

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON – Tryout Version

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

Stage Left

Father/Mother Xmas
Molly, Baker, Toffee
Bet
Fool
Giant (behind podium)
Dragon
St. George
Carolers

Stage Right

Room
Johnny Jack
Ploughboy
Bobby
Buyer
Dancers
Doctor
Finney
Horse
Carolers

Start: *All Carolers come in singing – Deck the Halls (words are on the last page) - and decorate the area in the front of the church. When the carol is done they line up with the lead Carolers in the middle.*

Lead

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

Lead

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

Lead

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!

Lead

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

Lead

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

- Music is heard -

Lead

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

*Carolers sing "Here We Come A-wassailing". They carol as a group. First verse is to the **right**, second is to the **left** and the last is to the **center**.*

Finney:

Directs the carolers (Children's choir and friends –everyone in the play to joins in except St. George, the Dragon and the Giant.

Carolers and most of the other players go 'caroling' accompanied by a flute or recorder. Between verses the instrument plays the chorus twice so the group can walk to its new position. As a group they first sing to the stage right side of the congregation. Then they walk to stage left and sing and then walk to stage center and sing. So they will sing 3 versus 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)

Here Ye:

Here Ye; Here Ye!

Here comes I that never came before
With many merry actors standing at the door
They can both dance and sing
If you please I'll open up and they'll step in

*Enter Stage Left
holding a scroll –
can read from it
if needed*

Though my company has traveled many a mile
All do what we can to make you smile.
To get your love and gain your favor
We'll do the best of our endeavor

Starts to leave and changes mind and continues

We are the merry actors who travel the street
We are the merry actors who fight for our meet
We are the merry actors who show pleasant play.
Soon will come in Room to clear the way.

Pause, takes deep breath, and Room begins to push Opener In off stage.

Now I think I've done my doom
I must turn back and give my actors room.

Room:

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, Father Christmas, from the door.

Room moves right to make room for FC

Father Christmas: Here comes I, Old Father Christmas,
Enter Left Welcome or welcome not

(Pause - Room and Father Christmas shake hands)

I hope Old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.

Carolers: Never!

Father 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 slaps FC on back and moves to stage right)

Father Christmas: Although they call me Old Father 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,
Enter Right With my wife and family on my back.
(turn around and show them)
My family is large and I am small –
I've brought my broom to sweep your hall.

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

Carolers: Thank-you!

Johnny Jack: Roast beef, plum pudding,
Strong ale and mince pie...

Who likes that better than
Old Father Christmas and I.

Father Christmas: *(aside)* Nobody!
((Father Christmas moves 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'll provide some music to please you all.

(Some of the carolers dance on and off stage)

Bobby: Quiet! That's well enough!

Molly: Oh what do I see
A bobby – hope he's not looking for me!

Bobby: 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 it's safe and only on the way.

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

Baker: Aye; just for you. *(Hands Bobby a doughnut)*

Molly: ***(Begins making music again)***

Baker: Quiet!

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.

Holiday guests? Banquet feeds?
I'll meet all your baking needs!
Breads, tortes, eclairs, scones,
angel cake, devil's food, s'mores, corn pone!

This is no time to start a diet. Step up, be bold, just come and try it;
For nations all would benefit by eating lots of chocolate!

(All rush in.)

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

Toffee: In comes I, Turkish Toffee. I'll sell you all the finest coffee.

With a little sugar or a drop of cream,
It will perk you up from your wildest dream.

Waft in, aroma, so rich and clean-o.
Let me make you a cappuchino!

Toffee

Espresso, latte, decaf; listen up!
I'm here today to offer you a cup!

Shopper: Here come I, Shopper Bell. I'll buy the best of what you sell.
Let's see what you have; we'll stop a spell.

(Baker and Toffee have moved away from Molly to different areas of the stage.)

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

Molly shows Shopper 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.

*Molly holds scarf while Shopper spins around and it circles the Shopper. Shopper
pretends to pay for it and walks to Baker*

Shopper: Baker Bold, a hot muffin I desire

One recently out of the fire

Baker gives Shopper a muffin

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

Baker uses tongs, gives him a muffin from a basket.

