

# ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON – 2014 Final

- A MUMMER'S PLAY with songs and a sword dance -

### Stage Left

Mother Xmas  
Molly, Baker, Toffee  
Bet  
Fool  
Giant  
Dragon  
St. George  
Carolers

### Stage Right

Room  
Johnny Jack  
Ploughboy  
Policeman - Bobby  
Buyer  
Dancers  
Doctor  
Finney  
Horse  
Carolers

**Start:** All Carolers come in singing a Christmas carol – Deck the Halls - and decorate the area in the front of the church. All carolers leave the stage except the lead carolers when these lines are sung:

‘Sing we joyous, all together, Fa la la la...  
Heedless of the wind and weather, Fa la la la la la la ‘

Caroler #1: I have a question - What’s the winter solstice?

Caroler #2: It’s the shortest day of the whole year. The day when it stays dark for the longest time.

Caroler #3: Yes, and it’s the day the mummers come to do their play! You know, the one with Saint George and the dragon!

Caroler #4: And the sword dancers come too. Their dancing is magical. They even make their swords into a star!

Caroler #5: And people die and come back to life again, just like the land does in winter and spring.

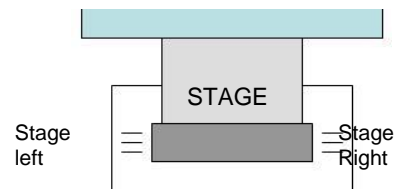
- Music is heard -

Caroler #6: Listen! The carolers are singing again. Let’s go sing with them.

*Carolers sing “Wassail”. They carol as a group. First verse is to the left, second is to the right and the last is to the center.*

Finney: Directs the carolers

*Carolers and most of the other players go ‘caroling’. They first sing to the stage right side of the congregation. Then they walk to stage left as the recorder or flute repeats the verse. Next they walk to stage center as the recorder or flute repeats the verse. They will sing 3 verses in all.*



### Wassail Song

(1) Here we come a-wassailing, Among the leaves so green,  
Here we come a-wand'ring, So fair to be seen.

*Chorus*

Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail, too,  
And God bless you, and send you, A Happy New Year,  
And God send you a Happy New Year.

(2) We are not daily beggars, That beg from door to door,  
But we are neighbors' children whom you have seen before.

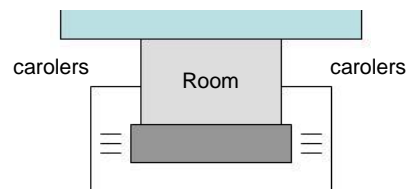
*(Chorus)*

(3) God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too;  
And all the little children that round the table go.

*(Chorus)*

Room:  
*Enter Stage Right*

Room, room brave gallants all:  
Pray give us room to rhyme.  
We've come to show activity  
Upon this wintertime.  
Activity of youth, activity of age,  
Such activity as you've never seen  
onstage!



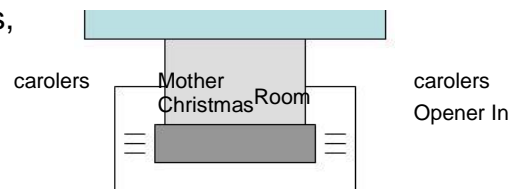
Though some of us be little  
And some of a middle sort  
We all desire your favor  
To see our pleasant sport. *(Bow to audience)*

So step in, Mother Christmas, from the door.

*Room moves right to make room for FC*

Mother Christmas:  
*Enter Left*

Here comes I, Old Mother Christmas,  
Welcome or welcome not  
*(Pause-)*  
I hope Old Mother Christmas  
Will never be forgot.



Carolers: Never!

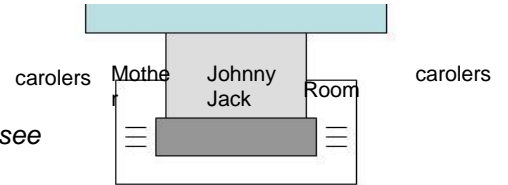
Mother Christmas: Christmas comes but once a year,  
But when it comes it brings good cheer:  
Roast beef, plum pudding,  
Strong ale and mince pie....  
Who likes that better than I?

