

# After Antrobus – Stables - St Georges Day 23 April 2013

## CHARACTERS

Letter In	Sheila
Saint George	Ted
Black Prince	Don
Mary	Eric
Quack Doctor	Julian
Derry Doubt	Di
Lame Jane	Sue
Old Tossport	Isabel
Beelzebub	Kevin
Driver	Vicki

## THE PLAY

*Enter to Old Woman Tossed Up. When in half circle for performance, sing following verse:*

### All

Here come jolly good lads and we're all in one mind.  
For tonight we've come a mumming good nature to find.  
For tonight we've come a mumming as it doth appear-  
And it's all that we are mumming for is your ale and strong beer.

### Letter In

Now ladies and gentlemen, light a fire and strike a light,  
For in this house there's going to be a dreadful fight  
Between Saint George and the Black Prince  
And I hope Saint George will win.  
Whether he wins, loses, fights or falls,  
We'll do our best to please you all.

### Saint George

In comes I, the Champion Bold,  
I've won £10,000 in gold,  
'Twas I who fought the fiery dragon and brought him to the slaughter,  
And by these means I won the King of Egypt's daughter.  
I've travelled the whole world round and round,  
But never a man of my equal found.  
If you don't believe these words I say,  
Step in, Black Prince, and clear the way.

### Black Prince

In comes I Black Prince of Paradise, born of high renown,  
I've come to take Saint George's life and courage down.  
If that be he who standeth there, who slew my master's son and heir,  
If that be he of royal blood,  
I'll make it flow like Noah's flood.

**Saint George**

Ah! Ah! Mind what thou sayest.

**Black Prince**

What I say, I mean.

**Saint George**

Stand back thou dog! Or by my sword thou shalt die.  
I'll pierce thy body full of holes and make thy buttons fly.

**Black Prince**

How canst thou make my body full of holes and make my buttons fly?  
When my body's made of iron,  
My fingers and toes of double joints,  
I challenge ye to yield! Prepare!

*(They fight and Black Prince falls dead. Enter Mary)*

**Mary**

Oh! Saint George! What has thou done?  
Thou's killed and slain my only son, my only heir,  
See how he lays dead and bleeding there!

**Saint George**

Well Mary, he challenged me to a fight,  
Better to fight than to die.  
Ten punds for a doctor, five for a quack!  
If you don't believe these words I say,  
Step in Quack Doctor and clear the way.

*(Enter Quack Doctor)*

**Quack Doctor**

In comes I, who never cometh yet,  
The best quack doctor you can get.  
Here I come from the continent to cure this man Saint George has slain.

**Mary**

How camest thou to be a doctor?

**Doctor**

By my travels.

**Mary**

And where hast thou travelled?

**Doctor**

Icaly, Picaly, France and Spain,  
Three times out to the West Indies  
And back to old England to cure diseases again.

**Mary**

And what disease canst thou cure?

**Doctor**

All sorts.

**Mary**

And what's all sorts?

**Quack Doctor**

All sorts; the Hump, the Grump, the Ger, the Gout,  
The pain within and the pain without.

In my bag I've got spectacles to blind humblebees,  
Crutches for lame mice, plasters for broken backed earwigs.

I've pills and I've powders for all kinds of aches, including headache,  
Earache, also cold shakes.

I've lotions and I've motions, also some fine notions  
That have carried my fame far wide over five oceans.

**Mary**

And what are thy fees to cure my son?

**Quack Doctor**

Five pounds, Mary, but you being a decent woman, I'll only charge you ten.

**Mary**

Well, cure him!

**Quack Doctor** (to Black Prince)

Here John, take three sips from this bottle down thy thrittle throttle.  
Now arise, and fight thy battle.

**Mary**

Thou silly man, as green as grass, the dead man never stirs.

**Quack Doctor**

Oh! Mary, I quite forgot. I took the right bottle of the wrong cork.  
I have another little bottle right here in my inside? – no outside? – somewhere  
Round the backside pocket, which will soon bring him to life again.

*(Stoops and gives another drink. Black Prince stirs.)*

**Black Prince**

Oh! My back!

**Mary**

What ails thy back, my son?

**Black Prince**

My back is broken.

My heart is confounded,  
Knocked out of seven centuries into fourteen score,  
Which has never been known in Old England before.

### **Quack Doctor**

Here, John, take three drops of this down thy thrittle throttle,  
Now arise and fight thy battle.

*(Saint George and Black Prince fight again. Enter Letter In)*

### **Letter In**

Lay down your sword and rest  
For peace and quietness is the best.  
He who fights and runs away  
Lives to fight another day.  
If you don't believe these words I say,  
Step in Derry Doubt and clear the way.

### **Derry Doubt**

In comes little Derry Doubt  
With my shirt lap hanging out,  
Five yards in and five yards out-  
Out goes little Derry Doubt.

### **Lame Jane**

In comes I Lame Jane, with a neck as long as a crane  
Once I was a young maid, now I'm a down old widow  
A wig behind and a wig before.  
Ware out my lads and I'll sweep the floor.

### ***Lame Jane and Letter In do broom dance***

### **Old Tossport**

In comes I Old Tossport;  
Am I welcome or am I not,  
For I do hope Old Tossport will never be forgot.  
I have a little purse and it's made of leather skin,  
It needs a silver sixpence to line it well within.  
And if you don't believe these words I say  
Step in Beelzebub and clear the way.

### **Beelzebub**

In comes Be-el-ze-bub,  
On my shoulder I carry my club,  
In my hands a dripping pan,  
And I reckon myself a jolly old man.  
With a rin-tin-tin, I sup more drink,  
I'll drink a pot dry with any man.  
I've just done six months in gaol for making a whip crack out of a mouse's tail.  
Early Monday morning, late on Saturday night,

I saw 10,000 miles away a house just out of sight.  
The doors projected backwards, the front was at the back,  
It stood alone between two more and the walls was whitewashed black.  
If you don't believe these words I say,  
Step in Driver and clear the way.

**Driver**

In comes Dick and all his men,  
He's come to see you once again,  
He was once alive, but now he's dead,  
He's nothing but a poor old horse's head.  
He's travelled high, he's travelled low,  
He's travelled all through frost and snow,  
He's travelled the land of Ikerty Pikkery,  
Where there's neither land nor city;  
Houses thatched with pancakes,  
Walls built with penny loaves,  
Pig puddings for bellropes, and black puddings growing on apple trees;  
Little pigs running about with knives and forks in their backs,  
Crying out 'Who'll eat men?'  
This horse was bred in Seven Oaks,  
The finest horse e'er fed on oats;  
He's won the Derby and the Oaks,  
And now pulls an old milk float.  
And if you don't believe a word I say,  
We'll sing you a song to end the play.

**Saint George (*sings*)**

Good morning lords and ladies  
It is St George' Days  
We hope you like our garland  
It is so bright and gay

**ALL (*sing*)**

For it is St George's Day  
Oh it is St George's Day  
We thank you Lords and ladies  
On this St George's Day

**Saint George (*sings*)**

The cuckoo comes in April  
And sings his song in May  
In June he changes tune  
In July he flies away

**ALL (*sing*)**

For it is St George's Day  
Oh it is St George's Day  
We thank you Lords and ladies  
On this St George's Day

We're not the London actors that act upon the stage,  
We are just country ploughboys that work for little wage,  
Oh we are just local folk, we're the Stony Stratford Mummers,  
We wish you all good night friends and many happy Summers.