

St. George and the Dragon
MUMMERS appear from ? to act out PLAY. SWORD DANCERS
enter from ? to perform the ritual act within the
play. SWORD DANCERS

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON - mummings' play

Room: (Scampers in, clears the stage and announces the play

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 on stage!
Though some of us be little, and some of a middle sort
We all desire your favor to see our pleasant sport

Father Christmas: (Enters majestically)
Here 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 come it brings good cheer:
Roast beef, plum pudding, strong ale and mince pie.
Who likes that better than I?
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.
Walk in, Johnny Jack, I say
And boldly clear the way.

Johnny Jack: (sidles in, with several dolls tied on his back)
In comes I, happy Johnny Jack.

With my wife and family on my back.
My family is large and I am small-
I've brought my broom to sweep your hall.
Roast beef, plum pudding, strong ale and mince pie.

Who likes that better than old Father Christmas and I?

Father Christmas:
Nobody!

Johnny Jack:
step in, Fool,
And show the people sport and play
Before tonight we go away.

(The clown or "magic man enters)

Fool:
Ye gentlemen 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,
And pray you how do you like me?
And pray you how do you like me?

Although I am little, my strength it is great, I would
scorn for to tell you a lie. I once kill'd a hedge hog
as big as my self
And it made me a rare apple pie!
And it made me a rare apple pie!

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!

Giant: (thunders in, brandishing his club)
In comes Giant Blunderbore, fee, fi, fum!
Ready to fight you all, so I says come!

If I could meet st. George here,
I'd put my spear in through his ear.
I'd cut him, I'd slash him as small as flies,
And send him to Jamaica to make into mince meet pies!

Fool: (Hand clapping)
"Mince pies hot,
Mince pies cold;
Send him to Jamaica e'er he's nine days old! "

(Giant rushes at Fool. Fool dodges aside)

Fool: Come in, come in, thou Hobby Horse!

Hobby Horse:
(gallops in gaily, waving his hat in the air)
Over mire and over moss,
In comes I, the Hobby hoss!
Make room, make room, my boys and gals,
Pray give me room to ride.
I've come to show activity this merry Christmastide
A Dragon you shall see--
A "Wild Worm" for to flee!
Come in, come in, thou dragon stout,
And take thy compass round about.

Dragon:
("Speckle back" roars in, stomping around the stage
and frightening everyone,)
Stand on head, stand on feet,
I want meat, for to eat!
I am the Dragon, here are my jaws!

I am the Dragon, here are my claws!
Meat, meat, meat, for to eat!
Stand on head, stand on feet!

(The Dragon fights the Giant and knocks him over.)

Fool:
(speaking mysteriously to the audience)
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!

St. George: (Comes forth heroically)
Here come I, st. George, from Britain did I spring
I'll fight the Dragon bold, my wonders to begin.
I'll clip his wing, 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 thou'll die.
I'll pierce thy body full of holes,
And make thy buttons fly!

(They circle about one another, clawing and thrusting .)

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 have I slain.
I long to fight, tis my delight
To battle o'er again.

(They fight, and the Dragon is knocked down.)

Father Christmas: (hails St. George triumphantly)
step forth, St. George, thou champion!

St. George: (moves forward and solemnly addresses the audience)
First comes Christmas,
Then comes Spring.
Like Winter I must die,
Then to life again like Spring!

(Shouts to sword team to enter:)
Dance, men, the Sword Dance now for me.
(Six dancers file in to music and perform figures of the
sword dance. Toward the end of the dance, st. George goes
into the center, and the sword lock is made around his neck.
He falls over, the willing victim, when the swords are drawn.)

Captain: (To the 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 arm,
And we'll carry him out like a ship in a storm.

(AS team starts forward to move st. George, Father Christmas
stops them.)

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

(shouting ad lib to the audience)

Actors:

Doctor! A doctor! Please, a doctor! Doctor!

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

Johnny Jack: (pointing to the approaching doctor)
See, sir, a doctor here!
(Dr. Enters)

Doctor:
Here I am, John Brown,
The best quack doctor in this town!
I am the doctor from Spain,
To fetch the dead to life again.

Father Christmas:
How cam 'st thou to be a doctor?

Doctor:
By my travels.

Father Christmas:
Where have you travelled?

Doctor:

Italy, Spitaly, France and Spain,
Germany, Iceland, and back again.

I've seen houses 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 Christmas:

Can you cure my son?

Doctor: (passes out a few marshmallows and throws some out to the
audience)

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

(Doctor stumbles over corpse)

What the devil's the matter here?

Father Christmas:

Pray, doctor, what sort of diseases can you
cure?

Doctor: The All Sorts.

Father Christmas: What's the All Sorts?

Doctor:

All sorts of diseases, whatever you pleases.

I am the doctor that can cure all ills.

Only gull up my potions and swallow my pills.

I can cure the itch, the stitch, the palsy and gout,

All pains within and pains without.

and two in

Here's a box of my pills. Take one tonight,

the morning, and swallow the box at dinnertime. If the

box don't cure you, the lid will!

Father Christmas:

You must be a clever doctor
You ' d better try your skill.

Doctor:

Let him take a drop of my Inkum-pinkum mixed up with
Have a drop in his eye, a drop in his nose,
cat 's feather. and a drop in his mouth.
Any better old fellow?

Room: You silly man, the dead man never stirs.

Doctor:

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 again, and take thy part!

Room: That's not cured the man.

Doctor:

Take a drop of another bottle that'll go down your
thriddle-throttle. Rise up and fight for old England again!
Open thy flip-flop, and take this "slip-slop. .

Father Christmas:

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

Fool:(pushes the doctor aside and takes over with great solemnity)
Stand aside I'll fetch him back to life.

(The Fool makes magic signs over St. George, while the cast
watches spellbound He straightens the legs and arms, lays the

sword on st. George' s chest, and, taking a sprig of holly from the Hobby Horse nearby, he places it on the body .)

(St. George slowly arises as out of a deep sleep.)

St. George:

Good morning, gentlemen, a-sleeping I have been.
I've had such a sleep as the like was never seen.
But now I am awake, alive unto this day.
Our dancers shall have a dance and the doctor take his pay.

Giant:

We all shake hands,

Dragon:

never fight no more:

Father Christmas:

All be brothers as we ever was before.

(addressing audience)

Room:

We wish you a Merry Christmas

St. George:

and a joyful New Year,

Johnny Jack:

And spring come soon to fill us all with cheer!

Hobby Horse: (prancing forward)

A pocket full of money and a cellar full of beer
And a good fat pig in the pigsty to last you all the year!

Fool:

Be there loaf in your locker and sheep in your fold,

Doctor:

A fire on the hearth and good luck for your lot,

Everyone:

Money in your pocket and a pudding in the pot!

All mummers bow together.