Carolers: Nobody!  
*(Room moves to stage right)*

Mother Christmas: Although they call me Old Mother Christmas,  
I have but a short time to stay.  
I've come to bring you pleasure and pastime  
Before I go away.  
*(Pause)*  
Walk in, Johnny Jack, I say  
And boldly clear the way.

Johnny Jack: In comes I, happy Johnny Jack,  
With my wife and family on my back.  
*(He turns around and pauses so everyone can see his family.)*

*Enter Right*  
(3-5 dolls on back, and a broom in hand)



My family is large and I am small –  
I've brought my broom to sweep your hall.

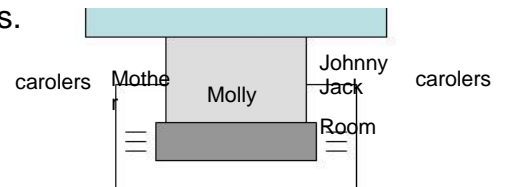
Carolers: Thank-you!

Johnny Jack: Roast beef, plum pudding,  
Strong ale and mince pie...  
Who likes that better than  
Old Mother Christmas and I.

Mother Christmas: *(aside)* Nobody!  
*(FC move to far left stage)*

Johnny Jack: The next that comes is Peddler Molly Brown Bags  
With plenty of money, she's dressed in old rags.  
*(Johnny Jack move to right stage, next to Room)*

Peddler Molly: Here come I, Peddler Molly Brown Bags  
I carries what I sell in me lovely, full bags.  
I have ribbons for the ladies fair  
Ornaments to deck their hair  
  
Patches for their pretty faces  
High heeled boots and fine laces  
Toys to please both great and small  
And I've brought my tambourine to please you all.



*(Plays it and some of the carolers dance)*

Policeman: I am a noble bobby, my number 63,  
And if I don't love my job, then you shall plainly see,  
I walk up and down the streets, hopin' to keep the peace  
I pause to say hello and get something to eats.  
I watches for trouble but only by the day  
And only where its safe and only on the way.

Looky here, I smell a treat  
Baker, have thou a morsel sweet?

Baker: Aye, just for you.  
*(hands large cookie or doughnut to Policeman) Then steps forward and says...*

In comes I, the Baker bold. I bake cookies good as gold.  
They smell so nice; they're lovely to behold.  
I miss them all when they are sold.

This is no time to start a diet.  
Step up, be bold, just come and try it;  
Then I know you'll want to buy it.  
*(All rush in.)*

Gently now and quit your shovin'!  
Tiptoe softly; there's cookies in the oven!

Shopper: Here come I, Shopper Bell. I'll buy the best of what you sell.  
*Walks in with Customer* Let's see what you have; we'll stop a spell.  
*(Baker moves to stage left.)*

Has thou a large scarf Molly Brown?  
One that will circle me all around?

*Molly shows Buyer a small scarf.*

That won't do; you must think me small.

*Molly shows Buyer a bigger scarf.*

No, I want the biggest, longest scarf of all

*Molly gives Buyer the end of a very, very, very long scarf Buyer slowly pulls out of Molly's bag*

This is it! It does enthrall.

*Buyer hands Mary some coins; then walks to the Baker)*

Shopper: Baker Bold, a hot muffin I desire  
One recently out of the fire

*Baker gives Customer a muffin*

This isn't warm – not fit for a squire (*hands it back*)

*Baker uses tongs, gives him a muffin from a pot.*

*Customer takes the muffin – it is too hot to hold, but takes a bite and it burns his mouth.*

Ow! Really hot! More than I require!

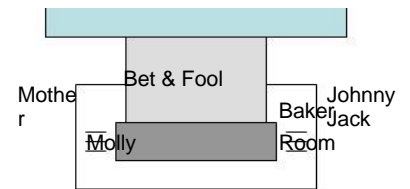
*Customer hands Baker a coin; then walks to off stage*

Peddler Molly: Oh dear. Another unhappy Buyer!