Shopper takes the muffin – it is too hot to hold, so it is tossed back and forth between hands.

Oh! I think my request did slightly misfire!

Shopper pretends to hand Baker a coin

Shopper walks over to Toffee

Toffee, some cold coffee to sooth my pain.

Something cool will set me right again.

Shopper hands Toffee a coin; waits for coffee cup

Toffee: I serve hot coffee – do not complain,
it's the best you can get north of Spain.

Shopper drinks some coffee, makes a face, walks off.

Peddler Molly: I'm sure we'll never see her again!

Point to left

STEP IN, Fool,
And show the people sport and play
Before tonight we go away.

Molly & Baker move to stage right.

Fool enters with Old Bet, the Man-Woman character on his/her arm

Fool:
Enter left
Ye gentleman all, who in mirth take delight
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!

Toffee Who cares if pastries you adore? Anyone for coffee? Here, I'll pour.

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

Baker, Toffee and Johnny Jack move to the side

Fool: My Father 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 Bet -

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.

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

Old Bet: 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 a wedding band.

Old Bet and Fool: Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray-do...
They dance around Fal, the ral, riddle all the ray-do...
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)*
Enter from In comes I, Giant Blunderbor
behind pulpit and Ready to fight you all, so I says come!
walk down steps If I could meet St. George here,
on the right. 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
Clap hands and tease Send him to Jamaica til he's 9 days old!
Giant

- *Giant chases Carolers – Carolers scream and run away –*
- *Bet1, Fool move off stage left*
- *Molly moves to stage right*

Ploughboy: My name is Little No
Ploughboy wants to In comes I to join the show
be a hero, but is just I'll fight the giant with wondrous art
a boy with a toy And boldly act thy part
sword 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,
From left, perhaps up A dragon you shall see—
high to stay away A Wild Worm for to flee!
from Giant! 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:
*Enter and stand
center stage* St. George shall come and die by swords
 Which circle round his neck.
 As winter dies, so shall he die,
 And rise as Spring again!

 Dragon chases Fool off to the left

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

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!*

Father/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 to stage right*
- *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!

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 -*

Father/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?

Father/Mother Christmas: Well it rhymes!

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

Father/Mother Christmas: You are not a doctor!

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

Father/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 Molly

Molly: See, sir, 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.

Molly: Doctor, doctor do thy part
St. George is wounded through the heart
Enter left 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.)*

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

Doctor: By my travels.

Father/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?"

Father/Mother Christmas: Can you cure my son?

- Doctor walks upstairs toward stage left behind St. George –

Doctor: - Talking to herself – not looking at St. George
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?

Molly: A man's dead seven minutes. *Shugs and walks off stage after getting
Can you cure him? the answer from the Doctor*

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.

Enter horse on the right

Doctor: Hold my hoss, Mr. John 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 enjoying him/her*

Carolers and all – shake heads, grumble at Ploughboy

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

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

Doctor: The All Sorts.

Father/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.

Father/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!

Father/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.
We'll raise him up and have a dance!

*Still watching on
left*

- *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 are in front and middle

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

Giant: All be brothers as we ever was before.

- *Fool steps forward*

Fool: We wish you a Merry Christmas

And a joyful New Year.
And Spring come soon
To fill us all with cheer.

- *Father/Mother Christmas step forward*

Father/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 Father/Mother Xmas. Father/Mother Xmas
welcomes him into the line and drinks from the cup*

Father/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.

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

Here Ye: 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.

APPLAUSE! *Then ... Lord of the Dance! Mummers sing the refrain. Hopefully a senior youth can sing the verses.*

Lord of the Dance: Refrain
*Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*

End of Service:

We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring
To you and your kin
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.

Lyrics to Deck the Halls

We sing this in the beginning as we start the play

Deck the halls with boughs of holly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Tis the season to be jolly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Don we now our gay apparel, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.
Troll the ancient Yule tide carol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

See the blazing Yule before us, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Strike the harp and join the chorus. Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Follow me in merry measure, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
While I tell of Yule tide treasure, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Fast away the old year passes, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Sing we joyous, all together, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Heedless of the wind and weather, Fa la la la la, la la la la