

The Street Mummers Play

Characters:

Enter-In

St. George

Slasher

Jester

Doctor

Beelzebugger

Devil Doubt

THE PLAY

Enter-In: Room, room brave gallants, give us room to sport,
For in this room we wish to resort,
Resort and repeat our merry rhyme,
We've come to do our play for you, it is our Christmastime.
The time to cut up goose pies now doth appear,
So we've come to act our play before you good folk here.
At the sound of the trumpet and the beat of a drum,
Make room brave gentlemen and let our merry actors come.

St. George: I am Saint George who from old England sprung,
My famous name throughout the world hath rung,
Many bloody deeds have I made known
And made tyrants tremble on their throne.
One day a giant almost struck me dead,

But with my sword I cut of his head.
I've searched the world round and round,
But a man to equal me I've never found.
Stand back Slasher and let no more be said,
For if I draw my broadsword, I shall break thy head

Slasher: I am the Black Prince of Paradise,
Born of high renown,
Soon I will fetch thy courage down.

St. George: Hold on Slasher, be not so hot,
For here thou knows not who thou hast got.
I'll inch thee and cut thee, as small as flies
And send thee back across the sea to make mince pies.

Chorus: Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,
Mince pies in the pot, nine days old.

Slasher: As I was going by Saint George's school,
I heard a lady cry, "A fool, a fool."
"A fool, a fool," was her every word,
"The man's a fool; he fights with a wooden sword."

St. George: A wooden sword you dirty dog!
My sword is made of the best metal tree
And if you want a taste of it,
I'll give it unto thee.

They fight, Saint George knocks Slasher to the ground and is about to finish him off when Slasher pulls out a pistol and shoots Saint George who collapses to the ground.

Jester: Oh horrible! Oh terrible!
What hast thou done?
Thou hast ruined me,
Ruined me by the killing of my one and only son.
My only son and only heir,
Can you not see him lying bleeding there?

Slasher: His wounds are mortal.

Jester: Call for a doctor to cure this man of his deep and deadly wound.
I'll give five pounds for one.

Slasher: Never a doctor's come yet,
I'll give ten ponds for a doctor.

Doctor: Here I am.

Jester: Are you a doctor?

Doctor: Yes; that you can plainly see,
By my art and activity

Jester: Well, what's your fee to cure this man?

Doctor: Ten pounds is my fee,

But since thou art an honest man, I'll ask fifteen of thee.

Jester: How far have you travelled Noble Doctor?

Doctor: As far as the (fireplace) to the (bread and cheese cupboard).

Jester: No further?

Doctor: Oh yes! Over Italy, Titaly, France and Spain
And all the other parts thou canst name.

Jester: What canst thou cure?

Doctor: I can cure the itch, the pitch, the palsy and the gout,
The pains within and the pains without.
If a man's got nineteen devils in his skull
I'll drive twenty of them out.

Jester: Try thy skill Noble Doctor.

Doctor: Here Jack, take a little out of my bottle
And let it run down thy throttle.
If thou be not quite slain,
Rise up Jack and fight again

St. George gets slowly to his feet complaining as he does so and then holds onto his back.

St. George: Oh my back!

Jester: What's amiss with thy back?

St. George: My back it is wounded,
My heart is confounded,
To be struck out of seven senses into seven score,
The like as was never seen in old England before.

Doctor: Ladies and Gentlemen,
You see I have brought this man safe and sound,
As well as any man on English ground.
I have healed his wounds,
I have staunched his blood,
I gave him one of my small pills
And that did him good.

St. George: My head is made of iron,
My body is made of steel,
My hands and feet of knucklebone,
I challenge thee to yield.

St. George and Slasher resume their fight but Enter In steps between them and strikes up their swords.

Enter-In: Put up your swords and be at rest,
For peace and quietness is the best.
Enter in Old Beelzebub.

Beelzebubger: In comes I, Beelzebub
And over me shoulder I carries a club
And in my hand a frying pan.
Don't you think I'm a jolly old man?

Devil Doubt: In comes I, little Devil Doubt,
With my pockets turned inside-out.
Money I want, money I crave,
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all to the grave.

All (sing): We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year.
Glad tidings we bring to you and your King,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year.