Peddler Molly: STEP IN, Fool,  
*Point to left* And show the people sport and play  
Before tonight we go away.

*Molly & Baker move to stage right.*

Fool: Ye gentleman all, who in mirth take delight  
*Enter left* And intend our sport for to see  
I've come for to tell you that I am the clown  
*(Stop and do something entertaining)*  
And pray you, how do you like me?  
And pray you, how do you like me?  
*(Bet fans herself in awe.)*



Carolers: Yea!

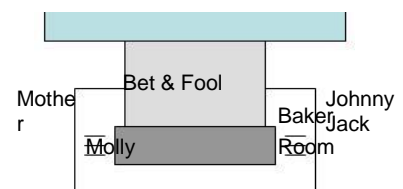
Fool: Although I am little, my strength it is great.  
I would scorn for to tell you a lie.  
I once killed a hedgehog as big as myself,  
And it made me a rare apple pie!  
And it made me a rare apple pie!

BAKER Tush! Apple, schnapple; that's no chore. Why, I could bake a score or more!

Johnny Jack Hear me now, before I roar, and please get off my NICE CLEAN FLOOR!!!

*Molly and Baker head off stage left, but Molly never leaves the stage.*

Fool: My Mother killed a great fat hog,  
And this you may plainly see,  
For this is the old bladder  
Out of his hurdy-gurdy-gee!  
  
- Fool turns a little toward Molly who has walked toward him -



Madam I have come to court you,  
 For your favor I would win,  
 If you make me kindly welcome  
 Then perhaps I'll come again.

Molly and Fool: Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray-do...  
 Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray-do...  
*They dance around in a circle*  
 Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray-do...  
 Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray.

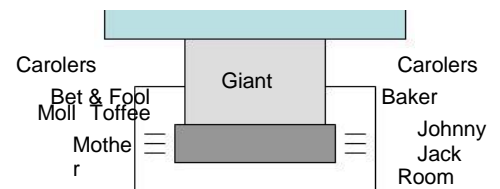
Fool: Madam, I've got rings and jewels,  
 Madam, I've got house and land,  
 Madam I've a world of treasure  
 If you'll be willing to take my hand

Molly: What care I for your rings and jewels,  
 What care I for your house and land,  
 What care I for your world of treasure,  
 All I want is handsome man.

Old Bet and Fool: Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray-do...  
 Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray-do...  
*They dance around in a circle*  
 Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray-do...  
 Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray.

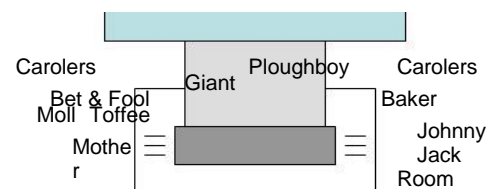
*Fool and Bets exit to the right when they hear the giant. Everyone stands back and lets the giant pass*

Giant: Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum *(On top step)*  
 In comes I, Giant Blunderbor  
 Ready to fight you all, so I says come!  
 If I could meet St. George here,  
 I'd put a spear through his ear.  
 I'd cut him.  
 I'd slash him as small as flies,  
 And send him to Jamaica to make mince pies!



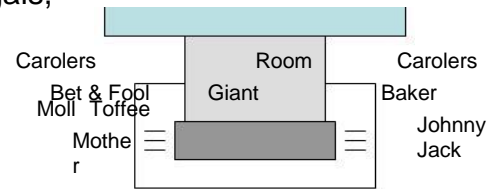
Carolers: Mince pies hot, mince pies cold  
 Send him to Jamaica til he's 9 days old!  
*Clap hands and tease Giant*  
 - Giant chases Carolers – Carolers run away –  
 - Molly, Fool move off stage left

Ploughboy: My name is Little No  
 In comes I to join the show  
 I'll fight the giant with wondrous art  
 And boldly act thy part  
 That all gathered here  
 May see my wondrous art

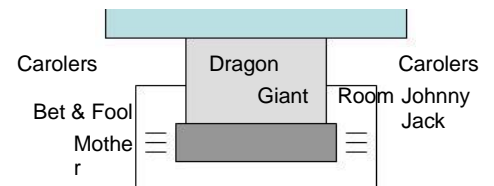


**All:** **Get on out, it's not your part!**

**Room:** Make room, make room, my boys and gals,  
A dragon you shall see—  
*From left, perhaps up high to stay away from Giant!.* A Wild Worm for to flee!  
Come in, come in, thou dragon stout  
And take thy compass round about.



