I had him here I wonder what would appear?
I'd cut him up as small as mint dust
and sent him to Father Christmas to make a pie crust.

St George:

Here am I, St George and Englishman so stout
And with these mighty warriors I long to have a bout

Ho-one could ever frighten me, for money have I slain
I long to fight my battles O'er again
I fought the dragon bold and brought him to his slaughter
And by the deed I gained the fairest maid of all, the King of Egypt's
daughter
Come all ye boasting champions
I'll fight you all, both great and small
The whole world I now defy to injure me before I die

Turkish Knight:

In comes I, a Turkish Knight
Just come from Turkey land to fight
I'll fight St George with courage bold
If his bloods hot, I'll make it cold

St George:

Down under thee, I'll never bow or bend
I never took thee for my friend
I an a match for thee
So now prepare to fight with me
Or else I'll slay thee instantly

Turkish Knight:

Then on my bended knee I pray
All for to be your Turkish Slave

St George:

Arise, arise, you Turkish Knight
Go Onto your Turkey land to fight
Go into your Turkey land and tell
What people there are in England dwell

Turkish Knight:

Across the water I'll defy
I'll meet you there if I'm alive
Pull out your sword and fight
Pull out your sword and pay
For satisfaction I will have before I go away !

Noble Captain:

In comes I, a Noble Captain, Bold and Slasher is my name
Sword in hand to guard my knucklebone, I am for to win this game
My head is made of iron, my body lined with steel
And brass unto my knucklebone I'll fight you in this field
Stand off, stand off, you Noble Turk or YOU shall die
I'll Cut you driblets through and through and make your buttons fly
I've travelled over England, France and Spain
And many French dogs in my time have I Slain
For that St George shall have his right
The Turkish Knight I'll fight

(Fight - Turkish Knight falls)

Behold, behold what I have done
I've cut him down like the evening sun
And ten more such men I'll fight
For what Saint George shall have his right

St George:

Indeed, indeed my Turk is slain
Between two arms his body's lain
for what some Doctor must come and see
Where my man lies bleeding at his feet
Oh, is there a Doctor to be found
to raise this dead man from the ground

(all cry - DOCTOR)

Father Christmas:

Yes there is a Doctor to be found
To raise this dead man from the ground
Step in Doctor

Doctor:

In comes I, doctor Watson
Terrible sight of blood here tonight
The wind blows good work for a Doctor

Father Christmas:

What can you cure, Doctor ?

Doctor:

I can cure the itchy: pitchy, palsy and gout
I can cure all love sick maidens
Jealous Husbands and nagging wives
Brandy—drinking mother in laws and baccy-chewers
And one does of my penellick week with Jerusalem Balsam will make a
crippled Horse dance a horn—pipe
If a man's neck is broke I'll set it or not accept a farthing of my fee

Father Christmas:

What is your fee, Doctor?

Doctor

Ten Pounds!

Father Christmas:

Can't pay as much as that !

Doctor:

Saddle my horse, jack: start the count-down, I'm off.

Father Christmas:

STOP, STOP, I've a jackass you can ride
what is your lowest fee Doc?

Doctor:

Ninety Nine pounds, Ninety nine and a half pence; and with inflation,
depreciation, mortgage *rate*, and double VAT that is less then I told you
ten seconds ago.

Father Christmas:

Do your worst, Doctor.

Doctor:

Here I have pills for ills that kills cats and rats and bats and make a leg
of mutton tremble half a mile away. I have stilts for shrimps, glasses for
blind bees, crutches for lame grasshoppers.

And Ladies and Gentlemen I have a bottle of the Golden Slozenger
Drop. I put a drop on his temple and a pill in his mouth and look he is
moving already

Cheers

Rise up, rise up, young man and see how boldly you can dance and
sing.

Dance – long sword

Beelzebub:

In comes I, Beelzebub

Over my shoulder I carry a club

In my hand I carry a pen

Don't you think I'm a funny old man

Although my wit be ever so small

Me and my club will humour you all

Money we want, money I crave

So that luck may last you till the grave – *holds out collecting pan.*

Song – The Holly and the Ivy