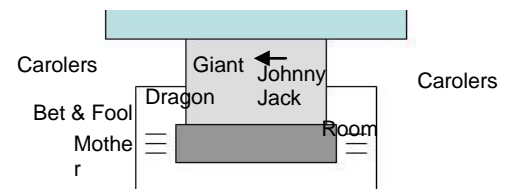
**Dragon:** Stand on head, stand on feet,  
*Enter left* I want meat, for to eat!  
I am the Dragon, here are my jaws!  
I am the Dragon, here are my claws!



**Carolers:** hiss, boo

**Dragon:** Meat, meat, meat, for to eat!  
Stand on head, stand on feet!

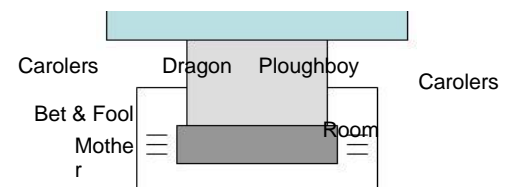
**Giant:** Giant Blunderbor is our name,  
All the nations do tremble at our fame.  
Where'er we go, they run at our sight,  
No dragon or Knight will win in a fight.



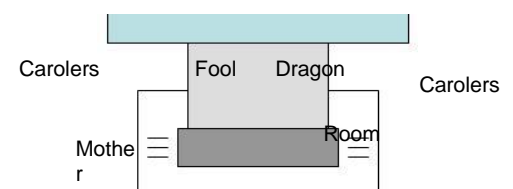
*Dragon and Giant fight. Dragon kills Giant*

*Johnny Jack sweeps giant away while  
Dragon stands on left steps and licks his paw*

**Ploughboy:** In comes I, the Man of Kent  
*Looks afraid when he sees the dragon*  
In I come and out I went.



**Fool:** St. George shall come and die by swords  
Which circle round his neck.  
*Enter and stand center stage* As winter dies, so shall he die,  
And rise as Spring again!



*Dragon chases Fool off to the left*

St. George: Here I come, St George,  
From Britain did I spring  
*Enter right*

Carolers: *(Cheer)* "Yea!"

St. George: I'll fight the Dragon bold,  
My wonders to begin.  
I'll clip his wings,  
He shall not fly,  
I'll cut him down,  
Or else I die.

Dragon: Who's he that seeks the Dragon's blood,  
And calls so angry and so loud?  
With my long teeth and scurvy jaws  
I'll tear the flesh from off his nose.

St. George: Stand off, stand off, thou Dragon bold,  
Or by my sword tho't die.  
I'll pierce thy body full of holes,  
And make thy buttons fly!

Dragon: My body's made of iron,  
My head is made of steel,  
My claws are made of beaten brass,  
No man can make me feel.

St. George: No one could ever frighten me,  
For many I have slain.  
I long to fight, 'tis my delight  
To battle o'er again.

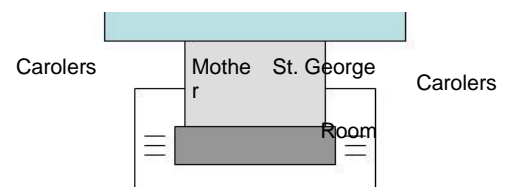
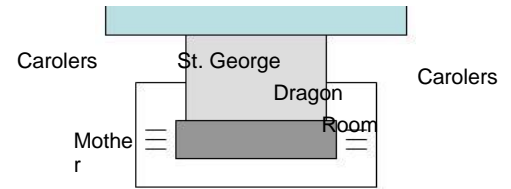
- *Dragon and St. George fight. St. George kills Dragon*
- *Johnny Jack sweeps Dragon off to right!*

Mother Christmas: Step forth, St. George, thou champion!

St. George (aside): First comes Christmas,  
Then comes spring,  
Like winter I must die,  
Then to life again like Spring!

Dancers, the Sword dance now for me.

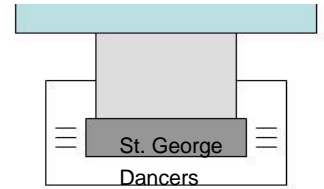
- *Cast moves off stage*



- *SWORD DANCERS enter – and dance*
- *St. George goes into the center at the end of the dance and the sword lock is made around his neck. He falls over, the Victim, when the swords are drawn.*

Carolers: Gasp!

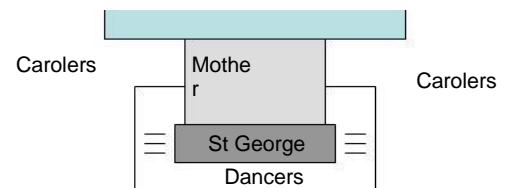
Captain of Sword Dance Team: See what we have done,  
We have cut him down like the evening sun!  
Let two take his feet, and two take his arms,  
And we'll carry him out like a ship in a storm.



- *Sword dancers place St. George on top of the alter -*

Mother Christmas: Horrible! Terrible! What have you done!  
You have killed my dearly beloved son!  
Oh, oh is there a doctor to be found  
To cure this deep and deadly wound?

Carolers: Wound?

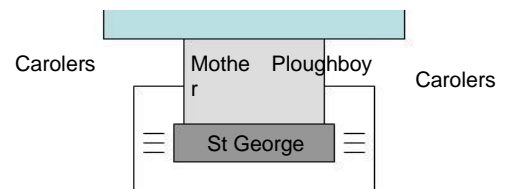


Mother Christmas: Well it rhymes!

Ploughboy: In comes I to show my art,  
*Comes in carrying a saw or something funny like that*

Mother Christmas: You are NOT a doctor!

Ploughboy: But now I find I must depart.  
*Mother Christmas points him to off stage,*



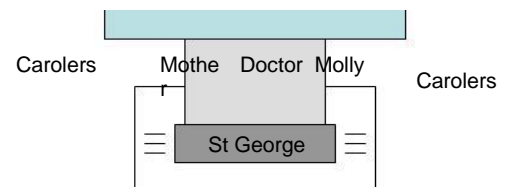
Mother Christmas: A doctor, a doctor!  
Is there a doctor to be found.  
Can quickly raise my noble son  
Lies bleeding on the ground?

Carolers: Doctor! A doctor! Doctor! A doctor!

*Doctor enters right with Policeman*

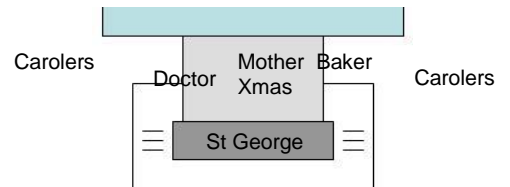
Policeman: See, Mam, a doctor here!

Doctor: Here I am, Jane Brown,  
The best quack doctor in this town!



Carolers: Quack!

Doctor: I am the doctor from Spain,  
To fetch the dead to life again.



Policeman: Doctor, doctor do thy part  
*Enter left* St. George is wounded through the heart  
Through the heart and through the knee  
Ten guineas to a doctor I'll gladly gie.

Doctor: And I'll gladly take it. *(Holds out his hand.)*

Mother Christmas: Not so fast! *(Steps forward to block the hand.)*  
How cam'st thou to be a doctor?

Doctor: By my travels.

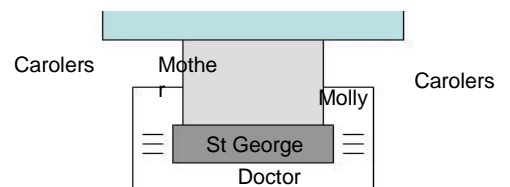
Mother Christmas: Where have you traveled?

Doctor: Italy, Spittaly, France and Spain,  
Germany, Iceland, and back again.  
  
I've seen house thatched with pancakes high;  
Roads paved with dumplings;  
Plum pudding growing in berry trees;  
And little pigs running about with knives and forks  
in their backs crying,  
"Who'll eat me? Who'll eat me?"

Mother Christmas: Can you cure my son?

- Doctor moves upstairs toward stage left behind St. George -

Doctor: Take these here my pills.  
They cure the young, the old,  
The hot, the cold,  
The living, and the dead!



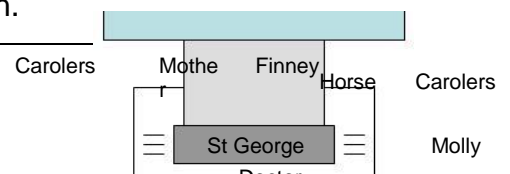
- Looks at St. George -

What the devil's the matter here?

Policeman: A man's dead seven minutes.  
Can you cure him?

Doctor: If he's been dead seven years I can cure him!  
Hold my hoss, Jack Finney.

Jack Finney: My name ain't Jack Finney, my name's  
*Enter right* Mr. John Finney, a man of great strength.



Doctor: Hold my hoss, Mr. John Finney.

*Horse came in behind Finney*

Finney: Will he bite?

Doctor: No.

*Horse bites Finney*

Finney: Will he kick?

Doctor: No.

*Horse kicks Finney*

Finney: Take two to hold him?

Doctor: No.

Finney: Hold him yourself then!

Doctor: What's that you saucy rascal?

Finney: Oh, I hold him, sir.  
I've got fast hold of his tail!

*Horse walks away while Finney holds tail that keeps getting longer*

Doctor: Bring me my spy glass, Mr. John Finney.

Finney: Fetch it yourself, sir.

Doctor: What's that you saucy rascal?

Finney: Oh, I fetch it sir. There it is, sir.

*- Jack Finney throws spy glass on the ground -*

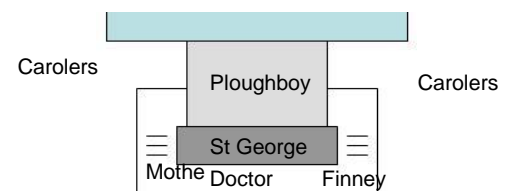
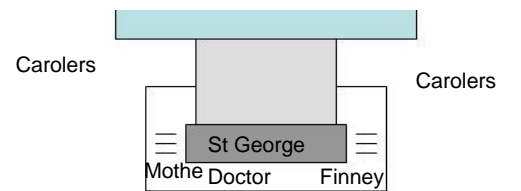
Doctor: What's throw it down there for?

Finney: Ah, for thee to pick it up again, sir.

Doctor: What's that you saucy rascal?

Finney: Oh, for me to pick it up again, sir.  
*Bring it up to the doctor and stay up there*

Ploughboy: In comes I the parson's nose  
*Wearing groucho eye glasses  
Looks around and sees no one  
is paying attention to him/her*



*Carolers and all – ignore Ploughboy*

In I comes, and out I goes.  
*Leaves the stage.*

Mother Christmas: Pray, doctor, what sort of diseases can you cure?  
*Taps Doctor's shoulder to get his attention again*

Doctor: The All Sorts.

Mother Christmas: What's the All Sorts?

Doctor: All sorts of diseases, whatever you pleases.

I can cure the itch, the stitch,  
The palsy and gout,  
All pains within and pains without.

Mother Christmas: You must be a clever doctor.  
You better try your skill.

Doctor: Thank you, sir, and that I will.  
Come, old fellow, raise up your head.

Finney: That ain't his head.

Doctor: What is it then?

Finney: His stommicks!

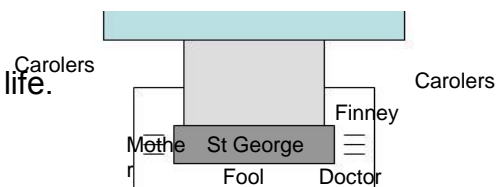
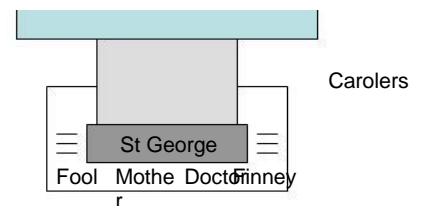
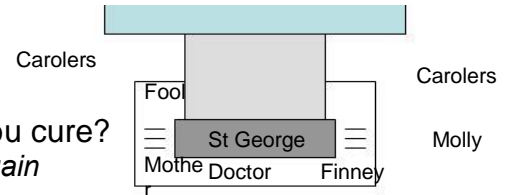
Doctor: Let him take a drop of my inkum-pinkum  
Mixed up with cat's feathers.  
Have a drop in his eye, a drop in his nose,  
And a drop in his mouth.

Any better, old fellow?

Finney: You silly man, the dead never stirs.

Doctor: Oh child, I quite forgot.  
I have taken the right cork off the wrong bottle!  
I have a little bottle in my inside-outside pocket which I call the  
"Okum-pokum". A little drop on his forehead, a little drop on his  
heart; rise up and fight for old England again!

Mother Christmas: Well, doctor, he's a long time coming back to life.



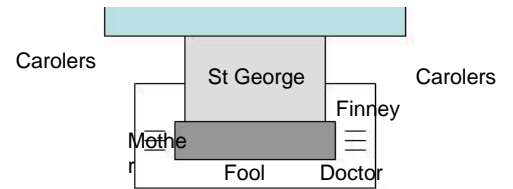
Fool: Stand aside; I'll fetch him back to life.  
If this man's not dead, but in a trance.  
*Still watching on left* We'll raise him up and have a dance!

- **REVIVAL PROCEDURE** -

Carolers: - *Quiet cheer as St. George revives*

St. George: Good morning, gentlemen:  
A-sleeping I have been.  
I've had such a dream  
As the like was never seen!  
But now I am awake,  
An alive unto this day.  
Ours dancers shall have a dance  
And the doctor have his pay!

- *Mummer's move into a line across the stage* -  
- **Dragon and Giant step to the front**



**Dragon:** **We all shake hands, never fight no more;**

**Giant:** **All be brothers as we ever was before.**

- **Fool steps to the front**

Fool: We wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a joyful New Year.  
And Spring come soon  
To fill us all with cheer.

- **Mother Christmas steps to the front**

Mother Christmas: Be there loaf in your locker,  
And sheep in your fold.  
A fire on the hearth,  
And good luck for your lot,  
Money in your pocket,  
And a pudding in the pot!

- *Ploughboy comes in*

Ploughboy: In I comes, ole Lancelot,  
I bring to ye your pudding in the pot.  
*Bring a mug to Mother Xmas. Mother Xmas welcomes him into the line and drinks from the cup*

Mother Christmas: Now you can join us  
*(pause and take a sip)*  
Thanks a lot!

Carolers :            *Join mummers in line for singing. The shorter carolers will stand in front of the mummers. Other carolers can be on the steps. Dancers are behind the podium.*

ALL:                    MUMMER'S CAROL

God bless the master of this house,  
With happiness beside,  
Where-e'er his body rides or walks,  
His God must be his guide.  
His God must be his guide.

God bless the mistress of this house  
With gold chain round her breast:  
Wher-e'er her body sleeps or wakes.  
Lord send her soul to rest.  
Lord send her soul to rest.

God bless your house, your children too.  
Your cattle and your store;  
The Lord increase you day by day,  
And send you more and more.  
And send you more and more.

Mother Christmas: God bless the master of this house  
The mistress also.  
And all the little children  
That round the table go.

Policeman:            Our play is done; we must be gone,  
We stay no longer here.  
We wish you all, both great and small,  
A happy, bright New Year.

ALL SHOUT:           Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!